

**NOTE BOOK**



Diary  
of  
A Holiday in England  
Summer 1970  

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Vol I

Diary

June 10. Each year cleaning the house seems a herculean chore but Aziz is so good at it that I should not complain. I don't. But I do get tired. Aziz was at the house by 6 P.M. I was up at 6:30 and had my usual breakfast at 7. It was a good day - sunny, cloudless, but too warm. Three very kind Suezans had arranged for M. A. to take me to the B. B. B. office in the college car - He was on hand at 7:50 - Ali presented me with a small bouquet - Aziz poured the traditional water behind the car & I was off! At the office I was amazed to discover only one other passenger, a youth from Saudi Arabia, going to England for the first time - to train in the Navy - He spoke to me in good English but I thought he had an anxious air, as this was his first journey abroad. Caroline Jeni was not well - had been at home for some days - so I did not see her.

I have had one earlier journey. It was wonderful. In First Class, 5 seats were occupied - an English couple just back from a visit to their daughter & son-in-law - the latter head of Shell; 2 American business men, one stationed in London in an accountant's firm & Zurich! He had a painfully disabbling cough, preceded first by hot water & little cakes then by cigarettes. We were moved along like invaders! He saw practically no scenery, as



we flew well above the clouds. Very little motion. We evidently went over Germany, as that is what the captain explained when asked. An approach to Heathrow as the earliest possible & there was I had darling Greta to meet me.

Getting luggage from a circulating trolley was easy compared with bricking Greta's car in the remote car park - but we managed & drove, talking hard the while to 7 Hannover Gate mansion. Mrs. Davis was so warm in her welcome. I was shown into the back room as promised but Mrs. Davis told me there had been a cancellation, & I was to be transferred to my old servant room on Friday. Very nice indeed. That dear Greta had a snack meal at my writing table as she had not had time for a proper lunch. She had brought me sherry, my old wine glasses, tea bags, & left me apples & cookies. Lovely!

Greta invited me for supper at Rock House, called for me at 6:45 - & we did have the most evening together. Unfortunately I am in my relatives. I had goodnight fairly soon & was back in my room by <sup>ten</sup> 11. I was amazed to have a telephone call from Wilfred at 10:30 (Mrs. Davis came to my rescue) saying he would come & see me at 3 P.M. Tomorrow, Thursday. Very nice.

I was tired but not too much. Stone no pill & slept fairly well in a comfortable double bed.

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June 11 Thursday.

Still very warm. I slept fairly well considering. I was up by 8 & Mrs. Davis brought in my sumptuous breakfast on a tray: orange juice, cereal, scrambled eggs on toast, toast, marmalade & tea. Whew! I did justice to it all.

I was up at 9:30 on my first expedition. That first long walk in London! What glumness it still has. No newspapers to my despair, as there is a strike by the printers. Really you know, just at election time. I took the underground & Barch from Baker St. (1/6 if you please) & went straight to Glyn hills, to take out £40.00. And was sitting down upstairs, who should walk in but my friend, Mr. Peake! He & another Over-Sea man gave me a pleasant welcome & wanted me to use my £4000 on the deposit basis, with dividends. I may later. Then to Bond St. to Shop at D.H. Evans - an umbrella just because my others are absolute wrecks. I went into Woolworths for odds & ends, & felt so exhausted that I was quite alarmed. So I went to the cafeteria & had a cup of coffee & a sweet bun, hoping to get strength for my next move. Peake & his wife and my underground, where I bought a sandwich & sweets. I wouldn't pass a bus, so got a taxi in front of the Cumberland to Hannover Gate mansion 4/ with tip. I was so "all in" when I got to my room I had to lay down at once - from 9 1/2 hours till 2 - & perhaps slept a little. I changed my dress & at 2:45 went to The



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lounge, where I waited for Wilfred. That very nice cousin  
arrived on the dot of 3 - & we did have such a nice  
afternoon. He had an appointment at 5:30 - & was  
willing to wait till then. We talked first in the living  
Room then came to my room & I made tea. Really quite  
nice tea - cookies, tea with lemon - then sweets - &  
we talked the while. He is nic. His hair is quite white  
but he seems very well at 66. He has been giving  
telco on rugs, has recently been to Persia - is out  
for the next five days, (Monday to Friday) to York  
& Harrogate. We had an awfully nice afternoon & he  
didn't leave till nearly 5.

I debated whether to go out again - but was  
feeling somewhat more nervous. so hid me @ Barker St  
bought 4 post cards & paper back to read - that old  
& famous story: The Spoils of Poynton, by Henry James  
as I have really nothing good to read. Had so back  
when I wrote up this diary - wrote post cards to the  
Clements & the boys on note to the Svertons. Then at 7  
a nice <sup>supper</sup> ~~break~~ of a chicken sandwich, sherry, an  
apple, 2 sweets - Tamara!

It continues to be very, very warm, oppressive &  
sultry - will there be a thunder storm. One is due.

A little after supper, I was so tired I lay down -  
went heavily to sleep and woke up to my amazement  
to find it was 10 P.M. Then sat into bed and sleep.

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June 12. Friday

A very good night on the whole with no till - I only  
woke twice for a short time. Breakfast was a little late  
8:20 instead of 8 - but with a breakfast - "all the fixings" -

The early part of the morning was taken up with the  
removal from the back room to my old front room, with a  
balcony. It seemed almost like coming home. The larger  
room is so attractive - not only TB. but much cupboard  
space. The only lack is a washbasin. I did no real shopping  
at all in the P.M. except ABC sandwich & bun for my lunch,  
& as I passed the "lira" shop - I got one (very expensive 29) C)  
but absolutely necessary. I came back, had my snack lunch,  
very good & lay down for an hour or half.

Miss Greta arrived at 2:30 to dine to Sidents in the  
afternoon & evening with the Sops. It was such a lovely  
outing. We went thru strange, rather ugly regions into  
open country near Blackheath & Greenwich. Jennifer  
welcomed us warmly. Her time is less & she is very  
large. The children didn't come in from school till  
after we had had our tea. How nice they all are. Jonathan  
is very tall for 13 - nearly 14. Rebecca & Thine will be  
a beauty. Margaret has straight red hair while the  
others all have curls!

Peter came in much later. What a nice man he is & what  
a lovely atmosphere he creates at home. He spent a  
disjointed afternoon with the children, & amusing the



6  
garden, playing with a tennis ball! There was supper early-  
from grown-ups at the table & the children in the garden.  
As I left I was handed a beautiful handful of roses  
which I gave to Mrs. Davies on my return. The English  
love of flowers is phenomenal. Such thanks as I re-  
ceived. I might have given her a doggy! Gula drove me  
expressly to my door.

I turned on my TV when I got in & saw part of a  
play. Had to be had in "my" old room & very comfortable  
it was. (2 letters - to Mrs. and Eleanor's letter)

June 13 Saturday

I had a very good night on the whole, though I did  
take half a pill - Breakfast was again at 8:10 in the sitting  
room - & very good it was. It was a gorgeous day,  
sunny & warm but not too warm - & still. I had decided to  
go first to my dear Harrods wh. I did by taking Bus  
No. 74 at my door. The subscription is now £ 3.10.0. It  
has gone steadily up each year. Right was Saturday.  
The place seemed understaffed the woman who took my  
check said she would get a book for me. I don't think  
she half looked! as she said all three I mentioned were out  
(coming back from headquarters bar two room) Angus  
Linton on Dickens, Julian Huxley's autobiography &  
Doris Montagu's autobiography. Hman! So I went to  
bookcase & took out Eric Bagwells' autobiography - which  
is very strangely written - however, I know little of her

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writing, though I have read some & she has been famous for years -  
she was born the same year as I was! - but too long ago!

I took a bus from Harrods to the Marble Arch, stuck up  
on good ground at Lyons, then walked if you please from Oxford  
St. to Harrow Gate museum! I was fatigued but not too  
much. I had just a cup of coffee & a cig. & then later an ex-  
cellent lunch: ham sandwich, cold stew, sweet dumplings &  
again good coffee.

Then a bit dinner of an item. The irrepressible Amanda  
has arrived aged nearly 6. After this I wrote diligently  
to 1) Marcia Mathews, who doesn't make it clear when we  
are to meet 2) to Zarahida in answer to always letter 3) an air-  
mail from to Eleanor - my last epistle to her before her  
arrival on the 25<sup>th</sup>.

I asked Mrs. Cate if I would call on her - so after  
posting my letters in the box outside I paid her a visit. The  
kind lady is very loquacious - telling me her experiences  
in Greece in her. She leaves for Vancouver in July - I have  
forwarded to it. The rest of the day was more or less  
battered away - TV. trying to find the news but getting  
instead foolish banter with half-dressed women & so  
on. My evening meal consisted of rather dull snacks -  
croissant, yogurt, preceded by cherry & potato chips.  
I must have a restaurant meal tomorrow.

At nine P.M. it was still light. The evening was much  
wider - but the day has been very busy. No complaints!



June 14 Sunday.

A good night on the whole - but much cooler so that I had an extra blanket - And when I woke I noticed that it was at least 3 degrees cooler. What a climate.

I got up at 8 & at 8:30 went out for my papers - the strike is over! Good, Be. I was so pleased to have papers to read again that I bought two - The Observer & The Sunday Telegraph at the corner of Park Rd. & Baker St. Breakfast was very late after 9. Mrs. D. gives me too much - & too many eggs - but it is all delicious - After breakfast I had a real "Red-Head" with the papers. I decided not to go to church in the P.M. for I seem to have had a late start.

I went out at about 10:30 - walked all the way to Oxford St. (too far) bought a few things at Lyons & could hardly decide where to have lunch - The Lyons Dining Rooms have been re-decorated - the main one now called The Red Carpet then secondary one Thingamajig a word I haven't heard since I was a child. I had to wait till 12 when I went into the usual Restaurant, now called The Red Carpet - had too ample a lunch, 2 lamb chops with fried potatoes, bread & butter & plain vanilla ice-cream. No fish dish, no wine & the bill was 16/ + a shilling tip. Too much! I tried to persuade myself to walk all the way back - but weakly hailed a taxi to my door 3/6 with tip.

Then a long, long lie-down, reading first the papers, full of good things - then the book by Eric Bagwood, which is

quite extraordinary. She has known emergency services. I must try to read one of her novels, though I think it will be a chore.

I read the papers, had some sherry at 7 - a gossip with Mrs. Davies - and a "try" at crossword puzzles. I had the courage to go out a second time. A letter to Esther Bagen & a postcard to the Alan Fishers.

June 15 Monday

A lovely day of bright sunshine. Not too hot but really summery. People in England are Spartan. Girls & women go about in sleeveless dresses - They mean if the thermometer gets above 70. To a child of the Korshams, this is very amusing.

I accomplished a good deal today. I started out a little before 10 took the underground to Bond St. & went to Kelly & Skinner to get a pair of lunch putties. They had no black shoes, but I did find rather nice brown ones - but how expensive they were - more than 4.!! Indeed I find everything increasingly expensive, beginning with bus fares & continuing with restaurant fare. From the shoe shop I went to my Ear hon. Wirth's, where I saw my old friend Eric Bell, who pretended to ignore me! He looked at my second instrument & said it was quite O.K. I asked for the price of a new "vision" instrument. It is now, of course, a new model & costs £60! Bman! I may get one - perhaps! From Wirth's I went to H. Evans,



when I bought wool to make another baby blanket. I must have something to occupy my hands. From there I crossed over to Woolworth's, where at last I got a supply of hair nets - badly needed - also tooth paste. I easily got Bus No. 13 & so home - a little before 12.

My lunch was again a wretched snack affair but good. And then I had a very good rest of about an hour & a half. I read Enid Bagnold - what a strange writer - a different person I should imagine - of course abreast with her own literary triumphs - writing interminably about the production of her plays. I did not know she had written The Walk Garden (which was once acted at Robert College!)

At a little after 3 I ventured out again to the optician Zack on Baker St. to have my first pair of spectacles mended. I was told I must have a new frame - which I thought would be necessary. The young man did the job fairly quickly, but it cost a lot - £2.0.0. The frame is lighter in color & texture than my other pair - more of a comfort. I also bought a little food - 2 bananas, a sandwich & engaged taxi from B.S.G. I am all set to make meals this evening & tomorrow.

I saw a good deal of T.V. especially the Panorama, when both Liberals, Labour & Conservatives spoke on the election campaign. The old common market brought up! Tony Houston Churchill a speaker - he is handsome & lively. Had so to bed after a busy day.

June 16 Tuesday

A good night, my paper from the news by shop - then a delicious breakfast in the living room. I did not go out till nearly 10 & then to Harrods by bus, to give back my book & get out another. I was disappointed that the librarian at my desk "S" was away on holiday. Another pleasant person waited on me - but could I get a book I wanted. No.

A letter from Hilfred by the first post - But I don't hear from others: Olivia, Sarah, Judith, Phyllis - a lot of people.

I came straight back from Harrods by No. 74 bus - had a glass of sherry & potato chips at 11 - then a nice lunch at 12:30 - very good, with excellent coffee to finish up with. A long afternoon beginning my "substitute" book Panicum harrisi by Stella King, which promises to be quite good, much to my astonishment.

I had a re-dress of an hour or half - took my courage in my hands & went out again about 3. I got a food from W.H. Smith near the Baker St. Station. What a fascinating shop. From there I went on to the Supermarket on Paddington Street & got a lot of bread, butter, when, stuffed olives, marmite - then apples from a barrow. It began to rain (my first London rain): I needed my umbrella. Back again to my room. I had no tea at 4 - but a high tea at 6 - then I listened to the news & 2) to campaign speeches at 7:10 - 8:50 an American play Born Yesterday which was good. It's date was 1951 - I also saw ice skating on T.V. what an entertainment it is.



June 17 Wednesday.

I have been here a week. Incredible. It was much cooler when I woke, so that I put on woollies - a mistake for by noon it was warmer! This is the strangest climate.

I didn't go out till nearly 11 - then not very far - except that everything is so (!) for aged so! The 34 Gloucester Place was so much more convenient. My small purchases were now today on Paddington St. at the super market: soup, a sandwich & milk.

I was much cheered in the P.M. to get a dear letter from Sarah - which I shall answer at once. She is the most faithful of friends & has a romantic nostalgia for England. She is a little worried again about Max, poor soul. What a cross he has been to her for nearly 38 years. She would not agree but it is the truth.

A small lunch at 12:30 with a lie-down till 2:30. After that letter-writing (on a newspaper among other things purchased from W. H. Smith on the way to the super market.) to 1) Dorothy Schoed 2) Phoebe Cary 3) P.C. to Agnif and 4) a note to the Ralphs at the Cumberland. This last I am a little dubious about. Will I see them there? I hope so.

I am a little disappointed that I don't hear from Dick Chambers, nor definitely about Oxford from Maria's M. - nor from Greta, now that she is back from Gyldebaume - huan! I haven't been clever about my "contacts".

much television towards evening, after five.

June 18 Thursday Election Day in England.

I had I sleep well in London, considering. I have taken no pill for a week - & yet I get at least six hours of sleep.

Early on there was a telephone call from Greta taken by Mrs. Davis, asking me to meet her at Baker St. Under ground station at 12:30 so we could have lunch together. Hurray! I must most of the morning domestically - first doing some necessary washing & then writing a long letter to Sarah. It was a lovely, blue, warm day - really warm to my astonishment.

At 12:15 I went out & met Greta as arranged. How nice it was to see her. She had an appointment at 1:30 - so we went at once to the Chicken Inn for lunch - & I had the pleasure of keeping for our 2 meals. Greta's was a salad, mine a veal as sent with chicken, not too famous, and then we had coffee. The host, however, was planning for further meetings. She invited me for Sunday to Highgate & I shall be delighted to go. Then she confessed she would be glad to drive to Cambridge - I didn't know whether Laurence Paken was there - but hoped he was & suggested I take the two of them to lunch at the Garden House Hotel. When I got home I wrote at once to Laurence & hoped for the best - asking him to meet us on Monday, June 22nd, four days from now. Let us hope my luck is in - that we can go to Cambridge, have lunch there & then go on to Barton to have tea with towards. I keep my fingers crossed. Greta drove me to my door after lunch and



Then went on to his appointment.

I had a rest & finished the book about Penicillin which was quite full of information, if a bit sentimental. Then I wrote to Laurence, went out at 3 to post the letter & on to Mrs. Davis' hairdresser on Blandford St. I made an appointment for shampoo, set & trim tomorrow at 10:30. It was a long walk in the warm sun. I was rather all in when I got back, so I had 2 good cups of tea which more or less set me up.

June 19 Friday.

Great excitement over the election for the Conservatives have won 328 seats as against 287 Labour. My paper in the B.M. was jubilant as it was the Daily Telegraph a Tory paper. I did not turn on my television till the late afternoon, when there was a great deal on the election. Mr. Wilson, so bland & dignified over his defeat; Mr. Heath beaming with triumph & excitement; analysis of the moves on every hand. Cheering crowds. Mrs. Davis here, much thrilled as she disliked the Labour government.

My entire morning was taken up by the hairdresser. I went to Jay Hathaway's on Blandford St. I had such a good shampoo, set, & hair trim. It took a long time but the place is popular. I thought it expensive £1.4.0 much more than I would have paid in Bebek. I reached home right in at 12:15, had a shock lunch & hi-down by 1 hour.

I debated whether I should go out again, but the

day was fine, warm & sunny & I had had some luck on my first visit to the books - so I made up my mind to go again. Very simple - Bus No. 74. There I was. And I had the best luck. I asked for Julian Huxley's Memories - Mr. Jones a very intelligent high boring librarian produced a copy. My own No. 5 librarian is only holiday & her substitute seems rather feeble - This was another up & coming person, who was able to find the books.

I was home by 3:50 - had 2 cups of tea - Then watched television - recapitulation of the election high lights.

There have been no letters. I hope Herbert is not waiting there - surely there must be some which need forwarding.

My only purchase today were 1) a 5/- book of stamps 2) 4 post cards = 2/- 3) a chicken sandwich from the Paddington St. super market for 2/-.

June 20. Saturday

A lovely day of warm sunshine. Out for my paper at 8 then a very good breakfast. Early on Martin Keith telephoned to ask me to meet him & Phil at the Clubland at 12. Have lunch with them.

As it was fine & I was feeling rather sorry, I walked all the way to the hotel & in some minutes I saw them emerging from the elevator. Nice creatures. They wanted to have as possible play of musicals, so got the Entertainment Guide & we proceeded to The Red Carpet for lunch - (My old Grill & cheese). While there they told me of their various ad-



ventures, getting away from R.C. other experiences in Munich. They had arrived at the Cumberland a day earlier than expected - had the distress of a time getting a room - The first night they had a single room, with an extra bed rolled in - then they were moved again to No. 197 on the 1st floor (my floor in 1968) - he had a very nice lunch really at the restaurant, the red carpet - with wine & coffee. Then they went back to the hotel to get their theatre tickets for the night. They chose Canterbury Tales, the married Rob Hurd & I came last year. I was glad to say I would not be venturing out at night.

What to do? I suggested we take No. 13 bus to London Bridge - I discovered they knew very little of London. I was pleased to discover that No. 13 does not go all the way to London Bridge - but we had to take a Red Arrow (from Aldwych - the stupid. However I was so put out that I hailed a taxi (my partner - they had paid for my lunch) & it brought us to Southwark Cathedral. This they inspected thoroughly - & I think were much interested. Martin took several pictures - Getting back was an awful nuisance. Again the Red Arrow bus (6d) to Aldwych - where we waited interminably for a No. 13. Finally Phil got another taxi & we sped along to the Cumberland. By this time it was about 3:45, so we went to the Residents' lounge - had, each of us, a good cup of tea.

By 4:30 I called it a day. They, too, were ready to rest

in their room, so they were to be at the theatre by 7:30. I went with them as far as the lift then kissed them both farewell. I did have to see them go for good. They have such good neighbors. They leave tomorrow at the crack of dawn - will be in Detroit, to meet their daughter, & pick up their car by 12:30 P.M. This is now a marvellous world!

I began to feel all in after 60 strenuous a day. But I walked a few blocks, got No. 13 bus & came back to my own room. I lay down at once & read my nice Julian Huxley book. Then some television.

At 7 o'clock Patsy called & Miss Cate took the message as his voice sounded very far away. The message was, also, that Monday is not suitable - that he is to be away till Thursday, the 25<sup>th</sup> - after that time he is in Cambridge right along then July. Darn! I am afraid a visit time will be impossible till perhaps after Sean's goes. I am very disappointed.

June 21 Sunday.

A perfectly beautiful day of warm sunshine & cloudless sky. Breakfast was not till nine - I found it difficult to wait. I went out for my paper - got the Sunday Times so I knew I would see the obituary at Gata's. But didn't like the Sunday Times. I read some of it - got ready to hit K Highgate.

Perhaps I was a little early - I walked to Marylebone Rd & got No. 27 bus after a very long wait then No 271



to Rock House. There was that dear Greta. I was rather surprised  
to learn that the Budget breakfast was expected for lunch -  
not till 1:30. I am afraid my enthusiasm for this couple  
is not too great. I sat in the sunshade in Greta's little  
garden, while that dear lady prepared a wonderful  
meat-baked ham, potatoes, spinach & peas - then a wonder-  
ful apricot cake with whipped cream. We had cocktails  
before lunch, but one guest had already been to a cocktail  
party. After lunch which would have been till 3:30 - Greta  
suggested my lying down which I did for a bare hour  
in the spare room.

We did have a solitary cup of tea in the garden at  
5. Then went to inspect gardens (for charity) in the  
Grove. Among the gardens was the one belonging to Mr.  
& Mrs. Goodman - & we saw them both. The gardens were  
lovely - roses of all kinds - many flowering shrubs from  
the bottom of the garden an extensive view over fields  
& hills - wooded & green.

We came back to Rock House - & Greta prepared after  
8 P.M. a simple supper of soup & bread & cheese. Very, very  
nice. In the interim between gardens & supper we tried to  
do the Observer crossword puzzle together.

In the meanwhile Greta telephoned to Judith asking  
her if we could both come to Heatherhead tomorrow  
for lunch & tea. I do hope I shall enjoy this outing. Greta  
will call for me at 11:15 & we go out together.

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Finally at 8:30 we walked to the garage & Greta drove me to  
by bus, & back to Goodbye. There was just time to telegraph  
to the World Cup in Mexico City (Boazie was the winner)  
& there was wild scenes of hysterical rejoicing. Then the  
news at 9:30 - & we ended a very satisfactory day.  
June 22 Monday

This was the day I hoped Greta & I could go to Cambridge  
also, but this was not to be. Greta, as noted yesterday, arranged  
for us to visit Judith's family in Heatherhead.

I did go out at 9:50 to the R.C. to get a bus & sandwich  
then I bought a half bottle of sherry (1/2) to take in my hand  
to Judith. What shall I say of the day? First & foremost it was  
astonishing! Greta came on the dot 11:15 and we were off. She  
is a great driver & knows her London well. We went over  
Hammer Smith Bridge - out into Richmond Park & so - arriving  
at Judith's house at a little after 12. She came out to meet  
us, & we kissed on both cheeks - but that poor child has  
no wine glass. One hardly knows if she is glad to receive  
visitors or not! Little Helen was at her side. She is only  
2 1/2 - will not be 3 till toward Christmas & a rather willful child.  
Robin didn't appear till much later.

We took up our seats on the huge lawn under a very  
warm sun - Helen was "difficult" - After a bit Greta opened  
her picnic lunch for herself and me - sandwiches - a boiled egg,  
lettuce - Judith produced a tray of lunch for Helen, who  
wouldn't touch it - fish & potatoes - very nice. Robin came



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along with as he had been sleeping off the effects of a  
week of the alcohol & had been to school, he is nearly 5  
& a handsome fair boy - gentle & nice)

Such an afternoon! I was out to see down for a bit  
while Greta went off to the Heatherhead cemetery to look  
after her parents' graves. I was shown over the house.  
From Judith, 'she can't keep heat! Nothing was well  
groomed - cared for. Her flat is much improved since  
I saw it last - 3 bedrooms, a study with a possible  
couch bed, a large sitting room, a very light kitchen &  
a modern bathroom. When I came back into the garden,  
Greta was playing blocks with the children; Judith  
lay face down on a rug & tried to moan, Helen kept  
interrupting her. Then Tony appeared for a short while  
between chairs. He has greatly improved & seems to be  
a happy father. I sat rather stolidly on a garden chair,  
tried to appear cheerful & interested - but, but - I am too  
wet for the company - 3 or 5 years old

he left at last at 4.45 after a genial, but not very  
hot cup, 2 cups, of tea. I can't read Judith. I don't think  
she has any real feeling for me - one way or another. Or  
perhaps she is unable still to express herself. She did  
ask a few questions about Robert Calley. She spoke  
of Merwin, whose health seems precarious. At last, at  
long last, Greta & I got into her car & we were off - had  
had a good deal of traffic - she let me out at 6 P.M.

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It was a blessed relief to get into my comfortable room.  
I was in time to see some very exciting news reels at  
Wimbledon on T.V. There at 6:30 - chess - part of a  
bar sandwich.

I do think Judith means well & tries to <sup>be</sup> hospitable & kind.  
But I can't read her - I can't.

I found a last note from Eleanor on my arrival.

June 23 Tuesday.

My wedding day 50 years ago. How is it possible? of  
course, dear Harold, were here it would be perfect. I console  
myself with perfect memories of a blessed marriage.

This was a busy day. The weather was busy - a little  
cool. The weather man keeps predicting thunder storms  
but none come! I think it is simply force of habit in  
England to announce that any stretch of really nice  
weather means thunder & rain.

I started out at 10. Took the underground to  
Banc - down £45.0.0. which is my bill for the <sup>Davis</sup> ~~house~~.  
Then back by underground to Marble Arch. I went to  
Lynn's first, got Russian salad, sweets, & a carton of  
cookies for my tea with Miss Kate. Then I took my  
shopping in my hands & went to Evans to look for a dress.  
At first I saw nothing I wanted, but after changing  
the person who had wanted to serve me, I found a  
blue dress, Tricot, with a pleated skirt, buttoned down  
the front & Raydore, it did look nice & I bought it. It



cost £5.19.0 not too bad. With my parcels I then got No. 74 back to my room & had my lunch.

A short bus drive sat 2:15 I took No. 74 bus to Harrods to give back my book & get another. Still I would not get just what I wanted, but finally got a fine copy of Pearl Buck by Theodore & Harris - of which I have never heard. When I got back again to my room, I wouldn't resist putting on my new dress - it did look nice. And then I prepared tea for Miss Cate.

Wow! The magnificient lady arrived at 4 & stayed till after 6. Much, much talk. Turned on the T.V. & we got the news at 5:30 P.M. In the midst of all this there was a phone call from Miss Chambers. I should have "contacted" him before. Mrs. Davies did the talking for me. I asked him to come over the tomorrow but he won't free. I must write him & make another date. I have been nervous in not getting in touch with him before this. But I felt different.

There was a letter from Olivia by the early post. Also money from Bismillah Oil, which I shall send to the Bank. My supper was a very nice & quiet meal - but I had had a good tea before in the evening.

I am not managing as well as I might.

P.S. I paid Mrs. Davies & got her receipt - "Taman."

June 24 Wednesday

I had a very good night but awoken at 9:30 - 10:00

This depressed me as it always does. I decided I wouldn't go out early. I took pills and prayed! I wrote to Olivia & a p.c. to Caroline & sent my book & my paper. No letters.

I decided what I needed was a good meal! So - I went out about 11:45, took the bus to Oxford St. & went to The Red Carpet. I ordered a steak, boiled potatoes & a glass of red wine. I thought it very expensive 18/- and 1/9 tip. However I think it did me good. There was a slight sprinkling of rain (the first in several days) - but it didn't last.

I came back - lay down for a rest at 11 nearly 3 P.M.

A little letter writing & much watching of television - the Wimbledon matches were absorbing - very good indeed.

Mrs. Davies wants me to be out of my room early tomorrow - the sitting-room - Taman! I will have all day to wait for Celia when she comes - she goes to the hotel at 6:30 which is late - & I do hope Celia can have dinner with me, as Eleanor suggests -

I did quite a bit of packing. It won't take me long to complete it tomorrow morning.

June 25 Thursday

The great day of the removal! It was gorgeous weather - blue sky, some clouds, lovely sunshine.

I had a very quiet morning - finished my packing & was out of my room by 9:30 or 10. I sat in the sitting room, played patience, knitted, read my biography of Pearl Buck. The person who was to take "my" room was Mr. Allen, an



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well acquaintance - Finally at 11:40 I decided I would go out  
for my midday meal, as all snacks were finished. I went  
to Chicken Inn & had my old val - an - vent two/keel - 107 10/  
with tips.

I then walked home & had a rather dull afternoon -  
reading Pearl Buck & watching the tennis at Wimbledon. The  
time seemed to lag. That afternoon Greta arrived earlier  
than expected - about 6:20 & with my 3 suitcases &  
2 bags. We piled into her car - after goodbye to Mrs. Davies -  
It was the rush hour - we rather crowded to Kensington  
Palace Hotel. I got my keys (no. 708) on the top floor -  
& found my room. Of course it is small - but very nice  
indeed - a lovely bathroom, a balcony, an adequate  
chest. Darnstairs I was unimpressed by the surrounding  
opulence! Will I be able to find my way around? Greta & I  
found Eleanor's room (no. 726) with a fine view over  
Kensington Gardens.

Then we went down to dinner in the sumptuous  
dining-room & had a delicious meal beginning with  
Sherry - Faming wine with our meal - and the business -  
I resigned for Eleanor as instructed. We inspected the  
various rooms - I was much impressed & wondered  
if I would survive! Greta stayed on till about 9:30  
& then left.

I tried to sit up for Eleanor & did so downstairs till  
11:45 when I came up & went to bed in my new room.

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June 26 Friday.

at about 5:15 Eleanor telephoned from her room & we  
talked each other. Ten minutes later I went to her room as  
she was dressing. She looked well, not older - (like me!) we  
went down for breakfast in the main dining-room & talked  
long while we had a most excellent breakfast in chipping  
kippers - E. was rather languid & trying to decide where  
to go - how to arrange for our 4 more days after Rowanway.  
We accomplished nothing. We did go out in the lovely sun  
down to get evening papers as those in the hotel were ex-  
hausted. She said she didn't reach the hotel last night till  
12:30 P.M. - on the plane was delayed in taking off. We  
consulted the Theatre Guide & tried to get to Covent Garden  
tomorrow but told all seats booked.

I don't know how the morning sped. There was no mail  
except a receipt of my check to Glyn Mills. We talked a good  
deal about plans. We decided to have lunch in the coffee room  
which was nice - a sandwich plate & coffee. The more late  
but agreed to meet at 3 to pick up tickets for the ballet  
at Covent Garden. We had to wait interminably for  
No. 9 bus but finally made it to The Strand. Finding  
Covent Garden is a chore! Down Wellington St, down Bow St  
& there it is in an unattractive quarter. Eleanor was able to  
get the two tickets for the evening of Wednesday, July 8<sup>th</sup>  
very nice. We then walked to Trafalgar Square - got on No. 9.  
back again to the hotel. Of course Eleanor had no idea



that the Kensington Palace Hotel was so far away from the center things. I had told her in my first letter, but her dear friends, the Bantons, had recommended the 'K.P.H.' & so here we are. I admit it is a most comfortable and luxurious place. I don't think it really matters where we are, as long as we are comfortable. Still very warm.

On getting home, we had cocktails around 6:45 - 2 martinis for E.; drabornet for Eleanor & then again a simple meal in the coffee room.

After that we migrated to E's room & saw television, the news, Wimbledon tennis, the Jarryte Saga & an interview between Giffel & Maggie Smith - quite interesting. Although the T.V. is turned up high, I hate a great deal - but never mind. I get the news & such - but plays stump me!

Had to be had at 10:30 when I slept like a child!

June 27 Saturday

Yesterday while I was in Eleanor's room, Greta telephoned to ask in to tea today. Very, very nice. Also when I returned yesterday from Covent Garden, there was a message for me. Nancy & Tony Wright had called. Of all things! How they knew I was here, I don't know. We tried to get them by phone at the Rubens Hotel but were unsuccessful.

I was up at 7:45. had a warm bath, worked out a rest, & went down to breakfast on my own, as we

have agreed to be independent at breakfast. A very good idea. E. worries & worries about her engagements in other places - but I am not successful in my suggestions. She is never at her best at breakfast. After I had had mine I began to look for her, & finally found her in the Grill Room (time 9:00 a.m.) having tea. He arranged to meet in my room. He'll explore Kensington.

he started out at a little after 11 & walked west along Kensington High St - passed Parkers - we saw a Woolworth's where I bought powder - Eleanor wash cloths - Before this we had gone a second time to the stationers & each bought maps of England & Wales. After these small purchases, we continued to Perry & Toms - what a magnificent store - & went up to the Roof Garden. I was there years & years ago but it has expanded - & the shrubs & trees have grown - such a charming sky-line garden. After a pause to see our surroundings, we went to the restaurant, the garden one, which I gather is less elaborate than the one on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor - one floor below. The place was full - we were put at a table with 2 grey-haired ladies. I had misgivings but our 2 companions turned out to be delightful people. They were Canadians - Mrs. Falconer Mrs. Shirley - sisters, both in their 60s - They were leaving for home on the 30<sup>th</sup> - we were just repaled with drinks - a martini (2) for Eleanor & drabornet for me. I was dismayed to see the menu was almost all salads - lovely for Eleanor but



anathema (poison) for me. However I was able to get a plate of cold chicken & coldham - with a green salad at which I nibbled. no coffee -

he left at 1:30 & had a rest till 3 when we met in the lobby to greet my darling Greta, who was to take us home to her home for tea & supper. We got into her car & she took us first a drive - thru parks & such - then to Kenwood where we dined again those old favorites of Keweenaw, Van Dyke, & others. I was a little weary by the time we drove the few blocks north to Rock House. Eleanor was impressed by it - was shown over the second floor -

Then we had a delicious tea for which I was quite ready! Much, much talk of politics, family, relay. Eleanor I find is a great talker - & I think her cocktails which she had later, added to her lognacity. I have noticed this before. He had hardly realized that Greta expected us to stay on for supper - but that was the idea. Eleanor said she would make the martinis - which she did - had 2 1/2 glasses herself. Greta also had 2 martinis & 1 gin & tonic. There was a delightful cold supper - chicken & sausages, salad, celery, new baked potatoes - followed by ice cream & chess. I did without the salad but had the cold meat & ice cream. Of course there was wine. Too much.

He had coffee in the living room - & at 9:40 called it a day & Greta saw us home - Eleanor, in the front seat

Talking every minute of the way till we reached the Kensington Palace Hotel - & no goodbye to Greta to whom we were both so grateful.

r. 13. While I was at Rock House, Greta very kindly telephoned to The Rubens Hotel to try to contact the Wrights. No luck. They were out. her responsibility is now over. I shall write them a letter to Washington, explaining my 2 telephone calls - both unnecessary.

Eleanor doesn't want breakfast till 9 o'clock - so late. Will I survive?

Sunday June 28

The lovely sunny weather continues. I was distressed that "Lorraine" again at 5:30 PM - took a big pill. I met E. at 9 as arranged & found she, too, was not the spry slight indigestion. I ~~did~~ decided to take the long - came back to my room, read The Observer - rested in the P.M. & did not go out all day.

We both had a funny lunch - steak & baked potatoes & coffee with no cream.

This was the day for Dick Chamber's visit - I lay down from 2 to 3:30 & then went downstairs to await his arrival. i.e. in the meanwhile had taken a 73 Bus to the Terminal just by bus - happened to get off at + to join me. In a few minutes Dick arrived. What a nice man he is! I had forgotten what he looked like - also his soft southern accent. I introduced Eleanor to him & then we three migrated to the



Coffee Shop for tea - cheese + crackers + pastry - quite good but nothing to write home about. After our tea was finished in which I paid £1. 5. 0 Dick and I went to the lounge sat on a couch & had one long talk all about our friends on R.C. hill - Dick had not been employed by K.C. but had lived at Theodorus Hall - & was remembered by Lewis Thomas. He is now occupying a flat, not too far away - has plans to visit friends, has odd days + travelling to Scotland. He is consulting The Record office & making a survey of British consuls from the year 1850 + - I thought to be most interesting. He leaves his flat in the middle of July - will stay in the 13 1/2 flat in Ricketts while Prof. D. goes his Chicago flat + Dorothy + her boy come to England. He did have such a good talk + I was flattered that he stayed till 8:45 -

I then went to Ed's room - we saw T.V. B.C. 2 - such an amusing film - I saw Burnett's Show an American comic series of scenes - as well as the news. We decided that we would have the shimmer of curtains - so went to The Coffee Shop + each had a plate of soup + Corn. L. came to my room + we talked of our program for the morning. Probably the Tate Gallery in the P.M. I may go to Harrods in the P.M. We'll see. L. doesn't want me to feel we must do everything together. But she does talk round + round the subject + seems unable to decide on what to do next.

June 29 Monday

This was a big day. We arranged to meet at 8:45 for breakfast which we did. She really prefers 9 A.M. which is not for Evelyn as I am usually through breakfast at home by 8:20. However! There was only one letter from Mary Williams, which I must answer at once.

It was much cooler, with a quite strong cold breeze. I + D had that we would go on the Thames river boat, but changed our minds - he was instructed to take no. 9 to Victoria, then no. 54 to Westminster Abbey, which we did. It was some long time since I had been to the Abbey + I was glad we went. There was, for a few moments, a service + people waited till the lamp + rather gorgeous procession of choir + clergy left. We then circulated that magnificent building once again - looked at the tomb of the unknown warrior, circled by red poppies. From The Abbey, we went to The Tate. I was disappointed in it really - the <sup>many</sup> pictures in the way of modern stuff Picasso + the rest; though we did see some 'old friends' - portraits of Edith Sitwell, Somerset Maugham, The Duttons by Field + admirer of Turner. I discovered that I was very early in a gallery - "museum legs!" Our lunch was in the rather indifferent cafeteria in the basement. We sat next to a young Canadian girl from Toronto. On our way out, we had a guide to be intelligent about the exhibitions + so home via Bus 88 to Oxford St. + Bus 73 to The hotel.

I had a very short lie down + was all prepared to go to Harrods to change my library books - but alas, when I got



downstairs I found it pouring with rain. Showers had been predicted. I was so tired I gave up. Instead, after a short time in my room, I joined Eleanor and watched endless Wimbledon champions. Very nice indeed.

He had a late dinner (a full meal after an vague cafeteria lunch - cocktails first to be sure - E. always takes two!) And then I went back to E's room, where we watched a play & heard a long summary of the news. A dreadful item was the death in an accident (motor car) of her - Jeremy Thompson, <sup>leader of the</sup> leader of The Liberal Party. What a tragedy. <sup>He</sup> He is a tiny son not yet 2 years old.

June 30 Tuesday

It was cooler in the morning, but there was no rain until late in the afternoon, when we were safely in the hotel. Breakfast was again at 9. After breakfast & my paper, I went out first to the stationer at the end of the road & bought labels, & matches & got a breath of morning air.

I went out alone this time to Harrods. Bus no 73 - very easy. I was glad to find my old friend, Mrs. Colman, at her desk again. But alas, she can't get me the books I really want. I finally asked for the Vol I of Lord Acton's memoirs or an Autobiography but it doesn't look too promising. I went out a second - Vol II of Steuir Jameson's Autobiography & then I had me back again. We had lunch at 1:15 in the Coffee Shop - sandwiches & coffee.

My hi-drama was short. E. is much spier than I am.

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what I miss here is 1 1/2-2 hours rest in the P.M. and my T.C.A. E. does on her beloved cocktails, but has no enthusiasm for tea - does not mention it.

She suggested we start out again at 3:30 P.M. which we did. An expedition this time near to the London Museum, only a short walk away - It is no other than Kensington Palace, the home of Queen Victoria before she was queen. I must say I enjoyed seeing once the place, especially Victoria's bedroom, in which she was awakened to cheer & meet the prime minister, who told her her male was dead, and she was now queen of England.

When we got back around 5:30 or so, we watched tennis or Wimbledon tennis, which really was exciting. What a damn television is! Every room is equipped with T.V. & real blessing. As time went on, however, it began to rain - a play had to be abandoned. This was very trying in an important news' singles between Roger Taylor (English) and Clark Graebner (American) which went in Taylor's favor 6-3, 11-9, 8-7. Graebner was definitely disgruntled. We saw people putting on raincoats & raising umbrellas - but we were entertained with garden games. When we looked out of our windows we saw it was pouring.

Eleanor keeps asking about my cousins. She suggested that Harold might come in on Saturday at 6:30 - have cocktails with us then join us at dinner at Simpsons in the Strand. I dutifully wrote the letters, but this wasn't



enough. E. insisted on telephoning. She got him at once & he said he would be delighted to come! E. is absolutely "modern" in her ability to use all facilities - telephones & anyone at the drop of a hat.

There was more television & then to bed at 10:30.

July 1 Wednesday

It was cooler, but there was no rain in the A.M. I went out again in the sweet morning air to get my papers The Daily Telegraph - E. was late for breakfast at 9 as she overslept. A letter from Phueho.

This was a big day. We started out for the Wallace Collection at 10:30 - it was easy to find as it is in the heart of London from what to me. I was so impressed by the number of fine pictures & the armor. From there E. wanted to go to the Cambridge Theatre - no time a taxi there. It is tucked away behind Leicester Square. We found it of course & E. stood in a long queue to get tickets for The Merchant of Venice with abinies as they were on July 11<sup>th</sup> matinee - Saturday. very nice.

From there we went to Leicester Square & took E. to the Quality Inn, where I have been before. It was very crowded & we had to sit with 2 other women - each independent, we had a very nice meal of rice with chicken & mushrooms - not too expensive - had hot wine with it - & then coffee. Back home via Bus No 9 from Charing Cross.

E. had in the ticket for The Tempest at the Hermaid Theatre

near the Rocks. We went first, all the way by taxi to the restaurant attached to the theatre had an excellent meal of fried plaice & tartar sauce. E. also had strawberries, plus 3 martinis before hand. It is the drinks that feed her soul - but she also has a very good appetite. (I had a small sherry before hand)

Then we went to the play at 8. But, alas, we were very disappointed in it. There was no curtain - one intermission. I thought Miranda was a stunner! I am sorry to say I hardly heard a word, tho I kept this dark. We were in the 3<sup>rd</sup> row at the side. Ariel was a young negro (!) dressed in black - Really, someone, tho fairly-like creature. E. was much disgusted - I confess that I too was disappointed - but I am glad it has been to the Hermaid - rough & ready as it is. The play was reached.

We had the pleasure of a time (booking a taxi - in a part of town I don't know he walked. We asked this one about - finally after quite 20 minutes or more a policeman took us to go up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul - there should be taxis there. Fine though, I was able to hail one & we drove all the way to our door. Very expensive, but my dear Eleanor does not seem to mind. I went to bed before 12 - midnight. It was much cooler - with a very life-size breeze.

July 2 Thursday

We came from Harold. Really cold - 61° in my room. What a climate! When we arrived it was 81 - 20 degrees in a week of change. I went out as usual for my paper - even though I had fears for a possible cold! I put on winter underwear & hoped



for the best.

This was a quiet day. We were both somewhat independent. I wrote a long letter to Mary Kilham, in the lounge as that was warmer than my room. E. went for a long ride on her own. I had no idea she knew so little of England - She is confused by the money, while she has seen several of the sights of London, she has little sense of direction yet. I am very glad to offer to help her. Though this part of Kensington is unknown territory. We had lunch in the Copper Shop - then I had a rest. Quite early I went to E's room to see some of the Wimbledon matches, which really were most interesting. I was there from 3:30 am until time for our inevitable cocktails at 7+. We had two scrumptious dinners in the hotel dining-room.

July 3. Friday

A letter from my dear Sarah to greet me. What nostalgia she has for England! It was still very cool, but I went out again to the news stationers for my Daily Telegraph.

This was a huge day, & I was properly tired. We started out by bus at 10:15 for the National Portrait Gallery. It is a favorite of mine & I must say it is fascinating. Some fine new portraits have been added since I saw it last.

E. then said (she has a way of suddenly recalling what has been told her of the sights of London) she wanted to see Fleet Street - so I thought it might be a good idea to have our midday meal at the Old Cocoa Tavern - though it has been woefully changed in the last year or so.

As we went along the Strand, we saw several theatres & my June E. wanted to get tickets. Her first was at the Vanderbilt Theatre, where Lady Frederick by Somerset Maugham is just beginning. She got 2 tickets for a matinee on the 9th Thursday, before I had time to tell her that was the day of my dentist appointment. However no matter! Then we walked past the Savoy & at that theatre the comedy, The Secretary Bird is on, & as E had heard it was amusing, she got two tickets for that on Tuesday, July 14 two days before we take off on our motor trip.

We then continued down the Strand & into Fleet St. & found our Old Cocoa & had some delicious pie in the top restaurant as others were unattractive. I am so sorry the old settle dinner has been turned into a bar. Although I was already rather tired (galleries now floor me!) I suggested we go into St. Bride's on Fleet St. - a favorite night of mine & I think E. was interested. We then took No. 9 bus straight here to the Hotel & I collapsed on the bed! I found a telephone message from Maria Mathews saying, as I was not in, she would write. I do wish people would not attempt to telephone to me. But Americans are born with a receiver in their hands!

At 6 E. telephoned to say Wimbledon games were on & we saw a great many good games - The Bank Restaurant at 7:15 then at 9:10 we saw the last of the Turquoise Song - "Snow Song" - very good. This was not enough. At 10:30 replay of Wimbledon games - which we watched till 11:15. E. is enthusiastic - he saw Mrs. Court beat Mrs. King in the finals.



and so to bed. But I couldn't sleep. I continued to read  
Stam Jonsson's autobiography, but I found it heavy  
& boring. I don't care for his style - involved & tortured.

July 4 Saturday

A telephone from Greta saying, "Robert Seager arrived  
yesterday." Very, very nice. They wanted a boy who he is

It was a drizzly P.M. I wrote at once to Jennifer  
congratulating the family. I have had no details but will  
hear from Greta.

After breakfast, we repacked. E. said she wanted to go  
to the Tate again. I took a walk in Kensington - note books  
from the nice stationers, then I explored 10. High Street,  
for a possible copy of Hamlet & Merchant of Venice but had  
no luck at all. There were other Shakespeares at Rankine  
& Perry & Pomo but not the plays I wanted. I also ex-  
plored the territory for a modest place to eat. I met E.  
at 12:30 & met her Sherry in The Bar. Then we decided to go  
to a cafeteria in Barkers Street. Very simple, quite enough.  
E. had a fruit salad & coffee - I had a cheese sandwich, a  
pottery & coffee.

There was no restite, for we saw that the Quicks  
men to be played in Wimbledon - I went to E's room at  
a little before 2 & we saw a wonderful men's match  
Newcombe versus Rosewall (both Australians) which  
took hours. But we were fascinated. At 5:30 or so I  
came back to my room to change & then to meet Hained

Seager, who was to be E's guest at Simpson's for dinner. I  
was ahead of time 6:15 - I introduced him to Eleanor & we  
proceeded to the Bar for drinks. It was a rather disconcerting  
& dinner (Fat Harold wanted only tomato juice (he had +);  
~~the dinner~~ there was time to get acquainted to (del. That  
gave tonic and Eleanor as usual 2 whiskies & water with ice.  
Then we very elegantly took a taxi straight to Simpson's.

I once was in this famous restaurant, but Eleanor  
had never been & was very anxious to see or she had been  
told about it by her American friends. We had the famous  
wont beef (cut before our eyes) & Yorkshire pudding,  
which was the proper choice! Vegetables as usual, & wine,  
& then ice cream & coffee. Such a meal. We got quite  
chummy, as the dinner progressed & had <sup>lively</sup> and ani-  
mated conversation. Harold is rather a dear - thanks back  
to talk of Robert & the tales of his war experiences. We  
sat & eat till after 9 - though we had arrived at 7 -  
the place was full. I think we would be early - but no -  
the time was just right. At long last we took another  
taxi; let Harold out at Victoria to catch his train to  
Shoreham - then we sped on to our hotel. A very nice  
evening. And so to bed after a hot bath.

July 5 Sunday

A dry day & much warmer. I got the afternoon but  
there was nothing to read it. This 9 o'clock breakfast  
eats with the morning. We had decided on lunch, at



St. Martins in the fields. We were on too early. We wandered about Trafalgar Square. The service does not begin till 11:15. which I didn't know. The place filled up very considerably. The choir seemed to me, small - but good. The sermon, on Elijah, was by the vicar - (name?) & I was near enough to hear - I don't think Eleanor was much impressed - but I think it quite good - about the difference between a man's public acts & his knowledge of himself - the lonely personal image and the public achievements.

At the church, we thought we might go to the Lyons Crown Restaurant at Charing Cross but found it too crowded. A shop of London women's attracted Eleanor & she bought a small present for her "nanny" maid. We then migrated to Quality Inn on Leicester Square & had not too interesting curried chicken on rice & coffee as well as white wine. (E. had foregone her cocktails!) And so home by taxi as she got tired of standing in a long queue for bus No. 9. I was "all in" & would think of no further exertion, especially as the plan is to supper at Premier on St. James St. Such luxuries!

I spent the remaining time till 5:30 or so in my room. I read, a letter to Greta, my Diary, the Observer. Then I went to E's room & we had to wait till 7 or so before setting forth, as Eleanor had telephoned to friends & friends had

asked them to Premier for dinner - we went by bus, was there by 7:20 but 7:30 they appeared - A Mrs. Cook who was a friend from Harrington now on her way to Australia; and her sister & Mrs. Wald. Wald! what shall I say of them? Dialectic, not very exciting, not my style. We had such a sumptuous meal, I am sure very expensive. First cocktails - deas, deas cocktails without which life would not be worth living!! Then on the table lobster thermidor (too divine!) & green salad. For E. & I sea-soup with peas & tartar sauce. Then coffee & cigar. Premier has an artificial air - only for the rich - I thought the wood panics wicked. We went home at long last - trying to get No. 9 bus but E. got impatient after waiting 15 mins. so we had to hail a taxi & got to the Hotel at 10.

July 6 Monday

Another really hot day - much to my astonishment. A hearty breakfast with Eleanor & a reading of the paper till 10 when I began to make a move into town. We decided to be independent today, as I had errands & E. wanted a long bus ride. I found transportation very tiresome. I waited all of 30 minutes for a No. 13 bus & we crawled into town.

I got out at Market Arch & took the underground to Bond St. for I needed to go to Herts to get more batteries. I got 8:20 am well supplied. I went into Hilly & Scrimmors to get new bedroom slippers as my present ones are really not possible. I found very pretty gold lame' slippers for 12/6 which I bought.



(41)  
The crowds in Oxford St. were fantastic. It is partly because sales are on. Every shop has a sales sign & people are buying everywhere. I walked up Oxford Street, went in to Sills to find Shakespeare plays. Could I find Hamlet? No. I have asked at five different shops & nowhere could I get a copy. I did, however, buy the hills chant or hills for I want to refresh my memory.

From there I went to Lyons, bought a few mussels & then went to the restaurant, which used to be called Bacon Eggs is now Things a Majig - which is the funny. I had a bit of a chat with another person - who looked wonderful - by the way I did have such a nice conversation. She was a Canadian (I wouldn't get her name) had been to St. Paul's, sailed up the Bosphorus, stayed at the Hilton Hotel. She was such a nice person - I was so well rewarded. This is the fourth Canadian I have run across in restaurants. It is fantastic.

I had to wait at least 20 mins. for No. 73 bus which was crowded. I got home in a state of collapse & lay down. E. had not appeared but he + telephoned - I went to his room for a bit. There was nothing interesting on television so we separated. I came to my room at 4:40 & as usual wrote 2 letters: to Marcia Matthews, & Peggy Posner. He wins the Wimbledon games which we watched for hours. He had a delicious dinner in the Grill Room - sat in the lounge & went early to bed.

(42)  
July 7 Sunday

It grows warmer and warmer - simply unbelievable in England. I planned a day of night seeing & we decided to leave at 10:30. In the meanwhile I was glad to have a letter from Anita, telling me of Jennifer's new baby - arrived very rapidly - weighs 8 lbs - must be a very lucky child.

I don't know what is the matter with Hudson Lines. We wait hours at the Bus Stop. Shows & I took No. 9 bus which crawled slowly, slowly to St. Paul's - Here we did a thorough night see including the crypt, which I was anxious to see. I have been many times to St. Paul's - but this visit was more thorough. There were many other night sees. There always are. On our way to The Cheshire Cheese I called at another book shop - took a paper back, I don't know with no result. It is really queer. I have asked at 5 different bookshops & could not find a bundle.

We stopped at the Cheshire Cheese to book a table - after 1:15 such crowds! And so we put in the time by going to see Mr. Johnson's house on Gough Square. That was delightful. Many new buildings have been put up near this house, since I was here last. A squash along narrow lanes. We did the house completely, even climbing the stairs to the attic where the Johnsons dictionary was compiled.

At 1:25 we went for lunch at the Cheshire Cheese - E. wanted steak & kidney pie - I concurred. We sat at a "little" table with two other couples, like no visitors. How



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small & confined the place is! E. had crackers & cheese & I had  
honey ice cream to finish up with.

After our lunch, we stood in line for an hour, & E. got  
very tired waiting for it - Irenting a taxi instead. That  
No. 9 came along so we went - straight back to the hotel  
& - at least - in a state of collapse. I lay down & read -  
& dozed a little. It was appallingly hot. 83° in my room.  
I didn't join E. till nearly 6 - when we saw TV. I heard the  
news. Then cocktails in the air-conditioned lounge. I  
now order gin & tonic which is good. Can drink in the  
Gill was the best. E. had misprunes & no chi 2 then  
she had sweet keef, potatoes & a salad. I wouldn't eat  
anything more - no had peach compote to finish with. E's  
digestion is phenomenal. She adores Sakado this I  
long known for years. Food is very important to her. She  
glows hysterical about Premier Restaurant.

Of course we live an intimate life together & our tastes are  
different. I like to read, knit, write interminably, do cross-  
word puzzles. She hardly reads at all - has no hand  
work. goes to galleries & inspects pictures skulky, slowly  
because of poor eyesight. She is greatly interested in  
London sights - but hasn't a very great knowledge of  
London geography. We went to go to The Ivy on the Strand  
She has heard of this restaurant from enthusiastic American  
friends. I would easily spare it try. I don't want to  
complain; she is wonderfully considerate but she does

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want my company & my knowledge of London. And we have  
all the time in the world to me & plans for.

July 8 Wednesday

A warm day but nothing like as hot as yesterday. My  
own room gets all the afternoon sun & is much warmer than  
Eleanor's. I was at a loose end & didn't want to go any more -  
but I knew that Eleanor couldn't stay rent, so I suggested we go  
to the Zoo. She agreed with alacrity. She is much more energetic  
than I am - I do want to be an appreciative "guest" but I do  
get so tired.

We agreed to start out at 10:30 take No. 73 F (night bridge)  
then No 74 direct to the Zoo which we did - passing on route  
all the parts of London very familiar to me. It happened to be  
a good day & we wandered about seeing elephants, tigers,  
lions, birds, camels, rhinos, & viewing hundreds & hundreds of  
children - there must have been hundreds, tearing about. At  
12:30 we went into a very nice restaurant had an excellent  
meal of fish & wine & coffee - very good. We then returned  
on journey - No 74 back to Scotch Home, the 73 have to the  
hotel. But I was tired - to the home & lay down but didn't  
really sleep.

We both rested & did other things until 6:30 when we arranged  
to meet in the Bar. I wrote a letter to Gita, one to Michael & Sophie  
& one to The Columns. Then we had our regulars at the Bar.  
E. in her extravagant way (very nice) took a taxi to Covent  
Garden to see The Ballet. She won't been there for years but I



remembered the red plush seats - & the general <sup>opulence.</sup> ~~appearance~~ The  
3 ballets were: 1) The Noces of Stravinsky 2) Scènes de Ballet and  
3) Fagade. It seems ~~that~~ there is a WONDERFUL dancer, a  
Russian who has defected, by name Rudolf Nureyev - E.  
tells me the ~~reactions~~ which people go into about him! He  
was in the first ballet. The trip was very modern, the  
music harsh & Turellers & Nureyev buzzed about all  
over the stage. He got tremendous applause - several  
curtains - Personally I couldn't see it! The second ballet  
was much more pleasing & therefore - had ballet dancers in  
orthodox costumes. The third was the best - both amusing  
& clever. The theatre was packed tight. How I lost my  
enthusiasm for ballet?

It was E's plan to go, after the ballet at 9:50 P.M.  
to supper at The Ivy Restaurant at which her enthusiastic  
American friends had tried her. We found it fairly well  
worth the price. Consent Garden. Here we found the place  
more or less full. Dear Eleanor - how she adores her  
food. She had 1) 2 drinks 2) shrimps on lettuce 3) fried  
chicken with artichokes <sup>and large salad</sup> 4) strawberries and their  
cream 5) coffee. I was bewildered - not knowing what  
to order. Unfortunately I took "stronghold" that Russian  
dish with rice & ate it all. No dessert, but a small coffee.  
Our bill was more than £5. which I thought terribly  
extravagant - we were piled into a private car of  
the management's dinner house train hotel for 15/.

July 9 Thursday

I had a miserable night. We were not as late as we ex-  
pected - we had by 11:40 - but after a few hours I was very  
uncomfortable & around 4:30 P.M. had diarrhoea, which  
made me furious. There were no carbons - no salad, no fresh fruits,  
no rich dishes - I was expected to be ill - my night was  
rather miserable, as I said at the beginning!

I got up & had breakfast alone at 9. Eleanor, the lucky  
nortal, sleeps like a child. Even after that devastating meal  
there were no ill effects - & she didn't appear for breakfast  
till after 9:30. Is it possible to be so & be so healthy? My  
breakfast consisted of a piece of toast & tea with lemon.  
It was a rainy morning & much cooler. I did not go out at  
all but was domestic in my own room. Eleanor had a  
permanent & was lost to the world until lunch time.

We had lunch in the Coffee Room - my own being only dry  
toast & tea with lemon. At 2 we started out to see Lady  
Frederick in the Vandeville Theatre on the Strand. The chief  
character was Margaret Lockwood & lovely she was. The  
reception was 1875 - the dress charming & all the characters  
being. E. was disappointed that there was not a larger  
audience - when I said, "Oh! perhaps the reputation of the  
actress in this <sup>date</sup> play will draw more people to it"; she  
replied, "Oh no! it is not that people want - they'll lose  
money, most probably." Cheerful? We went by taxi but  
came back - early in the 9 bus at 5:30.



we repaired until about 6:45 when E. called on the phone for us to repair to The Bar, which we did. I had, for the second time, brandy & ice water, as this is ruptured to be good for an ordinary tumour. Then we repaired the Grill Room where we had dinner. I chose a sirloin steak & baked potato & hoped for the best. E had escalops de veau & eggs & said it was very good. he had black coffee each.

To Siavana at 8:50 to hear the news <sup>on TV</sup> and then at 9:10 instead of a Haugham play which I would have enjoyed, we turned on a gala performance as a farewell to a former manager of concert garden, David Webster. But I was disappointed - long, long excerpts from <sup>operas</sup> ~~operas~~ by well known singers. We saw the Queen Mother who graced the occasion. I went on buses - 9:10 - 10:45 - One needs education in opera, properly to enjoy it. I came away at 10:15 P.M. blowing a kiss to the kind Eleanor.

July 10 Friday

Such a day. It was lovely warm, but not too warm weather. I had an appointment with the hairdresser at 9:30 so had a little earlier breakfast (my "inards" seem to be going back to normal) I do talk having my hair done in England - having to explain the business of my hearing aid - However people are very kind & seem to understand, though I looked like a scarecrow by the time the girl was finished with me. The charge for the hotel is unheard of £2.6.6 for shampoo & trim - two stupid.

As I went through with his ministrations by 10:30 I found the hair to Harrods - gave back my 2 weeks (I didn't finish Harold Acton's memoirs) & got out August Wilson's The horses of Charles Dickens, which the nice librarian had kept for me. I also took out a book on Joseph Conrad by his son. On my way to The No. 73 bus who should I run into but Dorothy 93! Fabian. This is the second time I have run into her near Harrods. It is too amusing. Kisses on both cheeks & plenty of change of latest news. She may have to go to hospital to have incisions veins operated on.

Back to the hotel with a brief interlude in my room then at 1 P.M. with Eleanor to meet her guest, Mrs. Blinded, the wife of the hotel manager. Such a person - Scotch she told us, very valuable, very cordial. She wore a pretty, dark mit but started an enormous bracelet with dangling coins, & several rings on her fingers (I counted them). We met at once & went to the lounge for the inevitable cocktails. Talk & talk, more cocktails which consumed almost an hour so that we didn't get to the Dining Room till nearly 2. Then a very conversational & overwhelming meal, with 'all the fixing'. E. held up her side of the talk very well indeed. I felt stuffed - with too much to eat. I thought the dinner was so uninteresting though E. loved it - all every scrap including peas the inevitable salad. I left half of mine. Finally at 3.20 P.M. we had our mid water



advice. It was very nice of her to offer Eleanor to include me, but I would have preferred to be left out. I came up to my room, collapsed on my bed + fell back asleep for an hour. It seems all Eleanor's knowledge of up-to-date London is from the dear, dear Posters. It is they who told her to go to restaurants for divine bread - to the Post Office Tower (another ardour awaiting me) to Covent Garden to a boat on the Thames, to Broadway in a car to Wales for a "look in." I do hope she is enjoying all these.

An evening with television in El room - including not having golf. What a gift English people get from the contemplation of GAMES - a harmless outlet for energy.

July 11 Saturday

A rather disturbed night but not too bad. I went early on, to Mr. Sheppard for an appointment at 11.30 on July 28 Tuesday. And a note to Laurence Pickers about a date in Cambridge. It was a fine day again with hot sultry sun.

As we were to go out for lunch + to the Theatre we decided to part in the P.M. + meet again at 12 in the lobby. I took the opportunity of walking down Kensington High St - went into bookshops, where I bought his clasps + cards + then into W. H. Smith (wonderful store) where I bought a large map of London which I thought for 5/6. I looked for a paper-back Hamlet, but with no success.

Eleanor having been told by her dear Posters that the thing to do was to have a meal on the Post Office Tower

we proceeded there by taxi - what a place! We went up to the Restaurant in a lift + found we were on the top of the world. It was a clear day with fleecy clouds + sunshine, all of London was spread below us. We were able to pick out the dome of St. Paul's, Tower Bridge, a bit of the winding Thames. To my dismay I noticed the whole restaurant was revolving - slowly, slowly - enough to make anyone seasick. This is supposed to be The Sight of modern London. They can have it!

We had a huge meal, which was terribly expensive + when the generous Eleanor walked. On our way out, we got a post card or two to commemorate our visit. Then we took a taxi to The Cambridge Theatre to see The Merchant of Venice with Alviria as Shylock - he had seats in the 3rd row of the balcony dress circle, so that I heard hardly a word but was so familiar with the play that I knew each move. I had forgotten that it was to be played in modern costume - No, no! Not for me! Portia was Alviria's wife, Joan Phoenixlight - her voice was poor - + I thought she was not really good enough to play that demanding part. Having seen this play twice before, it was disappointing to find Bassanio in a morning suit + the Duke wearing a top hat! Poor E. missed a good deal. Shakespeare is not easy to listen to. She actually said to me, "who is Portia?" + she had difficulty in distinguishing Antonio Bassanio + Gratiano. So did I, for a bit, if that truth be known. The theatre was packed. I ran into an A.C.G



girl, on the way upstairs. Of course, in spite of my critical remarks, I greatly enjoyed the play & scenes of the many table wine gave me great pleasure.

He came away at nearly 6 - got two 9. bus from Charing Cross - & was back for a short rest before cocktails & then a light meal in the grill - And so to bed after a memorable day. I read bits of the play & Eleanor but she went to sleep!

July 12 Sunday

Breakfast in a semi-bull dining room, occupied by coach tourists of every known nationality. When I reached my room at 9:50 or so I was called up by someone I could not distinguish. I asked the person to call Eleanor & she came over later with the message. It was Tony & Nancy Wright. Je gods! I thought they had gone home days ago! They seem to be here in London again. These daft Americans can't write a letter, but spend their time talking into a TELEPHONE!! The gist of the matter was they wanted to invite me to dinner at Dartmouth House (The English Speaking Home Union, on Charles St) this evening at 6:30. Eleanor, very firmly said it would be too much for me after our mid day sociability & invited them here at 7:30 - they demurred but are coming. Bahahum.

I tried to do a little letter writing but we had to arrange to meet at 12 to go for lunch & bridge at the home of Mrs. Walker, a friend of Mrs. Coates, whom Eleanor knows. It was

a process for Mrs. Walker's niece in remote Hampstead-Platts Lane. We took 707 bus to Oxford St & 2 bus from Portman St - a long journey (at a long wait) but thanks to the advice from all about Sunday, we arrived at Platts Lane No. 35 only a few minutes late. The house is charming with a nice back garden. It is on a quiet, shady street. We were welcomed by the 2 ladies, had sherry & delicious fruit in the drawing room which looks out on the garden, then a very dainty cold lunch (the only cooked article was a potato each) & cold salmon & mayonnaise, salad, meringue & other. No servant.

After this there was bridge from about 3-5 P.M. They all play well - Mrs. Walker & I were partners - & Mrs. Coates. It was really very nice - very genteel. At 5 we left & got back at half five for a short rest.

We sat in the lobby waiting for Tony & Nancy who were due at 7:30. They were one half hour late & I thought they had met with an accident. Again it was the non-much talk than dinner at the Civil Room. Tony is a nice fellow, if not a whole man; and Nancy is charming. We had an animated evening of much talk & I suppose I felt more & more fatigued. Tony leaves for N.Y.C. & Washington tomorrow - Nancy joins him after 2 more weeks, which she will spend in Oxford. They are a nice couple. It was Herbert home who told Tony where I was staying in London. They left at 11 - & so to bed "all in."



July 13 Monday

Again a perfectly beautiful warm day. I wasn't feeling too gay but E. wanted to go somewhere so I suggested the British Museum, for she had said she wanted to see the Elgin marbles. A morning letter from Mother; E. got five air-mail letters from W.S.D.

We met in the lobby at 10:30 & I took her to the underground at Farringham High St. to Tottenham Court Road from where we found our way to the Museum. But the expedition was not too much for me - I felt more fatigued at every step. We saw the MSS which were remarkable - all the old favorites - Thackeray, Byron, the Brownings, the Brontës, Jane Austen - many more. We then got into the Greek division & saw the Parthenon marbles - they are sadly damaged, of course, but I suppose wonderful in their way. By 12:15 we decided we would go again to our Quality Inn on Leicester Sq. instead of the Y.W.C.A. canteen on Great Russell St which I had recommended. We were lucky enough to step into a taxi which had come to the door.

Quality Inn was packed as there was a wash of tourists at the door. We had E. sit with 2 other women - but they were elderly American talkative. They were from Georgia had strong southern accents. We enjoyed them. They were in a group which was going to Munich, then Amsterdam & Paris. They had just arrived in London.

was greatly intrigued. We were served with a very indifferent lunch & heard no concert - but we managed. Then back to Charing X where we quickly got a No. 9. bus back.

I was so weary that I lay down at once & perhaps dozed a little. I read Angus Wilson, did a crossword - then finished a longish letter to Sarah & a shorter one to Dorothy Post. At 5:45 I went in to hear the news from Eileen's TV. Nothing very memorable. Trouble in Ireland over the March of the Orange men was averted. At 7:15 to the bar - then latter of drinks in the grill - there was little of interest in T.V. but I did stay for a bit in E.'s room & saw an interesting film about whales. And so to my room & bed.

July 14 Tuesday

Pouring with rain when I woke in the morning. E. had had a letter from Mrs. Foster, asking her to pick out 4 sources of women material from England, so she was off on her own & so was I. I have tried too long alone to enjoy living in couples, especially on a holiday. I went down Kensington High St. to Woolworth's in rain & raincoat - got 2 more pairs of stockings - hair clasp & comb. I also popped in to W.H. Smith but they have never heard of There's England.

Eleanor had great plans for the P.M. - we left the hotel, after an empty, restful afternoon, at 6:15 in a taxi to the Savoy. As her chief delight is in restaurants, we were bound for the Savoy Grill - I confess it was nice. A perfectly sumptuous meal with many waiters, much flourish. We had some kind of



special soup first, then roast lamb + mixed vegetables - Then  
 a young pie for Eleanor + ice-cream for me, <sup>for some with, very expensive bill!</sup> But we had al-  
 ready had cocktails - very important. We have cocktails  
 before every meal, but I have had no tea in the afternoon  
 for 3 weeks, except the one day when I invited Dick Chambers  
 for tea in the coffee shop! Never in my life except when I had  
 a job in New York have I missed the pleasant part of  
 the day - Four or Four-thirty - tea time. I never drink tea  
 except occasionally at breakfast + then barely one cup.  
 But Cocktails - that is another matter. The <sup>elixir</sup> ~~best~~ of life!!!

At 9 we repaired across the courtyard to the Savoy  
 theatre to see The Secretary Bird, a humorous comedy. It  
 was most entertaining + very cleverly done. There is no  
 doubt about it - I am getting deaf. Smart prospect??  
 In the second row of the stalls, I ought to have heard every-  
 thing - I got the drift but missed more than 50% of the  
 words. I try to keep this down - though kind friends  
 keep saying; "I hope you can hear all right." I echo  
 their sentiment, but the truth is I don't hear.

After the play, I suggested we take no. 9 bus brown  
 door to door. But no, we must go by taxi. We waited  
 + waited + waited on a windy corner - in a theme; I  
 even went across the street to sit on - without <sup>success,</sup> ~~success~~  
 after more than 1/2 an hour we had to take no. 9. bus, which  
 we could have done much earlier - had to back to the  
 hotel - windy + getting colder.

July 15 Wednesday

much work. 2 letters - one from Greta + one from Peggy Poorman.  
 I was full of fears about getting a cold + put on warmer under-  
 clothes. The morning was more unpleasant with perspiration as we  
 have tomorrow on our motor trip.

We had both been invited by Lady Fisher, Harry Fisher's wife  
 + Eleanor's friend to have lunch with her in town after visit the  
 Law Courts, where her husband moved the listening to a place.  
 I was immensely intrigued at this idea - + how anxious to go  
 + we took a taxi to 37 Bury St. just off St. James'. The apt.  
 is a typical city one, a piece a terror while their real home  
 is in the country. We were most warmly welcomed by Lady  
 Fisher (Felicity) her young daughter, Emma, who was a  
 very pretty girl with a head of very curly hair. Dubonnet  
 as an appetizer then we went into the restaurant dining-  
 room for a buffet lunch - very good - cold ham + chicken, a  
 salad + potatoes - raspberries + cream (cheers to Felicia!)  
 Lady Fisher is an uninhibited, very warm + nice person. The  
 daughter is just graduating from St. Margaret's hall at Bedford.

At 2:30 we took another taxi to the Law Courts where  
 a clerk welcomed us + showed us to our seats in the court.  
 There was a great many men in wigs over their short hair.  
 On the dias sat three men, the middle one the Lord Chief  
 Justice - the one on the right, Sir Harry Fisher. When we  
 arrived a young young + bearded + bearded young barrister was  
 talking. And he continued to talk for 30 mins. by 1/2 past <sup>clock.</sup> ~~clock~~



I couldn't hear a word, or worse, but I was told later it was  
about permission to build a theatre and a <sup>business</sup> Park on some part  
of London - He went on and on. It really was boring. We  
came away about 4:30, rather disappointed that we hadn't  
heard something more stimulating. But I was glad to have  
seen the inside of the Law Court Building - a noble piece  
& I enjoyed seeing the rather nice men going in and out  
in black gowns, serious faces, educated manners. We  
were extravagant, hopped into a taxi, took Lady Zitha  
home, & then went on to our hotel. We were tired. I do  
miss my tea! I lay down for an hour or so.

At 7:30 E. welcomed a visitor & I joined her. He  
was William Cairncross, a man who served in the British  
<sup>Army</sup> during World War II, in Canada & New York. He &  
3 other men spent Thanksgiving dinner with the Lptons.  
E. hadn't seen him since 1941. Though she has kept in touch  
with him & his wife, Margaret. They are both Scotch & his  
not far from Edinburgh but his Civil Service takes him to  
many distant places - Argentina, Finland, Pakistan!  
He was most genial, talkative & interesting and quite at his  
ease - he had a delicious meal - much more than I wanted,  
which was a mistake that I paid for later late in a restless  
night. As I had had a big day, I nearly fell asleep, before our  
mistress who sat with us in the lounge after dinner, left at 10:45 PM.  
Kew!

And so to bed - our last night in this comfortable hotel until July 23.

July 16 Thursday

I was not really upset but had a miserable night & woke  
in a cold room, with clouds in the sky - rather melancholy. We  
had breakfast at 9 - I had only tea & 1 1/2 pieces of toast, to  
be on the safe side. We were all packed & ready to go by 9:30  
& were met by our car - a very nice blue Rover - & a kindly  
chauffeur-called John. (Shamus didn't know his surname -  
Typically American) A.B. It was Harpes.

Off we started - our destination The Hygon Arms, Broadway  
in the Cotswolds. It was a long, rather beautiful drive. Our  
chauffeur was something of a guide & pointed out things to notice.  
We began by going via Henley & the Thames, then on a long, long way  
towards Oxford. When we got to Oxford, we tried again at a  
bookshop to get a copy of Hamlet but with no success - which  
is really too funny - every other copy of Shakespeare's but  
no Hamlet. We saw very little of Oxford as we simply drove  
there - after three hours (where we shall come on our last  
two days of this trip) I did call for a book to read on D.D.  
Linnæus by Moore - Finally after 1:30 we reached Broadway  
our destination in Wiltshire & home! It is - a long line  
of red houses & in the night an old-fashioned hotel  
The Hygon Arms. I was shown into room 21 in the red  
section & Shamus into room 86 in the new. Very nice. I  
found onto a courtyard but the exposure was south, so  
the sun streamed in.

We were ready for lunch. We let "John" go for the day &



arranged for him to meet us tomorrow at ten A.M.

Then there was lunch, in the huge, beautiful dining room. And we had an excellent meal. I was ready after that for a good rest, an unpacking of bags - & so on. My nose, however, was developing a cold - of all things. He went out to the chemist but found Thursday was early closing! Of all stupidities. I am sorry - she is certainly more the weather but refused to give in.

After dinner we sat in the lounge & sat with conversation with 2 American public school teachers from Detroit, Michigan - most intelligent women. But we were early to bed 10 P.M. after one long day.

July 17 Friday

I slept very well in my new bed & enjoyed the amenities of the pretty bathroom. He met for breakfast at 8:45 instead of 9. We went out to the chemist immediately afterwards to medicine & Kleenex for E. & morning papers.

At 10 our faithful "John" was on hand & we were ready to start out. It was cool, cloudy, indeed misty in the distance. What shall I say of our first sight-seeing? It was really wonderful. We travelled through past the lovely, lovely green fields of England, seeing sheep & cows in pastures then a most small village, the houses built of Cotswold stone - a dull color - rather nice. Our first "sight" was Warwick Castle - which, indeed, is a ruin some didn't go in. We were headed to Coventry & got there around 11 A.M.

he needs at once for the Cathedral. Of course I knew its story but it was bombed badly in 1940, rebuilt in modern fashion, but I had no idea how stunning the whole effort is. The part much demolished by the bomb, is attached to the new edifice - permits one still to feel there. Everything about the new structure is strange, symbolic & modern. He brought small books & post cards, so we must have mementos of our "sights".

From Coventry, we went on to Warwick. By this time it was nearly one, so John suggested we have lunch & after lunch explore Warwick Castle. The chauffeur took us to a lovely restaurant, then called The Westgate Arms & we had a very good lunch of soup, roast duck & coffee.

At 1:45 we were out again in our car - went to explore Warwick Castle. Colossal! It stands, a great old pile, in huge grounds - with a dog mastiff, Towering entrance, green lawns, peacocks - every evidence of an eminent glory. We had to pay entrance money & join a crowd with a guide who took us to the magnificent rooms - with marvellous portraits by Holbein, Van Dyke & so on - of warriors, kings & queens of the 14th, 15th, 17th centuries. French bronzes, wonderful chandeliers, marble fireplaces - too much. Then we had to see armor & old weapons - By 2:30 we were ready to call it a day so joined our car. I wanted to take pictures of very old houses with thatched roofs, in Chesing Compton. So John took us back another route where we got his snapshots. We were back at our hotel by 3:50 P.M. & I put one bill over my



bed, ready for a long rest, which I got! Stearns said she felt better, but the room clean coughed frequently & used her Kleenex even more frequently. What a shame. We are to Stearns a double room tomorrow (Saturday) night & I shall pray that no germs come in my direction.

Day 18 Saturday

We have been blessed from the beginning with lovely sunny weather & today was no exception. Stearns's cold was better - she is a Spartan & knows what to do to break a cold - she still coughs, however - one doesn't kill a <sup>cold</sup> in 2 days unless one is more than lucky.

This day was scheduled for visiting villages - Camille's chauffeur was on hand at 10 & we were off. It is almost impossible to describe each enchanting village we explored - it is perhaps its best thing to make. I took a number of pictures & hope I may have copies eventually. It is difficult to point out each particular beauty.

Drive in the Cotswolds (John Harson at the wheel)

1. Stanton - a tiny red P.O. and houses one 1678.
2. Stanway -
3. Stow on the Wold - a fine old red brick hotel
4. Spangham - with a tiny ruin with bridges over it.
5. Bourton-on-the-Marsh - English village again bridge over stream
6. Burford - By the Ave, where the Bourtons stayed. E. investigated
7. Snowhill - tiny village smothered in flowers.

We got home in time for a late lunch. In the a.m.

We had moved from an single room to a double room in the new wing. As we were rather tired, we lay down & E dozed. But below us in a quadrangle a wedding party was in full swing - most amusing, very animated. It was complete with bridesmaids, photographs et al.

We were due to get into an car for Stratford at 5:30 as we had booked a table at the restaurant there for 6 P.M. in order to be ready for the play, Hamlet, at 7:30. The drive of half an hour was very pleasant. I loved seeing Stratford again. In spite of the huge crowds we had a very nice meal in the restaurant, which reminded me of my last visit with my dear man, Kenneth & Ply. He had a good meal - fried plaice & an exotic dessert. In the meanwhile, before going into the theatre, I was able to get a copy of Hamlet, on which I had looked in vain in London.

What shall I say of the play? On the whole it was a fine performance. The theatre was packed & you could hear a pin drop. The actors' reactions were all new to me. Hamlet himself was good to begin with, less good in certain spots. Ophelia I didn't like - she should use a tris. No no. Polonius was excellent - the supporting cast very good. I hated the graveyard scene - but I always have. The great scene between Hamlet & the queen, his mother, was left out. This was a dire appointment. The whole thing was very long - 4 hours - but held us every moment.



he came back in the dark - meeting new cars - There was a gorgeous full moon peering thru soft clouds. We were in our double room by 12:30 - quite ready for bed!

July 14 Sunday

I slept surprisingly well considering. It had rained in the night - our first rain - but by morning it had stopped. We packed early on but did not leave the hotel to start our way to Cardiff till 10:40 - after E. had said the hotel bill, which I am sure was enormous, though she seemed surprisingly calm.

Our good John Hunter was ready for us & off we went with real regrets at leaving the charming town of Carmarthen. The pretty Pembrokeshire streets. Our journey was very smooth through lovely hilly & valleys - he passed thru charming old villages - a little rain fell - mostly drizzle. I cannot do justice to the places we passed but at least I can give the itinerary.

Devils Cardiff from Brecon.

1. Llanthomas in Gloucestershire had a huge old church.
2. Cheltenham - a sizable spa with shops.
3. Gloucester with a huge cathedral wh. we viewed from the outside. The service was just over & we saw the mayor of Gloucester on a ladder & his ladies getting into the car.
4. Ross on Wye - 100m back
5. Monmouth - I see ~~was~~ <sup>we</sup> passed by lunch in a charming hotel called the Ring's Head. We saw an adorable hole.

- 6. Raglan - West of Caerleon -
- 7. Finally Cardiff.

I had warned E. that Cardiff was south Wales industrial but some friend of hers had recommended it - so it was on our program. We found the Park Hotel in the midst of the business center & 900 or more was depressed. We were shown rooms on the 3rd floor (next to each other) & I would have liked to stay, in peace, read, write - but No. It was 3 P.M. we must see a "light" - so - out we go E. & I to visit the Cardiff Castle. Only a short way from the hotel - a huge pile, very old - he had to join a huge company of sight seers & he guided by a proper guide - along bleak corridors, up walls & stairs. I for one was thoroughly fatigued - Oh Dear, Oh Dear.

He saw painted rooms, portraits, stained glass windows - but don't don't ask me the history. Though I have bought a pamphlet explaining its various owners through-out the centuries. It lies in the middle of the town, Cardiff Castle. Very fine I was near to them - when E. suggested we return to the hotel. I unpacked, washed out a night-gown & stockings - lay down & rested & read.

Then at 7:15 we went to have dinner in the huge dining room - after gin & tonic. We were in the lounge in a bit then came to E's room to watch television - a long and yawn with Vivien Leigh - then the news.

Cardiff was not the place to come & I should tomorrow. Poor Eleanor feels, at last, that she has made a mistake.



July 20 Monday

This was a day of some disappointment (not, on the whole, not bad). It started out by being rather cool, but with a lovely blue sky & the temperature rose as the day advanced. I had had a good night with half a pill - I was ready for anything. Our good chauffeur was due at 10.30.

Now the plan was to go to a nearby (some 5-6 miles away) place called St. Togan's where some kind of Welsh museum has been established, showing ancient houses, customs & what not. It transpired that this attraction had caught Eleanor's attention, by reason of an article in The N.Y. Times, a romantic description of art-loving Wales, with its center Cardiff - hence Eleanor's election to come to Cardiff! Poor dear, she should have known better. I would so much have preferred Cambridge or Devon or Cornwall. However also I said in an early letter was that Cardiff in the south was an industrial region & the romantic spots of Wales are in the north. However! Cardiff was decided upon & I felt that I had no time to say when E. was being so very generous to me.

So this was the morning set aside to see the interesting, enthralling, artistic St. Togan's near Cardiff & our faithful John Harper motored us there by 11 A.M. What was E.'s bitter disappointment to discover that this special museum was closed on Monday. Tablous! She really was annoyed - & I don't blame her. After much lamentation, it was decided that we try to go there tomorrow at 11 A.M. Spend 1 1/2

hours in this "fascinating" place, have dinner at a nearby hotel then proceed to Woodstock, our next & last stop before London. God! let it be accomplished without too much bother.

It was now 11:15 there were means of this before lunch. John came to our rescue and we began to drive around - <sup>about</sup> ~~around~~ the very pretty countryside. We took the Parthcawl to the edge of the Bristol Channel & we gazed at a roughish sea, took a windy walk along the promenade & saw trippers here there, enjoying the air.

Before some hour or half, John drove us to Lanlondrigo where we fell upon a small tea shop - very pretty - on the main road. E. & I went in & had each a Welsh rarebit & a cup of good coffee. Tannan. John went off on his own. He then drove back via St. Togan's to be sure to be able to have a meal at the nearby hotel tomorrow, before embarking on our long drive to Woodstock near Oxford.

Eleanor is such a kind soul & so generous, but her likes & dislikes are not mine. She doesn't read. She writes endless postcards, she likes to talk to strangers (they always respond) she wants to have breakfast at 9 A.M. whereas I am lost without cream & papers, like to have breakfast at 8 - want my tea at 4 - & feel shy about addressing unknown strangers. However, we seem to get on surprisingly well. I have been sorry for her over Cardiff but I knew this would happen & was more or less prepared.



(12)  
July 21 Tuesday

This was a beautiful summer day - but one of our less successful but in some ways. We packed early, as we were to leave our Condiff Hotel, The Park, for our next destination, Woodstock. Again breakfast at 9 - Eleanor, in her efficient way paid the bill, ordered our luggage downstairs & at 10:30 the wonderful John was on hand with his car.

Eleanor had arranged to begin the day, in spite of a long journey ahead of us, by going to St. Fagan's to view the Welsh Settlement Museum, which we missed yesterday because it was closed on Mondays. We were off at 10:30 as the place opens at 11. It is quite near Cardiff, about 20 mins. drive. John took the car with our luggage in the back to a car park behind the estate. We had no sooner started to view the immense place, when E. discovered she had not brought her camera. Disaster! She was so upset. I couldn't understand it. She said she would walk to the car park to get it. This was some 10-15 minutes' walk away. I warned her that John would probably not be on hand, that the car would be locked - but she was so upset that she said she would go. (I cannot understand why she was so frightened. I have an idea that she takes pictures on all her many journeys, makes slides of them & shows them on a screen at home to entertain her friends, herself incidentally.)

I sat on a bench in the pleasant open field, near a lily-disked pond, while E. walked off to the Car Park. It was just as I said - John was so white to her eyes & she even

69  
could not identify her car. Poor dear I was so sorry for her - her hand lamentations continued.

We then circulated this rather interesting National Museum of Wales. Old houses have been reconstructed, & placed at long intervals on grassy lawns. For instance a 1600 barn house, complete, a tanery - a carpenter and so on. It was a long walk, around winding paths - very pretty, & quite interesting but evidently a "sight" that Eleanor had seemed to see - ever since she had read the article in the N.Y. Times about it. The poor dear did admit that perhaps coming to Cardiff was a mistake.

At one o'clock as we left the "museum" we bought post cards, a very nice illustrated booklet, & E. was able to get "transparencies" for her screen at home but this was not the same as it would have been if she had taken her own pictures. We had a snack lunch at a cafe by the - gin - tonic, then a cold pie & salad - & as we had a long journey ahead, we embarked in our car & were off - destination The Bears Hotel, Woodstock.

It was a very pleasant long drive - our amiable John explained an itinerary - he by-passed several places we had touched on our way to Cardiff. The weather was fine, the green rolling hills very pretty in the sunshine. To begin with E. wanted to see the park at Cardiff, so we digressed a little - but soon were on our way. We reached Woodstock around 4:30 P.M. & stopped in front of the Bears Hotel on a quaint village street.

I did admire Eleanor's emphatic ways. The first rooms we were shown were up steep stairs, on different levels & E. said she



70  
learned not to mention! Other were found - big double rooms  
Nos. 8 & 7. Mine had an adjoining bathroom. E's was large & light.  
We found the whole hotel perfectly charming - quite as ex-  
ceptionally well as the Lygon Arms in Broadway.

Once we had our rooms, we decided to rest. I was very tired.  
I unpacked somewhat, lay down & read a few lines. At  
7:15 we proceeded to the bar for drinks - then with the very pretty  
Restaurant for dinner. Again E. insisted on a table much  
more attractive than the one assigned. I do admit his firm  
way. He keeps saying, "They try things on you. You must insist  
on getting what you want" - which I imagine is true.

We saw some television in E's big room. We were  
delighted to learn of the sudden death of Sir David Maxwell  
at the age of 56 - the Chancellor of the Exchequer who lived  
at 11 Downing St. next to the Prime Minister. An Evening News  
was at each door (what a tag it is! but in it was the im-  
portant spot news)

July 22 Wednesday

Our good weather continues. I had a rather restless night  
so had a skin breakfast - but found I was O.K. I'll rest in  
the day.

Our expeditions this time began at 10:30 when we  
motored to Bamberley, as E. was anxious to see this. An  
good John could repeat the nursery rhyme about  
Bamberley Cross, which I shall try to reproduce on the  
opposite page!

71  
Ride a cow-horse to Bamberley Cross  
To see a fine lady upon a fine horse  
Ring on the buxins & bells on her toes -  
She shall have nurse wherever she goes!

From there we drove to Sulgrave to see the ancestral home  
of George Washington. Cars had again not for the damn  
Thrip is closed on Wednesday! However, we saw the small village  
the stone building across a green meadow - & this was enough,  
though we were disappointed. From there we went to  
Bladen to the churchyard of St. Martin Bladen where all  
the Churchills are buried, including the Great Winston. It was  
very impressive - a simple village church, but we saw the  
Graves of Winston's father, mother, another, & son - how much  
more touching than a monument in Westminster Abbey.

We came back to the hotel & had lunch there (very delicious)  
& started out again at 2:30 for Blenheim. It is very near  
Woodstock - millions of visitors - A colossal pile - magni-  
ficent. We had a guide thru famous lavish rooms - tapestries  
portraits (the famous case of Cosmo's other tumbled furniture -  
good appointments. What a pile the whole thing is. We now  
have postcards of all these fascinating places - I can hardly  
weed them out in my own mind!

We each had rests after 4:30 - then drinks & dinner at 7:45  
then television in E's room. This was amusing - David was  
interviewing the actor, Austin Miller. We also looked at 10  
more orders supplied with good things!



Books read on my holidays:

- 1) Autobiography of Evid Baguel.
- 2) Princess Maria by Stella King
- 3) Collection of I. L. N. essays by Arthur Bryant
- 4) Memories by John Huxley
- 5) Pearl S. Buck by Theodore F. Harris (a biography)
- 6) Autobiography of Stein Dameron vol II
- 7) My Father, Joseph Conrad by Berys Conrad.
- 8) Excerpts from Shaw's autobiography by Stanley Weintraub.



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