

Diary 1949



DIARY  
of  
A SUMMER HOLIDAY  
July - August  
1949.

July 2nd Saturday

The day of departure arrived at last. All our chores had been done - things packed away - keys in order - money paid out - Whew! what a botheration! I am so glad at that sort of thing. Sofia had departed on June 30<sup>th</sup> + Pareskari had been installed.

We were up betimes (too early) + had breakfast at 7:30. At 9:30 we took Suleiman's car to Yezilköy to board our plane. We handed our keys + last instructions to Pareskari - waved goodbye to Whitmans, George Allen, Frank Potts + Bob as they stood at the door of the gate - were off! Now I must not worry about the house or the servants, the garden or the kileys (who are to be our tenants till we return), but give myself up to the spirit of adventure! Not so easy.

It was a fine blue day, when we got to the airport, we discovered new buildings had been added - many energetic people were buzzing about our silver K.L.M. Constellation - stood waiting.



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I am a fool about flying. I imagine  
all possible calamities - I am  
always surprised to arrive at my  
destination intact. We were shep-  
herded into our plane on time -  
& were off on the minute 1 P.M.  
Another passenger was an old pupil  
of mine - (Schea Teltah) - now married  
to a Turkish official in the Embassy  
in Rome. She looked very handsome  
& prosperous in a pretty blue linen  
dress - Other passengers were a  
motley crew - most of them terribly  
energetic. One Dutchman got up  
& wandered around at least seven  
times. I felt ready to chase him.

The stewardess was a perfectly  
beautiful blond Dutch girl -  
with the bluest eyes in the world,  
only hair under her jaunty cap,  
& every language at her command.  
We were treated like privileged  
passages. At 1:30 we were served  
dinner on cardboard trays - very  
good. Most of the journey was smooth.  
There were bumps, however, especi-  
ally when we left the sea & flew  
over the Apennines. Four hours  
from the time we left (that is at  
5 P.M.) we arrived at the huge  
Rome airport. It was only 3 P.M.  
by Rome time. Saw the world -  
Italy - the campagna - the Forum -  
Too sudden a change.

While we were still at the Customs, a K. H. M. official came up to us to say that only one plane in the Geneva plane had been booked for us tomorrow, instead of two. There was a howl. We asked when was the next - not till Friday! He suggested Mrs. Scott go on to Geneva tomorrow, then, Scott later! When we reached Rome by airport bus, we went straight to the K. H. M. office to find out what could be done about our journey. We spent three two unpleasant hours! It seems that the Rome office had telegraphed Istanbul to the effect that only one passage on to Geneva was available. But they had failed to let us know though Scotty had telephoned the day before we left Wash. & all were well.

It was Saturday afternoon and all higher officials were off - so we had the office of a time. At one moment, they even did not want to give us more than one hotel coupon for our night's stay! We argued & lost our temper. Finally a blue-eyed man, more amenable than the others, said he would make inquiries perhaps we could go tomorrow. In the meanwhile we were to be given accommodation at the Hotel de la Ville near the Piazza di Spagna - we were to go to the airport in the A. M.

on the chance of a place for both.

We reached the Hotel, more quiet - pleasant room (its only defect was the fact that it was over the open air restaurant, where an orchestra played till 2:30 P.M. - all right for me, but bad for Sally) & then we had a very good dinner in the restaurant with fine Italian wine & real gorgonzola. But we could not go to bed at once but had to have a night stroll.

We didn't go far - only down the street past our old Pension Suisse - along the street that runs by the American Express, past Keats' House, & thence to the Forum - looking up the Spanish Steps, where tired couples & young lovers lingered - back again. In white we ran into none other than Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker, from Beirut, who had been our guest only the day before in Istanbul. She had had a fine trip to Sweden & was back in Italy for the rest of her vacation.

To bed at 10 Rome time - 12 by our own watches.

July 3rd Sunday

Up early in with a rather poor restaurant, still cluttered up with the remains of last night's festivities. The weather was perfect - cloudless sky - sun - no wind. Real Roman weather.

5.

At the hot airport, we were  
annoyed, almost at once, that there  
were two places for us to Geneva -  
so we sighed with relief. Again I  
was assailed with fears about our  
flight. I said to myself - "why  
subject yourself to these tremors  
when you are supposed to be travel-  
ling for pleasure?" But reason  
has nothing to do with them -

We got in at 10. The plane was a  
2 engine affair - narrow, new  
& smaller. We had no sooner begun  
to warm up & taxi a little, than  
the steward (no blue-eyed stewards  
this time) announced that there was  
something wrong with the engine -  
we would all have to get out, stay  
at the airport "for about an hour"  
while the repair gang worked on it.  
So out we filed, leaving our luggage  
behind. This was a pleasant

effort for an apprehensive soul!  
Would the repair gang really repair  
the engine? Would they forget a  
screw? What really was the trouble?  
And so on. As we waited, I watched  
a priest at a nearby table pray  
with a small boy; several men  
sat demurely waiting, reading their  
prayer books; other plane groups  
kept coming & going from arriving  
& departing planes -

Finally at 11:30 we were told  
we would re-board our plane.

Notwithstanding all my fears, I have to confess that the plane was as like a dream & speed thru the air at a perfectly steady pace. Smooth as silk, all the way to Geneva. Again, we had lunch on board & were given illustrated magazines to read. He counted ~~six~~ empty seats & wondered where the legend of no more places had arisen. He spoke to a young Englishman, who was on his way to South America - he said he always flew by K. L. M. because of its excellent reputation. He had flown thousands of miles.

As we neared Switzerland, we flew over peaks & crags, snow capped mountains & deep ravines - a most wonderfully spectacular journey. We caught sight of Lake Annecy - & soon of Lake Lemano. At 3:30 we arrived safely at Geneva & breathed a sigh & knew that our flying was over.

We were taken to the station & then down nearly Hotel International - a modest, but most comfortable hotel, beautifully managed. We had a large room plenty of space for clothes & wash basins, a sofa & writing table - very nice.

We had to go out after 5 o'clock to see the town. The lake, Mont Blanc, & all the rest. What a charming place! The lake was sparklingly blue

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adorned with sailing boats. The shops were full of merchandise - chocolate abounded every brand of cigarette, American, English, Swiss - Along the lake front, we gazed at the many hotels - some barbers obtruded to our taste - We had dinner in the garden of the Hotel & very good it was - a letter to Aunt Annie - & so to bed.

July 24<sup>th</sup> Monday

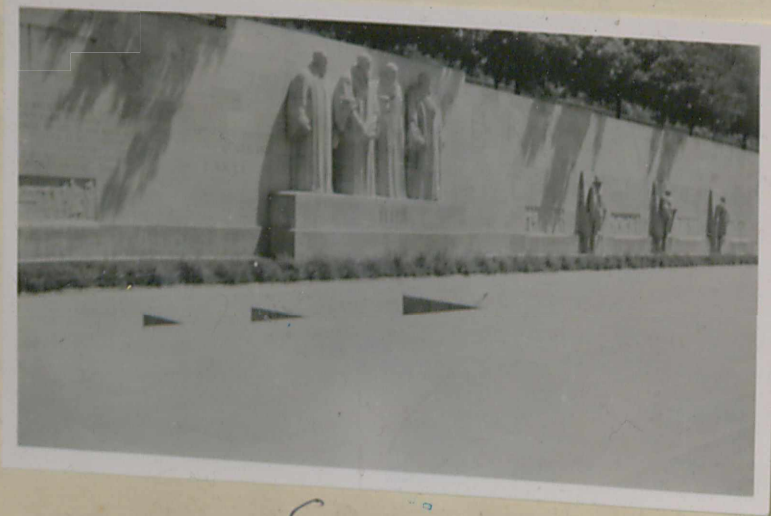
After breakfast at 8 (inside) we took a morning walk to the old part of the city. We crossed the swift running Rhone & climbed a hill to the Cathedral, which was surrounded by rather old houses, picturesquely grouped on the slopes. At lunch time, we were back near the main street, found a pavement restaurant, where we had lunch, as we watched the passing scene. Everyone apparently, in Geneva, rides a bicycle. People were tearing away at a great rate, I suppose going to lunch at home - old & young, men & women, rich & poor. We see stacks of bicycles parked at various points, completely unguarded - & we marvel thereat.

We went into a delightful book shop, where we bought stationery -





GENEVA



GENEVA

8

so different from that on 'Stilled  
Codessi'! - forged French & English  
books of all kinds.

he had forgotten it was the glorious  
Fourth. Dearly hangs a tale. he had  
wanted to look up the Posts. I suggested  
doing so yesterday, but Howard feared  
(quite erroneously) that they would  
demand too much of our time, so he  
put off calling them up till 3:30 P.M. He  
got Dr. Post quite early, asked if we  
might come out to see them at Coligny,  
in a pretty a nearly hillside suburb.  
He said they were coming in to Geneva  
for a reception at the American Consulate  
for the Fourth. So they then suggested  
we hop in to a taxi, & come & see them  
for half an hour. Dr. Post answered,  
"I must see my wife." He was away  
from the phone for five minutes & so they  
thought he would not return! But he  
did, & said very lamely that they were  
meeting friends to go to Geneva & that  
it would not be possible for us to come!  
I am quite sure Madame was not en-  
thusiastic when one considers our  
opinion of her. I am not surprised!  
I am disappointed not to see the Posts  
on their house - I am curious about them.  
he never shall see them now. Too bad  
we didn't telephone on Sunday, when  
we arrived.

he went for a second walk in the P.M.

and had an aperitif near a bridge and an old tower. Dinner in the garden again - had a last walk in the evening to see the lights twinkling above the lake - & the prosperous town square & many tourists taking the evening air.

I forgot to say we visited the university in the morning - & took pictures of the Calvin Memorial wall - a monument to Protestantism - rather refreshing after the ten thousand Catholic monuments one sees in Europe. It seems Aunt Win's shell had been near the university in the first world war years - in Rue de la Patrouille (I remember the address) but we had forgotten it at the time we were near by. I had. I friendly telephone from Louis Jaquet at Aubonne  
July 5<sup>th</sup> Tuesday

After breakfast & a short walk, we decided we would go by train to Bâle on the 10:51 instead of later. Why not? We were so near the station that our green-aproned hotel porter wheeled our luggage a block or so & we followed in his wake. The trip in the clean, electrified Swiss train was very pleasant. It took four hours with a change at Biel (Bieme) - We passed historic places on the way, such as Yverdon & Coppet & Yverdon - We had an excellent lunch in the train - & felt replete!

We arrived at Bâle at 3:20 & our hotel (arranged thru Cooks in Geneva) was the Continental across the road from the station - We were not too pleased with it. Our room was small & ugly, if clean.



Our hotel in Bâle - ugly but clean.

We took a long walk into the city, which we found very things - we wanted to find the Rhine, which we finally did - flanked by substantial bridges lined with old houses. Bâle, too, was full of bicyclists - the buildings had a Teutonic look - so did some of the people. Our light supper at an outdoor cafe was rather a washout. Quailies which we ordered turned out to be rather leathery pancakes (!) but the coffee was good - as most Swiss coffee is. We were rather tired with our train journey, so our long walk into the city, so we retired early & slept well.

July 6<sup>th</sup> Wednesday

We had a short stroll after breakfast - then packed, bought chocolate & croissants at a very nice pastry shop - & boarded our train for Strasbourg at 12:05. Before we were off, we passed through the customs - Swiss - then French - but in a few moments after leaving Bâle we would be in France. We passed the Vosges mts. in the distance along the pretty countryside & reached Strasbourg at 2:05 - drove from the station to la maison Rouge.

This hotel was recommended to us by Miss Beyer - It was delightful, but rather more expensive than others we had stayed at. It faces the central square of the town la Place Kléber - a great open space, surrounded by



Strasbourg Cathedral

some modern & many old, old buildings with steep roofs, pantries & dormer windows - the kind you see in illustrations of Grimm's Fairytales. An room was high up - on the fifth floor. It contained a small platform at one side on which was a table & 2 chairs. From this platform we had a fine view over the Place & obliquely to the great spire of the wonderful cathedral that dominates the town.

meted bathes then had to go out to explore a little - he came upon some bond damage, (Americans bombed Strasbourg in 1944 to eliminate the Germans who had held the city since 1940.) many lovely old wooden houses with carved wood façades. The cathedral was truly a marvellous example of medieval architecture was constantly visited by tourists - both French & foreign. We came back to the Place Kleber & had to have an aperitif - du bonnet à l'eau (what nice!) & watch the crowds. Occasionally we saw a jeep & American soldier. Strasbourg is a favorite "home" city for the occupation forces in Germany - One is reminded constantly that it is a border town - just over the way is Germany & the Black Forest. The natives speak a patois - often in Alsace we found people who only spoke German - he had dinner on the



Maison Kammerzell  
Strasbourg

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open air terrace in front of the hotel -  
very "swish", very good for two expensive.  
On evening stroll - so to bed.

July 7<sup>th</sup> Thursday

This turned out to be a huge day. In  
the a.m. Suster just made arrange-  
ments with a taxi man to drive us out  
to Tenberg & St. Avoled tomorrow. Then  
he wanted to look up a professor of  
Pharmacy, who had been at Istanbul  
University, was a friend of Tommy's  
& had had the one at our house - by  
name Professor Pierre Duquenois. In  
Suster's usual manner, he gave the  
poor man no warning. He simply  
took the tram out to the School of  
Pharmacy & asked for the professor.  
He was (naturally) greatly astonished  
but his good manners came to the  
rescue at once & he asked us to come  
to his house at 2:30 - His wife would  
show us the town. He was in the midst  
of examinations himself. Poor wife,  
Thought I!

He was shown his specimens (he is  
professor of vegetable chemistry) in a  
large laboratory museum & then went  
back to the hotel for a thin lunch of 2  
patés + a bar of chocolate.

At 2:30 we repaired to the Duquenois  
apartment & met Madame. A nicer, more  
genuine, more intelligent person you  
couldn't wish to meet! She had said  
that she, too, had been in Istanbul, had



MUSÉE ALSACIEN - L'ENTRÉE DE LA COUR

13.

worked at Euroba Hospital, knew Phoebe & Aunt Annie - was a good friend of Sadiya Annis! She is a doctor, Russian. We were given coffee & then started out to see the town. We went across the Brangerie built by Napoleon - quite near their flat, then on into the town. Our chief objective was the Hospital (in which Madame Duquenois works three afternoons a week), but en route we visited two wonderful old, old hosteries or inns - decked up with old-world objects. The Hospital is unique in that part of it is very, very old - we were taken all over it - women's pavilion, children's department - everywhere - & told tales of the German occupation. We talked & listened to French all the time - interesting but boring. As a matter of fact, I was becoming quite exhausted, as we neared our hotel at last. But no, we mustn't go in yet - we went up to a roof restaurant for an ice - to see a view over the city. Then on top of it all we had to promise to dine with them that evening at 7:30.

They nearly killed us with kindness. We had a delicious meal - stalked & tacked. For our Scotty had the floor as his French is so much better than mine. We sat on till 10:15. Other two kind creatures came out with us & put us on our bus - By the time we got to our hotel, I was almost blind with fatigue.

July 8<sup>th</sup> Friday

The day of our pilgrimage filled from morning to night with heart-breaking thoughts of our darling David. Everywhere I tried to picture his reaction to the scenes around us — what did he think about, when he was in this countryside? How did it happen? How did it happen that a child of the Prophets, of Beerfeld & Pennington should have found — & lost himself, in this country of Alsace? There is no answer —; there is no solace; there really is no comfort anywhere.

Before we started out in our taxi, we had to have one more look at the magnificent cathedrals. (Men build cathedrals to God, beautiful to behold; men make wars, hideous in their wickedness. How reconcile the two?) It looked fine in the clear morning light of a fine summer day.

At 11 we got into a roomy car, stowed our luggage behind + started out to our first destination, Lemberg. The country around about was at first flat — rolling in the sunshine — dotted with fields of ripening crops (I never forget that David saw it only in December), but more as we proceeded after an hour or half, we reached Lemberg, a small town, set on a ridge with a road leading up to it, on one of the slopes. We stopped our car on the main street — a steep one — & got out to

look the place over. We saw signs on many houses of bombardment - that is rock marked walls & broken roofs. A kindly middle-aged woman was leaning out of the window, which was brightened by a window box of red geraniums. She spoke to her. Yes, she had been here during the whole of the war. She remembered Dec. 6, 1944, today the Americans began their assault on the town. But the German had been in occupation for four years - were strongly entrenched - it took the Americans many weeks to dislodge them. People lived in their cellars most of the time.

We moved on to the very old church, which was being repaired. It had been badly crushed about. Then we walked further along till we reached the lumber school house. It was about a quarter to one - groups of children were standing about, waiting for the afternoon bell to ring. The schoolmaster came out - a ready looker, but intelligent Frenchman - whom I met at once began to talk to. He said a great deal about Lemberg's punishment in 1944. A border town, in a border province get all the crooks. He told him about David - Ah, he said, votre fils migne - He told us his wife had been killed by a bomb in a nearby village. She was in their own house then - a bomb made a direct hit. The schoolmaster had been young in 1914 - & was recruited into the German army then. When he came



after the war. to teach at Kamburg - now taken  
 over from Germany, most of the French  
 children couldn't speak French! All this,  
 however was changed now.

There was bright sunshine - we took a  
 picture or two but I fear, with little success.  
 It is years since I used my camera & I am  
 not very good at it. We got back into  
 our car, had our rather simple lunch of  
 a banana or two, a croissant & chocolate.  
 We drove on for another hour or so to St.  
 Amand - first finding the railway station -  
 then disembarking our car, we took the bus  
 into the center of the town. Here we asked  
 a casual inhabitant the way to the new  
 American Military Cemetery - & when  
 we had it was about a kilometer away.  
 The town was far from prepossessing -  
 dusty, shabby - a little slipshod.

We took the appointed road, which  
 led us out of the town up a steep hill,  
 then along a very dusty, long, sandy  
 road - It was hot & fatiguing.  
 Finally, we caught sight of an Ameri-  
 can flag at half mast on the top of  
 a woody hill. There were signs at  
 various points that no visitors were  
 permitted as yet, as the cemetery is  
 still under construction. However,  
 we were armed with special permission  
 & the young American soldier at the  
 barrier let us through, & telephoned  
 to the head, Captain Schwarz, that  
 we were coming.

A long road led to a group of temporary buildings, the main one being the Captain's very nice reception office - with guest book & plans complete. He was a tall raw boned, kindly Texan - not too bright. He chatted along & then took us to the hill behind, where the cemetery lay. He guided us thru hundreds of crosses to the cross we had come to see. There it was - unmistakable - his name & number. We put on his grave a bunch of white & pink carnations that we had bought in Sharbang, in one of the old market squares & showed these 2 pictures.

This cemetery is one of 3 permanent American cemeteries in France. It will contain at least 12,000 bodies of American soldiers. It is to have a chapel & to be laid out with grass but the soil is sandy & hard to grow things in. The captain told us that many soldiers - particularly air men - had been buried where they fell - all were to be remembered here. A desolate heart-breaking conversation, it seemed to us.

As you stand at the cemetery edge, you see a pretty valley on your right & in front on the other side, a border of pleasant woods. But all I could think of was Desolation, Desolation.

We got a taxi back to the station - leaving the busy little American center behind - we caught a train - very local & provincial - to Metz,

which we reached quickly - in 2 hours' time. Due we went to the Hotel Royal within walking distance of the rather massive Dextonia Railway Station had a breakfast room on the second floor - with hot cold water, a large wardrobe & comfortable beds. After a wash, we sauntered out for dinner found a Cafe Metropole where we had a very excellent meal - with appropriate wine & cheese in the French manner.

We were very tired - & went early to bed - each of us silent with too many thoughts of love & life, war & death - the bitter blows that fate can deal to pitiful mankind.

July 9<sup>th</sup> Saturday

It is only a week today since we left Shodorus Cottage - How full it has been packed - Rome, Geneva, Pale, Strasbourg, Lemberg, St. Rued & Metz. We had rather a poor breakfast - thin chicky coffee & not very well croissants. We went out for a morning walk - to the Esplanade, where Sully's battery was re-erected at the end of the last war by Marshall Petain. We went to the market beyond the very fine cathedral. We saw casernes - many reminders of war - this has always been a garrison town - from 1870-1914 German - from 1918-1939 French. Many of the buildings are very German - built of heavy, solid red stone - The R.R. Station was one of the large, rather fine and impressive Post Office.

It was in this Post Office that Scott

One day in late 1918, in his hour of leisure, went  
 in to post a letter (to me. I wonder -? I doubt it)  
 & ran into Elvise Heuguenin, whom he didn't  
 know was in town. She, too, was in uniform,  
 working for the Foyer des Soldats. He had to  
 go into the Post office & send her a post card to  
 let her know he had remembered, after 30  
 years - he stopped twice for pavement  
 cafe' refreshments - once for coffee opposite  
 the Esplanade; once for beer & dubonnet  
 à l'eau opposite the station. - It is the  
 greatest amusement to sit at a cafe' &  
 watch the passing show - in this case very  
 French provincial, very Catholic. -

He caught the 1:20 train to Paris. It was  
 a very long, dirty ride & our compartment  
 seemed very narrow & crowded. Fortunately  
 by Switz had reserved seats. In one  
 corner sat an industrious French woman  
 who knitted continuously for five solid  
 hours & in that time completed almost  
 a whole glove, made with cotton in an  
 openwork pattern. Her young daughter of  
 10 or 12 sat opposite reading a French  
 fairy tale. As we neared Paris we be-  
 gan to pass famous names - Châlons-sur-  
 Marne, Belleau Woods, Château Thierry -  
 bringing back poignant memories.  
 We crossed the winding Meuse several  
 times - the country round about was  
 beautiful in its summer fruitfulness.  
 I have noticed that French trains have  
 greatly improved in smooth running.  
 They used to sway very much - & make a  
 great rattle. They are now much better.

We arrived at the Gare de l'Est 40 mins. late as we had been slightly delayed by a "hot box." There was a tremendous crowd, but we managed to get a porter + then a taxi + came out to our hotel - le Royal, 212 Boulevard Raspail - just where it crosses Boulevard Montparnasse - on the left bank, some way from the river. Fausseville had told us, or it we had written for a room. They gave us Room 13 with a bath - It was more expensive than others, but when we saw it, we couldn't resist the comfort + roominess - so we stayed there. Such a good bath as we had, took suite, + then wandered out for dinner. Restaurants abounded on all hands - we were rather non-plussed as to where to go. We decided finally on la Palette where we had an excellent meal but found it too expensive. We took a very short stroll afterwards, to get the taste again - the magical taste of Paris - And so to bed, where we slept soundly.

### July 10<sup>th</sup> Sunday.

le Royal has no proper restaurant, but a small place in front, where you can get light refreshments + snacks + drinks. It was here that we had breakfast - very good, with hot coffee + very fresh croissants + bread. I began a letter to Sarah - but before I had finished we decided to be off to explore.

We took a bus to the Pont St. Michel + were delighted to see our famous Perogourdine Restaurant on the Place St. Michel still in tact, looking very popular + gay with flowers - we walked along



Boat stalls on the Seine  
Paris

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Le quai des Grands Augustins but alas our dear  
Auberge du Navigateur, no longer exists. It has  
been turned into an antique shop. But how  
familiar everything else was - the noble  
prie of Notre Dame, the booths along the  
Seine, many of them open, even though it was  
Sunday, the river itself with its everlastingly  
patient fishermen, the bridges - the crowds -  
he said to ourselves Paris is still Paris.  
he wandered into Notre Dame - sat on a  
bench in the general sunshine in the court  
at the back, watched a crowd of "veterans"  
with regimental flags welcome a general  
& march into the Cathedral. Then back to  
our hotel by metro.

We had a somewhat unsatisfactory  
lunch in the snack bar of our hotel - after  
that a long rest. Then I washed my hair  
in our bathroom (very much needed  
after our daily hair journey). I finished  
my letter to Sarah.

In the evening we had dinner at a  
funny little restaurant Bria - cheap but  
nice eating. Afterward we had coffee at  
le Dôme - the huge pavement café, which  
occupies one corner of the Boulevard  
Montparnasse - I was vividly reminded  
of Wagon Powell - who took all of us -  
Uncle Robert, Aunt Medea, Ursula & ourselves  
there for coffee in 1938 (was it?) & exclaimed  
over & over again on the enchantment  
of the Parisian scene. How she adored  
the city. Le Dôme is always full -  
strange people, tourists, artists, French &  
strangers mingle without ceasing.

July 11<sup>th</sup> Monday

A fine day - with sunshine - not too hot. Our first move was to go to the British R.R. office near La Madeleine to get our passage booked for England. It was a very long passage we decided on - Dieppe - Newhaven - 3 hrs - what a process getting the damn tickets. The place was full of people getting tickets for every route - Calais - Dover - Boulogne - Folkestone - St. Malo - Southampton, as well as Dieppe - Newhaven. We settled on Wednesday, July 13<sup>th</sup>.

Next, like good Americans, we went to the American Express, Rue Scribe (Kee!). There were 2 letters for me - one from Aunt Annie, who is enjoying Vichy - & one from Anna Brown, whom we shall miss, Dan sorry to say, both in Paris & in London, as she crosses the Channel the same day we do, in the opposite direction.

When we were about to leave the Tour. Express when should we run into but a heavy or rather friends: Eugene Pringle, Betty Lou Fustenberg, <sup>she is</sup> Dorothy Morse. Much chattering naturally followed. She & Betty too are staying at the same hotel as the Johnsons - Hotel St. Louis, 75 Rue St. Louis en l'Isle - we suggested coming round to see them in the evening -

Back to our hotel for a thin lunch of waffles & chocolate, & a short rest, then out again to the bureau. We had to go into the bureau again - even though it's immensely appalling. We con-

Centered on old favorites: the victory of Samothrace at the top of the stairs; Venus de Milo in front of her danc'ed red curtain; the Mona Lisa, looking as serene as ever; the fine Van Dyck's & Rembrandt's - all as beautiful as ever. Though Paris has been thru such dark days since last we saw them. What a noble collection of buildings, the palace or the tower is - a splendid conception.

We hoped Jim Fowler might call at our hotel as I had left a note for him but he did not appear. So we went to the St. Louis Hotel to see the Johnsons. Heavens! what a tumble hotel. It is darksome & shabby - an old house run by a madame, who shouts genially up the stairs to notify her tenants of guests. We climbed many narrow stairs to the Johnsons' room on the top floor, under the roof. Simple wit the word. But they were in fine better thought everything about Paris was warmellous. Outside their windows were tiny balconies they looked across a very narrow street to other balconies with other windows, just over the way - neighbors wit the word! Bettyton & Thea came in (they share a room lower down) we soon migrated to a cafe on the Ile de la Cite, immediately under the apex of Notre Dame - so close that the gargoyles leaned down upon our heads! Here we had aperitifs - my first taste of Pernod - strong, but nice.



The morning paper had news of a disaster in India on a K.L.M. Constellation, in which 13 American newspaper men & women were killed - among them Kinckelbocker. What a blow to the reputation of that line - & how ripe as it does a similar disaster near Bari, in Italy, late in June (the plane that had brought these same correspondents out to India). It seems really queer of this crash but did not tell me it escaped my notice - as we ourselves were to leave on July 2nd on a K.L.M. Constellation.

After a long rest, Swifty felt better - less depressed & no longer faint. He started off on a wild shopping expedition, as I was given my first pocket money! He bought this that. I got a slipstern Etam (two expensive 1000 fr. that is about \$9.50) soap, needles + a book, the Ballad and the Sinner by Raymond Klueman. It was approposely warm, we had a lemonade at Les Deux Magots then back again to the Hotel - in the evening, we dined at Le Campolo our best & most tasty restaurant so far - and not too expensive, which was cheering. I had in fair time, waiting for a good chance crossing in the morning.

### July 13<sup>th</sup> Wednesday

We were off a little too early from our hotel to the Gare St. Lazare - Our boat train left in good time & the way to Dieppe was very comfortable. Again, I repeat that French rolling stock has improved. We had a very good dinner on the train - in the Dining Car - which also

helped to pass the time. We boarded a very sturdy channel steamer - there were crowds & crowds of people - sprung off on the minute. There was a plague up above the stairs saying that this ship had plied the Channel as a troop & hospital ship during four years of the war.

The most tedious part of the journey was getting off the steamer (only one gang plank - there should have been at least two) & going through the Customs - which was long but easy. On the train from Newhaven, we had our first English meal - tea - & very good it was. We arrived at Victoria on time 7:19 - & took a taxi at once to 7 Endsleigh Garden, passing Buckingham Palace first (the proper way to enter London) & seeing landmarks at every turn. Some damage at once caught the eye - but not too much. Mr. & Mrs. Robinson welcomed us very warmly. We were shown our room at the back on the entrance floor. I was rather depressed by it - I haven't yet got to like it! There is no outlook at all - merely a blank wall (the wall of Grand's house, by the way) - it is too small. Its worst feature, however, is that the two lights are so constructed that they do not go on together - so when I am in bed, he can read nicely by the light over his head - whereas the light at my end of the room won't go on. Of all the dastardly economical machinations!!

he was scarcely unpacked & had just begun to read an nice bunch of mail, when Maud Pountree arrived to bid us a welcome. She is a kind soul - but oh dear - what an unattractive exterior! - Her hair is ho-dragged - she is fat & ungainly - her dresses are always a somewhat ambiguous color. She gave us a lot of local news about this relative that I shall live with her; & Mene Pauline are married - have children - He seems serious enough. I doubt whether she nurses her good Maurice. He corresponds with all the world.

For several days now - ever since waking up all over Scarborough with Maud. Duzgreusis. I have been bothered by a very sore & very swollen left foot. It was bad on my arrival in England. I had no idea what made it so painful. There were awful moments, when I feared I might have phlebitis! - however, I hope it will pass itself.

July 14 Thursday

Am just real day in London! Am first day since 1936 - It was awful. Bft is at 8:30 when the household is summoned by a very loud bell. This seems late but I expect we shall get used to English hours. Bft was fairish - tea to drink, cornflakes, + a "dish" of sorts - fish this time. The maid is a peasant Lithuanian, with not too much English. She is a D.P. wants to go to Canada to join a brother there - She is earning her

way by working for the kind Robinsons. She  
was very busy giving us all a wide grin,  
by way of a good morning.

He began our day by going to the  
Ration Board to get our points. It was  
a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  d. bus ride to Camden town in a  
rather poor district, but the people  
who saw it ~~was~~ were so nice - so kind & polite.  
From there we went to my old Reims  
to see if they could re-wire my instru-  
ments. They are in just the same spot -  
30 Charnip Cross Rd. but they said they  
had no Sinton's spare parts, so we were  
advised to seek out the Sinton's  
people on Orchard street.

He went on to the city by bus to  
find our base: Glyn Mills. Here we  
did see terrific damage. Around St.  
Paul's there are wastes, much rede-  
wasting was going on - but anyone  
can see the bombing was very serious  
here. He was waited upon by such  
a nice person at the Bank. As we  
left Beatty said, he'll not get tickets  
for Black Chiffon, with Flora Robinson  
this very minute for this very afternoon  
matinee which we did! Just like  
drama. started country cousin down  
the Bogshaws - he got them at Keith  
Prowse - an expensive way - but we  
felt lavish.

He lunched at a place called  
Simpson's Tavern - in the city - down  
dark stairs to a crowded dining room,  
nearly full of men only. A very good lunch.

We took a bus - a busride - from the city all the way to the Westminster Theatre, met her from Victoria, arrived just in time - 2:30 for the matinee. What a clever play, show superbly acted. Flora Robson was magnificent. - but everyone was good. The cast was well chosen. We enjoyed every moment of it. When we got back by bus we were tired but triumphant. We dined at the Connaught Hotel on Hobson Place - very bourgeois - not exciting but sufficient. We ought to have slept well but we didn't. Too much London to think about!

July 15 Friday

We had telephoned to Anita on our arrival on Thursday A.M. & she had invited us to dinner tonight at her house. Our morning was spent separately, Suetty going to the Consulate The Tailor & I by No. 73 bus to Oxford Street to window shop for the most part. I am greatly struck by the lovely things I see in the shops. They are expensive to be sure - not as bad as surber, but dearer than in U.S.A. Suetty & I arranged to meet in the Tobacco Section of Selfridges which we did. We went up to their restaurant for lunch & he urged me to buy some pink heads I had my eye on - which I readily did! We came home by underground (Suetty's favourite method of travel) & had short rests.

That kind briefed Davis called us at 5:50 in his car to drive us to Highgate.

What a nice man he is! - sensitive, clever, responsive - he drove due north - in 25 mins. or so we were at Rock House in its quiet square. We met Jennifer + Rachel before Greta, as she had been delayed by a meeting. They are the loveliest maidens. Jennifer is very tall - a little too tall for a girl - + Rachel is ever so much prettier than she promised to be when she was younger. It was her 15<sup>th</sup> birthday - but she was having her party the following day.

The girls were off to a party at school + had an early supper. So we four had our meal together later - very good it was - so easily produced (How do these countries or mine do it?) Afterwards coffee, cigarettes + good talk in the upstairs drawing room. When we left it was pouring but Wilfred insisted on driving us home. Too much.

### July 16 Saturday

The morning I spent in writing, while Swoty went off to tailor + consulate. When he came back, we lunched at the Endsleigh Hotel - but found it rather poor - cheap + billing, but the service was indifferent.

After a short rest, we took the underground about 3:30 to the National Gallery, where we saw first the Pictures from Munich - then later some of the other collections. We also went then to the National Portrait Gallery. It was about 5 + we both felt somewhat warm, so we went downstairs for a cup

There we ran into Clara Leil & Clara's sister, Mary Carr, who were having their tea, before they saw the pictures, which Leil said was the proper way to do! He only exchanged a word with them.

After tea, we took No. 13 bus, just like that to London Bridge for old time's sake. Interesting ride - but again we were appalled at the devastation of the bowels, first in the city, & then on the south bank of the Thames. No bowels had dropped on South-western Cathedral, however. We went in, but were soon shooed out as it was closing time - 6 P.M. Too bad. We wandered over the way to look at Guy's Hospital to remember death - the early buildings were very old & warm - The doorkeeper allowed us to wander them to the west courtyards. Guy's was used as a carnally clearing house at the time of the Bombing. To judge from the losses of London Bridge Station, it must have been severe. We also saw the Gange Inn - still untouched & intact - half hidden away among tall buildings - quite difficult to find. We took a bus back to our part of town & decided to have a light supper so chose the 2 to fourchette at the Cumberland Hotel. I was not very pleasantly struck by the Cumberland - It is too big - full of foreigners - many of them Jews. We had only a fairish meal, which was more expensive than it need have been.

As we came out of the Cumberland, we saw groups of people, listening to the orators in Hyde Park. + we joined the ambling crowd. Really, what an amusing performance. Several of the orators were out right Communists, denouncing the Capitalists - some traitors; one orator was a negro from Jamaica, pleading for his underpaid countrymen; one was a Catholic speaking on Catholic Evidence; two rather spiritual working men represented Kingsway Hall + talked about religion + loving God. A revivalist meeting, with hymns was going on in one spot. The audience looked amused, sceptical, disgusted in turn. Household Bobbies stood about with their hands behind their backs - perfectly unheeded. What a healthy country this is! he got home by 9:30 - had a bath + so to bed.

### July 17 Sunday

Time o'clock breakfast. Too late to suit us. We had rather a lazy morning - but towards 12 we walked to Torrington Square, where Helen + Edna Walker stayed in 1936. Their old pension is still standing but has been absorbed by the University. The opposite side (where Stownd's hostel was) was entirely demolished by bomb + fire. Only grass + weeds grow where houses once stood - the University will build on that ground - in fact, a new building was fast erecting - much at the Cora Hotel.

At 2 P.M. the Dairies called for us to drive us all the way to Tadworth, to see Eudyn.





Evelyn Frost's house  
Gate House  
Tadworth Road  
Tadworth, Surrey

It was a pleasant drive. The girls had to go by train, because we were too many. He dropped them at London Bridge. I had forgotten how nice Evelyn's house is - what a darling person she is herself. I saw her 10 year old Christine, who is very much like Greta. Barnaby was in shorts - or sweater - very countryified. We had a big crowd - ten. We sat about in the garden, had our pictures taken, staked. Evelyn gave us a most sumptuous sit down tea in the dining-room, produced as by magic. I keep seeing her parents in Evelyn. Her eyes are Robert's; her manners, her mother's.

We started back at 6:30 - called for the girls at Charing Cross station. Then Evelyn insisted he take us all to supper. We went to the Cafe Bleu, a rather nice French restaurant in Soho. I would see that Greta was very tired, but she revived somewhat after supper. She is worried & too thin. It is Wilfred's trouble that casts a shadow over her. If it is as bad as the doctor says - it is real tragedy. He looks well - though Evelyn thinks his color isn't good - perhaps not. We had had a long & fatiguing day, even if it was very enjoyable.

July 18 Monday

The day was made memorable because I bought a "utility" fur coat for £37.15.6 as well as a black suit for £7.16.6. A

lot of money to spend. I hope I shall regret it. Surely, in his generous way, says I must go right ahead. He would never begrudge anything. Last winter I was so cold most of the time that I began to talk about getting a fur coat in England - in January! And now I have one. There had to wait till my 60<sup>th</sup> year before buying myself a fur coat. Surely, I have earned it by this time.

He had our lunch at the Cafeteria of D. H. Evans. Found it very good - very cheap - he shall come again! He got home at 3:30 had a rest - went to the Russell Hotel for dinner, where we were properly asked. No good.

At 8 we went to call on Ada - met her. Her son was had quite a nice evening. She gave us tea. She lives at 8 Endsleigh Gardens. On the third floor as she has done for years. Son is to be married on August 13<sup>th</sup> to Elizabeth Wallace, daughter of a mission-ary. He is a young theologian, going to his first position in a Methodist Theological College in Bristol. He seems a nice fellow - but, I should say, not terribly clever. Ada's daughter Phyllis is married or is expecting her first baby soon. She lives not too far away. Ada is very plump - but is much the same.

### July 19 Tuesday

In the a.m. Scott & I did a little shopping on Oxford St - separately. We each got a pair of shoes - mine are oxfords from Hilly & Skinner - summer ones. At 10'clock we met Alfred Anderson in front of Bush House

He took us to lunch in the Restaurant down stairs, but first we had to be shown his office & meet his boss - a most interesting young man, who had learned Russian during the war, in the Caucasus - He now heads the Balkan division of Radio - (very like my own experience in the OW). Alfred is happy in his work & thinks he is lucky to be in England, which he is. He tells us dark tales of the situation in Albania - He has earned a visit to his mother - as he is on the Black list. His sister & brother-in-law live in England - the latter now being a British subject. His sister has flown to Italy to see another brother. Alfred is also taking out citizenship papers -

We left London at 2:40. As we were on the Strand, we walked thru the Temple. Sad, sad. Real ruins. A few of the walls are recognizable, but the damage has been cruel. The Round Church is hollow, tho' walls are standing & the carved porch is still intact. Much repairing is going on. The middle Temple Hall has been restored. The names still endure will not be changed. We took a bus home by 4 and rested. At 6:30 out again for a local walk - to the house where Ruskin was born on Hunter St. near King's Cross. (A plaque marks the house, which is in a row which is evidently still used - now as a lodging house.) We also saw the Foundling Hospital on Cornhill Street & reflected its romantic origin.

An dinner was at Chez Emile on Southampton Row. It wasn't too exciting! The evening was lovely, however, a moon, & a soft light. We enjoyed our walk home.

July 20 Wednesday

4<sup>th</sup> after breakfast with my black & white check dress to have a hole burned <sup>in</sup> it, mended miserably. A lot of money it cost 11/- & it would take 10 days to do. From there we went to Covent Garden to get Ballet tickets. This was interesting, because we had to thread our way thru all the vehicles that had brought produce to Covent Garden market. Much bustle & noise - with proprietors looking down on farmers - Again we patronized the P.H. Evans cafe - for lunch.

Then we parted. Sister went to see the movie at the Marble Arch Cinema, The Snake Pit, which I wanted to pass by. I went to look for a hat - I went to at least 6 shops before I got a very nice black felt with a bow to veil at Marks & Spencer - of all cheap - fair places. It cost 18/11 - I was determined to get something around a pound sterling & I accomplished it. Sister liked it, when I showed it to her, so I was pleased.

We had high tea at a rather poor place nearby for our ballet began at 7. We found our seats - at the back of the stalls - a little elevated, with a wide passage way in front of us. It was exciting just to be there. Covent Garden Theatre is ugly - very Victorian with its chandeliers & red plush - but you remember all the great people who have sung and danced there. It seems to cling to its walls. We liked the audience, too - nice people w to the Ballet.

The Ballet was not Sadler Wells (that

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is not due till August, by but the Ballet on  
the Maquis de Crevas - Grand Ballet de Route  
Carlo. The program was.

Swan Lake Act II

Les Riches

Carre Tourter

The Good Humoured Ladies

All lovely - though I missed best. The first &  
the last.

It was over by 9:30 - he walked down to  
the stand, went upstairs in the boys  
corner house & discovered the Salad Bowl,  
a place where you can have a good meal  
for 2/4 or 3/11 - Salad or choice. Very nice.

July 21 Thursday

Sueley went out in the P.M. but I  
stayed quietly at home till we were  
ready to go out to find Stephen Runciman's  
house, for lunch at one. It was a warm,  
clear day - he got off the underground  
at St. Johns Wood Sta. Walked to his  
house 15 Norfolk Rd. N.W. 8 - He lives in  
a marble house - recently done up -  
full of exotic (I thought) rather  
unusual) objects d'art. We were pleased  
to find Philip Kelly's there - the 6<sup>th</sup>  
was a young female & a male of Mr.  
Runciman's - an apple-cheeked girl of 18.  
We were told later that her mother, a  
sister of Mr. Runciman's, was an aviatrix  
in the war & was killed in a crash. This  
daughter was put in charge of 2 mules  
& divides her time between them. She is  
beginning to get into Gorton next year. Her  
grandmother & mother were both Gorton - so  
she really ought to make it.

We were served cherry fruit. Mr. R. has a very good housekeeper but she will not serve in the dining room - so the host & the group were managed between them. It was really awfully nice & we thoroughly enjoyed it. Among other things in the house I noticed an old piano & was told it was 18<sup>th</sup> cent. 1779 - also some very quaint wall colors or green, which adorned the dining room walls. We left with Philip about 2:40. Mr. R. was due at the Garden Party at Buckingham Palace at four!

Sally went with P.H. to the University about a Turkish student, who wants to study pharmacy. I took No 13 bus & remembered the days of Golden Green in 1919 - 30 years ago! We put home around 5<sup>th</sup> had our dinner again at the Cora Hotel.

At 8 we went to see Maud at her invitation. She now lives on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor of her house, having rented the other 2 to baby Pamvon & her sister, Miss Ellis. She flat is unattractive in a way but all right. We chatted of Beber & so on - At about 9 Isabel came in. What a very, very queer person. She is not at all bad looking & carries her 38 years very well. Her clothes were prettier than I remembered them - also her fair hair. But she has a topic face - full of unattractive longings, & she hardly talks at all. She put tea for us, very nicely, & answered a few questions reluctantly. The rest of the time, she sat with her eyes closed. Maud glanced at her several times apprehensively. I would be very worried if she were my daughter at

45 she may go insane - not at all unlikely. The gossip is that she has been thwarted on more than one occasion in her choice of a husband. I gather she picks up very queer ducks but still - how wicked for her family to stand in the way. Pauline & Irene are happily married, I understand. I can't see really excited about Grand - I feel I am really a stranger to her.

While we were at Grand's Aunt Winnie called up that they had arrived safely by air from Paris now in Room 334 - The Cumberland Hotel.

An air mail letter from Sarah arrived by the afternoon post to say that her mother had died of a sudden heart attack on July 13<sup>th</sup> coronary thrombosis. Poor thing - Mac Sarah was planning so happily on a Reunion or Golden Wedding next year now.... Sarah wants to go to her father.

July 22 Friday

At ten I saw Aunt Winnie at the Cumberland with Sully. They have a nice room & bath - but I think it on the small side - and noisy. They are on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor at the end of a long, long carpeted corridor. We missed Uncle Ned, as he had gone out to "Rehoboth" to see "to negotiate about a new artificial leg. Winnie seemed much rested - looked better - already was planning on ten thousand meetings with this one that - complaining about Margie's case (she is so funny about the takes). For instance, she told Greta once she didn't want to see us last night because they would be tired. But Margie was on the spot & stayed till 10:30!!

On our way to lunch. I stopped again at  
 Marks & Spencer with Switzer's approval but an-  
 other had - straw this time -) or again 18/11 - or so.

we caught the 4:30 train to Bedford, which  
 went us very quickly via St. Albans & Luton to that  
 station where to meet us were Phyllis, Judith &  
 Kenneth. Such a warm welcome. he drove in  
 their quite dilapidated car (they laughingly  
 told us they were waiting for a new one) to 42  
 Shakespeare Road - It is a typical brick  
 house standing in a smallish garden on a  
 quiet street. It is roomy - with drawing room,  
 dining room, study & kitchen downstairs  
 & some 5 bedrooms upstairs with another  
 for the maid, a Swiss girl called Heidi. The  
 French boy Yves heiderer was still in hospi-  
 tal getting over his operation for appendicitis.  
 we saw Jannie & Amanda - all the girls  
 are charming - independent, helpful,  
 thoroughly natural. Judith is quiet, shy &  
 nervous; Jannie is quick & sociable & curious;  
 Amanda is a little witch of a charmer. But  
 none is spunk - I would say they are all  
 beautifully brought up.

An spare room was nice - large & com-  
 fortable - looking out over the front.  
 Phyllis's sister, Doris, Mrs. Empsall was staying  
 with her, but we didn't see her on our first  
 evening. Instead, we sat up talking long  
 & earnestly about the family, the news,  
 recent experiences - Kenneth's American &  
 Canadian travels. We were amazed to  
 discover that it was after 11:30 before we  
 thought of going to bed.





Kenneth in front of  
his house.  
42 Shakespeare Road  
Bedford

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July 22 Saturday

This was a strenuous day, but interesting. We met Doris at breakfast - a very boded edition of her animated sister. Phyllis gives us excellent meals - she is a good manager - but "on the go" all the time - terrific. For instance some member of the family has visited her in the hospital <sup>each day</sup> ever since he went there. Phyllis tries out to shop on her bicycle, with a back as straight as an arrow.

After we had made our beds, Kenneth said he would take Harold and Amanda to the Cattle market - a weekly event on Saturday mornings. It is Amanda's weekly treat as she has a passion for animals. It really was an interesting night. We went to see chickens, rabbits as well as pigs, cows & horses. The huge market square in the shadow of the City Parish church was filled with salable things. We peeped into a bookstore - very nice. I took down Catherine Gordon's Life of J. L. Gordon - was amazed to see it dedicated to James Louis Gordon - her illegitimate son by James Gordon! - grandson of J. L. his  
I saw the River Guse blowing by the Town Hall - & generally had a look round Bedford. We had to visit Amanda's school (she now joins her sisters at a larger school in September) & the outside of Judith & Jannice's school.

Finished at 1 - then almost at once, we started for the July regatta to take place that afternoon on the Guse. Harold, Kenneth & the 3 girls all went to get a punt. Doris,

Phyllis & I had seats on the banks, which were lined on both sides with hundreds of people. We saw scores of boats row past - eights, fours, couples & lovely singles. Now and then some favorite eight would draw cheers & shouts from the crowd - but most of the show was incomprehensible to me, at least. At about four we walked along the river to meet the punt with the rest of the family. We sat on the grassy edge & had a wonderful tea provided by Phyllis - tea from a thermos, cookies, sandwiches & cakes. The punt was tied up alongside. After tea Kenneth, Junnie, Judith, Amanda & I all got into the punt while Phyllis drove the rest home. I came back to us at the Boat "garage" & quickly told us. Kenneth punts well & so does Judith. When I saw him managing his pole, I was reminded of the time 30 years ago, in 1919, when he punted us on the Thames. He was 20 & I was nearly 30. Aman! Where have the years flown?

We were home by 6:45 - had a cold supper prepared by the Swiss maid (tho' she was out) & then more good talk till 11 P.M. this time.

July 23 Sunday

Breakfast at 9 - with coffee instead of tea - a special treat. The A.M. went past - with this that. I wrote to Dolie & others. Phyllis & Dolie have been in touch with each other. Much was at once than we were able to have a little rest, for which we were grateful.

At 3:15 we started off to a Riverside Tea garden some 7 or 8 miles away on the upper river. The car couldn't hold us all



The Bicyclists starting for the Buro -  
Amanda, Kenneth and H.H.S.

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Phyllis took Doris, Miss Flower (a very nice  
American, who has been teaching in Judith's  
School this year - an exchange - she comes  
from Cleveland, Ohio) + me in the car. Kenneth  
& the 3 girls went on bicycles & Betty was bored  
brought today he would go too, on a bike. When  
we reached the Riverside Tea garden we  
were the first, but the bicyclists soon appear-  
ed - my grand man with a hole in his trousers  
knee & a bump under it. It seems he grew  
so confident on his bicycle that he tried to  
ride with only one hand on the handle bars -  
He felt himself leaning towards Amanda -  
fell back & fell. However his hurt was  
slight, though he mourned for his trousers!  
He had brot rubber rafts in the back of  
the car - which the girls inflated - they had  
a swim & then played about with their rafts.  
After which we had a pand tea, supple-  
mented with cookies & cakes brought from  
home by Phyllis - There was much good  
talk, especially with Miss Flower (her name  
is also Phyllis) and Phyllis, who told us of her  
travels in the Far East, before she was married.  
He went back the way we came & had a  
late pick-up supper - first this that.  
Afterwards we talked & talked in the  
living room. Kenneth gave me a heap of  
letters, which my mother had written to  
his mother - he talked of Belle's own rela-  
tives, of childhood days - a thousand  
memories - It was lovely. At about 11.  
Kenneth brot us all a glass of cider -  
very good it was. This has been a  
memorable weekend - I feel now an es-  
tablished cousin, re-instated, so to speak.

July 24 Monday

A busy family at breakfast - Judith & Dannie off to school - in uniforms. Amanda's School is over, so she was free. At 9 Phyllis & I went in the car to Lemig's house - so we had a glimpse of him - a sharp, unkindly sort of fellow, with very starchy English. We had goodbye to our dear cousin at the station at 10 o'clock. Express to London, setting to St. Pancras station at 11 - we were so near that we carried our bags to T. Enderleigh Gardens - finding mail awaiting us & a warm welcome from Mr. Robinson.

Am lunch at the Express Dairy (where in 1936 I used to buy bottles of milk, cheese & scones - now impossible) was poor. We rested but then Suetty went to change our books at the Thine Book Club & I set out at 2:30 to call on Alice Morrison. The journey there by N.1. bus from Warren Street was easy. I found her flat No. 120 Clifton Court & there she was, with her door open, awaiting me. She is very thin & she no longer dyes her hair so that it is a pleasant gray. I recognized much of her furniture - she has a very nice flat - hall, living room, bedroom, tiny kitchen bathroom. She told me of her work - an Adoption Society - a continuation of work she did in the war. She works half time - for pay - says she doesn't know what she would do without it. All she had to recount interested me very much. She talked, too, of Clara - she thinks Clara's state is precarious & sinister. She fears she might

become violent at anything, as she is beginning to have delusions. For instance, she told her husband that Alice had once been her friend but had gone back on her - betrayed her. Sometimes, she talks of Aunt as "that man" - which sounds so odd, alarming.

My opinion is that Alice has lost interest in us - she was kind & civil once, but the Scutts are no longer on her horizon. We love her. Dashed her about her beloved name - her eyes lighted up - she loves to talk of him & his family. She has a niece (called on a half brother, I imagine) whom she likes to visit in Cambridge; she expects to go there over the Bank holiday. I imagine she lives a rather austere & somewhat lonely life (she admits she couldn't live with anyone now) reads a great deal - enjoys being in London. She must be 77 - my mother said she was Aunt's hundred's for my mother said she was Aunt's hundred's age. She came to Turkey first in 1907 - & she must then have been about 35. I have not completely lost my feeling for her - but it has changed very much. Once I think her a heroism of cleverness, affection & reliability. But she has never liked her - her has he forgiven her for neglecting to write to my mother during the war. And I have still date on her - but I have come to the conclusion that they are very simple souls - & can appreciate & enjoy all manner of people: viz. the takes!!

I returned at 7:30 & we went to the Casa Hotel for dinner. It was really but the poor waiters sweated profusely in their black swallowtail - suits.

July 26. Tuesday.

We had a quiet morning. At 12 we met Evelyn at the Vega Restaurant, at 56 Whitcomb Street near Leicester Square - a vegetarian place where we had lunch as her guests. It was again a very bright, warm day. Evelyn looked stylish in blue & white. She is such a dear - having acquired a much more mature manner - (after all she is 48 - which I keep forgetting!)

After lunch we went to the Houses of Parliament to which Evelyn had a pass - were met by an old friend of Barnaby's Major Vernon Labour M.P. for Dulwich. He was a very nice person - rather weary just then as he had sat up all night in the House - for an important bill had been discussed. He proceeded to take us all over the House - we saw the House of Lords, where the Commons now sit, Westminster Hall, St. Stephen's Hall & Crypt - the library - et al. - even the place where Guy Fawkes' gun powder was found - A debate was to be on at 2. We waited to see the reversion of the Speaker, in his wig, march to the opening of the session. Major Vernon was clever enough to get a seat for Sully in the gallery which was unusual as you are supposed to apply several days ahead.

While Sully was spending an hour in the House, Evelyn & I sat on a bench near Westminster Abbey & talked. Such a good chat about her life & plans. She told me a good deal about Barnaby's impossible mad sister, Petrie - about the last days

of her difficult mother-in-law. Mrs. about  
Kenneth's family, Phyllis' mother, who was  
equally tiresome. When! - some of the English  
matriarchs I have heard of, have been  
formidable indeed. When Gully re-  
turned, we had tea at a rather indiffer-  
ent place on Victoria Street. Then we  
parted - Gully going straight to Greta's  
& S. & I to 7 Endleigh Gardens for a wash  
& change.

Wilfred called for us again & we went  
up to Greta's, where Barnaby joined us  
& we had a family supper party. Very  
nice indeed. The Fursts did not stay  
long as they had a train to catch. But  
we stopped till after 10 talking to  
rather listening to Wilfred. He was  
such a good bear, such a good bear.  
He is, in fact, a very unusual man. He  
came home alone this time via a  
1½ d. bus via the underground - very  
simple.

### July 27 Wednesday

Duntinnie had asked me to come in  
to the hotel about 10:30 to help her shop  
& return for lunch there with her, Miss  
Mid, & Winona. So I was in her room  
at 10:30 However, she had changed her  
mind! which was perfectly characteristic.  
So we talked, hard, till 12:30. Miss Mid  
then arrived & we waited & waited and  
waited for Winona. Finally at 1:45 we  
sat down to a not very good meal (I think)  
in the Cumberland Hotel Restaurant. The  
atmosphere was dismal. Miss Mid was  
put out because Winona neither came nor  
telephoned. It transpired the next day

That Aunt Annie had made a mistake & that  
Annie had told her, over the phone, that  
lunch on Wednesday was impossible. I felt  
somewhat like the unbidden guest at the  
feast, but there was nothing I could do  
about it. I left hastily after lunch.

It was piping hot outside & I felt slightly  
deflated, nonetheless I went into the cheap  
C & B "brought me" a white hat for 15/-  
Really quite nice - of the lace - flowers,  
in front & white veil. When I got  
home Sister was there & she approved.

At 6:20 we went to Leicester Square to  
have an early supper before the theater.  
We found a restaurant called Cafe  
d. Europe - which was surprisingly good.

At 7:30 we were at the Piccadilly Theater  
to see, with Aunt Annie & Uncle Sid,  
Bernonice, a play from Heller's novel.

Henny Heller, a charming creature, whom  
I have seen in St. Paul also in films,  
was the heroine. We had excellent seats  
in the front row. (It was a Dutch treat  
Theater)

The title of the play was 1909 -  
a period piece it was called but the  
period was my period. I remembered  
so vividly how wonderful I thought  
Bernonice was. It was written in

the midst of the agitation for women's  
suffrage - a plea for freedom - a  
striking out of the intelligent young girl  
for a life of her own - regardless. The

play was in a series of scenes - on a  
revolving stage - very well done - &  
exceedingly comic as well as really  
happily in parts. The suffragette scenes



That Aunt Jennie had made a mistake (that  
 someone had told her, over the phone, that  
 lunch on Wednesday was impossible.) I felt  
 somewhat like the unbidden guest at the  
 feast, but there was nothing I could do  
 about it. I left hastily after lunch.


It was piping hot outside & I felt slightly  
 dejected, nonetheless I went into the cheap  
 C & B "bought me" a white hat for 15/-  
 Really quite nice - of the lace - flowers,  
 in front & white veil - when I got  
 home Sister was there & she approved.

At 6:20 we went to Leicester Square to  
 have an early supper before the theater.  
 We found a restaurant called Cafe  
 d'Europe - which was surprisingly good.  
 At 7:30 we were at the Piccadilly Theatre  
 to see, with Aunt Jennie & Uncle Sid,  
Demeronia, a play from Keller's novel.  
 Wendy Hiller, a charming creature, whom  
 I have seen in St. Joan & also in films,  
 was the heroine. We had excellent seats  
 in the front row. (It was a Dutch treat  
 Theater) The time of the play was 1909 -  
 a period piece it was called - but the  
 period was my period. I remembered  
 so vividly how wonderful I thought  
Demeronia was. It was written in  
 the midst of the agitation for women's  
 suffrage - a plea for freedom - a  
 striking out of the intelligent young girl  
 for a life of her own - regardless. The  
 play was in a series of scenes - on a  
 revolving stage - very well done - &  
 exceedingly comic as well as really  
 tragic in parts. The suffragette scenes

ROYAL DOG  
30<sup>TH</sup> YEAR  
1919-1949

It's time you

Executives Remember That Douglas Fence



D  
PO

\* With apologies to the Society for the Prevention of Orthographic Pollution

Then there are the lavender names are vile and silver corner, where only the mixed in the foreground. A blue and silver corner, where only the names are vile.

Then there are the lavender, so satisfactory at all seasons, but especially in this barren time of July and August. The old English lavender, *Laurencia spica*, is always a stand-by whether you grow it as a hedge on either side of a path, or as a single bush. A particularly fine form, though rather untidy, is called 'Twickle Purple, and *spica gigantea* is the tallest of all, but there are other forms of lavender which one doesn't see so often. There is the very dark purple, *atropurpurea nana compacta*, and there are white lavenders and pink lavenders, in fact a great range of lavenders which are all very valuable in the garden at this time of the year. They are no more difficult to grow than our old friend, the ordinary English lavender. Try them. The good gardener is the gardener who makes experiments.

Then, if you like white flowers, as you should for what can be more romantic than white flowers in the moon-drenched summer nights?—grow *Romney Cointer*, the big shrubby Californian poppy, with petals like crumpled tissue paper, and *Plagianthus Lyallii*, which is sometimes called *Hoheria lanceolata*. Not absolutely hardy, it resembles a syringa, which we are now taught to call *Philadelphus* but which we always knew as syringa in our youth. These syringas, or *Philadelphus*, are also very useful shrubs for the late summer garden. You have *P. arginalis*, with big white flowers, and *P. purpureo-maculatus*, white

were the best. We were delighted with the whole thing were so glad we went.  
July 22 Thursday.

This was our day with the Wrights - after a sketchy lunch in our room & rests, we caught the 2:30 train from Waterloo to Guildford - a pretty ride on an hour or so. On the platform was Freddie Wright, whom we had not seen since 1922 (!) He was easily recognizable, tho' his hair is white & he is heavier - he looks, as a matter of fact, much better than he did when he was younger. He wears horn-rimmed spectacles & rather shabby clothes - in fact he is the typical professor. He is like a schoolboy.

He hailed a taxi & drove us out to his house on the edge of a tiny village, Bramley, some three miles from Guildford. We caught glimpses of thatched roofs & red brick houses. The drive up to a wide gate in front of a most ordinary working brick house, set in a neglected garden - & were ushered into the back garden, where there were a number of deck chairs - In a few minutes Mrs. Wright appeared - a very nice person - tall, ginger haired, intelligent - & I should say a good many years younger than he. - in her late 30s perhaps. She seemed as lively as he did - but in time he warmed up & spoke of his work.

He had been pleased with Howard Crosby's review of his book Pax Britannica in East Sunday's Observer. He is writing another treatise, which he hopes will be out in the autumn - Great Britain, I think he is calling it.

The Voigt's are poor. They are turning their house into 2 flats so that they can rent part of it. Personally, I would say they are the last people to live in the country. They should be in a flat in town, where the work would not be too exacting. Mr. Voigt brought us tea, while we listened to his political ideas (very interesting) he moved into the house & there was more talk - while Madame had to retire to prepare the dinner. She is obviously the undomestic type, I saw some kitchen work in a bare & bare kitchen. About six or so, a Mr. Alexander came in - a young man, a painter, whom they are taking in as a guest as he is very hard up! He kept a good deal behind the scenes - we had supper in the one living room, which was rather cluttered up with things - To the one workmen had been in the house, but the place looked unkept - dusty & so on. Not pretty. We had quite a nice supper. I feel there were holes in the wood unequal to coping with practical life at all.

We left by the train at 10. Feb's may come to Greece again next spring. I do hope we may have them at P.C. W. visit.

June 29 Friday

I went on an orgy of buying - I hope I spent my money well. I got a girdle, washing phos, a white blouse at B.H. Indies (much needed, at Penberthy's) heavy powder, stockings for every day - Tremendous. I lunched alone at O.H. loans for 2/- notwithstanding my parcels! I was home by 1:50 & found Solly there. We went out again at 3:30 to change our books at The Times Book Shop.

We thought we would see Michael wedding in May Time ni Mayfair but there were only 6/ seats left & I said he wasn't worth it - so we went to a near by news kiosk instead - not too good (can only cinema in England all summer!). Again we had a good dinner at the Cafe d'Europe on Leicester Square.

Afterwards, as it was still warm & bright we walked to Parliament Square - then to Westminster Abbey. As we passed Downing St. we had to go in and look at No. 10 & No. 11. One more again. Two rabbits were pacing in front of them - but they are empty as the Prime Minister & the Chancellor are both away. I think of Churchill in the war & all the marvellous meetings that took place at No. 10. We went on & sat on a bench near Westminster Bridge & heard Big Ben - we wandered around seeing statues of all the worthies, round about. There was a new moon & it was a delicious evening. These independent wandering we take together "just like that" are amongst the nicest things about our present visit to England. A bus ride here, a walk there - just as the spirit moves us.

July 30 Saturday

At 11 we went to Madame Tousseau's where we had arranged to take Judith, Amanda and Yves - we enjoyed it as much as the children. Really it is an unusual display - so many new waxworks. It was badly damaged by the war but has been completely rebuilt. The Howells had come down to Bedford that morning; they visit the children to us, & collected them again after lunch. We took all three to lunch at a very nice place that Scotty found on Baker Street, the Berkeley Court Restaurant. It was so good & so reasonable that we think we shall come again.

An evening was as delightful as our morning. We went into Regent's Park in the afternoon, but tickets without any trouble for the evening performance of The Tempest in the open air theater - & after dinner, went to see it. Amazingly nice. I was a little too far away to get all the words - but the setting was perfect, the audience very appreciative & Caliban & Ariel were unusually fine - he beared at one moment that rain would fall - but it didn't - tho' there were clouds.

July 31 Sunday

We were quiet, in our room, writing till 10:30 when Aunt Winnie's uncle hid called for us in a car to take us to Senarwa's - Alfred's house for a meeting of the Bebe's class! - unfortunately, it was raining - she had planned a garden party. We hoped for better weather later - as the day advanced it was better.

Rebec & Hilar who gathered at Wilfred  
Seager's home in Fenwick on July 31, 1949

- 37 people.
- Wilfred & Hella Seager
  - Quetta Seager
  - Janet Seager
  - Norah Seager
  - Wilfred Middleton Edwards
  - Evelyn Harold Scott
  - Wynne Temant Greene
  - John Greene
  - Edith Greene
  - Clara & Clara Edwards
  - Mary Case (Clara's sister from USA)
  - George & Bonnie
  - Hilary Seager
  - Maud Rowntree (nie Binns)
  - Rita Reith (nie Binns)
  - Grizel Satheral
  - Olivia Satheral
  - George Satheral
  - Robert & Peggy Lee (nie Satheral)
  - Clara Lee
  - Patricia Lee
  - Kenneth & Phyllis Rowell
  - Judith Rowell
  - Amanda Rowell
  - Diana Harold Seager
  - Mae & Margie Rowntree (nie Binns)
  - Ivor Reith
  - Elizabeth Walker (Francis's of Ivor)
  - George Baker (aged 93)

53

The ride was long, but pretty. We reached Wilfred's very large nice house about 11:50. Hella welcomed warmly. Hella was nice; she has greatly improved. I think. He all 9 had dinner at about one - then the priest (hired opposite) began to appear at 3 or 5 - Geoffrey & Janet are both very dark - all the children are nice - Wynne thinks Hella has improved since she has been going to the Mount. Wilfred is prosperous. His home is beautiful but it is large & comfortable.

My most interesting reaction was to the Catholicism - they all look alike - fair fat, beaming. Grizel, who must be nearly 70, if not more, seems just the same. Peggy is a cheerful happy go lucky soul - her two small daughters are replicas of herself when she was their age. George is very fat & fair, like the rest & short. He is in the R.A.F. has been 10 years - now stationed at the moment at Slighton. Peggy's husband, Robert Lee, I liked very much. He had a terrific experience during the war. He was alone in a plane. crashed in the north sea, shortly before the American came by. He moved, though hurt & drew pen to himself, so pretended to be dead - he was unable to extricate himself & stayed in that position 10 days, living on chocolate. When the Americans came along, the correspondent, Eric Pyle, was with them - He went up to the plane, tapped on it & said, "anybody home?" and Robert Lee was discovered. He was in a semi-conscious state & had to be in hospital for weeks & months. Eric Pyle wrote up

The story in his paper & consequently Peggy received so many parcels: letters from Patricia "that it was embarrassing, she said.

Aunt Helen is almost exactly the same - loved, beautiful & regal - also, a little deaf.

I was not at all impressed by Harve's wife, Diana - I thought her casual & rather cold-blooded. Very little interested in Turkey or the Byzantines.

Clara seemed more or less normal. Her skin is deplorably plain, with red rimmed eyes - tho' she has a nice smile.

He came home by car again, starting at 7:30 instead of 5:30, as ordered by Uncle Ned - when we got to the Cumberland, we stopped for a bite at La Fourchette, that is, I had coffee & the others sandwiches.

Aug. 1 Monday Bank Holiday.

Everything in England tight shut. I spent an hour in the morning, trying two dresses.

At 3:15 we caught our bus for Cambridge from the Bus Station in Victoria. It was very comfortable - quite full. Our journey was most pleasant, thru village streets - after leaving London. The only places that sounded familiar were Ware & Pargton. We entered the bus, led thru by the Trumpington Rd - much changed & built up since we'd last - but immediately I began to notice familiar landmarks - Hemfield Rd, Parker Piece, the Catholic Church. We took a taxi out to Grantchester - straight to the vicarage.

Mrs. Bred welcomed us - a very nice woman - the vicar's wife. She has 3 daughters aged about 21, 18 & 14 - 2 are at college. He was given a big double

(I won't have room in this volume unless I write on both sides)

room in the large house. We unpacked - & had our meal at 7:30. separate tables. The only other guests are: Miss Jessie Murray, a Scotch lecturer in medieval French at London University; a Dr. Mrs. Hill from Edinburgh University - very dem., very unsociable & a Swedish youth of 16, Rene<sup>10</sup> learn English - Lars. After dinner, coffee was served in the morning room. The Edinburgh couple keeping completely to themselves as tho' they had the plague. But Miss Murray, talking in a friendly manner.

He wouldn't resist a walk in the light morning hour, so we actually went all the way to Trumpington - exclaiming with joy at each turn on the road. Thatched cottages stand just outside the vicarage drive way; the memorial cross in the churchyard still bears Rupert Brooke's name - Mrs. Bred explained to us later that the Old Vicarage, is not the same as Grantchester vicarage. The former was built some 400 years ago by the master of Corpus Christi College, who was automatically the vicar of Grantchester. He lived in College, but came out to the country for an occasional "good time!" For years now the old vicarage has been used as a lodging house & Rupert Brooke lived there, when he was an undergraduate.

He slept well in our big room & Miss Bred brought us hot water in the b.m. herself.

Aug 2 Tuesday

He started off early to Cambridge, intending to take the bus from Trumpington. But a very nice man picked us up in his car. (We learned his name was Mr. Hughes; he was an architect & lived in a pretty thatched cottage by the roadside near the Grantchester Church.) He walked about with joy! Heavenly town! Every stone speaks eloquently to me! He went into the courts of many colleges - walked in market Hill - Peter's Way - till the rest. Then we caught the Trumpington bus back at 1 P.M. to lunch.

A walk, after a rest, to the village of Barton - but we were disappointed to find the pretty church closed.

The food is good but plain - just Setty's style & there is little fat - practically all butter & oil - lots of various kinds of things, such as potatoes & macaroni.

Cambridge has grown a great deal in the 40 years since I knew it well. There is a new Quiddhall & the town has greatly expanded. There is a new library; several of the colleges have built new courts. With more cars, expansion has been inevitable. The shops are much better than they were in my day - larger more pretentious. We found Bomes & Bomes & went in to Helbers. which is one of the best <sup>book</sup> shops in the world!

The weather is cloudy & inclined to be windy - not quite warm enough to enjoy sitting outside. We look for rain, but none falls or only a sprinkle.





Thatched Cottages at Braintree

Aug. 3. Wednesday

We took a bus from Braintree this time & I had a hairdo in Cambridge - I was late had to hurry. When I emerged from my shampoo, the hair was late & the wind was blowing a gale. He "bared" it as air to Trumpington & walked against the wind, the long country road home.

In the afternoon, our enthusiasm was in no way damped, so we walked into Cambridge across Braintree meadows - a lovely, much "written about" walk in the meadows of Cambridge was particularly queer, for which I have always had a special "jeer" - it is so wonderfully mellow & beautiful - & small & its position right on the river adds to its charm.

We had tea at the Copper Kettle, which

They walked forward to (Trump's Parade) but it was so jammed, that we were given seats in a back row & a third person sat at our table - all of which sent me into a black mood & which I was later much ashamed.

He had a good talk with Miss Murray at 10:30 after dinner. The surprises from Edinburgh, unfortunately, did not appear after dinner, for which we were grateful.

In the evening, I had to confess I felt a cold coming on. Mrs. alas.



H. K. S. & Philip Kelly at the Master's Garden of Clare College, Cambridge

Aug. 4. Thursday

Notwithstanding a cold in my head, I went with brother to Cambridge by the Trumpington bus & met Philip Kelly at Trump College gate - a romantic spot! He was unable to have lunch with us that day, but asked us to his friends' room - in Jesus College for Murray at 7:15 - after dinner afterwards in town. He stayed in

town for lunch as we had had Mrs. Bold  
 no word. I got a long screened blouse,  
 then went to the very grand Boots (so  
 small + commutified in 1910) + hot paper  
 handkerchiefs + Serocelium to my un-  
 mistakable use - Duane!

Home then by 3 - to rest + then we  
 were off again by the six bus from Tr.  
 to Cambridge. By this time, it was much  
 warmer but I did wish I didn't have  
 a wed! -

Philip met us at the entrance to  
 Jesus college + we went to Dr. Picken's  
 rooms in the first court, + found they  
 had been Cambridge's rooms when he  
 was an undergraduate. Thanks to  
 Phebe! Dr. Laurence Picken is a very  
 nice young man - a fellow of Jesus - subject  
 zoology - but he is likewise greatly interested  
 in music in Chinese art. In his sitting room  
 was a harpsichord of 1779, on which he plays  
 Bach. He has a number of fine Chinese scrolls -  
 two of which are on his walls - He gave us  
 all sherry + at 8 we called out to dinner at  
 the Arts Theatre Restaurant in the middle of  
 town. Very good it was. We sat over our  
 wine + cider for a long time. At about 9:45  
 we caught a taxi back to Braintree. A very  
 satisfactory evening, even though I was  
 sniffing by this time, quite definitely -  
Aug 5 Friday  
 My wed very evident, so that I felt rather

him, but I hated to miss any of our visits to  
 Cambridge - Dr. Picken called up Scotty at 9 AM  
 asking if we would come in at 3 to see his  
 college + if Scotty would stay on for dinner in  
 Hall. This was not possible for a woman, so  
 Phebe could not be invited! He accepted  
 + went in by Grantchester bus, which was  
 easy. Dr. Picken showed us all over - into the  
 old library, Fellows' Garden, Hall, Chapel - new  
 Quarts - in fact every room + corner. Then  
 he parked. Scotty waited for me on Christ's  
 Pieces till my late bus at 7 - + I came home  
 alone, while he stayed on for a most interesting  
 + formal dinner, including Grace in Latin, he-  
 bre + after the meal, strict protocol as to  
 seating - coffee + port + cigars in the combina-  
 tion Room afterwards.

### Aug 6. Saturday

While it wasn't really cold, it wasn't warm.  
 So I decided to stay in all day. I wrote + read  
 in the D. W. About 12, we had to change from  
 in the D. W. About 12, we had to change from  
 one lovely big room, with two beds to a smaller  
 one with a double bed. (We had known this was  
 necessary some long time ago.) The new arri-  
 vals were a young girl, her mother + grandmother,  
 all of whom were very nice indeed. We talked  
 to them all. The young girl was hoping to  
 get into Girton, but feared she would be un-  
 able to do so - next year, as there are crowds of  
 applicants.

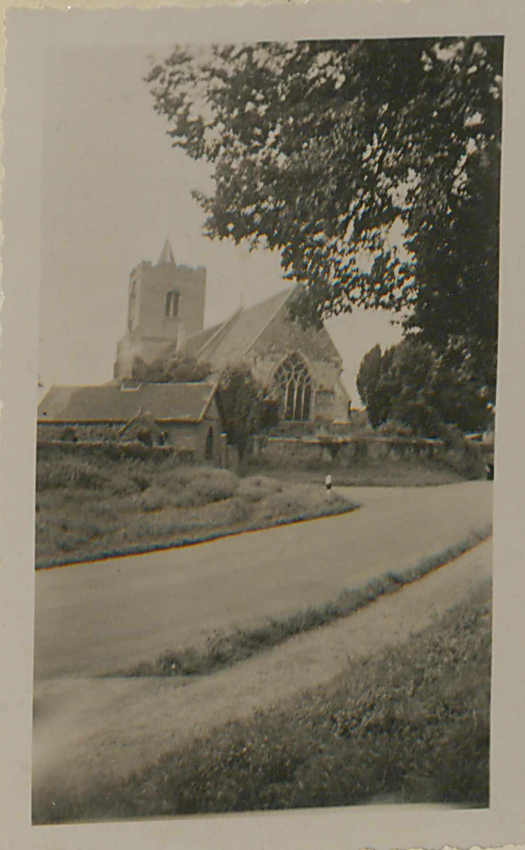
In the afternoon, Scotty went to a Sheep  
 Hog Trial at Trumpington, which he greatly  
 enjoyed - A unique experience. In the evening  
 Kenneth telephoned to say they were driving

over tomorrow - all the Rowells. Guess, r  
Aunt Winnie who is spending the week-  
end. Very nice indeed - I did hope  
Sally wouldnt catch me cold.



JESUS COLLEGE GATEWAY. CAMBRIDGE

JARROLD C 110



Crantchester Parish Church



St. John's College Bridge, taken from  
the Bridge of Sighs

Aug 7 Sunday

I still feel a little warm because of my  
wed. as I stayed in. In the morning but  
resolved to go out with the family, when  
they arrived.

They drove up about 3:30 in a large car they  
had chartered. It was wonderful to see them all  
again. I dressed very warmly, & accompanied  
them to see the sights of Grantchester - the  
Church, the cross, the old cottages. Then we  
went to the Orchard for tea - no sat  
under an apple tree had a huge tea -  
bread & butter & jam. cakes & puddings &  
tea. We had the pleasure of treating all  
seven. We had an amusing time - but  
shortly after we had finished - at about 5,  
it began to rain! The proper English touch -  
we took cover & continued to chat, but  
at 5:30 they had to take their car back to  
Bedford. In even. talked to new guests.

Aug 8 Monday

Am last day in Grantchester, alas alas.  
It has been heavenly. I would have stay-  
ed another week, easily. I do hope we  
may return some day.

He went off at 10 on the bus, put our  
bags in the left luggage office & spent the  
last morning in Cambridge - wandering. We  
went first to my old Training College -  
very little changed, except for a small new  
wing. Doubtless, common is cluttered with  
messen huts - very untidy. We saw the  
bell & the Bursar answered - a nice  
downright person, who said we would

Come in & look around - altho! The place was  
in a mess owing to summer cleaning & such.  
I took Sooty up to my old room - heavens!  
how it brought things back - & we visited  
other rooms, too - library, dining hall &  
lecture room. Just the same, just the same -  
even to the Bicycle sheds in the garden. Forty  
years ago! - It is to be called Hughes Hall.

In town I bought a very nice pair of court  
shoes - we caught our bus, after a rather  
thin lunch at the 'Dorothy Cafe' at 12:50 -  
Again we had a pleasant ride back to London.  
We got out at King's Cross - a short walk  
from Mansfield Gardens, found a lot of mail -  
called up Aunt Annie at 5. Had dinner  
at the Berkeley Court Restaurant at 7.

After dinner we took a long bus ride on  
No. 14 to Putney Bridge - How this brought  
back memories of 1926-27 when our precious  
David was only 2. & we spent the winter in  
Putney - we even walked into the courtyard  
of Kembleworth Court - I had forgotten what  
an immense caravanserai it was. Things  
looked painfully familiar. But I would  
never want to live in Putney again.

August 9 Tuesday

As there is only a week's shopping in London  
left, I decided I must do last shopping -  
So I tried me to Arford St. but a warm  
winter dress at £10. for 5 gu. I will have to  
be altered as the skirt is too big. But this  
can be done at home. The rest of the day was  
quiet. Sooty spent hours getting out tickets. In  
the evening we possessed with Mrs. Robinson.

65 August 10 Wednesday

I telephoned to Dottie in the P.M. as I knew the other family had come to Vivian's home, 10 Mallard St. Chelsea - for a fortnight yesterday. It was so good to hear his clear voice over the phone. I suggested we come for tea - & she said she would we stay on for supper - we were only too happy to accept.

Before that, however, I called out to get a dress for Pauletti. She jeans for a white dress, but I couldn't find one her size at a moderate price. So I bought her a very nice one at C.A. - blue & white rayon print for £2.10.0 when I got home, I tried it on it fitted me to a T. So that I wished I could keep it. This was greedy, however - but I have enough summer clothes. I have indulged myself this summer in a fur coat, a suit, 3 blouses & 3 hats & say nothing of sundries - so really I should stop wanting anything more.

At 2:30 I picked up the adopted at Wand's where they had been lunching for Aunt Wini wanted me to help her buy small presents at Woolworth's. We had a rather hectic hour there - not too satisfactory - but she got a small bag of some 10-12 small gifts.

Then Dottie & I started out by bus to Chelsea where we found Vivian's house at about 5. It is a charming place - very pretty & very nicely furnished. Dottie, Hugh & Anne all

66 were there. Dottie is much better - her clothes were very dowdy. But she has the same bright manner, really attractive personality. Hugh is better looking than he was when he was younger. Dottie is a very nice intelligent, slim, fair girl of 18. She talks easily & well. I loved the helpful manner she showed - getting the tea ready - clearing up & later, preparing supper.

he had a grand talk. Dottie gave me the full chronicle of the Baker tribe - he talked of Joyce & Vivian, of Mary's death - her views on plans for Dottie's future - of her Baker uncle - all sorts of things - Dottie is a happy & contented woman at 60. She says she loves her country home - enjoys the quiet life, has no regrets. We had a very very nice indeed. Good tea, a delicious supper at 8 - we had difficulty in tearing ourselves away at 10:30!

August 11 Thursday

I am afraid my dear sister has caught my cold, for her began sniffing this morning. Really too exasperating. A letter arrived from F.H.B. saying that he & my Bill Taylor were returning to R.C. which pleases us. They both teach well - have the right material - not exciting - but good for the students.

At 11:04 we took the train from Charing Cross to Tadworth to spend the day with Eudyn. What an awfully nice time we had - the day wasn't too good - cloudy & rather windy but too warm. Eudyn

met us in her car. Christine was at home behaving like a little angel - (Really my Russell cousins are most excellent parents) - he had a perfectly delicious vegetarian lunch - a red & white tea. Aunt Winnie & Mabel had had been that P.M. on a visit to the Togs at 62 Church Rd, Epsom - in a car - at their suggestion, Evelyn drove us over to Epsom, where we joined them in the car home at 6. The Togs live in a small house in a row. Everyone seemed very squashed in the small sitting room. We saw Mabel + also Alanie, back from U.S.A. Evelyn Sydney Togs has recently been in Nassau, the Bahamas, renovating an old castle - so he felt a little better off. His nestle had gone up, + they were all feeling somewhat heartened. He talks in an embarrassingly loud voice. What a funny little man it is!

We were brought home luxuriously by car to the Cumberland, then took No. 73 back to Euston - Poor Suetty definitely sniffing. Too bad. Really too depressing.

August 12. Friday

Suetty decided he must take care of his wed, but he had definite things to do. He spent the morning in the Friends' Meeting House park in the sun, for it was warm & sunny. I bought him Serocalcin & paper handkerchiefs. We lunched again at our favorite Berkeley

Cumt Restaurant on Baker Street - then parked Suetty for last ticket formalities, I got last shopping. I got a bag - black 2 1/2 - very useful for shopping - a green blouse at B.H. stocking & air mail paper.

In the evening, a Theatre party had been organised by Greta but poor Suetty had to give it up. I was really sick about it. We had a quiet afternoon, a light tea at Heals (very good) then I left alone for the theatre. The play was Piner's The Schoolmistress at the Arts Theatre on Fr. Newport St. The Arts Theatre is something to which you belong (made an annual contribution) + a series of reporters people put on various plays. He was a company of eleven. Aunt Winnie suggested Marjorie have some Suetty's ticket (!) The rest of us were - Wilfred, Greta, Jennifer, Rachel, Evelyn, Barnaby, Christine, Winifred, Mabel, & Enelma Marjorie. The play was very old fashioned & very funny. It was even funnier than it was meant to be. Really almost bore. He laughed & laughed. I sat next to Greta who did enjoy each other's enjoyment talk! A perfect evening we goodbyes all round at 10:30

I came home alone. At the top of the escalator at Warren Street, a man was lying prone on the floor on his back. At first I thought he must be the victim of a heart attack, but passerby did not seem unduly alarmed. I am afraid he was only drunk! On the Euston Road, a man accosted me. Too amusing. The light must have been very dim! I stared

at him icily & he vanished very rapidly. Sully was reading in bed, when I got in, & was highly amused at my adventures.

August 13 Saturday

This was a really quiet, rather dull day. Sully sat in the sun all till. & in bed all P. M. musing his coed. I wrote my diary & letters.

At 6 I walked along Corner Street back at the Yucca on St. Russell St. if Ruby Rupe her party had arrived, but a rather casual receptionist, with a half cigarette between his teeth, told me Mrs. Rupe was not due till the next day.

I enjoyed my walk, however, along Corner St. passing as I did, Bedford Square, the offices of Time & Tide the Spectator, to say nothing of various student hostels & the headquarters of various exotic societies. Early to bed.

August 14 Sunday

Sully much better. We both read in the sunshine in the Park. At noon we had our last good meal at the Berkeley Ct. Rest.

At 4:30 we went to Sains Cottage Station, where Cecie met us to take us to his home for tea. Do lie. Hugh & Anne were also there & Mr. Mrs. David Higham - a new Mrs. H. - as Anne Stewart was divorced, I hear? - The second Mrs. H. is a nice red-haired person - the mother of a boy of 9, called Matthew, (not there) & another evidently on the way. Mrs. H. is not an attractive man - I don't like his tongue manner & somewhat

chilly smile. He has a shock of grey hair. We haven't seen him for more than 25 years.

The Edwards' house is ugly on the outside but is full of rather fine Persian objects don't inside. We had tea on the lawn, which alas was rather brown in this unusually hot London season. Clara poured very nicely & looked quite normal, though I didn't converse with her. Cecil did the honours. Dollie was amusing. But poor Cecil & Clara are overshadowed by her invariable loss of her faculties.

Greta & the girls called for us in their car to take us to Rock House for a farewell supper. We drove via Hampstead, got out on the edge of the Heath to see an open air exhibition of paintings & etchings by Hampstead artists - some rather unequal, but many most interesting & some quite good, especially the etchings. I had a charming time at Greta's, as always except that Wilfred I am sure was in pain, or particularly worried. He couldn't keep still & look harassed. Poor dear - poor dear - I can't bear to have rapidly touch them. I am afraid it is just in the office. They leave for Brittain, with their car on Thursday the 18<sup>th</sup>. I do so hope their vacation will be a happy one. He left early, ish -

about 9:45. And it was really goodbye at which my heart contracted a little.

August 15 Monday

Our last day in London. We had been upset to learn that Aunt Emma was in

bed with a cold. So I made my way  
 there just, I ask how she was to say  
 an revoir. I found her with quite a  
 life-size cold - of course, the in-  
 evitable, the unrelenting mignonnie  
 seated at her side, as if permanently  
 down - there is no getting rid of the  
 ladies - (We are asked to conspire  
 with him & Thimie to make Clarence  
 change his custom of Sunday evening  
 dinners at Aslanli Kouak! He has  
 been written to - told her relatives  
 were to come on Sunday evenings  
 this winter & would he come Tuesday!)  
 It is amusing if, as Kenneth says,  
 it were not pathetic.

I had a hair trim & met H.A.S. at D.H.  
 Evans cafeteria. He had had a light over-  
 wat & had it over his arm. Very nice,  
 he then walked to the Times Book Club  
 got a rebate on our 3 mos. subscription  
 & indulged ourselves in two new books  
 which we had sent home - Russell  
 Parke on Egypt for Suter; & the new  
 Russian biography by Ken Derrick - for  
 Evelyn. We just get what we want  
 there dogs, don't we?

He did have a short rest & then  
 took a bus to Rowena Sq. to see if we  
 could locate Henry Little from the  
 British Council. We found to our  
 chagrin that he was in England, had  
 been in London, but had left for his  
 country - we were very nicely welcomed  
 by Mr. Corrington who talked nostalgically

of Istanbul. Then we walked to Grosvenor Sq,  
 to see the American Embassy Buildings (there  
 are several), Russell's statue, which stands  
 in great dignity at one end of the large green  
 square, with fountain fountains at each side.  
 We visited the American Library which we  
 had known of so soon. Then dinner at  
 Berkeley Ct. Kerty home to change - a farewell  
 call on Howard, a nice talk with him.  
 Robinson - Then fudge, goodbye to  
 London. Packing all done early.

August 16 Tuesday

We were lucky in our weather for our  
 departure from London, but I, for one, hated  
 to go. We very early with 6:45 breakfast.  
 To Victoria by taxi - on board boat train by  
 8 - such a tedious passport business  
 getting out. We were off at 12 on the tide.  
 I saw the white cliffs beyond Folkestone  
 disappear with such a pang. People  
 crowded on the beaches - We had a  
 perfect crossing sun, blue sky, no wind.  
 It took only 1 1/2 hrs - very short, but  
 again the long queue for passports &  
 customs with people carrying their  
 own unweildy luggage, which banded  
 into our ships. As lunch we had  
 on the Channel steamer - sandwiches &  
 apples.

The trip to Paris long, but & dirty  
 from 1:10 - 4:10 P.M. We got into a taxi  
 & took our luggage to the Gare de Lyon  
 then went on to our little hotel le  
Royal for a wash-up. We deposited  
 our coats there & called out feeling



73 Requested - he went to an aperitif to  
the Coupole - on our way saw into  
an R.C. graduate of last year, who joined  
us with much talk of his summer in  
Paris, where he has come to perfect his  
French. He had him goudge finally at  
about 7:30 then had a perfectly de-  
licious French meal at la Coupole which  
I really greatly enjoyed.

At 8 we took a taxi to the station,  
collected our baggage & found our train  
for Brigue. The wagon-lits service was  
still on - so instead of being able to  
use our sleeper tickets - we were given  
a first class compartment for the two  
days - had to do with that all night.  
It wasn't too comfortable. I covered  
myself with jacket & shirt or my suit  
but it was chilly - I slept only fitfully.

August 17 Wednesday

We were thoroughly awakened by  
officials at the frontier, La Roche at 4:30  
P.M. - at 5 we had a very good Swiss  
breakfast of hot coffee, fresh rolls, butter  
& jam & felt much fortified. We arrived  
at Brigue at 8:40. There at a nearby  
station was our narrow gauge train  
take us to Zermatt. This took 2 hrs &  
we arrived, after a toilsome ride, straight  
up the at 11:05 - All so clean - electric  
toy train, miniature station, & minia-  
ture town!

One's first impression of Zermatt is  
that it is a Paradise of tourists - Gift

74 Shops & cafe's & hotels line the main street. No  
cars or any kind - horse diligences from the  
hotels - too delightful. Our Hotel Gruen  
was full we were shown on to another  
higher up a hill, called The Rothorn.  
We were given a nice room (the archi-  
tecture of the hotel is rustic - enlarged  
chalet) with a balcony - but cool, as it  
is on the north side. I find the air thin  
& very much colder than anything we have  
stuck to bar.

A fat hausfrau person running  
well. We were given a table to two room  
food was good. Others at the table are  
mostly German Swiss, some French Swiss  
or few Belgians, no English-Saxons but  
ourselves. Rather bourgeois rust at all  
interesting.

After a rest, we went out to the in  
the town. Charming place - dominated  
by the Matterhorn - & surrounded by  
peaks. He walked here there saw the  
Chair lift. The mountain railroad to the  
Gornegrat. Chunks in the streets in  
heavy boots - knapsacks on their backs  
Everyone carries an alpenstock many  
have ice picks & coils of rope around their  
shoulders. We were tired & sleepy after  
our night on the train, so went to bed early.

August 18 Thursday

I think this is the 100th anniversary  
of the birth of poor old Uncle Bob Seager!  
It was cold! He slept under quilts!  
I put on a winter vest - he went out  
after a good breakfast (coffee really  
well made) & sat on a hill in the sun.

I found the altitude trying. I had no desire to exert myself - the hills oppressed me. Scotty, who has some remains of his cold, so do I - which is material to slight worry.

He again had tea out - then took a walk in the cold air. I wore my out and my green coat. We crossed the rushing Vin that joins the Rhone - later on. A letter from Anna said she & Bob were arriving Sat. the 20<sup>th</sup> which is good.

August 19 Friday

An transition from 87° in the shade in London on sea-level to 50° in Zermatt, 6000 ft up. has been too rapid I find myself catching my breath.

A beautiful fine day. We took the chair lift at tea - up on a cable side by side. Scotty, fortunately enough, was



Chair lift to Sunnegga - Zermatt  
The Matterhorn to the right

drizzy from the height would not have done. When we reached the top Sunnegga, we had a breath-taking view over a much larger range of mts. We sat basking in a warm sun, took each other's pictures, with the Matterhorn as a background. Instead of taking



Our Hotel Rothorn

The chair lift down again, we walked 1 1/2 hrs down the winding path to Zermatt. It was a very pleasant, warm walk, but all downhill, so that by the time we reached the level, the calves of my legs were aching!

After a short rest, we took the mountain railway to the Pifflealt - half an hour's ride had tea (rather poor) on the terrace of the hotel. I understood the hunting - was not too impressed. It was too early for the sunset.

August 20 Saturday

The weather much warmer. At 4 o'clock we met the Browns - Anna & Bob at the station took them to their Hotel Schweizerhof

17 only a steps from the station. It was good to see Anna again. Bob is a tall lad of 17 - dark, with a hoarse or hoarse & strangely enough, with heighie's voice - taking me back to more than 30 years ago! He is really intelligent. One can see that Anna is very proud of him - she is happy to be showing him Europe for the first time. After they had deposited their bags, we took them first to tea at the Alpina Hotel coffee room then for a stroll thru the park, talking the while. Bob was much intrigued by the Chair lift (Fessel-Bahn).

On the evening, we went to their hotel (inside) for coffee & much talk till after 10.

August 21 Sunday

Much warmer. We had a sunny walk in the a.m. while Anna went to church, & Bob had his Chair lift ride.

After lunch, we all went to the mountain railway to the Groengrat an hour's ride - a very spectacular affair. When we reached the top at 3:10 such a view as met our eyes. Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, glaciers & snow banks in between - Really, really. A huge stone fortress type of hotel is on the summit. Here we sat & talked. Anna told us about her separation from heighie (he made the first move) It is all legal. She has custody of the children. She said heighie was much upset that because Mr. Keller, Anna's

18

father left him nothing in his will - which does not sound like the heighie I used to know. All the Brown girls are now married. From the sound of them none very spectacular! Beatrice's husband, Philip O'Donnell is a young lawyer established in Sacramento. Frances' second husband lives in Los Angeles; Anita was married only on Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> to an ex-sergeant in Denver, Colorado, where she owns her own house! - Carlotta was left the chateau at Bourée - & she & the Browns spent 2 weeks there recently. He took a 6:00'clock train back & again we spent the evening at their hotel, watching at Bob's snapshots & exchanging last words.

August 22 Monday

We got up early & went to the station before breakfast to say goodbye to the Browns at 8 A.M. We did enjoy their visit



79.

This was our last full day in Zermatt.  
We stopped in the P.M. a little, rested,  
had tea at a place called Stonegg  
half way up a hill - very warm &  
pleasant & sunlit. We sat  
outside had a rambling walk back  
August 23 Tuesday

The morning paper had news of a disaster in India on a K.L.M. Constellation, in which 13 American newspaper men & women were killed - among them Kinckelbocker. What a blow to the reputation of that line - following as it does a similar disaster near Bari, in Italy, late in June (the plane that had brought these same correspondents out to India). It seems pretty queer of this crash but did not tell me it escaped my notice - as we ourselves were to leave on July 2nd on a K.L.M. Constellation.

After a long rest, Sweetly felt better - less depressed & no longer faint. We started off on a united shopping expedition, as I was given my first pocket money! We bought this that. I got a slipstom Etam (two expensive 1000 fr. that is about \$9.50) soap, needles + a tooth, de Ballad and the Sauce by Raymond Kellman. It was appreciably warmer, we had a lemonade at les Deux Magots then back again to the Hotel - in the evening, we dined at la Coupole our best + most tasty restaurant so far - and not too expensive, which was cheering. I had in fair time, praying for a good chance crossing in the morning.

### July 13<sup>th</sup> Wednesday

We were off a little too early from our hotel to the Gare St. Lazare - Our boat train left in good time & the long ride to Dieppe was very comfortable. Again, I repeat that French rolling stock has improved. We had a very good dinner on the train - in the Dining Car - which also

1780. 1781. 1782. 1783.

SCT. ETS. 04.001.02/2

Then long stroll - Serene  
calm - best since.  
Dinner separately. Coffee  
with them in their hotel.  
My wife.

Aug 21 Sun

Am. this. That. walk  
south Sun, warmer.  
Din. gone at wonderful  
A. to be much talk  
ways. Dinner sep.  
Coffee again. Balsipietus.  
Pillows & raincoat

present from N.W.B.

Confidence about by lie

Aug 22 Mon.

by early. To station to say  
goodbye to Anna & Koh.  
Then breakfast. A little  
shopping, knifter in hotel

Lehen alpine - faster - <sup>be.</sup> snow  
In P.M. after rest to Schineng  
In tea nicely, spot much  
warmer. Even. ~~tea~~ coffee at  
Alpina v. nice. ~~dear~~ h.  
hmi.

Aug. 23 Tues.

Last of. Last level at  
Pottum. A.M. packed.

Last little shopping  
edible + water horn.

Got 2:35 train to Buzue  
much warmer - wonderful  
mountain train ride.

Swadze. to ~~hurry~~ Zermatt  
Victoria Hotel Buzue.

Walk thru town - Inter-  
city castle.

Stuck alpen schloss

17 <sup>F</sup> ~~lemon~~ tea in

garden - coffee instead



SET. ETS. 24. 001. 22/3

Open all dinner. And so to bed.

Aug. 24 wed.

Up early. Got Thru train to  
Genoa at 8:16. wonderful  
luck. small comp. no sun.  
Rain clouds. meal at  
12 - then on - Genoa at 2:00.  
many tunnels - Ribelle Hotel -  
very friendly - enormous.  
bus to Opice. Room No 4  
on Frabizon - In even.  
found ~~hotel~~ restaurant  
behind hotel - good meal.  
macaroni. fish - cheese  
a perfect peach. Had to  
bed.

Aug. 25 Thurs.

We had a little Italian  
money left so I bet a rather  
cheap Italian fountain

pen! he got 2 books then  
took a taxi to the port.

What a tiresome business  
getting on. We ran first  
into the Hendersons - then  
Polly Brige, Eugene Brige  
Edward Savage & 2 girls  
from Igloo - Eliz. George  
Knut Macchitack - v.

nice. After losing my  
temp several times, we  
got on board. I admit  
our cabin was wonderful  
for three - newly done up  
w/very modern. The  
ship is very nice. Saw  
an old pupie of mine, whose  
name I can't recall - 2  
travellers are Si Hugh  
Stacy, Knatchbull & Kugesson!

Oct. #75. 94. 901. 02 / 4

Summer lunch at 2 - second  
service Dinner at 8

Aug. 26 Fri.

1<sup>st</sup> & had a poor night -  
but I a good one. Sea  
like a mirror. Bkpt. poor  
coffee bad. but rolls good.  
som - this that - talked  
to Ruly about Henderson  
v. int. long rest. Arr.  
happes at 4 - (we  
shall be late getting to Olan -  
bul) Other Americans out to buy  
food. Some new people onboard  
Nallon Erazi - Even played  
independent bridge with Edward  
Savage, with McClinton & Ruly.  
bed latish 11:30-12.

Aug. 27 Sat.

Excellent night. for both

Borden's instant coffee good  
for yr. all P.M. talked with  
Duby. Long rest. Put clocks  
forward outdoors. Rest.

Went to Collins on aft deck  
knitted & read Graham  
Greene

Played bridge in mess.  
much annoyed by hearing  
radio music. Bed late

12:15

Aug. 28 Sunday  
Letter 1) Ensign

**Boğaziçi Üniversitesi**

**Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi**

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

**Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu**



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