

Diam 1966

Diary
of
A Holiday in England
Summer 1966

from July 16 - Sept. 15

BOĞAZIÇI
ÜNİVERSİTESİ
KÜTÜPHANESİ



404114



Saturday, July 16, 1966

The day of my departure, after such a very fatiguing week of getting my house ready for abandonment! Aziz was wonderfully good - he did almost too much - Phebe's things, every bookcase, rugs in a pile, lamp shades carefully covered, silver boxed away.

I was up early - 6:30 - had breakfast at a table after I in fact got it ready before Aziz appeared. John's chauffeur, Ahmet, was at the door almost ahead of time - I was goodbye to the 2 faithfuls, Aziz & Andrea - I was off. First to the B E B office which we reached at 8:20 but had to wait 10 minutes before Caroline appeared - then we drove off to the airport.

I was royally treated, thanks to Caroline & John. No real inspection at the customs; a cup of Turkish coffee downstairs - & best of all, Mr. Wynne, the manager, escorted me to my seat in First Class in the Trident

and so goodbye & we were off. The first class had 8 seats - two rows on four sides & there were only 6 passengers - all men from Istanbul to Athens. In fact it was never completely full. The attention one receives in First Class is almost too much. Sherry before lunch - wine with lunch, several courses - I wouldn't cope with it all - though I did have Sherry & white wine. The President I found was even steadier than the Comet 12 13 & less noisy. We stayed fairly short times in Athens & Rome & I was able to remain on board, much to my delight - for I hated to get out in the heat. I suppose the journey was excellent & the time between Rome & Ista London remarkably short. We were 15 mins. late not bad - though it took a time to get luggage - no duty to pay - very easy. That darling Eulyn was waiting for me in the huge crowd outside. And I

wanted her to go with my 3 bags - while she brought her nice new car, red & white, to the curb & we piled in. It was cloudy & there was a slight drizzle intermittently - so faintly. It seemed miraculous that I was here! We sped along very quickly - only $\frac{1}{2}$ hr to 34 Gloucester Place. Then I deposited my luggage - saw a Mrs. Smith in Mrs. Williams' absence - & was conducted to my room.

I am very pleased to be in the room at the end of the corridors on the ground floor. It is small next the lavatory & very near the telephone. Only 2 other occupied rooms on the ground floor - all very easy.

I got into the car again & we sped on to Rock House in Highgate & there was that beautiful Greta & welcome. We had such a pleasant, short evening - with Sherry & bird then a charming supper - good talk, plans, "a happy time was had" by all three. at 9 Eulyn drove me back to 34, where Mrs.

money is dwindling, but she can't bear to leave. Roman! Roman! I am sure she will continually seek my company as she is lonely - and hangs for people. He had a pleasant time at Greta's, seeing her Russian colored pictures - very good - & hearing her experiences. He was driven home by the good Greta at a little after 9.

I took no pill - & slept surprisingly well.

Monday July 18

This night has been the day of my journey. I had breakfast in my room - tea - sandwich, marmalade, banana. No letters for me, though I wrote one to Alvin. At about 10 I went out - first to get stamps, air mail sheets, this diary book. Then to Marble Arch underground bus Bank. I took out 2/40 - a lot & saw that nice Mr. Sean (not Stern) at Glyn hills.

Back to Marble Arch, where I looked for a nightdress. I discovered to my horror, that I didn't put in a second nightdress, so have only one. I saw nothing I liked at Harrods & Spencers or at Selfridges - Gummy, flimsy decorated things - nothing like the nice American ones I have. I finished up buying food at Lyons & came back to my room to deposit my purchases - crescents, yogurt, cupcakes & sandwich.

After only a short pause, I decided to go to Grill & Cheese for a good lunch. I was hungry, but meat, & have had for some time, foolish discomfort in my insides. The meal was what I needed - expensive, as it included red wine & coffee 15/- in shilling tip but worth it. Found to have for a long, long rest, which I badly needed.

The rest of the day was rather quiet. I wrote, had a late tea, then went out about

never to post two letters I had written to Sarah and Eleanor. It was dry - but cloudy. To bed very early. I think the reaction after my long journey & the excitement of arrival had set in for I was ready for bed at 9 - & put out my light soon after!

Tuesday July 19

Though I read a little between 6-7 - I dropped off again & was awakened to wake at 8:30! Whew! I am full of forebodings about my health - strange sensations in my abdomen - I eat with the greatest caution but seemingly to no avail. I was alarmed after breakfast & wondered if there is for another attack!

Idleness, at 10:30 or rather 10, I boldly started out for Harrod's library. I hailed a taxi & went in style 7/ with tip (taxis are more expensive here everything else). The subscription lady was very pleasant & most intelligent. I took a 3 mos. subscription

comme toujours; £2.17.6 She got my first book for me - Idessath Pearson's Autobiography. I then took a bus back to Marble Arch - after buying a rather grand box of stationery cards. When I reached M. B. I began to look for a night gown. No luck at Wallis or Etam but I finally bought anything one (pink) rather what at M. & S. for 37/6. One more purchase - white & blue wool to knit at Selfridges & so home.

But no lunch - only tea. I did feel starved. Lay down & read my book with much interest. At 5 I had 2 heavy biscuits & 2 cups of tea. Period. Later on after having bought rice at Selfridges also, I had lunch Mrs. Williams gave me a hot plate and beam - I made myself very dull lapsa. Before this, however, Miss Eggert came in - an old stand-by, whom I have known since I first came to 34. She talked & talked - was here about an hour, telling me of her Scotch holidays, of her years in New Zealand, Australia & South Africa. Had then my merger supper - tea and lapsa! by 7:50 so far O. K.

On the whole, it was a dismal day - not my own feelings and as to the weather for it poured with rain from 11.30 on - a succession of showers. Truly a most melancholy climate.

Wednesday July 20

A very fair night after a heavy beginning and no pill of any kind. But still no success. I think it wise to see a doctor, so I tried me to No. 43 Gloucester Place and asked for Dr. Michael Cowan. Alas, I was told he was away on holiday & wouldn't be back till July 31. Damn! His patients are being seen by a Dr. Fisher at 75 Gloucester Place between 11-12 & 4-6 every day. So here I came, & waited till 11.

Dr. Fisher is a German Jew - elderly heavy nose tall hat but calm. British doctors give one the impression they are in a hurry. I asked him for something showing to stop diarrhoea symptoms he made out a prescription - one guinea!

He said nothing about food & I didn't ask - in such haste he seemed. I spoke of head & trouble - but he said that was nothing - keep warm - round the middle. I can't say I was impressed.

I went at once to the chemist & got my pills, then as I was near by, to the supermarket for lemons, apples, eggs, & paper napkins - & so home for a dull lunch - again lapsa, yogurt, flavoured with banana (!) & tea. Then I had a lie-down, read Kenneth Pearson - It is entertaining - a revelation really of a character I knew nothing about. Very brief. He stipulated that his autobiography must not appear till after his death.

At 3:15 I went out to "hunts" for a magnificent very nice lady, - like, then to 1 Binny Street to have my second instrument put in order. It will be done by Monday. The "engineer" said it had weakened & needed attention. From there I went on to Woolworth's where I got more wool, Eau de Cologne & powder. Then

I decided to walk home — it gets longer every year — & find en route milk for my tea. The old Express Dairy has gone to make room for a huge office building — I walked to the top of Baker St. & asked such a nice newsman to tell me where I could find milk. He directed me to limited dairies on Paddington Street just off Baker St. on the left going down.

So I came home, very weary, made myself tea with milk, had a cup cake, potato crisps & Marie biscuits — followed by 2 pills — the new one from Dr. Fisher & my old entero-vioform.

Reading, knitting, patches completed the end of the afternoon. There was sun in today, but heavy clouds — & drizzle in the P.M. A kind of sunshine for perhaps an hour about 2 or 50. Then more dark clouds.

Tomorrow is the hateful day when I visit the dentist.

Thursday July 21

Remember this is Mac's birthday. He is 69. I do hope he is well enough to enjoy himself — & kind enough to give Sarah pleasure.

I am amazed at how well I sleep. I went to bed early — 9:30 — & while I waken several times in the night, I slept easily 7-8 hours with no pill to help me. This hasn't happened to me for a very long time.

Out at 10 or 50 & I made straight for Harrow Library, where I gave back the book Pearson — got out Somerret and all the Haughams by Robin Haugham. When I got back around 12 I was amazed to find that Maggie had been here, bringing with her stuff for lunch, which she left on my desk! Oh dear, oh dear "ca commence"! If only she had telephoned or written. How was I to know she would do that? especially as we are meeting on Saturday with Greta. She is the most scatter-brained person I know. I feel very sorry for her.

I know just how she is situated. She is
 in curiously sociable - she binds her-
 self alone in an immense hotel in the
 middle of London. She cannot stay with
 either Evelyn or Greta or the girls - she reads
 hardly at all - has no sedentary hobbies.
 Is very pathetic figure - but am I to be noted
 in it supply her with company? more than
 likely. The girls were absolutely dismayed
 to learn that she may stay thru September -
 She left H.S. on April 20th & has already
 had a holiday of more than 2½ months.

After my Harrod trip I decided to
 have a real lunch & went to Takenham -
 very pleasant, but I prefer their old
 restaurant on the top floor - the "new"
 one is ornate & grander but not so
 pleasant. On my way home stopped
 at Selfridges' Food Store for 2 scones:
 Suet crowns - queues for the Bakery -
 masses of tourists.

Had a lie-down of 1½ hours then began to read my
 Langham book. most interesting. The first
 part I skipped - it was too detailed about
 ancient progenitors but when the author
 got down to modern times & his descriptions
 of the lives of "heir" Langham & his father,
 The ^{Lord} Chancellor (or the Ev^{no}cheque) it was good.

Out to the Dentist at 4:30 - 56 Wimpole
 St. What a nice man that Mr. Sheppard is. He
 examined me carefully said my teeth were
 just too bad for 70 (!), made several more
 appointments - & took out a stump of the
 locking front tooth, very cleverly and
 painlessly. He can do nothing about pro-
 viding another tooth. There will be billings,
 on 4. say, & another stump to be taken out.

I came home thru Sunning. Though it
 had rain earlier in the day. London
 streets dry in no time. I gave myself tea
 at 5:40. & glad it was - read & quilted
 & wrote up my diary.

It was expensive £ 4.7.6 but I was glad to treat them. That darling Greta brought me home after letting Mags out at the Regent Palace. I do hope my cousins don't feel compelled to entertain me - much as I love being with them. No, only I would feel really normal - all would be well.

he saw the lights of London - this Ben illuminated - strings of lights along the Thames. A half moon graced the sky. It was much warmer than usual. Very gratifying.

And so home with a tension for better days ahead.

Sunday July 24.

I thought I would go to church but decided against it. I took a walk to Lyons & got some fruit for my medicine last night simply didn't work! & I was agitated. What is the matter with me? Then at 12:15 I took a taxi to Regent Palace Hotel to meet Mags in the lobby. She took me to lunch in the hotel - for two expensive - she hasn't the money.

She had grilled kidneys & melon & I want leaf & just-shire Pudding & ice cream. But my choice was only 50.00 - rather tough - not very tasty. The bath had overflowed. He pouncing on my cream as well as his own. She still loves her beard - Talks about it - Her face exhausts me - it is continuous. No wonder she is lonely at her hotel with no one to talk to. I can see she expects us to meet often. Roman! After lunch we went up to her room on the 9th floor (top) No. 912. Nothing to write home about - very small - no desk - but a ^{small} television at her bed side. She wouldn't let me go early - but finally at 3, I went home with her - she had me to it on the other side of Regent St.

She talked intelligently about Christine - but indifferently about friends in France & U.S.A. Her news all being wonderfully kind to her; I have to share their honors. Jim afraid she will stay till October to get the 1st season rates. So there will be no escape.

The weather was fine all P. M. but when I was ready for evening at 6 there was a deluge!

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here on August 11th for eleven days. Very
nice. I shall enjoy her. The other was an
anecdote about Henry Wells. I remembered
with a start, that he had asked me for this
address. Mrs. W. said he arrived un-
announced one day & there was only a
double room available for which he was
asked 30/. He evidently quoted me! when
he left the following morning he objected
to the bill, said it was too much. She had
difficulty in getting it out of him. How
really! She said she had told him the
price to begin with. He actually had the
nerve to say she should have let him
have his room for less, as Mrs. Scott had
bought so many R. G. Keotale to 3+. I
hope I don't see the gentleman again.

At 7:45 I went out to post my
letters - & then took a short walk,
around and about - Oxford Street much
deserted, cars rushing home along Gloucester
Place.

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Tuesday July 26.

A very good night. I take no tranquillizer, &
my asthmatic. A quiet P.M. I went out
later - to Selbridge for a bit of chicken, & home
for cucumber & crescent, & M. & S. in 2 ex-
cellent pairs of stockings at 5/11 - very superior.
I had written in the meanwhile to Betty G. as
she asked me specially to write. A quiet good
lunch in my room at 12. Then a lie-down,
much appreciated.

I thought it would be amusing to go to
Armenia & Adelphi even though I had seen it
in how year with Harry, my darling David.
The drawing card was Sybil Thorsdote. So
and I went to the Times Bookshop but had
no luck for the girl said the book was continually
there. So I said good bye. By this time it was
pouring with rain. This climate, this appalling
climate! I walked along, getting properly
soaked to "honest" at 3:30 had a fine
shampoo & set - very badly needed. Out
by 4:30 - & welcome under clouds, but no rain.

And so back to my room, where I had high tea at 5. With this that for the rest of a quiet day.

I am reading John Mason Brown's Robert S. Sherman. A Mirror of His Times. It is exuberantly written but understandably attention more the less. I heard Sherman speak at the O.W.I. in 1943 - he having been abroad in connection with that outfit - but a very good speaker but earnest withal.

I must try to organize my time. I have been here now for 10 days. Not a word from Wilfred, though he knows where I am, & said he would like to see me. Others I might have met - Mrs. Goodwin, Hermine Streater, Beatrice Payne, Mrs. Connors. How shall I begin? I am enjoying, so far, my solitude & feel I am on the edge of things but not properly in the running. Next week promises to be full. Batavium!

Wednesday, July 27.

This has been a surprising day from beginning to end. It began with 2 letters in the a.m. one from Wilfred & one from Evelyn. I telephoned to Wilfred at 10 - he asked me to come in to see him this very day at 12:30. Evelyn had plans for a stay at Gate House next week.

So - I went out first for errands - got found on Paddington St. with outfit for polishing my shoes at Selfridges. Then I waited till 11:45 & went to get No. 13 bus on Baker St. Woe! The damn thing came! I waited by my watch 20 mins. & so I was about 10 mins. late at St. Paul's - However I had such a good visit, first in his office & then at the nice Italian restaurant, where I have been before. I saw a long queue waiting to go in to the Old Bailey to hear some trial or other.

It occurred to me that as I was near the Strand, I might get in to see Archiebold with Sybil Thorneycroft & Athene Seyler - just this! Wilfred hailed a taxi, I knew

In a lino, I drove to the Vaudeville Theatre
 & by June I got a seat in the front row on
 the stalls for 30/. And what an amusing play
 it was - even tho I had seen it before. I
 remember Harry Dwight took me David
 to it in 1942 in New York. Sahil Tharadine
 in her late twenties is beautiful & such an
 actress. Her husband, ^{Javis} Hugh Carson, had a
 small part. He is 90 - magical! Home
 in at the end. It is remarkable that 2
 such ancient actresses can do the
 gruelling task of acting night after night
 as well as 2 matinees a week.

As for Evelyn's suggestion that I go out
 to Padworth on Monday till Thursday, it
 has only one snag - that is I have an
 appointment with my dentist on Tuesday
 the 2nd, & Thursday the 4th but perhaps it
 can be arranged. I wrote her at once after
 I returned home & went out into the serene
 London evening to drop my letter in
 the red pillar box.

Thursday July 28

I am really beginning to enjoy, thoroughly, my
 London existence. First, I am feeling better;
 secondly, I have found out what to go for food &
 what to buy. Also the weather, while brisk, is
 not all gloom - & this, by London, as usual
 is getting into my blood. I am positively
 annoyed of such trivial things - the attendant
 Supermarkets & Bacteries, the red pillar boxes,
 the miscreants in bowler hats, carrying
 cracked umbrellas over their arms, the jolly
 pair children, the bustling bookshops, the
 red buses. This is my country; this is my city.

My morning consisted in long walks
 getting 1) food 2) 2 hrs. of shopping from home.
 I looked at hats at C & A. pretty nice. No-
 thing I would want to wear. In fact, I think
 most hats in England are definitely ugly. I was
 back by 12 & had a snack lunch on lie-down.
 At 3 I started out - Balisloo to St. Martin's
 Square. First into St. Martin's in the field.
 There I said my prayers - in the quiet sanctuary.

Then I went into the Portrait Gallery & saw all the portraits, including that pathetic picture of the Knute sisters painted by their brother. It always stabs my heart.

Such masses of cars - such masses of people around Trafalgar Square. Surely London has more visitors this year than ever before. There are jams of motor vehicles at every intersection - I came back by bus from Charing Cross No. 13. When I got in, I found a message from Mr. Sheppard-Guild & came in tomorrow, the 29th instead of Aug. 2. This sounds almost providential, for now I can go to Tadworth from Monday to Thursday, without coming in to town. I wrote Evelyn quickly & tell her this good bit of news. I hope nothing will prevent this plan going through. I do look forward to it, though I am a coward & dread going to the dentist tomorrow.

I was dismissed, when I got back, at 5 or so

or made myself a sand cup of tea & was fortified.

This is the day that the lanes are expected to turn up at 34. I waited for them all day. No sign of them. Then at about 6:30 hrs. Mr. Mann came in to say she had telephoned to Pan. Ann & their plans was not expected to land till 9:30! Pan's things. They had hoped to be here in the P.M. with this day & tomorrow to shop & break their journey. Now if they get in here earlier - they will be lucky. Pan Ann. has a way of being delayed. George Wilham's plane to Belgrade was 14 hours late. How this is possible, I don't know!

I have finished John Mason Brown on Robert E. Sherwood. Too much. Too wordy. I sketched towards the end - the author being a drama critic had to go into the minutest detail about each play by Sherwood - how it was conceived, how scenes acted, who the actors were & how it was treated by all the critics. An egotistical writer and no mistake.

Friday July 29.

The Lanes arrived last night at 11:15. Their plane was 15 hours late. As they had had a mishap in Boston airport. Their Pan Am plane took off for 5 minutes, then pat. Everyone had to get out, as one of the engines was defective - so they were put up at the Parker House + waited till early the next morning for a relief plane. Hence their long delay. They came in to greet me about 9 - having been out to breakfast + we arranged to meet at 6:30 P.M.

I was pleased to have a p.c. from Phyllis + a letter from Dorothy School. I wrote to Mimi Neil - in Arizona + a note to Phyllis. In the a.m. I went first to Hamada - got out Remerley + initials book The Care of Human Burial. Really too terrible. What people! What a story. I then got food, including milk + sand-wiches + had a snack lunch in my room. It very much lie-down till 2.

Then I tried me to the dentist - with a misman - He took out my second thumb - was numbing my cheek so effectively that it had no feeling in it for more than an hour. But the extraction was painless - though the gum remains afterwards.

At 6:30 the Lanes part in an appearance + we went to Grill + cheese for dinner. My party they have been so kind to me in many ways - it was the least I could do. I was disappointed in the meat - for the chops were tough - but the rest was all right. They returned with me + I gave Sophie a cup of tea.

There was a thunderstorm - once when I emerged from the dentist - + once when I was writing between 4 - 5:30. Such a climate. Pouring rain both times.

There all is well. I have eaten rather heartily + hope there will be no disaster.

Saturday July 30.

By the first mail a letter from Miss Sonia Anderson, who is going out to Istanbul in August. A telephone from Areta, wh. I had

difficulty in hearing, but she asked me to wait for her tomorrow at 3:30 to go with her to the dentist. She wrote a note she didn't sign, confirming the invitation & suggesting my spending the night. But I telephoned later in the day to say I would rather come back for several reasons: 1) To get my mail 2) to go to Harold's library 3) to pack a large bag for my four days' visit in Tadworth. So all is well.

The a.m. was somewhat dull. I wrote 2 letters - to Harold Geiger & to Mrs. Hanson - then stopped for food. This latter is a continual problem. A snack lunch at 12. Then a long rest. By this time there were showers (unusual??) but I determined to go out.

I had an early tea & took the underground to Piccadilly Circus & went to see the Summer Exhibition at the Royal Academy. I am afraid I was disappointed. Much of it was very depressing - abstract, crude colors, unhappy situations. The only portraits I really liked were by Sir Gerald Kelly.

Even paintings of horses, at our English artists excel more than a few. I came back by bus.

To my astonishment, my appetite is returning & I felt ravenous by 6:30. So I decided on a road treat - in at Bacon & Eggs. How good it was. I was expensive 11/3 with tip, but I found everything more expensive, particularly transport and food. I had wine & coffee wh. was extra but even so - I think it an expensive meal for what I got.

Sunday July 31.

I patterned about in the P.M. & tried to make up my mind to go to church. Which I did! I went to St. Paul's, Baker St. Three people there - very low church. The preacher was a Bishop Goodwin Hudson who talked about the Bible! "Read the Bible & be good, as his mother was. The 'impure' parts will not harm you!" I think the whole sermon slightly naive - & I didn't like his face - small, pinched mouth & small thin jaw. I liked the young incumbent

chubby and kindly.

I came home after 12 had a snack lunch then a short lie down.

The dear Greta called to me at 3:30. It was cloudy, cool & she took a round about course from Hampstead Garden Suburb to Rock House. By this time a thunderstorm had come up with a veritable cloudburst, so that we had to duck into the house, while the rain poured down. Greta had no more than put the kettle on for tea, when who should roll up in a taxi: unannounced but MARY! Really, really. Even the sanguine Greta was dismayed. She ^{had} said she had been to my place, if you please, & found I had just left! Woman! Well - here we were again - three of us. There was tea & they ate heartily & commiserated. Her latest is that she wants to go on Friday to The English Speaking Union at the Regent Palace Hotel is no expense. But she doesn't yet know if there is a

room available at the E.P.U. What a woman. She stayed till 6 - then hurried then the good Greta row her into a taxi for Piccadilly Circus - via Swiss Cottage.

The evening meal was charming. Beatrice Playne was the guest & we had the most animated conversation - Beatrice is inclined to talk people down but she was really quite good. I had to make the first move - at 10 - what poor Greta had to see me home in her car, under more rain. What a climate for a summer holiday.

Monday August 1

August already - the true flies. I had a busy 24 hrs - first breakfast, then packing my hat box for the four days at Radnor. I detested going to Harrod's but finally did. I came back the rather dreadful Kewley Nichols book & got out Lord Moran's diaries about Churchill - a very hefty volume. On my way back I decided to have lunch at Beacon Clubs, so as to leave nothing in my room.

and my diary.

At a little after 12 the Kennedy's arrived - Judith & Tony & the baby. Robin aged 9 months. The baby is beautiful - blue eyes, fair hair. Looks like Judith but he was fractious - cried & pulled his eyes - was not himself. Tony was, to my surprise, cordial & talked quite well. Porethound has greatly improved his. Can see he is a devoted father. We had a bang-up lunch of chicken & all the fixings, after excellent drinks - About 2:30 I retired to my room for a rest & actually slept a little. Can remember I discovered the Kennedy's were about to leave - as the baby was not happy. Tao had Eulyn remarked that next conversation was not possible with the baby under their feet. I could have told them the same! I shall have to see Judith later.

A cup of tea, then hung chat - & by 7 it was television time. We saw a very

good play, the news, then an excellent talk on Criminal law in England, with Lord Shawcross & heard to it some more - my most intelligent questions. And so I bed with no tranquillity.

Wednesday Aug. 3.

This is a ghastly climate & no mistake! It was cold, a high wind & rain all day. Eulyn has the heat on - I sleep under an eiderdown & I cannot dream of wearing a summer dress, though I had one with me. This kind of weather continued all day till about 5:30, when there was a fairly serene late afternoon.

I wanted to go out but didn't dare. Christine stayed in her room ~~with~~ all day till time for television at 7. The occasion of the day was a visit from Hella & Wilfried. They came at 12. I am fond of Wilfried but simply cannot warm to the graceless Hella. We had good drinks then a most sumptuous lunch, Wilfried carrying the beef.

Hella is somewhat thinner, particularly around the face, but she still has an enormous appetite. She had twice of everything later on, a very hefty tea. Hman! After lunch I lay down for an hour, so did Hella, & Evelyn took brandy for a run. Tea was at 4:30. Hired was intrigued by certain rings & photographed them in the garden, when at last there was a small gleam of sun. They left in their car at 6:30 with, I think, pleasant thanks for a good day.

Television was the order of the day from 7 P.M. on. We saw The Hussy Show (American - I used to see it at So. Orange) then a very good play called Calif. Lure by Purser - really good. News and sport & general talk till eleven. I was tired, took a tranquillizer & slept quite well. This is a perfect house - with a perfect home-maker.

Donport 4 Thursday.

Sun to begin with, thank God. But there was some rain later, but the evening was dry. I wrote a little in the P.M.; Evelyn went to the village in her car; and then I walked to the village for this and that.

Christine was off early on to drive David Rose to his friend in Surrey & we had a good early lunch at 12:15. Then a short hi-dram. I had packed my bag & was all ready to leave with Evelyn for the city at 3:45. He came along in good weather & went direct to the dentist at 56 Hampole St. I assumed, dreaded the process but really this Mr. Shepherd is a wizard. He put in an anesthetic at once then drilled like mad & I never flinched. He filled one large hole & says he will put gold in it later. He came downstairs to chat a moment with Evelyn. Then we were off to 34 which we reached about 5:45. Found a note from Harold Sager, a letter from Mary W.

a furnished letter from Phyllis + a p.c. from the Raebos who are evidently returning from a cabin trip expected. I hurriedly unpacked my dresses + we started for the Old Vic. There we first went into the Buffet (E. had reserved a table) + had a cold supper of mackerel with wine + coffee very nice.

And then an play Delany on the Wells which was perfectly fascinating - beautifully well done. Period 1860. Maggie Smith had a part in it but was not Rose Delany. The old man Sir William Games, was excellent. The play was both amusing + sentimental + we loved it. E. drove me home thru an illuminated London - + I was back in my little modest lodgng room. Funny enough, altho' I had had a lovely 3 day visit I was glad to be back. My military state does not bother me. I have a great deal to do and much to think about.

Friday August 5

A more or less quiet day, getting re-established in my room at 34. I had a letter from Betty Kendall by the second post. In the P.M. I decided first to get tickets for Evelyn + myself for An Ideal Husband at the Piccadilly theatre. Evidently we had not read the announcement carefully for it ~~transpired~~, transpired, when I called at the Box Office that the play was not beginning (a second rendering) till Aug. 12. Tickets on Thurs days not possible for me. On Aug. 18 I go to the dentist; on Aug. 25 I go with Greta to the Old Vic. So I write to E. + asked her what to do. I had telephoned earlier about my umbrella, which I must have left, either in the theatre, or in her car. I found telephoning to Tadworth very simple. I did some shopping later; food and a new umbrella (very nice) from D. H. Evans. A mark - lunch - a bit - down. And then I began to read Moran's book on Churchill, which I find most interesting. It is a huge

Volume - what I find illuminating is the personal touch about all the momentous decisions, conferences, journeys & world work. It is as well we know nothing about all this at the time.

I decided to take it easy, so did not go out till after 6.30, when I went to Prison and Eggs where I had a simple meal for 6/1 plus 1/6 tip. And so back to my room and my book.

Saturday Aug. 6.

A dull day as to weather and a dull day as to activities. A letter from my darling Sarah in the a.m. Her trouble was not serious - a small operation - she is back at home. Also a note from Wilfred forwarded from Tacheworth.

I went out to do some bird shopping in bond at 10. Lyons & Selfridges' Food Store. Then back to my room to await Wagon. He arrived at about 11.45 & bath on me went to the Balkan Grill on Bank Street

for lunch. It is really quite nice - Wagon. He had 'salads' here, rice & beans & very good coffee. She was evidently familiar with the place, when she lived at 34 in 1964. She goes into ecstasies over the coffee. How she loves her food. We had great talks - she talking - then at about 1.30 I ran her on to her bus for Piccadilly Circus. He disclosed that she was going to the night to Vera's. This gives me a pang. I have to share all the hours with Wagon this summer. He will come to London. She disclosed the fact that she had cut her ticket in Rome (1st season) to end the October (1st season) 5 months no less - to save the extra expense, then stayed at the Regent Palace where her bills are high.

The rest of the day I spent in my room. It poured with rain all the latter part of the afternoon. I wrote to Wilfred & Sarah - a long letter and read a great deal in Wagon's book, which I find absorbing.

Mrs. Williams sent a letter from Berlin

who has canceled her reservation. She writes that she will stay at the TWCRA on Great Russell St. Herin makes out that Mrs. Wilkins didn't write in time, but it is my private opinion that Herin has discovered the TWCRA is the cheapest place to stay - hence her cancellation. Mrs. W. is upset. Too bad.

The nicest sort of snack supper after a cup of tea & biscuit at 4:30.

Sunday August 27

A strange day. No rain. I decided not to go to church in the P.M. but read my Observ. & Daily Telegraph and write letters. I accomplished quite a bit - a long letter to Betty K. a note to Herin and one to Judith about the latter's plans. Then I realized I had to get bread for tomorrow - went to Lyons around 12. When to have lunch? As I was already at Lyons I went into Bacon Eggs & had a very nice lunch for 6/9 with tip. A very nice waitress.

The place is not as full on Sundays as on week days at noon. I'm home and a long road & crossroad.

Later on Mrs. Wilkins told me that Barbara Fisher had telephoned. So I rang her up at the English Speaking Union & she invited me for dinner there. I walked all the way - Oxford St. Davis St, Berkeley Sq. & Charles St. It was a very nice to see her. She had her right arm in a sling, as she had put her shoulder into an Oxford car which was still tender - she fell on some steps.

I was early so we chatted, then had sherry & finally went into the fine dining room for an excellent meal (very expensive I think). The E.S.U. is housed in a superb building, evidently the home of a great aristocrat (?). Dartmouth House. I would like to know the origin. Barbara is enchanted with it. I had to see her room (17th). Small but very comfortable - telephone, but would be a comfortable arm chair. She told me her situation - can't get passage home

because of the airline strike in h.s. D. She may have to stay here longer than expected. She had a wonderful 2 weeks in Oxford - tho' her visit in Paris was marred by rain. (We are not the only people suffering from the weather) I hope we may meet somewhere on Tuesday. Barcelona.

I left about 9 - + Barbara walked with me as far as Oxford St. She knows very little about London - She has only had rather quick tours - doesn't know buses and underground. But she is very capable - asks her way - will manage.

I got home by 9:30 + went to bed with a tranquilizer, feeling not too famous. I am bothered by my advancing years. I get tired very easily, am fearful about my health, wonder if I shall miss things. Roman! Roman! What it is to grow old. It takes real courage to face old age. Ford Madox Ford's books relates all the depressing signs!

Monday, August 8

I was disappointed not to hear from 1) Evelyn about the theatre 2) Harold Seager. It was a heavenly, sunny D.M. when I went for my letter. Will it last? A nice letter from Dorothy Part.

I forgot to mention yesterday that I actually completed the crossword puzzle in the Observer (Everyman), sent it in an envelope + slipped it into a pillow bag, hoping it may earn a 25/- Book Token. Probably not.

I had a quiet morning + waited till 12 when I took no. 13 bus to Fleet St. As usual I was early. I went up to the Ye Olde Cock Tavern + reserved a table for 2. and as that time, I walked to St. Bride's + said a prayer in that beautiful renovated church. There were a few people about - one young man praying, 2 girls right seeing - an insouciant man nigger. I got a p.c. then walked along to Ye Olde Cock + found Harold Seager there, reading a paper. He has grown grey but what a nice man! He had one of those 'rattle' tables, which I

obscure time. he had an excellent meal (my party entirely) + very good talk. I felt perfectly free & easy & Harold really talked. He told me he isn't divorced, but only separated from Diana - never sees her or communicates. She has a flat and a job in London. A sad story. He says, "he has no faith in marriage - it is a mistake." his reply was "it's the best thing in life!" his own marriage was perfect." He recalled old friends, talked, of course, about Julius his weaknesses, of Berry his divorce. & Katie & Aunt & Cousin - family talk. he here there about an hour or half. by 11 was 11.10.6 - not too bad. He wanted no wine & no longer smoked. He saw me to No. 13 outside the restaurant.

I got out at Bond St. & walked to Wallace Heaton, the Camera people to see if they could mend my camera.

The young man said it was old - broken. They had no spare parts nothing could

be done - alas. From there I walked all the way home. I found, on arrival, a letter from Evelyn giving me instructions about the Theatre.

I had barely got home about 3.30 when Greta came in unexpectedly. I was delighted to see her. She came to ask about a drive to Chartwell on Wednesday. (Alas I have to share all these treats with the ubiquitous Margie! Two stupid!) However, Greta also wants me to come to her on Saturday + Sunday, which will be nice. I was able to give her a cup of tea - nothing to eat. She is a darling person. She left early for an appointment.

Barbara Fischer was supposed to telephone me at 5 but didn't get through till after six (no rest for Eschlin). Her message was that she is probably leaving tomorrow afternoon for Chicago on a BOAC airline, so there is no question of further London jaunts. I wished her "happy landing" & that was that.

A letter came for me from the Ralphs' friend, Mrs. Paul Shaw. Woman! She evidently

think I am going to show her London. Brian!
Brian! Mrs. Williams has telegraphed to her
that she can have a room from Aug. 10-16.
Proas me.

Evelyn dashed in at 8 to hand me back
my umbrella - smart thing she was taking
the next morning train to Tadworth. When
I heard, before I left home, that train was
due in London, my heart sank - it is
still sinking!

Tuesday, August 9.

No letters at all today. I started out
about 10 after breakfast and the Times -
It was sunny - I was a little too warmly
dressed. I went first to 11 Binney St.
because my second hearing aid did
not behave properly. The "engineer" said
the trouble was in the cord - so I left
a new one 8/6. Let's hope all is now
well.

From there I walked to the Weston India
Bank & cashed £50 Amer. Express

check - getting £17. 1. 6. Then a bus to Piccadilly
Picnic. I went into The Piccadilly Theatre &
got 2 tickets for An Ideal Husband - second
row in the stalls (£3.0.0) for the matinee
on Saturday. August 20 at 5 P.M. I hope
that is a convenient time for Evelyn. We can
have dinner together afterwards.

It was still dry, so I walked all the way
up Regent Street, stopping first at Boots
where I bought 2 bottles of aspirin (one for
Agnis) & asked if they had the vitamins Dr.
Erat had recommended. No luck. I wonder
if they exist. Then, secondly, I stopped in
The Needlewoman & got a yard of Irish linen
for a tea cloth 11/6. & cotton to make it.

I continued along Regent St. & went down
Lew Ayford St to Brunne Stillingworth -
a long trek. Lew Ayford St is somewhat turn
up with preparations for a tunnel - which
have been going on for years!

At B14 I went to the Book Dept. &
got a Penguin of Oscar Wilde's plays, no

That I would re-read An Ideal Husband.
 Then I discovered that there is a restaurant on
 the 7th floor. I tried one there. I was much
 surprised to see such a fine large restaurant
 & what was more, they offered between 11:30
 & 12:30 a table d'hôte for 7/6 - which I think
 very good.

By this time I was all in - very tired. I
 came out of B.H. & hailed a taxi: - it
 seemed an extravagant gesture but I was
 so exhausted that I could not face an-
 other walk in bus. I came in no time to
 34 - paid exactly 5/ including a tip &
 wasted no time in lying down on my bed
 for a long rest & read.

At 3:30 I went out for milk & apples
 at the Supermarket - in the rain! It was
 only a shower - but windy & humid. Then
 letter writing 1) To Evelyn 2) The Kaitaks
 3) Eleanor - most satisfactory.

Later tea - later story & hand-boiled
 eggs - & so the day came to an end.

Wednesday August 10.

The transport day. No rain, beautiful clouds &
 quite mild. No wind. I went out at 10 or 50 to
 buy a sandwich & chips & stamps, and was
 back in my room by 11.

At 12 Greta called for me in bus - to go
 to Chartwell in Kent. We had along the
 low part of London & then into beautiful
 country via Blackheath, Wrotham near
 Sevenoaks. At 1:15 we stopped for a delicious
 lunch at Tomington Manor - a lovely old
 beamed building, where we had been once
 before. I was glad to be able to treat Greta
 to lunch - the bill - £ 2.6 with 2/6 tip.
 Then we drove on to Chartwell.

What was our dismay on arrival to
 see literally hundreds of cars - & then masses
 of people (some from no fewer than 3
 coaches) lined up to buy tickets for the
Garden only. The place was beautiful, really
 beautiful - rose gardens, ponds, water
 falls, orchards - & shopping from years.

But the people moaned & wailed - hundreds of people. To get to the House itself we had to queue - this was at least a hundred yards long. Peter stood in line for a time till she came to a sign which read that it would take $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours more before the queue could be accommodated. It was already 3:30 & we couldn't face it - so decided to come home. Besides I was thoroughly fatigued walking all over the grounds. became another way round & reached St at 5:15. with a good bye kiss to the kind Greta.

What was my dismay to find the English friend, Mrs. Shaw, had ~~arrived~~ ^{arrived} & wanted to see me! She was downstairs in Mrs. Williams' room. Although I was all in I went to see her. A nice person middle-aged - but a perfect Greenhorn as to London - English ways. She is just me to be her guide! Amen! Roman! I went to my room for a

terrible half hour, then took her to Bacon & Eggs - for supper - talking the while. She knows nothing about English money - as London distances. Oh me - All I would do was to persuade her to move on No. 13 to London Bridge - then to The ^{ages} Police Tavern for lunch - perhaps a glance at St. Paul's - The said Lord preserve me!! I hope I survive.

became home to my room & then had a cigarette each & talked - I did most of the talking I'm afraid. She tells me she is head of a Committee at Wellesley, which is nice. She is the mother of 2 sons, both in the Navy - one regular, one ^{doing} ~~working~~ military service. She is a nice person but I am too old to be a London guide & have too many other things to do.

Thursday, August 11

I had dreaded this day, but it turned out much better than I expected. I was tired, but not as tired as I expected to be.

I had promised Mrs. Shaw (Janet!) that I would show her something of London and at 10:15 we started out. It was cloudy, to begin with & as we proceeded it raided. Hummer, one simply must ignore the weather in England. We took No. 13 bus all the way to London Bridge, Enoch painting out his MTD - Apsd St. Regent St. Drankas Square, Piccadilly Circus - St. Pauls - ^{the} ~~the~~ St. We went into Southwark Cathedral & it quite thorough - Gomer's tomb, the Shakespeare window, Harward Chapel, the houses, tomb of Hamlet & Dunsen, beloved of Sarah.

Went again into raining rain & dripping pavements, taking No. 13 bus to St. Pauls. It is rather fun taking a mature woman to see St. Pauls for the first time in her life. I loved walking in that magnificent church - he lingered (with many other sightseers) along all the aisles, gazing at all the statues - Wellington, Leighton, admirals,

The painter, Turner, the painting by Holman Hunt "The Light is the Word": Knock & it shall be opened in to you. I was struck again by the beautiful monument to the fallen American - Commonwealth soldiers - marble & gold - still stand in Sillace. Mrs. Shaw bought a St. Pauls book & post cards.

By the time we emerged, the band was playing in the porch of St. Pauls & the rain had stopped. There were masses of tourists - many alien faces - but a respectful crowd. We then walked to Ye Old Cocoa Tavern & had a most excellent dinner, which she insisted on paying for - steak & kidney pie. So amused me the waitress by ordering for tea in the American manner. None was forthcoming. English people are entranced at the idea of tea with lunch - & no wonder! He came out after some, waited a long time for No. 13 bus & so back to Gurnetter Place. Passing Trafalgar Square, we found it full of people

feeding the pigeons, rather than Mrs. Shaw's disgust. Dirty birds, she calls them - & so they are!

I was really "all in" by the time I reached my room at 2:30. A long rest - a quiet afternoon, interrupted by a short walk to the Supermarket for fruit.

Mrs. Shaw is the domestic type - loves to cook, would like to re-decorate 34. has named her cleaners - very middle-west.

Friday August 12

An interesting but fatiguing day. Letters from Louise Harrison Merket by a later delivery.

I determined to go to Harrods to give back my library book & get out another. By their lefty volume, I read easily, 500 pages & found them intensely interesting. There is more in them than a description of Churchill's decline - one gets glimpses of other characters - & Lord Moran inevitably reveals himself, as all authors do at last. I couldn't have the last 500 pages, telling of red apple & decay - so had

to Harrods where I got out Old Maid Remember by Angela Du Maurier - sister of Daphne & daughter of ^{Gerald} Stowe. I had not heard of it - but it has been very recently published - 1966. On my way home I hit crescents at Harrods & refrained with difficulty from buying Culo slaw & other delicacies I saw.

When I got back, I found Mrs. Shaw near my door. She came in & we had instant coffee & she asked endless questions as to how to get her things. She had been to the Amherland & got bits of 15 tons - very enterprising of her - She does talk a bit.

Kevin, whom I invited, came in a little after 12 - looking very alert & nice. We went to the Proccais for lunch - but I found it a disappointment - I won't go again. I had promised Kevin in Turkey that I would take her to Madame Teneand's & she was eager to go - so off we walked to Marylebone Road. As usual this summer, there was a long queue waiting to get in.

but we didn't have to wait too long. And what an extraordinarily entertaining affair it is. We were given beer & a numbered catalogue, so we could follow everything. Very, very interesting. The only trouble was the fatigue in seeing Euclid. I was simply all in by 2:40 or so when we finally came out. As we emerged we saw an even longer queue waiting to get in - easily 50 yards long! Heroin left by Baker St Underground & I walked home & simply wanted nothing but to collapse on my bed.

What was my astonishment to find in the hall Dr. Thur. Keating, who had just scribbled me a note. At first I was so astonished, I failed to recognise them & felt a pang. However it soon dawned. The nice things - I shall have going to tea with them next Wednesday, the 17th. They are in their friends' flat - Harriet's house - 74 Curzon St next to Shepherd's

market.

Providing them guidance, I went to my room, stretched on to my bed & lay there most for the latter part of 2 hours.

At 6:30 I met Mrs. Shaw & we went for supper together at Quality Inn. I had tried places (may the good Lord preserve me!) & hoped all would be well. She wanted 1) to take me to a movie but it wasn't beginning till 8:50 I said I wouldn't. She then 2) would like me to have a walk with her, but I simply couldn't face it. Too much, too much after such a tiring day.

Saturday August 13

Early on I began to pack after breakfast the papers, for my weekend at Highgate. To my surprise Mrs. Shaw came in again to tell me what she had been doing. She is honest with no one to talk to but me! Roman! I did write a letter to Herbert, because he had written me of the death of his father a week after they left for Jersey. Poor dear - but how glad they must have been to have gone.

At about 1:30 the Kennedy's left & I went
 on a lie-down, while Anita had the heavy
 responsibility of looking after Robin till nearly
 six! I came down at 3:30 - The lake had
 ript $\frac{1}{2}$ in. It was then crawling all over the place.
 We had a light tea - Then at 4:30 took Robin in
 a pram to Waterloo Park. This he simply loved
 - was as good as gold. The Park, in sunshine,
 was lovely - many people - children, families,
 old - young - were dotted about some playing
 tennis, pecking the ducks or just sitting in
 the sun.

Finally the Kennedy's came in at 5:50 so
 carried all their heavy paraphernalia in their
 borrowed car (their own was awaiting repair
 after a minor accident) but was goodly.

Judith & Tony are happy devoted parents.
 They are absorbed in their parenthood &
 have little interest outside it. This is all
 them so happy but I don't want to visit
 them as my only - worshipping days are
 over.

For supper we had the trolley - Soup & cheese
 - fruit - very nice. Then a long play about the
 Jungle - a little too, too. And so to bed.

Monday August 15

This was a huge day - very nice. Rain
 begins with this. The forecast was sunny, dry
 & warm! However, the rain dried up & it
 was fine the rest of the day. Greta was very
 busy with domestic chores. I went out to
 the village to get eggs & post cards & cones
 for my breakfast tomorrow.

Last night I finished the Angela the
 Mamma's book, Old Hairs Remember.
 Much of it is good - She is a nice person.
 A little more, it would be excellent.

We had a very nice lunch - soup, cold
 meat, salad & tart then we were off in the
 car. Greta left me out at 34 - went on
 to do some shopping, while I hurriedly
 unpacked - I was surprised & disappointed
 to find that Bob Hardy had been to see
 me on Aug. 12 & I had missed him! However,

He writes that he may come back early in September. I hope he does.

We all met - Greta, Megan, Winnie Fleming & I at the Dominion Theatre to see The Sound of Music with Julie Andrews. It was a huge - long program, with perfectly delightful scenery - excellent acting by children & charming music. I was a little too far away to hear properly. Besides my battery was running out. I did enjoy it but really, even so, I found Hollywood-ish. Cinemas, on the whole, are not my cup of tea. The thing lasted 3 solid hours - with an interval of 20 mins.

From there we walked to the Arts Club for dinner. Absolutely nice. Gin & Tonic to begin with. Then a heavy spread table d'hôte dinner. We had all the "fixings" - posé wine & coffee - The cinema cost 15/- the dinner 19/- including tips. We got out about

8 - 9. W. 4. & I took a taxi (another 2/6) to the corner of Portman Sq. I hastened to 34 & the other two went to Selfridges' garage for E's car.

A note from Mrs. Shaw on my desk. Roman! Roman! She knocked at my door, tho' I was dying to get on with my duties, & I went into her room, which is now No. 1. I had to hear her story of the last 2 days - her Sunday Tour, her bread on Champ Creeked. She is a nice person - BUT poor Eulmia has hinted time & hinted energy. ^{Mrs. Shaw} No, leaves tomorrow for Crabbly Hall.

Tuesday August 16

This was the first really summer day - as predicted by the Times sunny, warm and cloudless. Early on, Greta telephoned to say I was not to have tickets for the Ballet - something came up. I couldn't hear her. Mrs. Witham told me the message. No letters.

I started out just for Harrow to change

my heart. I came back Angela Du Manoir
I got out 2 vols. by Compton Mackenzie's
autobiography: Reclame 4 & 5. The librarian
was good enough to let me have the 2 volumes -
she said they were all one story!

I came back to Market Arch, went into
lyons & got cold raw o demicis hot tea. As
I was near C & W I thought I would look for
a coat - a summer coat - The one I have
I have worn now for some 9 years. Enough.
I was lucky enough to get a quite nice
brown coat for £T. 19.0 (reduced) - I
hope I have chosen well. I had an affable
saleswoman - with my large parcel, I
went home, & deposited my purchases.
Out again to the Supermarket for milk,
cheese & apples.

Then I decided to go to B. & H. to look
for other things. A mistake. I got carried
down Regent St. I had to walk miles.
It was then 12. So I went to the Restaurant
for their 7/6 table d'hôte. mistake number

two. I think the chicken (I had the same last time)
Jazz - the mushroom soup too thick and I
was disgusted to have a silent woman next
to the seat opposite. She looked over her
hand the daily mail & didn't say a word! No, no.

I was so disgusted, & so tired that I took a
taxi back to 34. Really inexcusable. I did
have a short rest.

At 3 P.M. came Miss Sonia Anderson, the
Scottish girl whom Wilfred & Sir Reader Bullard
had written about. She was terribly young.
A small rather pretty face - but she didn't
open her mouth, when she talked, & I heard
only about a third of what she said. It
appears she isn't going alone, but in a
group - will stay in some obscure hotel
in Ak Sarai - might only a few days in
Istanbul - taking in Bursa & Izmir as
well. Roman! Roman! I gave her tea -
she was very polite but oh dear I would
like to have heard what she said. Some
British people are positively blind

when they meet a handicapped person with a hearing aid. I'm American, never. It's really funny.

After Miss Anderson left I wrote letters
 1) To Dorothy Schach (a weight of my mind)
 2) To Peggy Packman 3) a note to Mrs. Goodwin 4) a note to Mrs. Shaw, who like the kind creature she is had sent me a lovely box of chocolates, thanking me for helping her to know London. She left today for Crosby Hall, where she is to stay till she leaves for h. s. r. on Aug. 23.

A quiet evening of this sort.

Wednesday August 17.

This was the first really summer day I have had in England. 75° in the P.M. and not a cloud in the sky. For the first time I went out without my umbrella! A note from Creta saying she could not compare a ballet at Festival Hall - a large envelope from Betty K. enclosing several business letters. By the second post a

very nice letter from David Keating, giving me his parents' address at Market Cross 17^a behind Curzon Street. Strangely enough this was the very day they had invited me to tea.

I started out to shops after 10. I walked first to D. H. Evans - & found a very obliging saleswoman who took infinite trouble to find me a warm, not too heavy dressing gown - I finally got one - bright red - for £6.6.0. Then to Woolworths where I bought a substitute for recetine - a pad. I tried looking at suits but had no luck. I wonder whether I shall get a suit. I have got already a summer coat and a dressing gown. Perhaps a cocktail dress will be enough. At D. H. Evans I got 1½ yds of very pretty printed silk for trousers.

I stopped in at The Times Book Shop. Hoped place, to buy a paper-back American short stories of the 19th Century.

then to Reichenhaus for lunch. That place has lost its charm for me. Had a very expensive, but very good meal - steak & mushroom pie with green peas & butter. I find all restaurants very much more expensive than they used to be.

I came back very tired & had a rest. At 3:30 I started for market & never walked there in exactly 30 minutes. To my surprise the heemings met me outside their house, & said their friends were having a dinner party & so we would go to the Dorchester for tea - which we did. They are really charming people - we had a very good tea in that "Swiss" hostelry. Much good talk. They have driven miles about England - will leave for the continent on Aug. 24. Come to Istanbul by car about Oct. 1 & spend 4 mos with David. This enterprising boy has taken the Brainerd house to live in. He is in luck. He told

me he was in debt because of his study - but he is evidently equal to the new risk. It will be awfully nice for his parents to have a real house to live in. And I am glad that David will not be in Beirut but in Rumeli Hisar. I stayed till a little after five, then the nice heemings, saw me to the door - both kissed me & I walked home via Park Lane, Oxford St. & Baker Street.

Then a little letter-writing - to Dorothy Post & David. And then snatched with the last of my sherry.

Mrs. Williams leaves tomorrow for a fortnight's holiday at home. Will be back on Sept. 1st.

For Thursday August 18

A lovely, lovely warm summer day from beginning to end. It is rather nice to see how Londoners sit out on pavement cafes à la Paris as soon as the sun is at all warm. I overslept, much to my surprise & didn't wake till 8:30!

A note from Mrs. Goodwin to the post.
She will have lunch with me at Melbrenham's
on Tuesday, Aug. 23. Very nice.

I didn't go out till after 10 - as I seemed to
have a good deal to do. First I went by
underground to Bond St. & to the Post Office
Bank where I cashed \$40 in Amer. Exp.
checks for English money. I am spending
& spending - but I love it. Why should I
? Then this I went to headwaters where
I hit an equivalent to nicotine, Zhangus
& stuff. En route up Oxford St. I got
more sherry at Selfridges - I said I am
addicted to an aperitif every day -
& why not?

Then to Bacon & Eggs for a nice lunch
with wine & coffee. Bacon & Egg grill -
I find after a week, that my energy bores
out of my toes. I was happy to have a very
long lie-down - reading Pine & the Histories
which in my extravagant mood, I had
brought on my way home.

Morph, the dentist again at 4:30. I bought at the
Supermarket for their apples, which are ex-
cellent. Mr. Shppard billed 2 teeth - very
expertly. He gives me an injection on arrival
& I feel no pain, tho' dentistry is not one's idea
of a good time. He wants me twice again -
alas - but it can't be helped. Tomorrow
at 2:30 & on Thursday the 26th at 1:30.
Then perhaps all will be done. He always
talks of this & that, when I am in. I find
I positively enjoy my visits to him, not-
withstanding what apprehensions,
whenever I think of the dentist's chair.

Home again by 5:20 - but in an appetite
with chips & cold stew. I was hungry. Then
a letter, with check to Herbert about my
petty fire insurance.

This is Phyllis' birthday. She is 65. I should
have remembered.

Friday August 19.

Another beautiful warm day. Summer
has suddenly come to England. I don't go

out till after 10 - to the Post Office to
 mail a letter to Herbert about my in-
 surance, in which I made a mistake
 about the ex-Domborian girl, who is
 Secretary to Bob Hardy, not Dean Hall.
 However, perhaps Herbert is clever enough
 to know whom I mean! Then to Monet's
 for an appointment for a trim - shampoo
 And then to see Mrs. Davies at 16
 Cumberland Meadows, Blount St.

This is always a pleasant visit. I
 saw the little Amanda, who isn't a bit
 like Wendy. Mrs. D. twists me, coming
 - jump - she looked awfully nice - very
 well for her years. There was a second
 guest, a certain Bostonian by name,
 Olivia Cade, who is planning to be in
 Istanbul for a week towards the middle
 of October. A very nice woman -
 cultivated & intelligent. Mrs. D. asked
 me about Eric & Peggy Packman &
 other old friends - Miss Cade asked

so many questions that Mrs. D. had hardly
 time to gossip. I wanted to know about
 Wendy. I stayed nearly an hour - about $\frac{3}{4}$.

Then I thought I would try The Restful
Day & found it quite good. I went there
 only once before. This time I had minute steak,
 pear potatoes & vanilla ice cream. No tipping
 which pleases me - cafeteria style.

Then I came home for a very short rest.
 Out again at 2 - to walk to 56 Wimpole St -
 for another session with Mr. Shepherd. He
 put in a gold tooth - very well, very ex-
 pectly - in about 20 minutes. Got one
 more visit - on Aug. 26.

From there I went to Monet's had such a
 good shampoo, trim & rest. 18/ with 2/4
 tips - in other words a pound. I got a
 bit of Danish pastry at home then
 came home to 3 cups of tea - I was
 furnished & they went to the spot.

Reading Compton Mackenzie - Lecture
 4-5. Of course he is too wordsy. o)

don't imagine he is a very pleasant character. He has violent prejudices — against Hugh Walpole for one. His reminiscences of Greece in the first world war are confused — difficult to follow. They have been much better described in Greek memories & his other war books which I have.

Saturday, August 20

The hottest day yet — extraordinary for England. I actually chose to walk on shady streets — In the P.M. I shortened the stint of my stroller, as it still looked a bit dowdy. Then off to buy food for Saturday & Sunday — first to Baker Street. I deposited my wares in my room — then hastened at 12, to The Restful Tray.

I wanted the skimpiest of meals but had to take sausage and an egg — part of which I left. Back by one in fairly long hi-down.

At 4 or so I took the Bakerloo Tube to Piccadilly Circus to meet Evelyn at the Theatre where we saw Friedl's Don Ideal Husband — such perfect art. Evelyn was there on time, as she always is, who had the happiest afternoon at this matinee. Am sure mine in the crowd some of the stalls & I heard news well. Who can hear words in really with concentration? I recognised Margaret Lockwood as Mrs. Chereley — I had seen her on television. Bholurula Jeans, whom I had seen on the New York Stage ages ago!

After the Theatre we went for a nearby cafe & had such a good light meal — including 2 cups of tea, which went to the spot. I was happy to be able to say goodnight to Evelyn — but it is always difficult to get Evelyn to be treated. He wanted to head to Waterloo Place, where I had parked his car then drove thru the lighted streets to 34. Plans are on the way but

a day tomorrow at Tadworth, where
 weekend there over the Bank holiday.
 Inzagalah! — I am being royally treated
 by these kind, kind cousins & I do so
 appreciate their planning for this happy
 event & that.

Sunday, August 21.

A slight change in the weather — not
 quite so warm. I made my own bed,
 early on, as I spent the morning in my
 room, largely reading the excellent
Observer. I ought to have written letters
 but wasn't in the mood.

At 12 sharp Greta called for me to go
 to Tadworth. On the way, we stopped to
 see Mrs. Fleming & her daughter at
 Winkleson — they are in trouble as the
 daughter's husband (an army major)
 has had to have a serious operation.
 Mrs. F. was her genial self & pressed us
 very much. We saw, as well, her Trinidad
 friend, who had come out to St. Andrew

on a cruise & came to tea at my house. I didn't
 recognise her! She has a Spanish name.

Then on to Tadworth, where we saw Christine
 in a nice way, well — but I don't like her clothes;
 and Michael, her fiancé — no, no, I am not
 crazy about him. With their passion for
 fresh air, the family had moved the dining-
 room table to the lawn & we dined al fresco
 after dinner. Personally, I am not an
 addict of out-of-door eating unless it
 is a picnic in a beautiful spot — Halesi or
 Pimlico & Altin lawn! We had a sumptuous
 meal, some tortois, then, as it began to
 sprinkle (!) we all went inside & played
 bridge for hours — Evelyn & Christine taking
 turns. Michael is good, but his instanc-
 tions are too, too constant & voluminous.
 I don't always agree with them. I had
 perfectly rotten luck — some times left
 with one trump & weak supports.

We didn't have tea till after five —
 then more bridge till supper at 8:15.

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The ease with which Evelyn produces delicious meals is phenomenal. I do admire her.

It wasn't until after 9 that we took a drive to Greta saw me to my room - a long drive thru brightly lighted streets. I was glad to get to bed - to have a tranquilizer & sleep!

Monday August 22

This was to have been a Bridge Day at Greta's but she put it off - partly because Mrs. Fleming is busy with her family, & married, partly because Greta herself has a good deal to do before her departure on the 25th.

Two forwarded letters by the British post - from her sister & Eleanor.

A change in temperature. Two days ago it was 77° maximum. Today 66° max.

What a climate.

After a good breakfast, at about 10:20 I went to the B&E office on Regent St. & booked my passage home. I hope O.K.

I go on Thursday, Sept 15. Flight 266 starting from Airport at 10:45, arriving Istanbul 18:10. I shall have a good party here. It is time perhaps to go home & yet, as always, I hate to see the last of London. (My next airplane 14C)

A telephone message came from Mrs. Shaw suggesting lunch. I returned from B&E - went to the Supermarket for fruit then on to my own at Appled St. where the lady was waiting for me. She really is nice. She suggested Chicken Lays restaurant, which I had never patronized. Very nice indeed. The good lady would not let me pay for my lunch. She is altogether too generous. Really! I had bread & butter with tartar sauce & baked potato but the helping was too large - Mrs. Shaw had cooked sweet beef & potato salad - then we had a cup of ^{tea} coffee or rather a put of tea which was very good. Mrs. Shaw leaves tomorrow. She has done very well - has been on a tour to Cambridge & Madbury Abbey - besides other tours - she has made the best use of her time.

we lingered over cigarette stack then had a drink. I have really enjoyed knowing her.

From there I went to Harrod's to change my books, having read the 2 Octavos (4+5) of Compton Mackenzie. There I got out the autobiography of Marguerite Steen called Wandering Glass. I know her name but have read very little of hers except the story of the Terry family, A Prince of Ferrys.

And then directly home on No. 30 bus. I was all in for some reason - lay down & slept - 3-5 almost! Then letter writing to 1) Maym 2) Phyllis 3) Louis Davison - & out to post them later on.

To snack supper in my room at 7:30 hourie, potato chips, hard boiled egg - crescent butter. Quite enough.

Tuesday August 23

A strange day. Much clouds - but it remained dry, though rain was forecast. A letter from Eleanor by the bird post, telling

a terrific tale of getting back to So. Orange from Oregon by half a dozen routes.

I went out a little after 10 to Lyons for cottage cheese, milk & crescents then that I wanted try to get a black dress for Agnès at Evans. No luck at all. Short sleeves, short skirts - no good. Then I thought I might buy something for myself. And I did. A green dress, with a pleated skirt a sort of "mis-raison", which I think nice he wife (I can't wear the scanty short skirts) The dress cost only £4.9.11 which seemed reasonable - dirt dry Trices.

I came home & put it on to the suite. And at 12 started for Behenhaus where I was to meet Mrs. Goodwin. There she was on time 12:30. Before we went to the restaurant I was introduced to her daughter, Vera Dorothy Anne (called Harmine.) She is a blue-eyed stalwart English woman (aged 51) about to return to New Zealand where she has been living for some time, a

matron in a Gile Schae. She had errands
to left, while we proceeded to the Restaurant.
We had a simple, but good meal Scampi,
bread butter, rice, coffee. It was rather nice
but not too bad.

I was rather taken aback to be asked to
accompany Mrs. G. home & stay for tea.

Actually, I didn't want to go but felt
I must. We took a taxi to 22 Daughters
Mews, stopping en route at a Bakery
for cake & crescent rolls.

Mrs. G's mews is really very unattractive
garages on all hands - washing hanging
out on a line across the alley way. I
would hate to live there. We went up the
prescription stairs to her tiny, tiny
place - Here she manages at 84 years
or age, I can't think. Her living-room
is lined with books - we were able to
converse for 1 1/2 hours - Strangely enough.
The daughter came in just as tea was
ready. She showed me a most interesting

Bms Itinerary called Indianan which goes
from London to Bombay, calling at fantastic
places all along the line, including Istanbul.

Mrs. Swadlow had a great deal to say
about her sons, about the welfare state
for which she has little sympathy. Her
son, Geoffrey, had asked her to go with them
to N.C. but she felt she couldn't.

The kind Mrs. Swadlow accompanied me
to the Russell Square underground, whence
I got a Central line train to Marble Arch &
so home by 5:30.

Reading Marguerite Steen's Looking Glass
by way of relaxation. An extraordinary person -
- not my cup of tea.

Wednesday August 24

This was a free day - no appointments of
any kind, so I followed my own devices. By
the first post letters from Selma, Evelyn
& Hubert. I began my going out at 10 or
so straight to the Bank by underground
where I took out £30.0.0 for my

use - real extravagant. A very nice young man built my check and engaged in conversation. It seems the man I see often at Glyn hills is his - F. W. Sears - now away on holidays. I took a moment to go into that church at the crossroads & said a prayer for courage & good health.

Then back again to Marble Arch - & from there by bus to Harrods. I gave back to Genevieve Steen's Laundry gloves & traced out a book I had seen reviewed - an autobiography (my special these days) called The River Bank by F. D. O'Malley. Back again to Marble Arch where I went to Chicken Fajitas for a really expensive lunch - which I enjoyed!

I have been bothering my mind about a dress for Agnif - so I went into C & A to look up for one. Hard work. I found an inexpensive black affair, but the sleeves were very short. But I did spot a dark blue affair for

48/11 which seemed very possible. So I got it. I hope the lady will like it - I hope too I am not going to be over weight with all my purchases. I had looked at Evans for a dress for Agnif with no success.

I washed - went home & rested. At a little after 3:30 I ventured out again & walked to Woolworth's where I bit and stationery - & wandered about looking at this & that. Back by Bus 113 - & later on I had a phony & snacks, in lieu of tea. I worked on my tea cloth - read my new book & passed a pleasant evening!

Thursday August 25

I spent a good deal of the P.M. in my room - made my bed - & read. I did go out for bread - chicken, Namish pastry & present.

At 12:30 that darling Brita called to me & told me her transistor radio & then we sped in the car to Festival Hall, where we had an excellent meal in the cafeteria downstairs.

It was cooler - 68° cloudy - rain while we

had our meal, but only then. We drove from there to the ad. l.c. to see much ads about nothing - It was an extraordinary performance - much elaborated but exciting.

I was surprised to find Maggie Smith taking the part of Beatrice. Very animated. We had excellent seats in the second row of the stalls, & I heard very well. The play was long - 3 hours - 2:30 - 5:30. We did enjoy it.

Celia suggested my coming home with her for a pick-up supper, wh. I did. She was a dear & suggest it. We had soup; a kitchen, brown bread & butter & peach compote & coffee - quite enough. The house was very wet when we got in - 6:15 but she had the heat on and was better. We talked & we smoked, we did the Times crossword together - She insisted on driving me home tho' I said I would take the underground. When I reached home I found Phoebe had telephoned. I tried to telephone her at 8:50 but there was no answer.

However at 10 I get her & Helen - very flourishing. She seems tied up on this visit & suggests an meeting when she returns on Sunday, Sept 4 - much better. O.K.

I listened on my radio to 1) The Promenade Concert 2) The news at 10. It will be a great comfort. I am surrounded by kindnesses.

Friday, August 26

The strangest day. Keppel with messages.

A very staid letter from Zorquica by the first post. I went out to buy food - called first at 119 to ask about Mr. & Mrs. English, Betty's parents. They hadn't arrived, so I left a message to say I would call tomorrow at 10. Then to the Super market for this & that.

While I was out, Phoebe telephoned. I called her up asking if I would come & see her - but she said she was more or less tied up & had me not better wait till her return to London on Sept. 4. O.K. said Euehia.

An early lunch at 12. & at 1:30 I tried me to Mr. Sheppard for a last appointment. 1011

Repetition - yesterday

he did was to clean my teeth very thoroughly. As I was in that region I went to Halloway, my old optician to have my reading glasses adjusted. The nice man took about 10 mins. to make them much more comfortable & he charged me nothing!

I then took my camera to Baki & Craig, hoping something could still be done for the old thing - but no, impossible. I then asked for a post-proof camera - & fell for one for £2.10.0. plus a film which I wonder if I will ever find another in Istanbul. No. 126. Can I buyish? I left the old camera behind! From there to Bimey St. where I bought 4 batteries 9/11. Home so home.

Another message from Phucle - plans had changed & could I come have drinks with them? Phone call at 4:30 - which I did. To my surprise she said she couldn't have me after all!! She said she had lost her passport, was very

Wred. + wanted I mind waiting till after Sept 4. Home! Really.

I then had a lie-down, reading The New Statesman, which I had hit on route. I also finished The River Bank which I found extraordinary. The author is a homosexual & talks about it bravely & rather sadly. A small surprise. Then at 8-9 P.M. a long interview on the radio between an interviewer & Lord Butler, most interesting. I should say he is a rather splendid man.

Cloud - but no rain.

Saturday August 27.

Clouds & coolish but no rain. A letter from Betty K. At 10 I went to 119 to see Mrs. - English. They were waiting for me & had ready the small packages for Betty. I saw them in the very nice lounge one took a chat. They have just returned from a long time in Devon & Cornwall. They invited me to lunch at one on Wednesday.

From there I went to Harold's - some lunch & music & took out rather

Thursday The Life of Sadura Duncan
herself. It is over. I came back with a
little at Lyons + came home for a snack
lunch.

To long lie-down and then all after-
noon in my room. I read, slept a
little, read - + enjoyed my radio very
much. I heard the news at 6. Then later
the Promenade Concert. It was Gilbert
& Sullivan. I had hoped it would be some
I think familiar but was Diez by Gung -
uh. I don't know well. However the chorus,
vocal solos were excellent, enthusiastically
early applauded by the huge audience.
I do get such pleasure out of Gung's
Fancies. What a happy thought it
was to let me know it while she is
away.

I had to bright a bit of melancholy -
I wondered if perhaps I am staying too
long in London. I hope not. This is
Bank holiday weekend - always a de-

pressing period in England - usually with
rotten weather. I go tomorrow to Tadworth by
train where I get there safely - change at
Purley!

I had tea + supper in. Rather stupid of me
but I felt limp - no good for anything else.

Sunday August 28

I got my observer early on + spent the
rest of the morning reading in + preparing
for my journey to Tadworth. As it was Bank
holiday Sunday, I was afraid I would have
difficulty in getting a taxi to Charing Cross -
So I started out early-ish, went to Baker
St. (strangely deserted) + waited + waited
fully 10-15 mins. getting a bit frantic. However
one finally came along + I reached the
Station early.

The journey was simple, but a little
troublesome, because I had to change at Purley -
The dear Evelyn met me in her car + we went
opending to Gate House. Christine was on
the point of his up and around the ward.

I had to be gradually before I went to his
chairs. She went off at 3:30

E. & I were alone for tea had a grand talk
about the family. As it was fairly fine, we
took Braudy for a run in a near by field.
we also made arrangements for visits -
E. doing a lot of telephoning. She tele-
phoned to Olivia & arranged for her & Popsy
to come for the day to Tadworth on Thursday
Sept. 6. when I shall join them - one
will see the Anatolia pictures. The
other telephoning was to Jannice whose
only, Angela, is to be christened on
Sunday, Sept 4. It seems that me,
E. & I, may go up to Derby by train for
the ceremony - spend Saturday night
at a nearby pub. I come back on Sunday
after the ceremony. Very nice & very
interesting.

we watched T.V. but saw a foolish
French film Murders & then heard the
news. And so to bed at 10:30. in the new

comfortable spare room.

Monday August 29

Early tea at 7:45 & breakfast & den at 9.
The morning was cloudy but dry. After break-
fast, I went for a short walk, & notwith-
standing the holiday, I was able to buy the
Listener & the Times. I was so glad to be a
guest on Bank Holiday Monday for it is
the most dismal of days.

we started off for the airport to see
Greta as she embarked for U.S. & E. that it
a good plan to leave plenty of time, we
started at 11:30. we ran into long queues
of cars, even so, especially near Epsom
(where there was a line of cars nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ of a
mile long) & at Hampton Court - some
reached the airport a little late.

we were further delayed by the trouble
of parking the damn car in the huge, huge
Car Park. As we finally emerged, we found
 ourselves facing a chand mast. Parking,
purchasing some things which we stopped to

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Building No 3. Oceanic, thoroughly soaked.

After a good deal of wandering about in immense crowds, we finally found girls having a sandwich & coffee at a tea cafe. We joined her & had our own sandwiches & coffee. Girls looked awfully nice in blue - not tried, beautiful. We finally had to kiss her goodbye. We were able to leave as she followed the long, long queue to her charter Pan-Tom plane. I do hope she has a pleasant & easy flight.

Then we had to go to that Car Park to find E's car. Could we spot it? Round & round we went on the first floor & I for one wondered if we would ever see it again. At long last we spotted it. Back we drove to Padworth, in fairly fine roads & reached home by 3. A drink with tea at 4.50. Again a real dinner (too much) at 7.30 - & T.V. This time Shirley Holmes the Abbey Grange, which

was amusing. Dad & I left at 10.30.

Tuesday August 30.

I had expected to return to London in the 12.15. but Evelyn had a plan - why not go into London, having a light lunch somewhere & then go on to Leicester Square Cinema to see the new film. The Russians are Coming. The Russians are Coming. E. went to the cinema to ask her to have after Brandy & then we went to the village at 10.35 where E. got tickets for our place next Saturday. They were expensive; £3.10.0. return from Darby - we meet at St. Pancras at 11.45 on Saturday - The train leaving at 2.05.

And then we were off to London. E. is such an excellent driver but it was a long journey to Leicester Square. We parked the car - & it began to pour with rain. What a climate!! We had lunch at The Golden Egg & were in good time to attend the Cinema. 10/ seats. I am not a movie fan but I must confess I

Thoroughly enjoyed the Russians are coming.
It is really a fantasy—a Russian sub-
marine was aground near G. L. L. L. L.
houses. The village people think they are
being invaded. It is too amusing. S. & I
giggled and giggled! We were at the
1:10 performance, which went on till 3:30.
Again it was pouring when we came out.
I drove me to my door—a goodbye kiss
& I dashed in to 34.

I had hoped this would be interesting
mail but all there was, was a letter from
Esther Boyer. Hmas!

After unpacking my bag, I braved the
elements & went out to get bread for to-
morrow—milk, eggs, fruit from the
Supermarket. Then to Lyons. I was amazed
to find at Lyons Currier House & the one
on Arch St. & M. St. Found there no
buns, no crescents, no Danish pastry.
I was obliged to try Selfridge's Food
Store & nearly every thing there was

finished. I finally got 2 unsatisfactory
Lemon Buns. Back reading met. Then High
tea at 5—& a general settling down. News
on the radio; this diary written up; an effort
to re-adjust myself to a solitary lodging house
room.

Wednesday August 31

No rain all day. I was delighted to have a
letter from my dear Sarah by the first post,
also a sweet note from Gammie, inviting me
to her home on Saturday.

I went out at 10 to buy a little bread—
I then went on to Selfridges where I got a
small silver spoon for Gammie's baby. Had
to go back to my room.

At one Mrs. Miss English called for me
to come with them to lunch at Lyon's Grill
Room. It was so late that there was a
queue we had to wait till after 1:30
before we got a table. It was a nice meal
& we talked about the Kondagans,
about R.C. about their home in Champanis

Delivis. he sat quite a while over on
bench, then walked back to Gloucester Place
& took a taxi. They leave by Pan-Am to-
morrow for Chicago. I was glad to have
known them.

I lay down at 3 - (we were so late
home) & read for more than 1 1/2 hours.
Dorothea Duncan's autobiography is
really, too, too foolish. What a woman -
swimming with Love & Dance! A series
of lovers. I never knew she had a child
by Gordon Craig. This must have been
about 1906 - and another illegitimate
child by a rich man, whom she
called Bohemian. Really, really.

I ought to have gone out to see
something worth while, but instead
I raved, read, wrote 2 letters - to
Jannie & Betty K. telling the latter
of my meeting with her parents.

A rather futile day on the whole.
The Promenade Concert to end ^{up} with!

Thursday September 1

The letters of my kind. Mrs. Williams back
after her fortnight's holiday. It was cloudy to
begin with - then rain, rain, rain. I took my
suit out to be cleaned at about 10 - first
round the corner - It will be ready by Thursday
10/6 - not too bad.

I got No. 74 to Harrow to take back my
stupid Dorothea Duncan boat. I got out
The Proud Tower by Barbara Tuchman, a
rather hefty volume. Like the foolish person
I am, I saw that a second hand boat
at Harrow's. The Life of John Galsworthy
by Dudley Barker called D. H. Lawrence Principle.
I know nothing of this author, but hope
for the best.

I came back from Knightsbridge to Marble
Arch & had lunch at Ann's there - I headed
something to bite on. It was too expensive
but good 12/6 with 1/ tip. However? Then
back to my room for a rest. I began the
Tuchman book & found it fascinating.

The news at one was about a terrible crash of a ^{Britannia} (Britannia) airplane in Yugoslavia (Ljubljana) with British holiday personnel on board - something like 92 dead. Too dreadful. A charter plane. I don't like them.

At 3 I decided, in spite of the drizzle, to go out. I went to the Wallace collection, which, to be sure, I had seen before - but not for some time. How fine it is. The summer alone is unique. And I loved the pictures of the hatch & British School. I wasn't there very long.

On the way home I got down at 13 BC. and took supplies at the Supermarket. Had to home to a good tea, which cheered me somewhat. I then wrote 2 letters - a long one to Sarah & a brief & letter one to Anita. The forecast for tomorrow is not too good. Hermin called up at 5:30 but she wanted to meet on Sat. Unfortunately I am out to Berlin. She leaves for Istanbul by train on Tues. arriving Saturday

Friday Sept 2.

I had rather a poor night - with no tranquillizer & read for an hour from 5-6. No letters. It was my day for Hatfield with Beatrice Payne. Mrs. Wilkner came in at 9:30 to tell me Beatrice had telephoned that, instead of going to her home in Highgate, I should take Bus 27 to the terminal (explaining it was around the corner from Archway which was not true!) & she would meet me there at 10:45 - Roman! I was upset.

Of course, in my usual manner, I left too much time, started off at 9:50: walked to Marylebone Rd. got 20.27 bus arrived 25 minutes too early! Then I paced the desk & felt a fool - & wondered if I was waiting in the right place. Roman! For Beatrice appeared at 10:45, having been shown with her car some time. Roman! I was not in a very good mood. The car, a well Ford, had been parked near by & in the gate. Beatrice was very friendly & kind - but she is new to driving & I must say I

had my nervous moments. We sped along
then fairly by, Barnet & out on the A1000
road towards Hatfield. It is always a
pleasure to go for a drive in England. There
were clouds, but no rain, & every now
& then a tiny gleam of sunshine.

We arrived too early - 11:30 & parked
our car in front of the magnificent Hatfield
House, having passed the statue of King
Salisbury at the gate. To fill the time,
we went into the old church nearby,
- a lovely old place with a heavy
graveyard. In the church we saw the
tomb of the 3rd Marguerite of Salisbury,
the very person minister I had been
reading about in The Proud Tower.
Stained glass windows, ancient tombs
adorned the church - it was in beauti-
ful order. A tiny part of it is 13th
Century - but much had been added
during the 600 years of its existence.
From there we went to the Red Palace,

where Queen Elizabeth I had lived as a child.
It is now a restaurant, & at 12 we had there
a most delicious meal. Brick walls, very
mellow, surrounded us & we looked up at
great beams covering the ceiling.

At one, we went in the entrance to the
great building & joined the first group to be
conducted thru the many magnificent rooms.
Our guide was a young niece of Beatrice's,
Mrs. Ploughman, who did a most excellent
job, speaking kindly & clearly, so that I
didn't miss a word. Such luxury, such
opulence as greeted us on all sides: won-
derful pictures of monarchs & family,
armor, plate, treasures. We were shown
the great hall, the dining room, library,
long gallery (180 ft long), the chapel. From
the windows we looked out on a lovely
garden, lime trees, a pond with water
lilies, a maze in the distance.

But I did get very tired after an hour
of standing. When we finally left the

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house after an hour of instruction, Beatrice wanted to see the garden. She suggested I go to the car, while she wandered, & I was only too glad to sit still & smoke a cig. She came back after 20 mins. or so, & asked me cheerily with coffee from a Thermos, & then me at last were ready to go back to London.

Of course she would have let me take 137 bus back from Highgate - but no. She would see me home! No thing I would say would stop her. But what was more she took me only to the top of Baker St. & from there I had to walk home. I was all in. As soon as I got to my room, I lay down exhausted. Too much.

There was news at 6 on the radio - I arrived & read a little & at 6:50 had a snack supper, rather poor but enough. The evening concluded with a very interesting talk from Harold Macmillan on his early life, on the radio,

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as well as 2 volumes by Chopin - & a Poetry Reading by Sylvia Thomdick on Péguy's maps: Chaucer, Elymer on Bunyan, Spenser, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Sir Walter Raleigh - friendship with Tennyson's Crossing the Bar.

Saturday Sept. 3.

I packed my bag in my usual haphazard manner, but I did go out in the P.M. First to buy ribbon for Angela's present & secondly to have an early lunch 11:45 at Bacon & Eggs.

Then, again in good time, I called a taxi & with my bag went to St. Pancras Station to meet Evelyn to the train to Derby. As I was early, I went into the waiting room & it wasn't long before I was joined by Evelyn who is another early bird. Our train left on time 2:05 & we had a compartment to ourselves. E. looked very nice in a new blue suit & a wine-colored hat, which she had had the day before in Reigate. The journey was long - thru a part of the country

quite new to me. The train was supposed to be castles, going via St. Albans, Luton & Bedford. We arrived at 4:30 there was Robin Heath to meet us - such a nice tall young fellow. In his car we drove some 10 or so miles to Tutbury, a village where the Heaths live in a charming Georgian house called Threeways 1 Castle St. Here that dear Jannice welcomed us. I was delighted also to see Phyllis, who happened to be visiting her daughter. A late cup of tea refreshed us.

The house is 3 storeys high and was shown rooms at the top - Ed & mine adjoining - Everything was very clean & tidy, tho' there were several locks. No hangers for our coats; no water at hand - no face cloths in the bathroom, which was one flight down!

The baby, Angela Mary Russell, looking like her new name is a bit - very sweet at 4 mos. Fair with blue eyes. Her

parents, you can see, have red cheeks. She had the red cheeks & general healthy air of all English children.

We had a sumptuous dinner at 7:15. A turkey done to perfection by the clever Jannice. We talked & knitted after dinner - Phyllis is expected to go to bed early, which she did. We brushed our teeth after. The Kennedys did not get in till after we had gone to bed - as they drove from Heathhead there late in starting as their renovated car was not ready for them till late afternoon.

Sunday Sept 4.

This was a terrific day of sociality. I was definitely "all in" when it was over. It began with breakfast at 8:30 - Judith, Polly, Robin, Jannice, Robin, Angela, Phyllis & Archie. We were all rather cast down by melancholy clouds then a severe shower. In spite of this E. & I went to see the perfectly charming old Parish Church, where the christening was to take place. We also

climbed the hill to see the ruins of Tutbury Castle - very sad ruins, the same. I also took an Abscones, & some post cards.

In the meanwhile Jannie was keeping up much for 14 - ^{a brief affair absolutely unsurpassing} She is truly wonderful - & a superb cook. Gradually people began to arrive & this was the company, which sat down a little after 12: Jannie & Robin, Judith & Tony, Amanda & Jason, Mother, Geoffrey Heath, Mother - Yalden, Winifred Heath, Evelyn Frost, Phyllis & Elinor! I was much touched to be on Robin's right, with Phyllis on his left. The tables were put into small seats in the lean by latches, being occasionally inspected by devoted fathers & mothers!!

More people began to arrive after lunch until there was a large company. At 3 the ceremony took place in the church. By this time, the rain had stopped, the roads were clear, & the sun was shining. The vicar of the church had a second

christening at the same time, which I think a pity. He might have stopped them - & I don't really care for the Anglican Baptism service. St Radcliffe in the Dutch chapel had a much shorter, much sweeter ceremony.

By this time, it was 3:30 & we repaired to the house that clever Jannie had a table ready for tea spread with sandwiches cakes & cookies. Later on there was champagne & Robin's father made a small & gracious speech - saying Angela was his first grandchild & he wished her "a long life and much happiness." The afternoon rather dragged, I think but finally at 5:40 Tony said he would drive E. & me to Derby to our train. Jannie came along as guide & he bade them adieu at the barriers. Our train was late - 10 mins. - & crowded this time, so that one compartment was full - The journey seemed very long. It was dark before we reached London at 9:35 P.M. We were dismayed to see a long queue

waiting for a taxi. E. was afraid she would miss the last train to Tadworth, so finally left in a corporate taxi that was taking several others to Charnip Cross Station. Brown got a taxi for myself & paid about £34 - after a long but most enjoyable journey. Found so to bed - with a tranquilizer after I had unpacked - at 10:30.

I do like those nice Heaths. Jamie is a marvelous home-maker. Robin is a dear. E. tells me they are not very well - he has changed his job lately & isn't very happy in it. Jamie also works, mostly at home - but they are a very happy couple - surrounded their home with love & kindness - I wish them every good thing.
Monday Sept 5.

A very good night - I slept rested. I didn't go out till after 10:30 - a P.C. from Anita, saying she was having a wonderful time in Boston & Washington - just then headed for New York. By the

second post a very nice letter from Phil Ralph. Before going out I wrote to Robert, confirming my arrival & letter to the Ralphs for instructions to Andrew & Agnès. I'm afraid letters will have crossed.

I went to Woolworth for odds & ends - to buy Spencer for winter nests, but a little post for breakfast & then to D.H. Sparrow for lunch - this latter place was jammed. This I went early to 12:15 it was nearly full & when I left there was a queue several feet long. As I came home, I cashed \$40 in Express checks at Barclay's Bank near by. Exchange now \$2.79 1/2 to the pound. I got more than £14.

A red tail 2:50 when, as the day was so fine & sunny, I determined to go to Westminster Abbey, which I did. Bus No 59 goes straight down Whitehall. What a magnificent site it is! There were too many people, milling around, many of them foreigners but I did see the Tomb of

the unknown Soldiers which I never got near on other visits because of the crowds.

On the way in the bus down Haymarket, I saw the Majesty's theatre & remembered with a start that Evelyn had asked me to buy tickets for Say, who you are for Saturday, Sept. 10 at 6 P.M. So on my way back I stopped there & got 2 state tickets for £2.15.0 - which is less than I have paid elsewhere - I hope the play is good.

A snack supper at 5:30 - then the news on the Radio - followed later by a Promenade concert - Bach - Mozart etc.
Friday Sept 6.

Nothing doing in the a.m. but resting my letter in the red pillar box & buying my paper & packing my small B&W box.

I indulged myself & took a taxi to Charing Cross, where I caught, in very good time, the 10:23. I was told by the ticket man that I didn't need to

change at Purley but on arriving there, I was hustled along to another car with a fellow traveller, so I did have to change. The dear Evelyn met me; I had a bottle of wine; we called for some eggs & so to Gate House.

Our guests were Olivia & Peggy who came about 12:20. Olivia just the same - very red as to cheeks, very loud as to voice. Peggy is hearty, but - she wears a tight bright pink dress, which I don't admire. But they were both very nice, very gracious. We had, as usual, a sumptuous lunch of curried chicken & the fish soup. Then I had one hour's rest.

At 3:30 we were given an exhibit on E's screen of all the Anatolia photos taken by the group last spring. The pictures were extraordinarily good - most interesting - a better group than Weibred's I think. After tea, Olivia showed her photos of Greece, on her way out to Turkey - not so many, but very good.

The getherals left at about 6:30 in Alvin's car. We had a salad supper - very good.

Then we watched television, seeing 1) an Anniversary Shoetoe & Son & a small little talk called 12 hours Sharp, of two old people, ending in tragedy.

When time for the news came on we were dumbfounded to see flashed on the screen Mr. Verwoerd has been assassinated.

Really, what a world. Although the news was so recent, we were told that the Prime Minister of South Africa had been stabbed to death, by a white man, of Greek extraction, dressed as a messenger in the Parliament building while a meeting was being held. It was shocking news. At 10:10 there was a long discourse on Mr. Verwoerd, & was about the attack. He was 64 - nearly 65 & had been the strong man to apartheid in So. Africa.

He went to bed at 10:30 rather stunned. No statement to self.

Wednesday Sept 7.

E. told me this is the anniversary of her wedding day in 1929 - 37 years ago. It wasn't a happy marriage, tho' she has never said so in so many words. I slept well with only half a tranquilizer.

I took a short walk to get a Times & I got as well playing cards for the Ralphs, while S. took Brandy for a run. It was Mrs. Curwin's day to clean. The half-wit girl was there only for half an hour instead of 2 hours. E. had promised to take me to Ipswich to buy a hat - I think most of the hats in England are handmade & I had no faith that I would find anything. However, we went to a rather swanky hat shop & I found one of black & white gauze - quite pretty, which I was persuaded to buy. As usual with Evelyn I paid a grand price 35/11, which was more than I expected. I hope people won't think it extreme. I was glad that E. also made a purchase later of a pretty blue

replaced top with her new suits. Home again - a delicious lunch of left-over ones & I caught the 1:43 train to Charing Cross, again changing at Purley - & so home on No. 13 bus.

This wasn't the end of my chores. I went out for food at the supermarket & hygiene. Also my cleaned suit was not ready - I have to wait till Friday. Then tea - High Tea - at 5:15. Then the new lovely music from the Promenade Concert. Sibelius then magnificent violin concerto Beethoven.

Thursday Sept 8

Cloudy all day, tho' sun was predicted. I went out for a chore or two - boxes for presents often large envelopes & wrapping paper for books to send home. Had to have to my room which had not been tidied.

Blamener I was due at Mrs. Goodwin's at 12 so started by underground - Central line to Highbury, then Piccadilly line

to Russell Square - quite a little walk to 22 Doughty Street. I was surprised to see Mrs. Goodwin's ~~daughter~~ daughter still there. The lunch had been prepared by the dear old lady in her own place. She is talkative - a little belligerent - & I wonder sometimes if she doesn't annoy her daughter. The lunch was very nice, but the melon to begin with I had to pass up - the peaches for dessert also were not "my cup of tea" though the ice cream on top was very good. We talked of this & that - & I was rather too indignant about the President of R.C. They wanted me to stay for tea, but I really couldn't give the time, so I left a little after 2 which was quite long enough.

I shut the door & read Tom & the life of John Galsworthy. At 5:35 I started out via Bus 13 Gen Piccadilly Circus to meet Phyllis & the 2 ladies, who were taking me to dinner. I called up their woman, Phyllis came down to meet me & we proceeded to her room for drinks - whiskeys & water etc.

And soon the 2 helians were there. It was
 time to see them all. Phoebe looked so well
 in a blue white dress - I gave them Evelyn's
 message about Sunday lunch; they tele-
 phoned to her & made arrangements to
 drive to Tadworth. I took the 3 in a taxi
 to Simpsons on the Strand, where they had
 booked a table & had a most sumptuous
 repast. Really something! Steak & kidney
 & mushroom pie, rose wine, ice cream &
 coffee. And such an opulent atmosphere.
 The place was full.

Connie leaves me out into Charing
 Cross station to inquire about trains to
 Tadworth, if driving isn't possible. A
 very obliging man gives all details.

We waited ages for the 13 Bus, which
 they left at Piccadilly Circus & Junction
 to Gloucester Place. Had no fume in the
 mild air. Much warmer than the 10.30.
 No sun, but no rain all day - but
 bad weather.

Friday, Sept. 9.

A nice day - cloudy at first - sun after lunch.
 Evelyn on, Mrs. Withams said I could change my room,
 to No. 1, which my dear Harold & I had occupied in
 1957. I wanted no help & did all the moving
 myself. And what a contrast No. 1 is to my
 other little number ~~2~~ 2 at the end of the
 passage. The room is big & light - The atmosphere
 absolutely different - so much more cheerful. If
 I ever return to 34, I shall insist on having this
 room, even if the price is raised. Baholun.

After I had moved, I went out on errands.
 To the P.O. to post 2 envelopes or pamphlets; To
 Selfridges for a sandwich & then to the cleaners
 to get my grey suit. I was surprised & interested
 to have the woman say, "You don't get cloth like
 this today. This is fine & wears forever." I was
 astonished. I can't remember when I got that
 grey suit in London, certainly more than 12 years
 ago - & with untailed coat & shortened skirt,
 it is almost as good as new.

I deposited my knickerbockers, then at 12 I went

to Brevon & Eggs for lunch - a cheese omelette,
baked beans & coffee - 8/4 with tips. Had to
hurry to my "new" room for a short rest.

At 3, I took the bus to Harvard's in
height amusements, gave back the Round
Tower & got out John Faith's hearing
Spears, which I had seen reviewed - He is
a brother of Bda Binn's husband - Douglas
Reith - of course the first head of the BBC.
I find he is just my age! I saw among
the books, Two Under The Indian Sun by Jon
and Rumer Godden - the very nice Miss
Brown, who heads "my" class S - let me
have them both.

High tea at 5 - then I began the Reith
book, which I found astonishingly interesting
(his experience as a soldier in the 1914-1918
war) - had later I listened to another
Promenade concert - lovely - Haydn,
Berlioz - the Radio has been a grand
Herring.

Saturday Sept 10.

I had a good night, with no tranquillizer - was
in my new comfortable room. By the first
post I had a letter from Herbert Lane, asking
me to bring him a thermostat control for their
biopdaire. Roman! what a request for an old
lady to comply with!

I had the sense to go to Selfridges & ask
them. They had no appliance themselves but
a very intelligent salesman gave me the
address of a firm where I could get it.
Fortunately the firm was fairly near by -
28 ^{Wigmore} ~~Wigmore~~ Street. So there I went. It
was a funny place - R. S. B. Bott Ltd. Air
Conditioning & Refrigeration Engineers - One
thing a hell & is answered by a youth. The
firm didn't have the blooming thing but
promised that by Monday afternoon, they
would have it for me. I kept the letter with
all instructions & went on.

My next purchase was a set of curlers
from Woolworth's - what I have been looking

for ever since I came. Then to 1 Baring St
for batteries - I now have 10 30 Jam, for the
moments, set!

When I was visiting Mrs. Guadwin she
had spoken with enthusiasm of the restau-
rant at Goringes - a table d'hôte for 6/6
same for 7/6 much better than other Dept.
Stores. Well a brief I that I wanted try it. I
remember that years ago - in 1919 I think
it was - I hit a very pretty hat at Goringes.
I took No. 2 bus to Victoria & was quite
amazed at the look of the new Goringes
which has nothing to do with the old shop
I knew 44 years ago! I led me to the
restaurant - what did I find? No hot
meals served on Saturdays! Only cold
meals - such as are anathema to paucis
Sachin! So back I trailed - making a
long way to find my bus & I finished up
with a meal at the Grill at Goringes.

A rest with Rith's books & then at
5:15 I took No. 13 to the Dagmarset, as

usual, I was home too early, so walked further to St.
Martin's in the fields & said my prayers!

Then to see Majesty's Theatre, ^{at 6} to meet Evelyn
& to see Say who you are, supposedly "the funniest
play in London." We were in the 3rd row of the
Stalls, but I missed a great deal. While it was
clear - it was a little "on the edge" & Evelyn
was not at all pleased. There were only 4
characters - one of the actresses me that peac-
No scene was unusual - with juries telephone
mouth and light.

Afterwards, I took me to The Egg and I
across the way, where we had a light supper,
with 2 cups of coffee each. And then the long
trip to Padmouth, via 34, where I picked up
my bag, put on my "bummy" English hat
(people at home will think it a joke) & we
arrived, tired, ready for bed at 10:30. It is
always a pleasure to sleep in Evelyn's lovely
share - room - with all amenities, hot & cold
water & a quietly warm atmosphere.

Sunday Sept 11

Pfft was earlier than usual because Phoebe & the two babies were coming to lunch & E. had a good deal to prepare. They telephoned at 9, saying they were coming by train not by car, which was just as well, for the way is difficult to find for strangers.

I went out to the distant village shop for cigarettes & the Observer. It was a sweet morning, with real sunshine & I enjoyed the walk. E. was wonderful in getting the colonial meal ready, and was able to meet the guests' train - so that they were in the house a little after 11:30. Drinks & talk & then such a meal - Roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, celery & beans & baked potatoes, a plum tart with ice-cream & a lemon sponge - by course coffee. Two much, too much.

He spent a happy afternoon, talking to old friends - they were shown the garden - I did not rest till after they had caught the

+ 45 train back to London. They leave tomorrow for Canterbury & the following day for the continent, arriving at De Beeth Hotel around Oct. 15.

After a rest of an hour, that dear Evelyn got a trolley supper ready - he watched Perry, heason who has this stupid film by a French author. And so he had my last night at Tadworth.

Tuesday Sept. 12.

Evelyn suggested a good breakfast & I was pleased. In early morning tea at 8:30 I am getting to like. The only letter was one from me from Olivia, giving me the clipping about the marriage of Sarah Annin, Vivian Stodd's daughter, which she had promised.

I wanted to get back in good time - so that kind Evelyn took me to the station on the 10:16 train & was good bye, tho' she says she will come to the airport to see me off. Too much. I set out at Hendon Bridge, because I could get a No. 13 bus direct to Gloucester Place. It was a long trek. For lunch I went to Basen O' Eggs & had a good meal.

Had a short rest at 3 I hid me to Post's where I got Herbert's precious thermostat control - £1.14.6 - expensive, I thought. I felt very tired, tried to have a shampoo at Monet's but they were engaged, so made an appointment for 3:30 P.M. Tomorrow.

Thursday Sept 13.

A wondering morning, trying to assemble my photo. It was cooler - with a strong wind - & threatening clouds, tho' no rain fell.

I went out first to post 3 parcels of books to myself - then I returned home after buying a film for my new camera - learning how to use it, but with little result.

I put my Harvard books into my bag and started out a second time. First to Boulay's Bank where I cashed \$20 in Traveller's check £7.1.10. Then to H.M.S. where at last I hit 2 pairs of socks for Andrea. I think now I have at least got all presents & parcels to unwrap - here is a list.

- 1) A dress for Agneth
- 2) Blank material for dresses
- 3) a scarf + no cape for Caroline
- 4) 2 socks for Andrea
- 5) a Fry + relaxed bikini for Betty's k.
- 6) thermostat control for the hanes.
- 7) playing cards for the Rabbits. Enough?

Slowly I then went on to Harrods my last visit to the delightful library. Dashed for a rebate on my subscription right to my surprise & satisfaction £1.7.0. It was then about noon, so I went to Harrods Restaurant had a very expensive meal. But it was good 15/6 + 2/ tip. Too much. Back again at 34 when I was ready for a rest.

At 3:15 I went to have a last shampoo & set at Monet's - I very expect it was, tho' they can't "do up" my hair with my silly hearing-aid irritating them.

A very quiet evening Radio by word An account of the sinking of the Lusitania. sewing, some reading - & reading. alas my days grow few - in 36 hours I shall be on my way home.

I came later from Sarah by the afternoon post.

Wednesday Sept 14

I did a great bit of packing in the a.m. & wondered if my luggage would be over-weight - 66 lbs. but even so. I decided I must have enough money in case I was accused for more ^{weight} ~~weight~~; also I wanted to have some English money at home. So I took me by the Central train to Glyn hills & took ~~£~~ £20. I then had the happy visit of going to see Harold at his office near St. Paul's - & to ask him to come & have lunch with me at the Old Course Tavern. I found he had but unfortunately he couldn't come as he said he had a luncheon engagement already! Being an Englishman he didn't say with whom! He did tell me about his immediate plans - Russia with Hella on Sept. 23 - & on Oct 7. a brief ride to Swan and new air-line, again with Hella, & back again after 10 days.

I had him when I went myself to the Old Course Tavern where I had a very nice but so-pleasant meal - I was almost alone 12/15 - 45 most of time. Others came in but went to the further room & left the "settle room" to me. Then he 13 hrs back to 34.

A rest, tea, & at 7 to Brown & Eggs to have a last light meal there. And so time to listen to the Radio. At 7:30 Twenty Questions & the news. And so to bed on my last night in London.

Thursday Sept 15

The day of his departure was home. I had a poor night, naturally, but the day was fine & sunny if cold. Mrs. Williams came in, & said she would get a taxi for me after I had had my breakfast. I wanted to start for the West End Terminal at 8:40. I put my 3 pieces of luggage outside the door & waited. She was such a long time - there was no sign of her - that I hailed a "Lorship taxi" & had him drive me to the

We all had to get out again ~~at Athens~~,
 were taken in a stand-up coach, reached
 nice Sardines to the transit lounge. I was
 cross. However we didn't stay long - only
 about 20 mins. But we were late, bus
 was falling when we started for Istanbul.
 There was a most beautiful sunset along the
 horizon before darkness fell.

And we made a good landing. I was
 about the third person off the plane. I
 found the Customs counter jammed with
 a previous crowd, but I spoke in Turkish
 to a man behind the counter. I gave him a
 bagged, he found my bags in notice &
 I was whisked thru. There was Robert in
 his car to meet me. Left me near there
 a lighted city, along the tramway Bosphorus
 to College, which we reached about 8.
 The buildings were there. Azim had
 polished the house! Rug, down, flowers
 everywhere. She is a treasure. The Ralphs
 came down for a few minutes - long -

+ we had a gossip, his creature. I doled out
 presents, gave Robert his Thermos control,
 a dress for Azim, silk for Mary, 2 socks for
 Brenda. I ought to have felt very tired
 as I did try to do some unpacking - but I
 was astonished to discover I felt fine -
 kept up. What a nice house I have. And
 what good friends. Mary telephoned - I
 called up Betty -

Then goodbye to Azim - a tranquillizer
 and bed - after 2 very happy months in
 my beloved England.



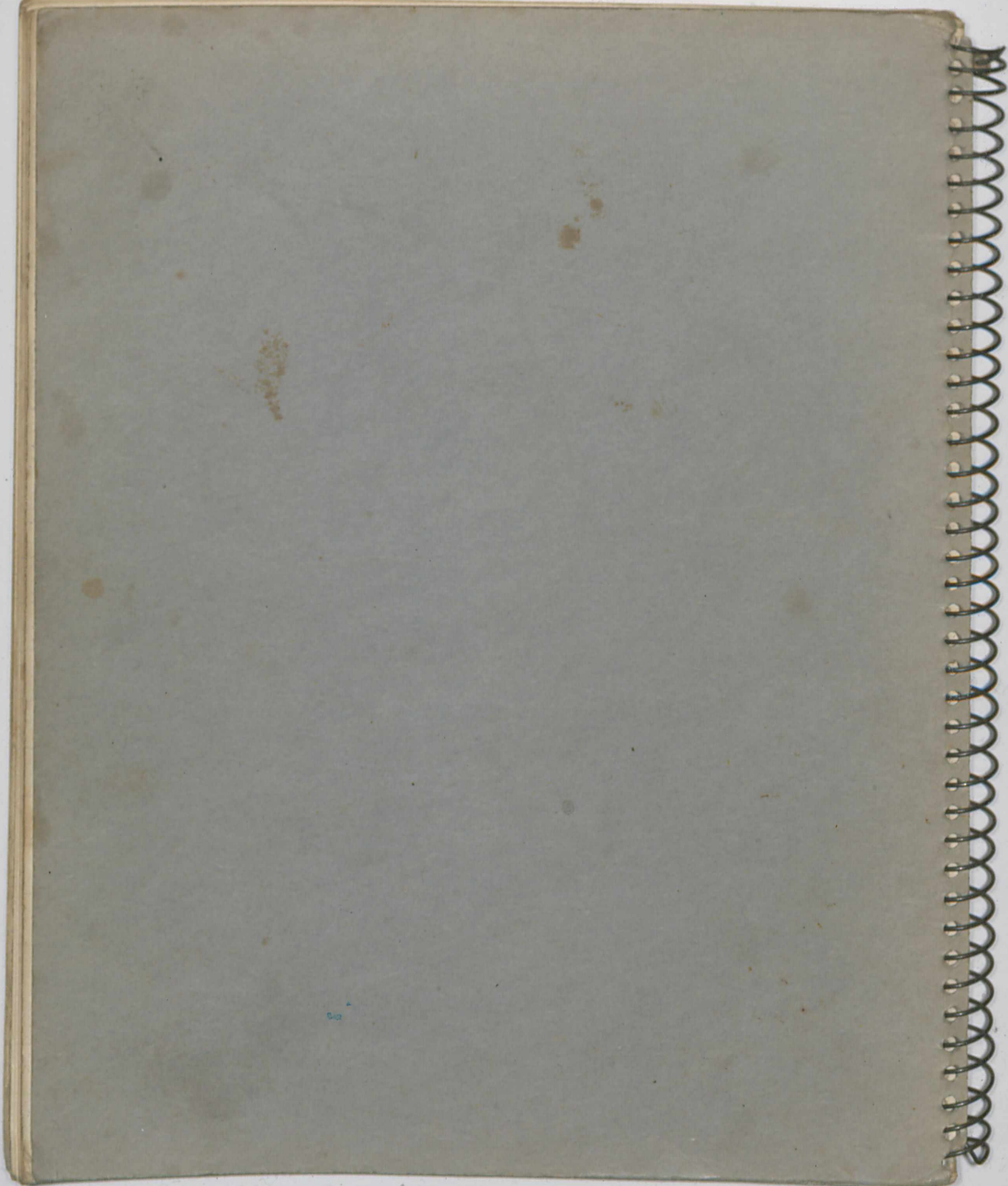
Books Read in London Holiday 1966

- 1) Autobiography of Herbert Pearson
- 2) Somerset & all the manors by Rubin Managhan
- 3) Robert E. Sherwood by John Mason Brown.
- 4) The Case of Human Bondage by Beverly Hills
- 5) Churchill - Diaries by Dr. Harold Murray
- 6) Old Maids Remember by Angela Du Maurier
- 7) Actanes & S by Euphrosyne MacCormac
- 8) Learning Stars by Marguerite Steen
- 9) The River Bank by F. D. O'Malley
- 10) The Life of Sandra Duncan by herself
- 11) The Proud Tower by Barbara Tuchman
- 12) A Land of Magic by Edna Yerkes
- 13) Attaline by Dudley Barker
- 14) Learning Stars by John Reith
- 15) Two under the Indian Sun by Donz Rumer Golden

SECT. 275.09 017.02138/1

Friends and Relatives seen in London

Enidyn Frost	Mr. Mrs. Peter English
Christine Frost	Jamie & Rubin Heath
Sue Davis	Angela M. R. Heath
Beatrice Payne	Donald & Jason Reast
Robert & Sophie Lane	Phyllis Russell
Barbara Fisher	Pilgrim Heath Reast
Janet Shaw	Mrs. Dorothy Goodwin
Mr. Mrs. Fleming	Mr. Douglas Shepherd.
Kevin Harran	Ms. Janet Shaw
Wife & Bella Seager	Phyllis Gray
John & Tony Kennedy	William Epsy
Robin Kennedy	William Sharpley
Howard Seager.	Miss Goodwin
Maya Powell	
Winnie Fleming	
Sonia Anderson	
Mr. Mrs. Bridget Mackin	
D. Mrs. Neville Goodman	
Ms. Janet Shaw	
Michael Spear	



ORDER OF SERVICE



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Sunday, September 3rd 1967
15th Sunday after Trinity

Morning Prayer

Hymn No. 552
Venite. Prayer Book Page 5 (First 7 verses)
Psalm 84
First Lesson: - E_zekiel 34 vv 1 - 10
Te Deum. Prayer Book Page 6
Second Lesson: - Luke 7 vv 1 - 10
Benedictus. Prayer Book Page 10
Hymn No. 415
Sermon. Preacher: Bishop Goodwin Hudson
Hymn No. 254
This service will be followed by Holy Communion.

Evensong

Hymn No. 510
Psalm 85
First Lesson: - Proverbs 2 vv 1 - 11
Cantate. Prayer Book Page 20
Second Lesson: - 1 Corinthians 3 vv 1 - 11
Deus Misereatur. Prayer Book Page 22
Hymn No. 248
Sermon. Preacher: Bishop Goodwin Hudson
Hymn No. 501

We welcome all visitors to this Church and after Evensong you are invited to stay to the Bishop's Reception in the Vestibule.

Wednesday Intercessions 12 noon in the Church for ladies
Entertain your friends to lunch in the Crypt from 12.30 p.m. and stay to the lunch-hour talk at 1.5 p.m.
Speaker this week: Bishop Goodwin Hudson
Monthly Missionary Prayer Meeting in Vestibule at 8 p.m. conducted by the Rev. R. Cleland.

WEEKNIGHT MEETINGS RE-COMMENCE AFTER AUGUST RECESS.

Monday Night Bible Study Groups 7.45 p.m. in the Crypt

Thursday Night Bible Lecture and Intercessions at 7.45 p.m. in Waldegrave Hall 23 Duke Street. Speaker: Bishop Goodwin Hudson. Please mention to others that these two meetings have re-commenced.

Preachers next Sunday, September 10th 1967

11 a.m. Bishop Goodwin Hudson
6.30 p.m. Bishop Goodwin Hudson

The work of this Church is entirely supported by gifts, and we ask for your generous contribution.

Please enrol me as a "Friend of St. Paul's" Minimum subscription (includes post free monthly magazine) £1 : 1 : -

Name

Address.....

.....

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

LUNCH HOUR SERVICES

*Intercessions in Church 12 noon (Ladies Only)
on Wednesdays at 1.5 p.m. (canteen in crypt from 12.30 p.m.)*

THURSDAY MID-WEEK COMMUNION

at 1.5 p.m.

THURSDAY CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

*DEVOTIONS, TOPICAL, MISSIONARY AND INTERCESSIONS
"A You Need It Evening"*

at 7.45 p.m. in the Waldegrave Hall, 23 Duke Street. Refreshments at 8.30 p.m.

WOMEN'S FELLOWSHIP

Vestibule on Wednesdays at 2.30 p.m.

ST. PAUL'S COFFEE CLUB

*Saturdays at 7.30 p.m. in the Waldegrave Hall, for students, overseas visitors
and all under 39.*

CAMPAIGNERS

*Waldegrave Hall. Boy and Girl Juniors (6½ to 11), Tuesdays at 6.15 p.m.
Boy Inters. and Craftsmen (11 and over) Tuesdays at 7 p.m.*

EVERY SUNDAY

*Holy Communion 8 a.m.
Morning Prayer 11 a.m. (creche provided)
Holy Communion 12 noon
Children's Church 11 a.m.
Evensong 6.30 p.m.
Holy Communion 7.45 p.m. every third Sunday*

Books to Note

1. *Utopia* by Thomas More
Penguin 7/6
2. *Beetle Dairs - The lonely life*
12/
3. *Dorothea of Redon* by Vincent Sheean
10/
4. *The bygone Shore* by Beryl Stork
10/
5. *Diaries of a woman* by Harold
Merrison 45/
6. *Life of William James* by
Gay Wilson Allen - 84/



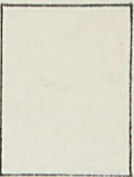
ARGEN
Basil Mathew Seager

ITA
Timbridge wells

ARGENTA

SCT. ETS. 04.007.02 / 2





G.F.●

A GORDON FRASER CARD

G.F.●

SCF. FTS. 04. 807. 02/3

HIGHGATE: POND SQUARE

A small square of Georgian cottages at the top of Highgate Hill, the centre of " the

village " of Highgate, 400 ft. above sea-level.
Photograph by COLIN PENN

AA04-17

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