

Diary 1960



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Diary of
A Sojourn in England.
Summer 1960

Eveline T. Scott

Diary

July 7, Thursday.

I woke up at the crack of dawn, in a bureau quite divided of curtains, rugs, & hair - a breeze, for Aziz had had washed like heavens for days to prepare the house for my visiting. A ship was on board at 7:15 to give me breakfast at 7:30. The Consulate car was at my door. Goodbye to Aziz, & Andrea, beautiful souls, who never have a chance to leave Turkey on holiday. It was a busy day - with early sunshine.

I stopped at Aslanli Kanak to pick up Aunt Heminis, who, the indefatigable relative said she would come to see me at the B.E.A. office. He was expected to get there at 8:15 P.M. - the coach would leave at 9. But all the plans of mine & her's etc. he was told, after first preliminaries that our take off would be delayed. The coach would not leave till 10. An anti-climax if ever there was one. We two went along to the Divan Oteli, sat at an outside table & had a Turkish coffee each. I was in a vile mood - I was really sick with fear, for I did not want to be in a Comet - I am always a perfect fool about being any how. Nothing seems to cure me. I have flown 20 times - 4 times across the Atlantic & yet I go through agonies of apprehension, at the thought of each new flight.

Finally we were off - Goodbye to the good aunt who, by this time, had got hold of Caroline from the B.E.A. office - a wave & a bang we sped. We were not off the ground at Yedigöller till 11:45 (instead of 10:20) the plane was only half full - no one by my side. The Comet is huge - much larger than a Viscount - very nice lines, aisle too narrow & too many seats. We took less than an hour to reach Athens. There we were appalled to see the number of people, ready to come on to the next

Stop - Rome. On and on they came - till every single seat was occupied. Human Boy said a Comet 4B would accommodate 85 & I believe it. I couldn't imagine how the plane could rise with such a load - but we did.

This time a man sat next me a most intelligent man in his early 40s I should say, by name Stephen Amy Barnes. He had long running conversations. I wouldn't make out his language but I think he was a correspondent - he had been all over. Knew Istanbul, had lived in Italy, & now was returning from Tel Aviv where he had come in connection with the Eichmann case. I really enjoyed him. - Even though we had to shout at each other. The Comet makes a very big noise. I am not crazy about it - too many people. For instance, it was almost impossible to feed the 85 between Athens & Rome. Consequently, we missed our after-lunch coffee, because we were almost to land.

I asked if I could stay in the plane, which we sat in the Rome airport. I was allowed to. I watched hurrying Italian workmen come in to clean up - & saw very little out of the window. The last lap was much shorter than I imagined it would be - 2 hrs 10 mins. to London. Again I had no companion, although the plane, again, was very full. Perhaps there were 4 empty seats.

Arriving was pure joy - so easy, so efficient, so simple. A faint drizzle welcomed us - the characteristic touch of London! Again I was enchanted with all I saw from the coach - the typical London houses, the red buses, the look of the people hurrying along the streets, the pubs with their ancient, ~~to~~ exact names.

At the West End Terminal there was that darling Greta to meet me - with her car. We

embraced, she took me to 34 Gloucester Place, and we chattered the while. D. (my welcome from the 2 Davieses - & my little room all ready for me. Greta, like the good soul she is, said we would go out to dinner together. - wh. we did - to the place on Highmore St. where we had been before. Much good talk.

In my room were lovely flowers, yellow, from Sarah - also letters from her, Eleanor, Bob Allen, Cornelia Shagan. Greta & I finally parted at about 9 P.M. I unpacked, took a pill - went to bed - in a sort of dreamy daze, astonished that I had actually arrived. Every plane journey to me is a miracle.

July 8. Friday

Breakfast at 8 - good tea, & real marmalade! and all the 6 millioners at a nearby table, having breakfast together. At 9 a telephone call from Sarah - giving me her news - awfully nice.

It was raining with rain! I had given my old rain coat to a girl before I left - & I did not bring my old crepe-soled shoes - but I did me ^{out} at 9:30 on my first shopping expedition, which was rather nice, as I spent a lot of money "just over that" - wouldn't resist it!

Such a tramping of the streets! First to the P.O. on Highmore St. - stamps, air mail sheets - then straight on to my beloved Times Hill - I took out my subscription again to 2.10 a. found the same girl at 5 desk (everything is delightfully familiar). & got Senator Joe McCarthy, by Richard Rovere, which I have long wanted to read. Then to D.H. Evans. - all eyes along Appled Street where nearly every shop has a S.A.H.B.S. sign. In the course of the morning, I bought, a green plastic rain coat 9/11 - with cap, a green umbrella at Silfrages 17/6 - wore from D.H. Evans 8/8 white & pink, - enters - viogorus (I am still not normal on the "inside") and so on. I brought my purchases home & went out again! I had my first restaurant meal

at D.W. Evans - in a restaurant, which has greatly expanded - no reservationists, because there is now plenty of room. I had grilled plaice, boiled potatoes & coffee ice-cream. ^{5/6} nicely simple enough. Still in the rain I got supplies for tea & supper. By the time I reached home, after a manicure which I would not resist, it was nearly 3 - so I had a rest & read. Tea & supper more or less concluded.

Arne Kildner came in to suggest my joining them in the evening to see Sons and Daughters of D.W. Evans at the Carlton Theatre at 8.25. It was a movie I would not have chosen - too painful - but I wanted to go with them & I did. (A.B. I dislike nearly all movies!!) The theatre is large & grand - there was a great deal of preliminary - advertisement - a tribute to Annette Kellerman - & then the play. No - no. I can't hear the music that always plays up as the kissing begins! What taste people have. Wendy Hiller was Mrs. Howard - & most of what she did was good. The best, I thought, was Mr. Murel (Tripp Howard) though his part was distasteful. Great liberties were taken with the story - for instance no son was killed in the India disaster - William, the eldest son, died in London of P.B. - as a young man. Some of the scenery was excellent. Oh dear - why can't the houses be better? A story one knows is Hollywood-ized & ruined.

We got home at 11:30 - not too tired. I went to bed at once & slept early. At 7:30 I telephoned to Doris Clare & we are to meet at 10:30 A.M. on Monday, instead of Saturday, which suits me better.

July 9. Saturday

Again I must record that my "moods" are not quite normal, which is a disgusting nuisance. I paid no attention, however, & at 9:40 or so went

out (no rain) to get provisions - just to the fine Super-5 market on Baker St. Keener, 2 lemons, arrow-root biscuits & shananas. Then a long walk to the Edwards Rd. There I looked in at the balustrade Boots - got a new comb & talcum powder - what I wanted to pay at was the Hat Shop (Frank's - real Jews) near the top of the Edwards Rd. Deliberate selection - I merely window shopped - then home to 34.

At 11.45 I started out for the Cumberland found it was raining! Prepared to wear a winter suit, though it was cold. In the lobby Laurence Paken came up to me & gave me such a cordial welcome, he telephoned to Sarah, who soon came down in the elevator - both blooming - Sarah in a very pretty brown suit, with an even prettier blouse. We repaired to the Grill Room where we had a most delightful talk - I tried to order simply - 2 grilled chops, plain boiled potatoes & plain vanilla ice-cream - but even so I was probably unwise. The other had very recherche food - Laurence is off to Moscow among other places - Daskhent & Amarsand - as well as Lorraine, Prague and Vienna. Much good talk.

He went afterwards to the Washers' perfectly charming room - on a corner with a wide view over Hyde Park - more talk. And then at 2:30 I got up to go. The kind Laurence walked with me to my door - what a really nice man he is!

The rest of my day, I spent in my room - knitting, reading & writing - feeling rather "upset" as to digestion. My late high tea was part of a ham sandwich, a banana, 2 arrow-root biscuits & tea with lemons. I read a great deal of Senator Joe McCarthy - such an amazing story - really frightening - for if a country can produce largely believe in such a demagogue as McCarthy, what hope is there for any intelligent government? I never knew McCarthy was such a liar - such a disintegrating force.

July 30 Sunday

Rather melancholy day of rain. Evidently the English cannot have two sunny summers in succession. How lucky they & I were last June & August. Breakfast was lateish - 8:45 - & I had only tea with lemon & dry toast, w/ Theano, sties, a queasy stomach - I went up at 9:45 to see the pictures established on the third floor - & found some doing the family washing! They had been to see A Man for Every Season - the legs of Sir Thomas here were much impressed. They were off w/ friends in Seneca at 10.

There was the lucky Observer to read (How good it is) & then I started out for church in the rain. I decided on St. Clement Dane's for purely sentimental reasons. The Basil St. has desert go to the stand on Sundays - so I had a long walk from Champion Cross to the church, but I arrived just as the chaplain was marching in. I got a good front seat on the left, but the sermon I missed, because of the echoes. The church is for the R.P. & beautifully restored after very serious bombing. Unfortunately, there was no choir - economy, probably, though the organ was very good. The psalms were recited instead of sung. But I liked the service w/ somewhat restored my soul.

It was still raining when I emerged. No. 15 bus to Oxford Circus then I walked all the way to Grill & Cheese for a lunch. I needed sustenance - no good standard steak, well done & a glass of wine. Back to 34 where I lay down, read the Observer & the McCartney & dozed a little - also penned a short letter to Helen Scott & one to Mabel Stock.

At a quarter to six that good Anita called at my door. In her car her & Sarah were already seated. Off we were, along damp streets to Rock House, Highgate Hill. We had a perfectly lovely evening. Rachel, Peter & Henry & Jo outside came in earlier than

expected - & more introduced all round. We four had a delicious cold meal in Gita's pretty dining room, though it wasn't quite the thing w/ Euebia - cold salmon with mayonnaise, tomatoes, cucumbers, green salad - with cake & cherries. I satisfied myself with heaven bread butter & salmon minus the dressing.

Then we were off to Kenwood to a concert (Chamber music) by the Strauss quartet. We were in the "arranger's" bump with some lovely pictures - Romney, Gainsborough Van Dyck - there we heard 3 quartets - Haydn's Quartet in G. Op. 77. No. 1; Schubert's Quartet in B flat Op. 158 (D 112); & Beethoven's Quartet in D. Op. 18 No. 3. All lovely. There was a large crowd. We came back in the damp air to Rock House, where we joined the young boys had coffee & cold drinks - & so back again by car to my place to the Cumberland. A very satisfactory day. I learned that Jennifer had had a second child - on July 6 a daughter, Deborah Rose. Inshallah!

July 31 Monday

"Rain, rain go away, come again another day!!" Too much rain.

I went out at a little after 9 - straight to my dear Finis where I changed my coat to John Bahman's I am my Brother. From there I bid me to Hilley & Skinner & bought a most excellent pair of black shoes with crepe soles for 69/11 - served by a most pleasant dandy, who inquired about the sad summer weather. Thence I walked, miles it seemed, via Bond St to The English Speaking Union, Dartmouth House, 37 Charles Street, where I found Dana close, waiting for me in the lobby. She is as valuable as me. What she really wanted was advice as to when to buy a coat, as she has been skinning for days. We walked again miles via S. & N. Audley St: to C. R. where she was able to buy a very nice grey tweed for £ 7. 19. 11. She talked a great deal - very fast - all the time. Next she wanted to buy a suit case - he went first to Selfridges but everything was too expensive, so I have found out in the past.

So we migrated to Mark's kitchen where she found just what she needed. In her simple way, she talks a great deal about prices. But Patient people have been cramped over the years - I've observed with economy.

By this time, I was all in. He made an omelette & Gill & I there had a good lunch of lamb cutlet, & wonder cake - no extras! I had an idea Dana wanted me to go back with her to Dartmouth House, but I had determined to go home to rest, which I did.

He then - a read - then at five tea with Mrs. Davies, who had expected heavily but she couldn't come. We had a nice chat in her orderly kitchen - she asked me lots of questions about D.C. The Milners & soon. Very friendly.

At 7:30 Dana came to the door & we set out for a bus ride to London Bridge - Bus No. 13. An expedition turned out very well. We walked across London Bridge, passed in at The George Inn on the Borough High St. Then, an hour was in, for when we walked into Southwark Cathedral we discovered that a wonderful orchestral concert was being held there in connection with Refugee Day. We sat through half an hour of it - a beautiful setting of marian columns & soaring roof. Had to home in the afternoon to Orchard St. by No. 13 bus, where Dana got a taxi to her 37 Chancery St & I walked along the wet pavement to 34. It was nice evening, & something of a novelty to her - for she really has only the sketchiest knowledge of London landmarks.

July 12 Tuesday

It was a little less dull in the P.M. & slightly warmer. I decided this was the morning for the Bank - so at 9:30 I took the underground from home & went to Lombard St. Before that I tried to reach the markets but with no success. There was no money at 8:45 when I telephoned from here & now when I used the hotel phone at the Cumberland.

I took my £40.10.0. dividend check to the

Overseas Dept. of Glyn Mills & was waited upon by a very nice young Jew, Mr. Stern, who took me into the private room where Harold & I had been so often. I was to deposit my dividend (Barman's bill) in my account & then draw another check of £40.0.0. for my own use. Mr. Stern mentioned Victor and Howard Bines, both of whom have been interviewed by him - he also knew Middleton Edwards by name & the Baker family. Very nice & friendly. He looked at my kindy bank account, said I had nothing to worry about & was altogether very nice. With my purse bulging with pounds sterling, I went out.

For a moment, I stopped at St. Mary's school with for a little prayer, remembering my sailing, who, in 1953 had stumbled & nearly fell near that gate. So many happy memories of my boat days in London. I've loved this city as much as I do - what grand times we had together.

I took the underground to the nearest tube & found my way, with some difficulty, to the beautiful, beautiful Lincoln Inn Fields - where I have never been before. I was heading for Soane's Museum. Each person I asked to guide me was so polite, so civilized, that I rejoiced again in my British heritage. The museum was intensely interesting - as a house, as a museum. The most appealing things were the Hogarth pictures - & the Baker's Progress; & the Election - Satires they are on the weaknesses of 18th Century England. Two young Danish boys were in the museum as well. The bronzes & coins, objets d'art generally did not interest me too much - but I was very glad I went. I was so impressed with the beauty of the surrounding buildings & the green center of the fields. I found Fleet St. after inquiries & waited for Bus 13 to bring me home for lunch. And while I waited, a drizzle began. This summer seems bated.

My lunch was snacks in my room - very good. To start next reading John Lehmann & then I started out again. This time for Harrod's to buy

envelopes for himself. At the super market on Baker St. before 5:30 on bus 74, I bought jelly for my tea & ran into blue-eyed haughty Milner, who had been sent there on an errand.

Harold was quite impressive - I had envelopes for himself, letters & a package of envelopes for myself - then came back for tea at 4:40 P.M. A delicious tea - sandwiches & jelly & cookies & good Betty tea. The rest of the afternoon I wrote letters - read, knitted & finally decided I would not go out for any supper - merely to the near by pillar box to post my letters. Again it was raining - a thin mist smirled around Gloucester Place - a sad evening, with menacing clouds -

July 13 Wednesday

I have always said that 13 is my lucky number. Today was no exception. I was surprised & delighted to get by the morning mail a letter from The Times accepting, if you please, my modest article Cambridge 50 years ago, after the Court Page. My old friend, R.P. Ryan, was away on holiday, his substitute, L.B. Kirkham, replied. All he wanted to know was whether the two dogs I mentioned, Miss Hughes & Miss McCollough were still living. I wrote at once to say I didn't know. He also mentioned the fact that he had known Miss Houghton personally. So I do hope I may see myself in print again - perhaps this month. I hope so. There was also a letter from himself before she had received any from me.

First of all I went out to get stamps on Baker St. also provisions: milk, marmite, soap, Clinin spread, sandwiches & sandwich - came home with these & then set out again. I decided I would go to the West Side Storey. I applied at the Buy Office of Her Majesty's Theatre & got a seat in the dress circle for 25/- - There I walked up Regent St. & that I had occasion at the haberdashery & aspirin powder for hair at Boots - getting home a little before 12. I had a very early lunch (made in my room) & a short rest.

West Side Storey is an amazing performance - very modern - very New York-ish. Most of it made me very melancholy. Some of the music was beautiful - but much was beautiful. The principal girl had a truly lovely voice. But what a picture of warping, degenerate youth. And how dreadful that even an angle of life in New York could be like that. I had a good seat, but I should have been nearer the stage. I sat next to a Danish youth - very polite, very prosperous. I should say.

When I came out, it was raining - & 5:15 P.M. - quite a queue at buses were endless - but I managed to scramble on to a No. 59. As soon as I got in, I telephoned to Sarah & arranged that we would all drive together at Le Jardin de Bretagne in the Cumberland - which we did - at 6:30 - when I plunged there a deluge to get there. Sarah had only just returned from Norwich, where she had been to see the city, as well as Earlham on which she dined. Full of enthusiasm & delight she was. After the meal (too much - always with the hashish I am per - mitted to over eat) we repaired to their room No 610. To start chat, mostly about Norwich. And when I came out, the rain had stopped & a clearer sky showed itself towards the west. A better day tomorrow?

I am reading John Lehmann's I Don't Buy Another very literary, & a little precious, but I am enjoying it. I want more time to write letters, as they continue to pile up.

July 14 Thursday

I have been here a week - a week packed with good things, 2 concerts, a play, a movie, friends, machines, Robin Mac Callum, Milner & letters. And the note from The Times (the happiest event).

My morning opened. In the first place, I had to write a series of notes: 1) To Heather to give her my dates in order to arrange a day for Tunderidge hills 2) To Mrs. Goodwin to say I would come to her on Sunday for tea - out of

3) To which I told her I am not at a hotel, cannot book her a room here, will wait for her on July 21 - & can she have lunch with me on Friday, the 22nd before I take off for Bedford. This all takes time, so that I don't go out till after 10. Then my purchases were modest - food for my supper - apples from M + S, a sandwich & chocs from Lyons - back again to 34.

At 12 D appeared at the Amherst and where I was to meet Sarah & Robin & Callum. The latter had come up from Brighton to lunch with the Macbeaths. I made the fourth. She was a little late, but so warm in her greeting, when she finally came, bearing in her hand roses for Sarah. We had the pleasantest meal, tho' the course we had was poor "lobster a la paris" - the meat was tough & the rice, dress - we finished up with delicious coffee & ice-cream.

As I had to rest before a strenuous evening, Sarah, Robin & I repaired to my modest bedroom, where I prepared my 'cave' one had more good talk. The good news from Robin was that Elizabeth is to have a baby in December - also that Harold has now been transferred to Liverpool in the I.C.T. - & the trio of them were going there to work for a house this weekend. Robin wants me to visit her there in Brighton & I would like very much to go. She is much more friendly than I expected she would be. She is happy - happy to be living in England, happy to have her daughter son-in-law on the same island - instead of in Durdley. Robin never really liked Durdley. She says she never wants to go home. She speaks of Father & Mary Fowler & how disappointed they were when they returned for a visit, which they thought would be so wonderful. History does not repeat itself - a paradox to the contrary, notwithstanding. I saw Robin to her bus & we had goodbye to Sarah at the corner of George St.

Then, after a rest, at 4:30 - then a lonely walk to the Edgware Road & back in the soft late evening. I looked again at the fascinating hat shop where I long to buy a feathered hat. At 8 I had a snack

supper in my room & read John Lehmann.

July 15 Friday

This has been a somewhat eventful day. The first really warm, sunny day since I came, tho' there was a tiny shower in the afternoon.

I went out at 9:30 direct to the Times library, where I got out F.A. Lee's Life of John Middleton Murry. Then I decided I would go to Candida tomorrow, so I bought a ticket for the matinee at the Box Office - Piccadilly theatre. This is just off Piccadilly Circus - I decided to walk to the place for which I did - turning into Robin & Cleaver's to get lunch & back with which to make great towels for Christmas presents - as to books & other for additions. I looked at their base clothes for hosiery but they seemed gaudy - & I didn't buy any. I got to S.H. Evans early - 11:30 but I sat me down on the 5th floor & at 12 went into the Restaurant where I had such a good meal - fried plaice, tartare sauce, green peas - roll & butter & coffee. It came to 5/10 - with a d. tip - all told 6/7. Not had then I went home rather dead heat after my long walk. I rested, read & dozed a little. At 3:30 I had a slight tea - & went out for provisions.

Back again - more reading, & some preparation of my new liver for a dinner - then another of sausage roll, marmite, banana & choc. mints - a few p. cards on letter to K. Preece.

The morning mail brought me some letters: Euegn. Mrs. Goodwin, Katie Wright & Peggy Pochman - all very nice, especially Euegn's.

July 16 Saturday

This was a delightful day from beginning to end. It started with Sarah's arrival at 9:10 to accompany me to the South Bank. It was a lovely, blue morning, with pitiful sunshine. We took No. 13 bus to London bridge & went past or all to Southwark Cathedral. We did it thoroughly this time, seeing Quaker's Tomb, the windows & Johnson, Bunyan - Howard Chapel

the monument to Shakespeare with its stained glass window depicting the characters of his plays. All very beautiful. Much of the cathedral has been restored & only a fraction remains of the old priory - the tower is the same - the tower, the old flagged floor & the barres all in a row.

After the cathedral, we wandered along Bankside among the grain warehouses, which now stand on the sites of old theatres, old Bear Gardens - we had to see St. Mary Acre's wharf, the plaque to Shakespeare on the site of the old Globe Theatre, Rose Hill, where the Rose Theatre stood. Sarah gets all manner of things from these things. She has been here before, but long ago; much of the Bankside was new to me - Chick's wharf. For instance on the spot where an old person once stood here, "the horse to chick" still used as slang for person.

He came back again by road - I came home, after a purchase or two at Lyons had a very nice snack lunch in my room.

I just continued reading of the life of John Middleton Murry - what a creature - all introverted, forever studying his reactions to life. He was greatly gifted, but had a faculty for antagonizing people. Tho' I never saw or knew him, I felt ~~was~~ antagonism in his writings. His "love life" was spectacular & and disastrous. Such a combination of 'narrate' - intellectualism - a strange, strange man.

At 8:30 I went to a matinee of Lauda by Shaw at the Piccadilly Theatre. It was beautifully done - I loved it all. I was able to hear & hear everything as I was in the 3rd row of the stalls - How these trips to theatres, even when I am all alone, thrill me.

It took along time to get the right bus on Regent St. I came to Lyons again - tried, for the first time, The Restful Tray. There were queues, perhaps because it was Saturday night. I waited in a long queue but had a very nice supper eventually very cheap 5/6 and no tip.

Thurs. Sunday

There was practically no rain all day. It was very good but on 12 M. but hardly need for an umbrella.

I debated a long time before deciding where to go to church. But, after a read of the most excellent Abraham I went out to St. Mary Abchurch Parish Church as a penitential gesture towards Robert & Elizabeth Krumpholtz! The church an 18th century one is much nicer than I thought. I got a good front seat & could hear all the sermon. The clergyman was a nervous, earnest "good" man - he spoke on a somewhat orthodox subject - the rejection of God & the acceptance of a God, who meant justice & mercy - not merely power.

On my way home I bought flowers for Mrs. Goodwin for 5/ outside Baker St. Station. Then I came home for a snack lunch in my room & a short rest.

I was out by 3:30 to catch No. 2 bus to Alders Green Station to visit Mrs. Goodwin. I got there before the early of course. I hadn't seen G.G. since 1919! 41 years ago - must I could not recognize, except the old Happo-drome, which is still there & the shops on the market street. I had to wait at the station some 15 mins. then took a taxi to 1 Herria way -

Mrs. G. lives in a typical small suburban house (belonging to an elder son), with tiny garden in front & a larger one behind, with a proper hedge for privacy. She opened the door to me - a white-haired, animated lady with very blue eyes. Her speech reminded me of Miss Thompson of the English High School. To my surprise, I was not the only guest - In the small sitting-room were Mrs. Johnson & Mrs. Mrs. Johnson & small Emma (9). Most interesting people who asked very intelligent questions about Turkey & about the American elections. We had tea around the table - no English, no substantial - with delicious fruit cake amongst other things. After they had gone, I was told that Mrs. Johnson & Mrs. Johnson is the mother of the actress, Alicia Johnson, wife of Peter Fleming! I wish I had known earlier. Her son, too, is an author's consultant - most unusually interesting. They did not leave till after 6.

then we had a most animated conversation - she took up
me some other history, & that she disappeared to get
a supper ready. This we had at 7:40 - delicious Irish-
codd chicken with a nice sauce, baked potato, green
salad & cherry-tail. Mrs. G. has known some very
interesting people. As a girl she was taught at
Nottingham University by Prof. Measley, Frieda
Lawrence's husband! - She knew Frieda her
daughter, Barbara, her son Montagu. Really -

I felt I ought to start home before it was dark.
Mrs. G. walked with me to the bus stop on Hendon
way - No 113 & I came home, reaching Baker St.
when it was quite dark - 9:40 or so. A most
pleasant & interesting afternoon. The day I am
to visit them again when he sends son, "Bill"
(though his name is Robert) gets back from his
vacation in Italy, where he was to meet Godfrey.

In a way, I had dreaded this Sunday invita-
tion, because I didn't know Mrs. G. at all - & I
wondered what she would be like. But I was
charmed by the whole affair.

July 18 Monday

He came to my door in a taxi at 9 - wanting me to
go with him to my bank, so that he could get more
money than a check on his own American Bank. It
was a long & expensive taxi ride - he went up to the
American Dept. at 9 1/2 miles & I asked for Mr. Stern.
He came out & took us to the famous private room,
saying they usually didn't do that sort of thing but he
would see about it. He disappeared, then came back
& said he would take the check, which was made out.
He was really & truly awfully nice about it, & he
then accompanied us downstairs where got his
money. Mr. Stern then asked me if I would be coming
back if so, I would probably not see him - but I
should ask for a Mr. Wolke. Really very decent
of him. He shook hands, went out, & after some
five to ten minutes wait got another taxi.

17.
Mac let me out at Asford Street - a little before &
continued his way, while I went into Rowne and
Hollinworth, for the first time this year. I was bored,
as usual, to the charming Book Dept. downstairs &
indulged myself in G. L. Lewis' Turkish (Jack Tunnell
Series) and Shakespeare's historical plays & Sonnets,
of which I used to have a copy, but no longer. I
want to read Richard II again, before I see it at the
old Vic on July 25th with Rachel & Peter.

From there I walked to the house & a game back my
middleton library, & set out Sir Stanley Knowlton's
The Death about a Publisher, which I had seen some
reviewed. By this time my bag was heavy - I decided
to go home with it but a huge downpour erupted
& I had to run into a doorway for shelter. I did get
home in fair time, deposited my bag & shed my to the
Restful Tray at home. It was then about 12:10 but
already there was a long queue down - what popular-
ity. My lunch was badly chosen - I should have had soup
& a couple - I'll know better next time. Another
heavy shower greeted me as I was leaving, after I had
bought chocolates for the children tomorrow, cups
& saucers for myself, then at Marks & Spencer, a pound
& apples.

A short rest with the Times & my new house.

I found a notice that Wilfred had called. I rang
him up & had a nice chat. He was a dear & ring me
so early, having got back from Abernethy only
on Saturday. He was full of enthusiasm over his
holiday. He didn't know much about Barnaby
& was distressed at the news I would give him.

I had a simple tea at 5pm and at 4:30
started out for the Royal Academy - at 5:30pm.
One pays only 1/6 instead of 3/- I enjoyed it - I was
there an hour. There were few abstract paintings
many very fine portraits at which, I counted
British painters, & excellent many charming miniatures
& some really fine landscapes. The sculptures
I thought poor - rough & ready.

much note writing at 6:30 & then showers at 8.

July 19 Sunday

This was a strange day of day. I had various rather mundane errands to accomplish. I started out about 9:45 went first to British Railway to arrange train for Bedford, Cambridge & Wimpfield - there was a little brown window at breakfast & I had to get wrapping paper & string to secure the purchases to go to take out. How they ever reach there? From headmaster I took a bus to Dr. Cassidy, went down St. James' St. to the British Travel Agency. I found out about Thomas steamer for the Macheats. (I don't believe they will venture - however) Thus, after a little purchasing of food, I came back to 34.

An early lunch then a lie-down. At about 1:30 there was a clattering thunderstorm & heavy, heavy rain. I kept on enjoying Stanley Hume's delightful host. Tea at 3:45 - then I started the parcel to John 1/6. Back again for a short time - at 5:15 I started out for Waterloo to see the military st. I went by underground below Baker Street at the very height of the rush hour. But, altho' there were crowds, how well everything was managed. I got a platform ticket, went along to this boat train to the French line "Claude" & found their reserved compartment, even before they arrived. The children were little angels who all sat about & chatted for some 15 minutes then joined Paul - formerly at Pembert as an exchange student, came to see them off too. It was sad having them go. They are all deans, & Robert College is the power for their going.

I came back to Baker St. very early - & thought I would try The Chicken Inn, a restaurant which has taken the place of Berkeley Court where matters I used to go. It is all right - nothing to write home about. I came back in dry weather - had a nice cigarette - wrote note or two & telephoned to Sarah who had had a happy 2 days night at Chichester. We meet again tomorrow.

July 20 Wednesday

I decided in the a.m. to go & see wife at Newgate St. But first, I went out in the cloudy morning to my good morning lunch and supper. This was a bit of time - in fact I find time plenty here - then I started out. When I got to the o.c. Mr. Hedges secretary came out to tell me that, although it was then 11 a.m., he had not turned up. I said I would wait 20 minutes, but I only waited 5 - when Mr. Hedges walked. He had had a dentist's appointment that failed to notify his secretary.

He was warm as always in his welcome & asked me to come in to his office & have a cup of coffee with him, which I did. Fortunately, we were alone & we had such a good talk - referring to Aunt Annie, her mother, John family. I asked him many questions about Janet the man. Several Sheldon is a barrister - much older, a divorcee. His marriage was a was-ens - & there were no children - but he was separated from his wife for a long time. His parents are still living - & are wealthy; he is an only son. He has now bought a house behind Peter Jones shops - Elyton St (?) just far below Stone Square. They are to be married in a registry office in the early P.M. on August 10, 80 for a family tea party to his flat - return for a reception at 55 Park Lane - an ex-club, now used as a place for meetings & receptions. All very interesting.

I came back to have a tiny snack lunch in my room consisting of a sandwich, marmite, a banana and I had a very short rest.

At 2:25 P.M. Greta arrived in her car - we drove to the Cumberland, picked up Sarah then Greta drove us all the way to Swell to see Bella. It was cloudy but not raining & we had a night plumer for her. There she was, poor soul, in bed - looking so white, & old & crippled. Her companion, Mrs. Cummins, was away, so she was alone, which was perhaps a good thing, though I think she actually was missing her own mate.

we had half an hour with her but it was pitiful to see how handicapped she was. Sarah felt it very much. Bella's hands are twisted all out of shape - dreadfully, really. But she is very clear in her mind - asked a lot of questions about old friends - & seemed so glad to have visitors.

From there we drove on to Gate House, Radworth where our dear Evelyn was there to greet us. We had a lovely afternoon, really, though poor Pamela does look like a sick man. He is very much thinner & his color is not a bit good but he seemed cheerful - & I noticed, made a fairly good tea. He talked with animation to Sarah. Evelyn was her dear, cheerful self. The game was an immense spread for tea. 2 cakes & kinds of sandwiches, cookies, honey, jelly & brown bread & butter. The Shaggy Bruno wagged his tail at us - a beautiful dog. We saw the funny parrot in its cage in the kitchen. He talked of Christmas, who has no part in any play for a fortnight - but after that may have a play. Finally after nearly 2 hrs we felt we must go.

Arila drove us back to London. She let Sarah out at the Cumberland, then asked me to come on home with her. I was only too happy to accept. We didn't get in till nearly 9 - found Peter & Rachel just finishing a meal - but more was persuaded for us - at the drop of a hat. An conversation was animated. Told after supper, Peter showed us fascinating slides of Cambodia, Bangkok, India, Pakistan. He does take splendid colored photos. He is evidently thrilled with his round-the-world trip - He has already found a job with a firm of architects.

I left at 9:30 & Peter drove me home - talking the whole time - very fast but very clearly. He grows on me - though he is very dogmatic. Rachel, however, holds her own. I admire her. I was in my room 12.10. after a splendid day.

July 21 Thursday

I have been here 2 weeks today - a crowded & delightful 2 weeks. The weather had greatly improved. There was only one short shower after 1 P.M. - while I was lying down.

I started out on various errands. First to the Irish Rail-way where I got my ticket (return) for Redford 21/- a lot! Then by bus to the Haymarket Theatre to get tickets for Puro to which I hoped to take Anita. Unfortunately, I was told at the Box Office that all tickets were sold out till August. (Sarah advises against any more Puro - Mac says it is superbly done - but very grim. The Turkish Office in it are represented as monstrous - we would never want to take our Turkish friends to it. Mac was haunted by it the whole night, after he had seen it.)

From Haymarket I walked - to Woolworths for odds and ends then to Weymouth St. The Times library. I was so wonderfully enough to exchange my known book for the very latest - 12 Bundles of Sensations by Baroness Rees - a new book. I was foolish enough to buy for a Penguin by Monica Dickens - also the wife of Flora Robson by Janet Dunbar (Chatt had autographed it yesterday) to give to Mac for his birthday.

The afternoon I spent very pleasantly - a made lunch - a lie-down with Rees (fascinating) letters & cards (one to brother Shahid some to him) - other I dressed in my best to go for supper with Sarah & Mac at le Jardin de Portugal. Here we had a very good dinner then went to their room for half an hour. I am simply amazed at the way the Macs are spending. I hope it's all right & that they are not jeopardizing their future. Mac rolls around in taxis every blessed day. They have gone to 15.20 play, ballet & concerts. They are spending 79/- a day for bed & breakfast. Then they choose expensive items on the menu. How could I have afforded to spend 3 weeks at the Cumberland. Of course salaries at R.C. are higher than they were in an day - but even so. I seem to bind Sarah tight. She's trying to do too much - & she has to cope

continually into Mac's emotional reactions to are, thing.
How she dotes on that man. And how glad I am not to
be married to him. He would exhaust me spiritually
in a week!

The event of the evening was A Passage to India
to which I took the Washburns as well as birthday present.
It was very well done & not interesting. We had
seats in the stalls (about 8-10 seats back) and that is
not near enough for us. I missed a great deal of the
conversation, especially as some of it was foreign
in accent. I would like to read the play that has
been made from E. M. Forster's book. I am very much
afraid, when I go to the advis on Monday, I shall
hear almost nothing. Shakespeare is hard enough to
follow, with perfect ears - with poor ones, almost
impossible. Hence my reading Richard II very
carefully beforehand.

He waited in a cold night wind, on a street
corner, before getting a taxi for the lame man.

July 22 Friday

A fairly domestic P. M. when I packed ready
for Bedford.

I started out for the Cumberland to meet
Mabel there & of course, as I stepped out of the door
it was raining! However, no matter. She was
there when I arrived, looking very smart, as usual,
in a grey suit, lace gloves, small blue straw hat.
I can't believe she is 82. She is wrinkled, of course,
she is so thin, she shows her wrinkles but otherwise
she seemed not extraordinarily young & alive. She is
a nice soul - kind & affectionate & good - heart, like
so many older people. Garland! She talked &
talked. I heard all about her po-
mon leake family - (Victor is here on business)
about Betty & Susan, Vivian, Joyce, & so
on & so on. After lunch, Sarah had invited

us to have coffee in her room, & up we went, & I am
afraid she was much bored by Mabel's talk - (her sense
of humor is juvenile) he heard all about her. Shall
Jordan (ex-hus Gray Smith) new 79. Mich. & heavily and
minutely - really all her own fault. Mac had dis-
appeared. This amused me very much. Sarah always
has the phrase, "he has taken advantage of the fine
weather & has gone out." What about the morning
necessity for a he-downer right after lunch? I am
sure ~~it~~ he was bound to death to meet Mabel & as he is
never clever at escaping anything he doesn't like,
he was away! He had good coffee & at 2. Starr
Mabel away, kissed her good-bye at the door &
lasted to 34.

I did have a short rest & read before taking
a taxi to St. Pancras for Bedford. As always, it
was an early journey - 1 hr. then min. with & then
was Kenneth & Phyllis - the 2 clean to meet me. I
was driven to the junction Adelphi - There met
Doris Empsall, Phyllis' sister, who was evidently
living with her permanently. She was really very
pleasant - a chain smoker - a help in the do-
mestic arrangements. We had a pleasant even-
ing chat of this & that. Amanda was away at
a social dance in Portsmouth - planning for
another on Sat. night - near Bedford.

To bed in the pretty spare room, with a
hot water bottle in my bed - actually - in July!
July 23 Saturday

It didn't rain all day - tho' there were
clouds & only a drizzle or shower. Kenneth
was a steward & umpire at the Regatta, so
he was off all morning & went away in the P. M.

I did little in the morning, except take
a long walk to the station to try to get a Times
(I look for my small sketch, but Mr. Williams
has forgotten me!) The Times at the station was
all sold out, so Phyllis insisted on taking me

to a stationer's, where I got one. Had we drove about a bit to see the newly new apts and improvements going on in the town.

I had a long rest & read. Noel Curran's 50 Steps Amis, a collection of short stories quite intrigued me. For the friend - Judith's came in - one, Anne Sykes, a very nice girl, in several reviews. She has just got a new job as a manager at Gurney in shortly moving to London. She hopes to see Judith when she later arrives. Her latest p.c. was from Stuttgart & her parents think she ought to be here by the end of next week. She must be back at work on August 10th? They tell me. The family hat had gone to the races came in late. We had a delicious tea.

Kenneth took me a short drive to see his & Mrs. Brady and friends, as he had a message for Mr. Brady. An supper was late - at 8 - two friends came in - a husky, who lives almost next door to Mrs. Ketley, a friend from S. Africa. The latter, it transpired, was at school in Palace Hall with Anita. She was greatly intrigued by this coincidence. She talked nearly all evening about S. Africa - she is evidently in the farming business - sells milk & cream, made us giggle, when she asked what about cattle in Istanbul? We were late to bed.

July 24 Sunday

Breakfast at 9 A.M. - hand on Euclia! (How true this is the rule in England. Amanda had turned up very late on Sat. A.M. - that is, she came in for a late lunch - looking very young, & pretty animated. She had gone to the races, on Sat. P.M. then a dance - so she didn't appear till quite late on Sunday morning, got her own breakfast. Davis came down in pyjamas & dressing - grew looking like an owl.

The morning was lazy & quiet & I read the Observer very carefully - excellent. We had such a good lunch at 12:45. And then Kenneth suggested an picnic to Hatfield.

That was a delightful expedition - Kenneth, Phyllis, Davis and her dog & I. A lovely drive of an hour through pretty country. Better K.C. & P. drive too fast 50 miles an hour. It makes me nervous, & continually when Kenneth is at the wheel. And he will pass all cars that so slowly along the road.

Actually, Hatfield is more than half way to London - a noble pile of the Salisbury (Leir) family, dating from the 17th century, altho' the older part, the old Palace, is much more ancient. We were taken by a guide through the state rooms - (The family still lives in one small wing & use the Chapel daily.) Such magnificent rooms - portraits, objects d'art, armour - bronzes, tapestries. I have always wanted to see Hatfield - this could not have been better arranged. The garden is superb - the lawns, vistas, trees, all conforming to one's best knowledge of the "stately homes of Britain".

At 4:40 we had tea in the Old Palace, where Queen Elizabeth I. was living when news came of the death of her sister, Mary - that she was queen. It has been turned into a restaurant. I had the pleasure of giving the party tea - I have never good it was - scones, bread, butter, jam, cakes, excellent tea - in a pretty pot. The oak beams above us were stained & bleached with age - some felt that the place was haunted with ghosts. We drove home another way, going thru Hertford & exploring the new satellite town of Stevenage - a most extraordinary modern development, with a shopping centre. A quaint very modern church - wide streets - pleasant new houses. We were home by 7:30 - a long afternoon but a most enjoyable one.

Phyllis has a portable radio, which we carried into the living room. A trolley with delicious outside delicacies came in too! We had supper, listened first to Mozart on the Victrola then heard a long discourse by Stanley Holloway, on his career. He is currently singing the part of Mr. Double in his fair lady.

To bed earlier to bed - 10:50 - too hot water bottle this time.

July 25 Monday

Up earlier as this is a work day. Kenneth off at 8:15. Denis not down. I decided to take an early train - so the good Phyllis and Pamela drove me to the station to catch the 8:53 direct via Luton to St. Pancras. I shall then stroll as I was early they had so many domestic chores.

No rain all day thank goodness. I found letters, a very clean tidy room, when I returned to 24. Dad altho' I had had a lovely weekend. I was only too happy to go back alone in my tiny retreat. It took me some time to get myself my room in order - then I walked via Davies Street to Dartmouth House to have lunch with Dora.

That was a charming affair. The dining room at the English Speaking Union is most awfully nice - we had a delicious meal (fish) & coffee in the lounge, chattering the while. One can talk about anything to Dora. She will talk on we walk along. After lunch we walked to Broad St. where she wanted to get a strip (I bought 2) a white summer bag, 3) medicine with this accomplished, I had her finalized at the entrance of D. H. Evans.

By this time it was nearly 3 but I had supplies to get to my lander was bare. I could get all I needed on Baker St. Then I went back was really tired. Rested till nearly 5 had tea.

At 6:45 P.M. Greta, Rachel & Peter called for me & 27 we went to the old vic & open Richard I simply superbly done. I did enjoy the company - I mean my relations, not the cart! They asked how things, if I heard everything & I lied politely & said "yes". But I heard hardly at all. I find that when I go to play, I must be in the 1st, 2nd or 3rd row of the stalls to get anything at all. The Shakespeare lines need concentration at the best of times - alas, my ears are poor - alas, alas.

Before coming home I went to make an appointment with Phyllis Euegn's dentist at 56 Wimpole St. because my lower tooth on the right side came adrift after being pierced by a hard lump of tissue at Bedford. Owan! Owan! It was dis gustingly painful. The dentist wasn't there, but I was able to make an appointment for Thursday July 28th at 5 P.M. I dread it. On the night the tooth came out & I was much more comfortable.

July 26 Tuesday

Something to begin with. 12 letters from Clarence Jane. I telephoned to him & he very kindly invited me to lunch on Friday, the 29th at 12:30. I am to meet him at the British Communist Headquarters on Davies St. I also telephoned to Tadworth - Barnaby answered as Euegn was out. I asked when I should come to, tomorrow - perhaps E. could send me a P.C. I'm very amaze the card arrived at 3:30 P.M. giving me instructions. Talk about rapid postal arrangements! (It was posted in London, I learned later)

I went out first to The Times & changed my bank, getting out The Affair by C.P. Snow. Then on to D.H. Evans, where I had a shampoo & rest, much needed - for which I paid 14/ plus 1/6 tip. A bit. From there, I walked back to Baker St. where I stocked up with food for lunch etc. By this time, it was after 12:30 so I had my snack lunch, read my new book till about 3. (I discovered Mrs. Davies had burnt her hair & would be out on the summit for some days!)

I said to myself some time ago that when I got a check for my Cambridge article in The Times I would indulge in a new hat, perhaps two. But I have waited so long with no result - & I do want a new white hat for Janet's wedding or - out I went to Franks on the Edgware Road & got, a very pretty one for 22/11 - from those Jewish sales women, who have an so irritating peaches all the time. Then I indulged likewise in a very cheap white bag - also on the Edgware Rd - 10/ (!)

At 6 I was at the Cumberland to meet Sarah Ann. Dawson's show for dinner in Le Jardin. It seems that she gave up her ticket for Le Jardin for all seasons to herself, as he has seen so many plays & thought a rest would do him good. He had a nice dinner, then took a taxi to the Globe Theatre 1/8 each! We went terribly early, before the doors were open. The play was most intriguing. I saw Paul Scofield for the first time - he played his part superbly. The scenery was very modern - most interesting - there was an element of fantasy & yet the play was none else than the life story of Sir Thomas More. (How I miss my books! I want to look up more again & refresh my memory of his noble life).

He put Mrs. Dawson on Bus 14 for a street off the King's Road, then Sarah & I caught, after much waiting, Bus 13, when we had to stand all the way to Portman Street.

July 27 Wednesday.

A red letter day! My article on the Court Page appeared - at long last & I felt his dancing for joy - so simple & so true about seeing myself in print. I had looked in The Times each morning for at least a week - so this morning, I said I would not give it the Evil Eye or brought my paper home under my arm. When I reached my room, I opened it, & lo! there was my little contribution. Whereupon I went right out again

and bought two more copies!! Really!

Evelyn had asked me to go to Tadworth & I caught an 11:3 train, but I wanted to get a present for her for Bella, so I started out early. I went to Selfridges - went with a good deal of wandering about, I got a rather nice vase for Bella - there are never enough vases for her flowers in the morning home. Then I saw one of those pretty patterned glass plates - I thought - give the thing for Evelyn, who is such a lover of order & good meals - so I got that.

I must have got an earlier train than the 11:3 for it started at 10:50 - off I was along the Farnham route. I, naturally, didn't expect E. to meet me but I only had to wait 10 minutes near the station & behold there she came. We went directly to Gate House - I sat in the kitchen, while she, so efficiently, prepared the lunch. Barnaby waded to me from the garden, where he was working. Lunch was delicious. Really E. is a marvellous cook - macaroni cheese, boiled potatoes, beans, baked tomatoes, a new kind of bread, then a wonderful mould, plus raspberries & cream. We all rested for 1 1/2 hrs. after lunch, when dishes were done. Barnaby, though looking very thin, won't rest.

Though E. has been to the hospital to see his sister the day before & she had greatly depressed him, as usual. The birds have got a new now to come in twice a week to do the heavy work in the garden - this was his first day - he is an expert & will work for 4 hours at a stretch. I gather this is a triumph for E. who wishes to spare Barnaby the heavier work.

At 3 Evelyn & I drove to Walmer Lodge, E. with all Bella. She was really very bright - I had a visit with her just & she asked me a lot of questions about every body & my life in Histon. We had killed the vase I brought her with lovely small pink roses from Evelyn's garden & I must say they looked very nice & she had no other flowers.

All the time we were away at Bella's place, when we went for a drive, Barnaby was working in the garden. The great lack in Barnaby's nature, I have come to the conclusion, is a lack of ^{a sense of} humor - He can't see a vice. He smiles very seldom - This was true even before he was ill. We were back for a perfectly delicious tea at 4:15.

At about 5.3, wanted to take me to see an old church at Chaldon - which she had heard about but never visited. So off we were, in a small drizzle - & after about half an hour we found it - The Church of St. Peter & St. Paul, nestled in trees in a lovely village road. It is heavy with age - the date is 1086 & there are murals dating from 1200, though not discovered under white-wash till 1870. Truly an admirable village church. The rectors of Chaldon are listed in order from 1304 till 1957 with the bars of only 1613-1649. During the puritan rebellion. Truly amazing.

As if we hadn't been fed enough, we were given supper at 7:30 - spaghetti soup, a plate of hors d'oeuvres & ice-cream. I noticed that Barnaby ate everything. So far he seems improved beyond hoping, except that he is too thin. I thought Evelyn looked very tired. She is naturally worried - The duress-like Christie's choice of career - she is lonely in Tadworth - and the work is too hard. She gave me a lonely day. I caught the 8:53 train back to London. I found it raining when I got out at Charing Cross - so in a reckless mood, & partly by way of celebration, I took a Taxi (4/6) to my dear - had a bath & was in bed by 11 - & read till 11:30.

July 28, Thursday

I was haunted all day by the thought that I had a dentist appointment. Damn! I didn't go out till 10 - then only to my food, tooth paste etc. I had an

early lunch - 12:15 - a lie-down - reading C.P. Snow's The Affairs, which is good. I put in time after that - reading, reading - & reading my wish very silly some. till 4 P.M. On my way out, at 4:30, I ran into Sarah & she looked so nice in a new brown dress. She then said to the majority of us tonight that indefatigable man must go tomorrow night to a man for his sears. When!

The dentist proved the excellent man Evelyn said he was. Young & debonair - I saw Miss Thompson of the High School. Barnaby's sister who, he said, was a terrace. The dentist, Douglas Sheppard, who lives in Tadworth, said I should have my root X-rayed to see if it were infected. It was not! I can do nothing to replace the artificial tooth - suggests my leaving it till I get home. Another appointment made for Thursday, Aug. 4th - well, well. I was so relieved. I came home - then at 7:30 went out to the garden for dinner. A mistake. It is too expensive. I had fried pillet of chicken, tartare sauce & fried potatoes, a glass of white wine - a large coffee - plus with table tax 13/6 - I left a tip of 8d. - so it cost me 14/2 - too much.

A letter from Winfred by the 2nd post in the B.M. I wrote letters about my Count Page sketch. Also this B.M. Morris Carter.

At C.P. I got a feather grey bandeau - also like a hat 10/4/6. It is really awfully nice.

July 29 Friday

This was a bonny day. Not very exciting. I went out at 9:30 into a fairly effective drizzle & made first for the Times library, where I changed my book. I asked for Guennell's latest & also Berenson's life but neither were available. So I wandered to the street & took out Sir Harold Scott's Tom ^{Shelton} Humble Servant. It isn't long & I doubt whether it will last over the long weekend - but I can always get paper.

32 From Weymouth St. I went to the Cumberland to say
goodbye to Sarah & her, taking them a little bag of
snacks. Sarah in Room 610 was in the process
of packing - in the most meticulous way. I am
sure they are very much overweight. They have got
trunks or boxes (really there is no heading was in
- what an extravagant man) as well as other
purchases. I held my thumbs for them hope all
goes well. They leave by B & N coach to B like
mine - tomorrow at 12.

I walked down Oxford St, bought embroidery
& damask cotton at Woodworth's - & my two 12-12-
tickets - to Tinsbridge Wells 15/ return for tomorrow;
to Brighton 2 1/6 return for Tuesday Aug. 2nd. As I
was still early for my luncheon engagement with
Clarence Tate. I went to the Evans had a seat
on the 6th floor - very comfortable.

In pouring rain I went to the British Council
Headquarters, 65 Davies St. & Clarence met me
on the 4th floor, we went up together on the lift
to the 6th floor, on which there is a restaurant.
He was really very nice & cordial - gave me
dry sherry first, then we had an excellent meal
in the restaurant - mushroom soup, sirloin
or beef with Yorkshire pudding, green potatoes
marmalade pudding & ice. We talked on
turns and things. He had read my sketch in The
Times - & guessed it was by me! He wants me to
come out to his home on Sat. Aug. 6th & will take
me by car there back - which is very kind of him.
I enjoyed myself. He is a very intelligent man -
interesting to talk to - very knowledgeable about
Turkey. I tell him he ought to write.

I had dinner at 2 P.M. walked home - lay
down, read my news and at 5 had tea. Then
I decided I must have a walk - so out I went
into a serene evening, with dry pavements &
a pale blue sky, only flecked with soft clouds

33 I walked from Crawford St. Marylebone High Street &
back, wrote 2 letters; sewed & at 8 had a very light
snack supper.

July 30 Saturday.

What a day! no rain at all, which was one good
thing. Mrs. Davis is away, & she had cashed the break
fast. No letters.

I was due to go to Tinsbridge Wells, to lunch with
Hester & Basil. As it was Bank Holiday Sat. I was
advised to get to the station early. I started out at 10-
went first to Regent, where I got a box of chocolates
for my hostesses - then Bus No 15. to Charing X.
There I found a formidable holiday crowd milling
about. I was early for my train, but could not find
the track it would leave from, so finally had to
join a queue, which stretched halfway across the
station. When I finally got on the 11:25 train, it was
jam-packed, so I stood with a lot of others as far
as Tinsbridge - at least 40 mins.

Basil met me at the T. W. Station & drove me in
his bright red car to their flat - in such a pretty
place - a ground-floor flat, with a shopping garden,
on the east side of which was a pool. The wife Heather,
welcomed me warmly. The sitting room, with a
balcony off it, was a good size - very pretty. We had
sherry first, then a cold luncheon - very good indeed.
But Basil - oh my - what a snip! Simon - He has
activated a "haw-haw" facade which is pathetic. He
asked many questions, talked about Turkey -

Hester called up Diana & asked if we could come
to see them. She said, "Do come - we're having a large
garden party" - so out we drove at 3 to Sherburn.
He was amazed to discover that the garden party
was a Community affair to raise funds - & was
being held on Harold's smooth lawn. Diana, the
cold creature, hardly began to talk to me, before she
began to rail against John & his family. The same
old story.

First we sat in rows & heard a nice man, Mr.
Todd, a member of the County Council, talk on

Shoreham old and new. Very good. Then there was tea.

To my amazement, in came John, Newcome Greene & Tennant. They had just departed Edith in a museum home in Sevenoaks - Suffolk Lodge. Wainwright is really terrible - not at all gracious - very down right - & entirely egotistical. No questions except how is Comet Hume. Tennant is nice - but not particularly exciting. Harold was the most genial - how much older he looks - He is only 51 - what a strange array of faces relatives. It seems that John has stayed behind in England; sent Phyllis, the family, Barbara, Frances, Johnny, Harold back - He says he will be leaving on Wed. or Thurs. He has taken Wainwright to Sutton - Coldfield - & it looks as though Harold & Diana have made it plain that he must arrange to remove else to leave after his children's affairs - hence his delayed departure.

John suggested driving me back to London but I wanted to go by train - so at 5:30 Boris Meath drove me to Sevenoaks station & I caught a 6:00 down train back to London - I was tired - so glad to be getting back home over Ballinick! I walked from Asford Circus to 34 - in the warm evening air - had a snack supper - at 8 - was ready to call it a day!

July 31 Sunday

A beautiful day as to weather - all day. Breakfast was at 9 - very late for English. But what to do? I went out early to get my preserves, which, as usual, was full of good stuff.

I decided to go to Westminster Abbey to church. It really was a mistake. I took no. 88 bus to the Abbey & although I was fifteen minutes early the place was crowded - mostly tourists & visitors I judged. I sat far back - consequently, I heard not one word! of the 2 lessons, the prayers, the sermon. The place echoes. I looked at the lovely rose window, watched the people in the audience & appreciated the

beautiful music of the choir. Then I came home again on an 88 bus. A shock - much to be down - it read.

At 4 Evelyn came to my door in her car to bring me Wajeta's. She told me that Barnaby's wife, Bettie, is staying with them who had to get away. Poor darling - what she suffers from that awful sister. We arrived at Rose House a little after 4:30 & had a very good tea. Rachel & Betty were there. After tea Peter showed us some lovely pictures of Japan - also St. Paul's, which we greatly enjoyed. I think he must have been at it for more than an hour.

Supper was at 7:40 & then we chattered - Peter is a very interesting fellow - very much alive. Collier cigarettes - till 9 - when it was time for 8. W. leave & she said she would drive me home. On the way, we had an adventure. A flat tire. We stopped. She put out, found a spare, & a man in it - fortunately by past Sunday evening! He put on the extra tire in no time - 5/ - it was - only - we sped to 34. Then goodbye to dear Evelyn, who has such a hard life to face - with Barnaby ill - Christine in a profession which she doesn't like - & a painful time to look forward to. May she be blessed with comfort & strength.

Word has come that Judith has arranged with Camal - two weeks. Kenneth telephoned & says I was at Greta's - they are coming to London on Wednesday.

August 1 Monday - Bank Holiday.

The day began by being serene & fine - breakfast, prepared by Wendy quite different from her mother's, was at nine, which I find too late. I went out at ten-ish & bought sweets & tins - & then, as I walked down Asford St. I ran into a man carrying beautiful pink carnations. I couldn't resist them; I got a dozen for 5/ - at 6). Back again to my apt.

At 12:30 Greta appeared in her car - bearing flowers for us - sweet peas from her own garden - he drove to Rachel's house (in ruin) & passed by Hampstead Heath, crowded with holiday-makers and hawks. Rachel & Peter were at home. Nice children - Peter grows or one. We had sherry & a delicious dinner of lamb, potatoes, peas & a wonderful appetizer cake. Much good talk - the young boys left to make calls. At about

3:30 Greta & I drove to see Keats' house in Hampstead. What a lovely interesting spot - beautifully kept up. I was thrilled to see it - Some of it has been changed since Keats' days - but one sees his sitting-room, bedroom - The part of the house occupied by the Maunses - all very fascinating. We drove about seeing bits of Hampstead - much character - at West Ham. Back at 4:45 for tea. We were alone, as the Supans had gone out for the whole afternoon.

Such good talk as we had. Greta made me rather sad by saying that Judith resented the attitude Aunt Annie & I had about Cemaal. How she knows what I feel about Cemaal, I don't comprehend! She never said a word. It seems Rachel & Peter like Cemaal. It is here now & you coming to London with the family. Personally, I have said "let her marry him if that is her choice" - I can't believe that her judgment is good. I think her taste is poor. It is better for Judith to marry a modern cynic than not to marry at all.

Supper we had alone - a snack supper - very good. R. & P. came in as we had it - a happy evening of short, for I said I must be off to make an early start tomorrow for Brighton. Peter saw me to the door in the car - The end of a perfect day.

August 2 Monday

This was my day for Brighton. I started out fairly early, as I find there are crowds everywhere. Bus 16 to Victoria, where I easily found the platform for Brighton - 10 o'clock non-stop. It was a fine day, early on, at any rate the ride down was pleasant & I had a seat, facing the engine.

Robin was there to meet me. Had to! as I got into the bus, I happened to say I had never seen the Pavilion - so she said "let's go". Which we did. What a marvellously fantastic place, but how tremendously interesting. The surrounding gardens are beautiful. The interior full of the most surprising ornaments, gilded, shining ornaments of furniture, one could possibly imagine. Some people call it vulgar, but I prepped in my mind with the early 19th century Regent - his love Mrs. Fitzherbert - I saw the bedroom of Princess Charlotte, that poor creature who died in childbirth. The bed rooms were gorgeous with heavily curtained four posters. The music room was beautiful. Altogether, I did so enjoy seeing that unique structure.

We went by bus to Surrey Square & into Robin's very nice flat, where Elizabeth opened the door. The Sussex mansions have out upon a very pretty green square - he had such a good lunch. Then Elizabeth, who had been visiting her mother for a week, while her husband was in Norway on 100 business, had to leave for Reading. Robin & I sat with Genny & had such a good talk. She & Elizabeth had seen my Cambridge article & guessed it was by me. Robin told me that Canon Hutchinson is now in Brighton - the vicar of Canon of St. Bartholomew's Church. I could find him a great deal of news - about the colleges, about Dumont Clarke, about historians - Ruby Miss Lindsley.

As we sat there, a huge thunderstorm came up. Robin didn't like it & jumped each time there was a flash or lightning. Then the rain poured

down.

But we had tea - very good it was. Then out to catch the bus to the station. We left not quite through time, so had to rush - but I got the train - which was very full - but I did secure a seat & we sped towards London.

I got a glimpse of the sea, as we made our way to Surrey Square. Heaps of people fishing in the sun - fathers splashing in real waves. I expect they scattered when the storm came up. It quickly passed, however, so that when we went out to get our bus, the pavements were almost dry & I imagine sun-bathers & sun-bathers trace up their positions again.

At Victoria I got No. 16 bus to Market Arch & walked home in the late afternoon, reaching 34 at 7:30 P.M. A letter from Hannah on the table. She has been good about writing.

August 3 Wednesday

Rather a disappointing day. I keep thinking of Judith - how she doesn't love me & won't communicate with me at all, while she is in England. Phyllis & Kenneth are sweet to me - but I feel they do it more from a sense of duty - It makes me sad.

There was no rain but was warmer. I went out - spent a lot of money! First I got food for an evening meal. Bouillie, a sandwich, bananas & crescents. Back to 34 - then out again. This time I went back to Benjamins & found The Owl's Watch Song: a Study or Statement by Chaddon - which I thought I had sent to Robin. It was more expensive than I expected 25/- + 1/6 for postage. From there I went to Gyp & she walked all the way to Bowmans & Hollingsworth to look at dresses nothing very attractive. (Before this, I went to The Pines Library & changed my book: getting out Emergency Exit by Sylvia Frost - about her experience in Cyprus)

Then to D.H. Evans. Here I bought 6 wine glasses for Janet, as a wedding present - 25/- + no charge for delivery. By this time, it was 12

and I decided to have lunch in the restaurant. I was put at a table with another woman - but I had a really pleasant experience. She was middle-aged, nicely dressed, blue-eyed - a kind face. I offered her a cigarette & we began to talk - much to my astonishment, for this seldom happens in England. In the course of time, she told me she lives in Earls - has 2 daughters & several grand children, lives in garden, comes into London seldom - lost her husband 3 years ago. Name Mrs. Pullen. She asked me a lot of questions about myself - I was really most friendly. We had almost identical meals, though she had more than I did. She was not out of the top drawer but good - "no class, just sweet."

I came home after that & lay down - & really slept. I found the foot book slight but interesting. I wrote 2 letters - to Miss & Sarah - & was on the point of going out to mail them, when I tapped at Mrs. Davis' door to ask her about remaining here after Sept. 7th - she asked me to have a glass of sherry with her. Very nice. Gossip about her "keep" place of it. Also about Wendy.

At 6:30 I did get out & took a long walk up Gloucester Place - they had St. Mary's above road. There is always more to explore in London.

August 4 Thursday

This was one of those days when I felt "the melancholy or declining days" (Trollope). I shouldn't have, for I got such a dear letter from Sarah by the 10.15. post, & another from Beth Stanton later on. I don't think I shall stay on longer than Sept. 6 or 7. Enough is enough.

I went first to get my paper - then to Victoria & the Coach Station to find out about buses to Cambridge - I had to wait ages in a queue but finally got my information. She buses as at very inconvenient times - I'm afraid I shall have to go by train. (I have written to Joyce, asking if I can call - I wonder if she is there at all by then whether she will be bored!)

From Victoria I came back by bus to Marble Arch then took No. 88 to Westminster Abbey. alas, this was a disappointment. There were simply hordes of tourists, so much so that one couldn't get near the huguenot warrior. I did go to Poet's Corner, saw Parnassus & Browning's graves - besides many others. And I went to see the Max Effigies of some of the sovereigns in a special part of the crypt - by south. These were most interesting - recommended by Barnaby.

I didn't get back till after 1 - when I had a nice short lunch & rest. At 4:15 I had to see me again to the dentist, Mr. Sheppard - This, indeed, was the cloud hanging over the day. However, he said my swelling had gone down - he did nothing to me - at which I greatly rejoiced. I wonder of my dear Dr. Barry can really take care of my teeth!?

From the dentist on Kingsway Street, I went to the Public Library. They don't have the books I want. I have been on the waiting list for Berenson's biography ever since I came to book. Also Peter Guennell's latest, The Sign of the Fish - is not as yet available. So I had to be satisfied with Flora Nelson by Janet Dunbar, Evelyn's friend.

I wanted till 7:30 before going out to dinner. Then went to Grill there, where I found a long queue - I was lucky, however, in getting a seat with a very nice woman - married, who had been here during the whole of the war. She had such a sympathetic smile - & nice way with her - superior, I think. To Mrs. Pullen of D.W. Evans restaurant. I enjoyed her conversation. She shared my cigarettes - But I lost today, 2 eye-glass cases - which was a bore. No rain all day. Clouds & some sunshine. I bought a book Five by Boris Kersing on 3/6 a Penguin.

August 5 Friday

A fine day with no rain & rather warm towards the end of it.

At 9:30 I went out (my usual early start) & did some shopping - first to Marks & Spencer for under-ties - three, in all £1.0.9 which is cheaper than the same thing at Selfridges. From there I went to inquire about trains to Cambridge - the coaches go at such an inconvenient hour. On to Woolworth's where I bought envelopes, & a spectacle case as, like a perfect fool, I lost 2 yesterday - one at Westminster Abbey and one at the Drill and Chess. So stupid. On to Marshall & Snelgrove where I indulged myself in a very pretty new, gem stand, necklace - a real extravaganza - 18/6 but it goes nicely with my green dress & is the only piece of costume jewelry from England.

I came back to an early lunch - then a rest till 2:30 then 2 letters - to Helen Wiley and Mary Wilkins - each to Beta Stanton. I was very glad to receive your letters by the P.M. post: 2 nice, kind, Helen Scott, Robin. A home.

At 5:45 Evelyn called for me in her car. She had telephoned me in the P.M. & said if I were free. It seems she was coming in to town to see Molly & that she would combine it with an outing with me. We drove along for a short supper (bar too early) to The Coffee Bean, a place on Marylebone High St. I had a Spanish omelette, each, salad, & cups of coffee. I suggested we see the film The Trial of Aron Wilder, I dreaded it a bit but she was very keen. We were far too early, so we went into Regents Park, & chatted, while we watched the ducks on the canal. At last we drove to the Polytechnic Theatre & when there we had to wait nearby. Then at last 8:2 P.M. we saw the film - in colour - Peter Finch, the protagonist very excellent it was. I remember Alan Bent praised it in the Ill. Lon. News. My criticisms would be - the trial scenes were too long, & the mother of D.W. badly cast. We were not out till 10:45 - E. dropped me at 34 then had that long drive home alone, at which she didn't bat an eye.

August 6 Saturday

I went out early to get food for the weekend as so many shops are closed on Sat. & m. & Sunday. I was gratified to have a p.c. from Joyce asking me to lunch on Monday and strangely enough, B. & Audrey Smith, Lawrence & Philip's friend, whom we once entertained in the deans cottage, wrote me a note from Cambridge, asking me to lunch on the 18 & 19 Aug. So that there were 2 communications from Cambridge, one expected, the other quite a surprise.

At 11:30 I started out for the Brit. Council to meet Clarence. On the way I bought my ticket for Cambridge, ^{23/6} then met C.W. at 65 Davies Street. With him was his "niece" Mr. Macmillan, a retired Methodist missionary aged 82 who has with the ladies.

We drove out to their home in Clygate near Esher - to such a pretty little house with garden back & front. I met Mrs. Tate - such a dull bird with hardly a word to say for herself. I bought a box of chocolates, which she hardly acknowledged! The bright checked Dutch girl served lunch with Mr. (they call her Guss) Clarence does the honors very nicely - "mama" sitting back in silence, when she talked to me about him, she called him "Mr. Tate!" We were allowed to have rest about an hour or so after lunch, then a small cup of tea - given by Clarence, as the Dutch girl had gone to the boat races.

At about 4:30 we went to have a long drive in the car - through lovely country, as far as Barking's heatherhead. The latter I recognised - the Parish Church at the crossroads - & the village shopping district, which has greatly expanded since I saw it last in 1936 - when Harold, David & I made our first visit to England since 1927. The heatherhead home was sold, on Mrs. Robert's death - then there was the war & Aunt Mildred's death in 1945. "Principo" however, remains in my memory as a lovely, hospitable place much nicer than the Putney house.

he got back to the home after 6 had high tea. I prepared for the next part by Clarence. "mama" walks with 2 canes - I am told she is 79.

I came away by train to Waterloo, then underground to Baker St. I did not realize how tired I was till I reached my room. I was all in - and rather well-anchored. Clarence is an interesting man to whom I can talk - but his mother is a pill - & I should say selfish & very limited. The poor old uncle is very deaf - E. said to his mother don't enjoy each other's company. I am sure it is her fault to be a rather an old dear.

I stumbled into bed & was asleep before ten.
August 7 Sunday

It took me a long time to make up my mind where to go to church. I finally decided on St. Marylebone, as it is in walking distance. A good sermon - but it was followed by a common service, so I left, with a few others. The rector, Rev. Kelby, I like - an earnest soul.

I had a snack lunch in my room - lay down to read. At 3 I think I would go to the National Gallery & see some of my favorites again - Italian primitives, Spanish & Flemish schools of painting - & others. I discovered that the Bakerloo under-ground went to Trafalgar Sq. as I think that what was my amazement to discover, when I reached the T. & S. station that it was jammed with people, who were sheltering from a terrific thunderstorm & downpour. The rain was pelting down - no one ventured out. I must have stayed there some time.

Finally, I decided to halt, but I got waking. My shoes squeaked! However I got to the gallery & there under the portico was another equally huge crowd unable to face the elements. I went inside & wandered about for an hour or so - I thought to kill time after that, I would try the Restaurant for a cup of tea - but, alas, the line (queue) was 25 yards long & I gave up & went home - again in the rain! I took off shoes & stockings when I reached my room. They were in a state!

There was nothing for it but a high tea in my own place at 6. That was that.

At a little after 7, Ruby Budge & Miss Middlesley arrived - very exuberant, very friendly. They had been travelling in Europe - Vienna, Munich, Amsterdam had flown to England from Holland in a k.l.m. plane - missing the steam, somehow. They have been given the large front room on the 3rd floor - the room occupied by the Miller children - I went up there for a chat. It is a delightful large room - the same size as the one sister & I occupied in 1956 - when we so enjoyed our surroundings.

I went to bed at 10 - but couldn't sleep for thinking of my journey tomorrow.
Tuesday 8 Monday.

A tremendous day! Cambridge. I went this time via Liverpool St. station - though I started very early for a 9:50 bus train, I found on arrival that a queue had already formed. But I was well ahead & easily got a seat. The Central line from Marble Arch goes directly to Liverpool St. The journey is quite different from the one via King's X. - nothing like as pretty as countryside.

I reached the city at 11:45 - (we were a quarter of an hour late), took the bus to the City Center, & wandered - Higgs, Market Hill - into little St. Mary's to say a prayer. Then to meet Joyce in her car at Trinity Great Gate. Well - we hadn't met for 30 years. She looks, of course, much older, but she still has a good figure. I would see in her face a likeness to what I'd imagine Edwards - she welcomed me nicely, but my impression is that her life has been so different, that the Bosphorus of the people there mean very little to her. She drove me to her home - off the Madingley Rd. - 4 Millerforce Rd. The house is a bungalow all on one floor. Rather pretty with a nice garden.

First we had cherry. Then her second son, Tom,

came in - a youth of 20 - fair, spectacled. He is studying at University College, London, & living with his mother with his own father. The other son, 22, Martin has just married a French girl & lives in London.

Joyce gave us a very pleasant cold lunch, pulled in on a trolley - then we talked after words, or this or that. I was very sorry not to meet Mr. Case (that was one reason why I wrote her in the first place) but she explained that he goes in to work at the university library, at 12 every day, & only comes home for tea. I am sorry I wasn't asked to tea, instead of to lunch.

I soon said I must go. Joyce then drove me to the Fitzwilliam Museum. ^{in the afternoon} It was a whirl of nine hours to Cambridge on a Monday, in order to see Mrs. Dorothy Stevens, who wrote a few lines to Mrs. Kenny, about a piece of hers in The Times. I asked the receptionist if Mrs. Stevens were there, she led me to her in a little room in the basement. I explained why I had come. She is a little old lady, white-haired, invalidish - blue eyes behind spectacles - I found she was my age exactly - born in 1889 - but she looked some very much older. She was much interested in my account of the Pen Club - recognized my last, or my work - remembered Nettie's article on today's work & even, as I left recalled my first article by Grandfather's House. In fact her eyes filled with tears - she said she had never travelled - had been ill - & was doing the cataloguing of textiles for the Fitzwilliam Museum as a labor of love. We quite traced to each other. I must tell Mrs. Kenny all about it.

(which reminds me that this P.M. I had four letters 1) Jay Miller from Pembret 2) Mrs. Kenny asking me to which field of Greta asking me to stay on 4) a thank you note from Janet)

To continue with Cambridge. I was quite moved by my little talk with Mrs. Stevens. I walked down King's Parade & went into my beloved King's College Chapel - which needs no sound as few nights do. As I sat for ten minutes in

The Antik-Chapel, I wouldn't believe that I was in
Enghien - for it seemed so strange & beautiful. From
there I went to work at shoes if you please. Twice
before I have bought shoes in Cambridge that I have
liked. This time I found just what I wanted - black
suede court shoes - they were much cheaper than the
same things in London 39/11 - I took them. I won-
dered later with Heffer's - then Bowes & Bowes
first to work at the lovely, lovely houses - I
walked to the Round Church & a stroll into St. John's
college courts.

By this time it was 4:15. So I tried me to
Matthew's Cafe had such a delicious tea - buttered
toast, cucumber, a potato, a large pot of tea 63
cents all for the meager price of 1/11 - with 6d. tip.

I caught Bus 101 to the Station - I was early.
Instead of getting a 6 o'clock to King's Cross, I
accidentally got into a local train for Timespool
Street - which stopped at every barn door. 5:45
till 8 P.M. So much. Underground to Marble
Arch, a dry walk home. Read a nice, warm letter
from Bee Patten to welcome me. But this was
what you call a FULL DAY.

August 9 Sunday

A somewhat quiet day, after so much activity
yesterday. I went out first to purchase food as I
was without any. Then to B. Railways to work about
trains to Hitchfield. They did not tally with what
I had wrote - so I must let her know. I am afraid
I can't take a whole weekend with her - so I wrote
a note later in the day to say I would come for Sat.
the 13th - for the day - taking the 9:54 if she confirms it.

I came back & wrote two very long letters
Sarah to her friend. By this time it was 12 - so I had
lunch in my room - then a lie-down reading Monica
Dickens The Happy Prisoner, which is really an excellent
story.

At 3 I got up & went straight to The Times Library
to give back Flora Robinson, which I found dull & small -
then I couldn't get what I wanted. For a month

I have asked for 1) Reveron 2) Quemell - with no result. Today
I asked my F.E. husband Parkhead but that too must go on
a waiting list. I then took a long stroll -
down Highways to Upper Regent St. to Archd Avenue - & along
Archd St. Manchester Square home. The paper had said
there would be showers of perhaps thunder but it was beauti-
fully sunny & dry.

When I got in at 5:15 (without tea this time) I went
up to see Ruby & Alice & they were so cordial & asked me
to have supper with them at 6:15 which I did. They were
going to my Fair lady were off at 6:45.

I telephoned Sista about Travellers. Then tried
to get Magna at the Cumberland but there was no answer.
At 8 I went along to the Cumberland, sat in one of
those air arm chairs & watched the crowd, hoping I
would see her. No response 10 P.M. on 13. So at 8:20
I left a note & came back home in the evening
evening. What strange people haunt the Cumberland
lobbies. Jews for the most part. The men are rough -
poor things. Most of the women have a Mediterranean
look & build - where do they all come from?

August 10 Wednesday

What a day! It began with rain, which continued
till at least one P.M. I met Ruby & Alice at 9:45 & we
proceeded to Madame Tussaud's, where they had never
been. We found a mob. What terrible crowds there
are in London - truly terrific. We followed the queue
& saw everything - it is interesting truly. Alice
talks in a loud voice, wherever she is - in this - in a
hus - Her comments are amusing: "My, those costumes
must have cost a lot of money!" "English people
don't wear rubbers - do they? You know it must
ruin their shoes!" I had to go.

From there in the rain, we took No. 13 to Fleet St.
as I wanted them to have a meal at the Cook Tavern.
Fortunately, we ^{there} were in good time & got a seat
A charming place, reminding me of my Darling, who
loved it. We had such a pleasant lunch there
with F.B. & Vigt - some years ago & such good
talk. Ruby had asked a young couple, Gebhart,

whom she had never met, but who are going out to Istanbul (he an architect for Inst. Inv. - she to be librarian at Iskender) but they were nearly an hour late - & she, I thought, in rather a bad temper. They had come in a car, had difficulty in parking & were misdirected - so perhaps the groom's leavers were justified. By this time, we had had our most delicious meal - Oxtail & kidney pie, green peas, coffee ice-cream & coffee.

I came back earlier than the others, as I did want to have a rest before the wedding reception for Janet. At 5:30 Evelyn and Greta arrived & I was ready for them, in my best clothes. By this time, it was dry underfoot and as we approached Park Lane we saw Mrs. Kenneth, Phyllis & Amanda (Phyllis in such a funny hat made by her sister, Paris, & not liked by any of us!) & we went to the very nice Club Restaurant at 55 Park Lane.

How can I begin to describe this animated & very nice party? Wilfred & Della welcomed us at the door - she went up to the bride & groom - at once. Janet was in a brocade (white & silver) bouffant gown with her hair in a chignon - daisies on top. She looked very happy & very poised. Gerry with a red carnation in his button-hole. I can't make up my mind about him. I think he is intelligent and worldly wise - not handsome - & of course looking older than his youthful bride. There was champagne for every body & delicious canapés, served by neat maids - And I must say, the company looked smart & nice & well-mannered.

Now as to who was there. No doubt our spotted was humorous Jimmie, who had come down from Birmingham (unannounced according to Wilfred) looking very neat in a blue costume. Peggy & her Sylvia & their aunts there & I am to go to see Olivia on Sat. Aug. 20 (in fact I gathered up too many invitations). Basil & Beatrix - she very pretty in green; Livonia - Tennant - he always cordial, she very distant, Nora in a dark blue dress

without her husband, as he would not leave his shop. Nancy & Bob Smith - Kate - very exuberant - Nancy looking smart - very friendly. Those ~~not~~ there were Rachel & Peter, Harold & Diana. The bride & groom circulated. The cake was cut & passed around. We also had to sign a parchment, which is to be turned into a lamp shade. Altho' we arrived at 6 & that we would spend an hour, we stayed till 8 (!) & saw then the bridal couple leaving in a new "swift" car - they are spending their first night in London & will celebrate for a honeymoon in this country.

From Phyllis & Kenneth I had the news that Judith left for Istanbul today - BEB Comet 4B. The family had come in early to London - had an early lunch & saw her off at the airport. Amanda said that Cemal was still there till Sunday. In Bedford? I don't know.

At last we were off. We drove - Evelyn, Greta & I to the Cumberland to meet Maym, who is just the same only older. Altho' we had had so much to eat at the reception, we had to go with her to the Bacon & Egg for a snack supper - which we proceeded to do. We took a table for four - having the lightest of meals - a sandwich for Greta & me, a salad for Evelyn - an egg & potatoes for Maym. Such talking & laughing as went on. Then we drove off about 9:15 - Evelyn getting her own car near Grosvenor Place & Greta driving home. I tumbled into bed - dead bogged. It had been a day. The evening was without rain.

August 11 Thursday

For the last time in months and months, I once slept - not waking till 8:30 - when! Ruby & Alice were off at 9 for Brighton. It was raining miserably when I went out for my Times & the weather prediction was cooler & rainy, with few sunny periods! Really, what a summer.

In my morning I spent in my room. Ruby & Alice left at 9 for Brighton to visit Robin MacCallum.

I debated going out but the pouring rain kept me in. I wrote up my diary, wrote a letter to Dee Patten, did some washing & sewing & finally had a snack lunch in my room at 12:30. Then a final read of Max Eastman's Great Companions, some of the chapters of which were most interesting.

By 2:30 I felt I must get out. It was still raining heavily. Evelyn, who had thought she might come in to town had telephoned in the A.M. to say Barnaby wasn't feeling too bright & she would not come. I was relieved in a way because the weather was so wretched. I got myself up in a pair of old shoes, the left one of which pinches me badly, my raincoat & rain hat & umbrella & I unobtrusively rained into a "steaming" world. I went first to Selfridges where I had a duplicate vase for Bella, ^{for the first one} which her poor old companion had broken, then on to the Times Library where I was able to take out Act One by Mass Hart. There I glanced at the Wembley magazine then came home. I had tea at 4:40 - welcome it was. The rain was a heavy as ever - heavier.

I read Time, which I had bought - shegan Act One which I found really fascinating. The Sinitari travellers had not returned by 9:15. Probably they are spending the night with Robin.

August 12. Friday

No. 10, the Sinitari women came in after 10. (but I didn't see them). A P.C. from Lisa & a nice letter from Morris to greet me at breakfast. As I had a little time, I went out first to get food then came in & wrote to Winifred, who, I knew, would want to know all about Janet's wedding reception.

I was to meet Wagon at the Cumberland at 11:30 but the vagabondy mistook the time. I called 3 times Room 731 - but always there was no reply. At 12 I was about to give up & go home, when she walked into the lobby, having come in with packages from Selfridges - she must buy something

at all hours. She said she that she was to meet me at 12 - I nearly missed her. He went up to his room, all the time I kept thinking we would not get a seat at the Cost Tavern, where I had promised to give her lunch - but my fears were unfounded. He was able to get a seat for two on a settle - & she was happily pleased with the ancient air of the place. She really knows nothing of London's history - he is profoundly interested.

He had a nice luncheon, but she talked and talked and talked. I find her utterly repulsive. I simply couldn't face spending the afternoon with her - she hinted I might come to the National Gallery - but I have been there already - & I feel I must get home for a rest. So we had a drink in No. 13 bar & I came home.

I confess I am relieved that she is not to be at 34 but at No. 112 Gloucester Place. She would near me and I am surprised at the affection her maids have for her. Evelyn & Greta - even the Bedford people seem to be entertaining her. I can't understand it. She tells the most boring stories about rich Romanians, whom she knows in France. I don't think she has any money at all - she has had to borrow to come abroad this year. But she cheerfully says she goes back to a job - being companion to Mr. K. in Florida, who is in his 90th year. She, being 77 - seems young in comparison.

I was so tired that I slept. I read Act One by Mass Hart - continued to enjoy it.

This A.M. I bought my ticket (return) to which I paid for 1/4 - & I take the 9:54 snow water bus tomorrow. I do hope the weather will be good. Showers were predicted for today but none fell. I took an evening walk - between 5-6 along the Edgware Rd - back, being on edge for Lisa on my way. A very modest bag full.

August 15 Monday

Five letters on p.c. to greet me in the morning: 1) Kimbrell 2) Elizabeth Clarke 3) Evelyn 4) Olivia 5) Eleanor on p.c. from David. They warmed the cockles of my heart.

I don't go out till after 9 - first to a Shoemaker on Edgware Rd. Half soles & repaired heels will be ready by Wednesday 14/ - not bad. Probably they wish he as good as new. Then the Underground to Bank where I saw Mr. Home & explained my check predicament. He said he could have it "certified" & added to my account. I left it with him - I hope all is well.

Back to Bond St. when I went to the Westminster Bank & cashed \$140 in Amer. Express checks £14. 3. 2. I am spending more than my income but I console myself that I have still \$5000 in my current acct. in New York - more than £300 in England - so I ought not to worry. And at the Consulate are 3 S.S. checks awaiting me & an Asst. will come & cash my annuity. So - I mustn't worry.

I had taken my bag to the British Library to change was at last able to get out Peter Guennell's The Sign of the Fish - very nice. I sat & read a bit Gilbert Murray's unfinished autobiography & then went to Selfridge's cafeteria for lunch. Although it was barely 12 - there was a mob. However I spent only 3/7 - no tip - very little. Then home again. A short rest.

Sea at 4 - then a lovely long walk which included a glimpse of Grosvenor Chapel on South Bond St. - a walk down Curzon St. I had a Spectator (9d) - took it to a bench in Grosvenor Square, where I read it in the sunshine. Back to 34 by 6 - I wrote notes to Evelyn about Olivia Reading to Greta about my return to Eleanor in answer to her letter. Then a wash & supper - very good.

My original object in going to Grosvenor Chapel was to find the tomb or plaque of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu but there was no sign of it. I'm mistaken. Grosvenor Chapel is not mentioned in Baedeker.

August 16 Tuesday

This is Judith's birthday. She is 26. I wonder if she will have any celebrations at all.

I had an uncomfortable feeling that I might be in for a cold - the reason would be my having sat in the wind in Grosvenor Square yesterday. The changes in the temperature are phenomenal. See young & girls & even older women in winter frocks with no coats sat the same time people in winter suits & substantial overcoats. Oh man! So my brush purchase was some "cold rex" the English equivalent of "Lubiston" wh. I had at The New Chemist on Baker St. Also David recently had telephoned at 9: I had visited him for tea - on I laid in a supper - crescents, duckies & jam. I came home & stayed in my room till 11:30.

At 12 I met Greta at Scheibler's Restaurant for lunch. She had telephoned & suggested it - It was there early, as she was driving out on a last run with Bella before taking off for the Continent on Friday. We had such a delicious lunch in that most attractive restaurant. What a lovely creature Greta is. I got much family news from her. We always enjoy good talk. She left at about one & I walked home, after a goodbye kiss & good wishes for a happy adventure in Germany.

The kind Mr. Davies suggested I use the sitting room for my tea - which I did. David arrived on the dot of 4 - looking lean but well. We had a grand chatterbox she told me of his summer journey. He returns on August 23, having come to an end of his money. I had hoped to take him to Festival Hall tomorrow, but he is off to Brighton with his friends. My own "health" is so uncertain that I don't want to commit myself to an outing tomorrow night. So - I am sorry my next 3 days, Thursday, Friday & Saturday are all full up. Perhaps I can manage to take him out on Monday, the 2nd.

No snack supper. Much reading of Guennell's The Sign of the Fish - at first very high level, but becoming later more interesting.

August 17 Wednesday.

Although I take my colds regularly, I feel I really had a cold, ~~the~~ if a slight one. I was not troubled by my various obligations that I would not sleep well. What I finally decided to do was to give up Cambridge - alas, alas - that was a bitter disappointment - stay in my room today & tomorrow & hope for the best.

But I had to go out to begin with. First I went to the P. O. & sent a telegram to Mr. Smith - also posted a letter to him. Then on to The Times library where I changed my Quemell for The Sea Change by E. J. Howard recommended by Mrs. Kenny. I also fell for another Penguin - Monica Dickens - for I needed to have a good supply of reading matter. From there I went on to get my mended shoes what a wonderful job they had done. 14/6 - worth it. The shoes were like new. From there I strolled up on board for the whole day, possibly tomorrow. I put back by 11 or so - at the rest of the day I was in my tiny room, reading, sewing, playing patience & prettifying that I was having precious hours in London.

In the evening, who should knock at my door but Mags. I was really glad to see her. She talked of old times, but wasn't as exhausting as usual.

I had telephoned Duela in the P.M. telling her of my cold. Such an understanding person she is. She said if I didn't feel like it I could let her know on Friday A.M. She would telephone to Peggy & to Olivia. I was interested to learn that Joe & Barnaby were going that day down to Hastings, so they will have seen Christine in her new part & it won't bother them too much if I don't go on Friday.

I spent my afternoon writing to 1) Humbered 2) Helen Scott 3) Olivia to warn her. And I began The Sea Change which is quite a good story, well written. I find, however, that novels are no longer "my cup of tea" - I so much prefer biographies, essays or autobiographies.

August 18 Thursday

The had the strangest day. All day cooped up in my tiny room. I did go out to mail 3 letters, & get my Times but for the rest of the day I stayed in trying to get rid of my cold. I had no cough & felt o.k. I read The Sea Change by Howard a most ingenious story, which so aroused me that I could not put it down till I finished it at tea time!

At noon I took my temperature & was perturbed to find it just above 37. I said to myself "that settles it - I can't go tomorrow. But then at 4 - I took it again & it was normal! Whew! Shall I go? Shall I go? I shall decide in the morning. I do so want to go. Staying in my room, getting my own very sketchy meals is no fun - I have tonight of "the blues". It was a perfectly wretched day as the weather - mist, heavy clouds heavy rain - almost dark by 5 o'clock.

At about 7, just before I began my supper that dear Duela happened in. She had been to see Mags & looked in to see how I was. She is a darling. Poor old Barnaby can't stand Mags's chatter & I don't wonder - no 2. I also what chance we have to rush in & see her. Swan!

August 19 Friday

I couldn't sleep for thinking what I should do today. I went to Tadworth & met David & Mrs. Davies; I don't think I shall go. Then I telephoned Duela at Tadworth. She said, "Come along - I think it will do you good to get out. If you don't feel like going to Hastings, we won't go - & I can always get on to Olivia & Peggy" - well - I was so tempted & I said, "I'll come." It was the best thing I could have done.

I reached my K.H.M. bag, had me by bus to Charing X & caught easily the 10:22 to Tadworth where she was to meet me. I told her I thought she was better than a bottle of medicine. He went directly home & found Barnaby. He still looks very ill - but gives about 2. I told me the doctor told her he would have no pain, which is the greatest mercy. He had a perfectly delicious lunch. Then I rested in the spare room for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour.

He started out then, in her car, for Hastings.

I ought to say that on our way to Hartings, we found we were driving a little on my head time as we went to Pitz, a place I have always wanted to see but had no time to take up Henry James' Punch House.

First we went to Sevenoaks to see Wilfred's new house 28 Kippington Road - E. finding the way so well. Hella & Wilfred were both there. What a house! It is like a miniature airport! (Heather had said she thought the furnishings in poor taste, but I don't agree. It is a strange, modern structure - too much glass for coziness - a pool in the garden & in a kind of Patis. In more shows all over - with great enthusiasm - in gilded cupboards & so on. Some of the rugs & some of the pictures were excellent. The garden is beautiful - a long sloping lawn, with an extended view to trees at the bottom & wide expanse of sky. Hella was very genial & gave us a most refreshing cup of tea. We could only stay an hour or so about to hurry on.

The journey to Hartings was very long but most interesting - he had got to Sevenoaks at 2:30 as arranged - & made Hartings at exactly 5:30. Such a resort of sort of place. Christina met us in front of her hotel - Marton Hotel - shopping very young & very enthusiastic. We then went for an early snack supper at the Star Restaurant, run by Cypriote Greeks. A very nice place. Christina had to be at the theatre at 6:30. We left her there & took the car near a park, where we made time gossiping.

At 7:30 we went into the theatre - on the pines - as the show began at 7:45. We had excellent seats - third row - so that I heard early. The play was And Suddenly It's Spring by Jack Poppelwell - Christina's part was a poor one but she made the best of it & looked very pretty. The play was a slight sentimental comedy. Evelyn & Barnaby had seen it on head. but E. said this performance was 100% better. In Friendship, the I don't say so, that Barnaby's incompromising & critical attitude had a good deal to do with making E. feel the play was poor. I enjoyed it very much indeed. We got out at 9:45 - &

went for a car at once & began the long long drive back. E. is a wonderful driver & drove every turn in the road. The stars were out & the night was beautiful, as we sped along. It took us two hours to reach Bournemouth. He walked in at 12 midnight & there was Barnaby still up to meet us!

I went to bed at once - I don't read, but closed my eyes in that charming open room & was ~~soon~~ asleep in his ways of a Lamb's Tale. I slept with out waking till 6:15 - an unheard of piece of luck. I was right - coming out to Tad. worth has cured my need.

August 30 Saturday

Pitz wasn't until 9 - they said it was. Those dear people - how well they manage their lives. Evelyn & I started out for Peaslake to Peggy Lee's home - a half hour's drive into Surrey. It had rained in the night but the rest of the day was quite dry. We reached Peggy's very nice house called Terrills, Peaslake. E. had to press on as she had so much to do, but Peggy gave me coffee. Mr. Lee was there & the two girls, Clare 16 & Patricia 12. Finally, at 10:45 or so we all started off, Mr. Lee driving in his very nice car. A long drive of 1 1/2 hours stopping at Dership's shop - Japan at Mr. Lee's office for a moment. He is an engineer, the factory makes cooking instruments - the business he inherited from his father. Such a pretty drive, through Hamp. Shire & Berkshire - a matter of 50 miles.

Olivia's house is real country. The village is called Rushlebury Stade. Her home is a cottage. All the gutters are well set. Each owns his own home. Olivia has a large property, a lovely garden, a dog, a cat - he piled into the house, had sherry & then a delicious meal of roast pork, potatoes, beans, apple sauce, delicious apple trifle - cheese - biscuits - terrific.

I could I would he dinner for a bit state off my
instrument, wh. I did. At 4. George gathered and
his wife, Evelyn, came. & such a jolly tea as we had.
George asked me so many questions about Reibel
& Istanbul generally. (At seven around the
table, after lunch, we had a long, & serious
discussion about Americanism. Both Peggy &
Robert are very critical of the American
government) The tea was magnificent in the English
manner.

I had to get a decent train home. We had the
ladies goodbye - then Olivia drove me the 13
miles to Reading to the R.2.2 station to me to get
my train to Paddington. I put the 6:18 Mon. stop
to London - at 7 P.M. on the dot. I was able to get
the Baker's underground straight to Baker St.
I found 3 good letters on my arrival (1) Winifred (2) Mrs
3) Dr. Smith. I was glad to have Dr. Smith ask me
again to Cambridge on Tuesday the 23rd. I shall be
more than happy to go. Mazallah. So glad to be
back in my little nook. Nothing like having your
very own place.

August 21 Sunday.

A day of rest. No rain - some blue sky. I got the
Observer & read it conscientiously. At 10:30 hours
dropped in to say she wanted to eat lunch in my room
with me! In the meanwhile she was going to Westminster
Abbey. I don't think she had any idea how late it was
to be brought cheese & a sandwich & a loaf of a cucumber
her in a string bag as a contribution. She asked
me, "what bus do I take to Westminster Abbey?" I
said, "No. 88 from Oxford St." She then said, "Ox-
ford Street, where's that?" And that woman had
stayed at the Cumberland Hotel & shopped at
Selfridges. What has she got in her head? Pileup?

She came in at one. We had a snack lunch -
she exclaiming at the good coffee I made. We
chatted as usual. She didn't go to Tadworth tho'
Evelyn had asked. I wonder if she has the money
for the train?

In the P.M. I wrote notes to 1) Sydney Smith 2) Olivia 3) Evelyn
4) a fan letter to Michael Kerilla of the Aunt Players.
I went to evening at St. Paul's Parish Square &
loved the service. Very low church. Two such nice
young men to lead the service - they shook hands as
the congregation left. Good bones.

I felt the need of a real dinner. As I hadn't had a
restaurant meal wh. I paid for, since last Monday,
I felt justified in going to Grill Cheese. My bill was
large - 11/ with 9d tip. But I did feel really well fed.
Back in the gloaming - lights on - along the deserted
London streets, which I love more the longer I stay here.
August 22 Monday

This was a busy and extravagant day. At 9 Still-
phoned to David L's address but got no answer. I left
a message. This was his last day here as he leaves by
Air France for R.C. tomorrow.

I then started out to do business. First to British R.P.
on Oxford St to my Cambridge ticket - 23/ return.
From there to the B. 2.2. office to make my reservation
for returning. I had such a nice young man to
wait on me. I had decided on Thursday, Sept. 22.
which would give me a meet at Greta's. I don't
conceive that comets do not fly on Thursday so
it was more or less like the house of God to point
to a Viscount. Another advantage is the Viscount
leaves London at 9:50 P.M. calls only at Rome
(no Athens) & reaches Istanbul at 5:20 P.M.
while it is still light. I hope I am doing the right
thing.

I came home & was in by 12. I was much astonish-
ed to have David appear at 12:30 just like that!
He hadn't had my message, but came along. Very
nice. He was more or less "stone voice" - so I took
him to lunch at the Cook Tavern & we had an
excellent meal. I didn't want to do anything
in the P.M. so I let David go off alone to Madame
Tausand's. I had a good rest. Met David again at
7:45 & we went to Grill Cheese for dinner. I taking
him again. His first & last meal in London at Q.R.C!

August 23 Tuesday

This was a perfectly lovely day - as to weather and as to sociability. I caught the 9:50 train from 8. (When a queue at 9:20!) to Cambridge. All so delightfully familiar. In the bus from the station I sat next to a young American girl in a rather battered raincoat, who was reading *The Lawrence*. She spoke to me. I found out she knew nothing about Cambridge - was coming for the first time - had to guide her. So said she came from New York - 11th St, near N.Y. I'll bet it was New York. I was able to put her on the way to King's College Chapel.

I went straight to Heffer's - like a bear to the honey pot! There I had 3 books back. The price covered my balance at Heffer's - Among them was a fine guide to the city. Then, of course, I had to go straight to King's - Surgeons, Surgeons place. I also went into the Hall & gazed at the portraits of James Dickenson, E.M. Foster, and Oscar Brownie - among other worthies. The time had & I found it almost the moment to go to St. Catharine's. I did have a moment left to peer into Corpus Christi - as the old court & the old entrance to St. Benet, which used to be, in ancient times, the only college chapel.

I found C4 in the first court of St. Catharine's up 3 flights of stairs to Dr. Smith's suite. Kate Smith opened the door - & I was ushered in to a heavily large paneled room, with grand pears, "abstract pictures (2)" on the walls. Dr. Smith came in five minutes later carrying two bottles! How nice those two people were. He is a great teacher - a teacher of Chemistry in the Cambridge High School. (I had forgotten the year they came to Surber & we entertained them. It was 1954)

He had a perfectly delicious lunch -illet, beans, puer, green salad - & a wonderful chocolate soufflé - talking hard the while.

After lunch they suggested taking me through the

Fitzwilliam Museum - on Dr. Smith is one of the generous & very much interested in art. So that is where we went. It was an extraordinary experience to go there with so excellent a guide who did it thoroughly! At 3:45 it was time for tea they said - & they would give me a cup in their own house - so off we tramped half way across Cambridge - stopping at Rowing Club to see the new plain Chapel - then on over the grass at Parker's Piece (ouch memories choked my mind) thence to their house. Only a cup of tea & hardly time to swallow it, before we walked to the station where kind friends took me to my seat on the 4:45 train to Liverpool Street. A fine day long to be remembered.

It was heads to when I reached 34. Bread & cheese & escape & then I stumbled into bed at 9 - I slept like a log - seven hours without stirring. I was really tired.

August 24 Wednesday

This was a dullish sort of day. No letters, any kind - & heavy rain in the early a.m. I went out to my paper - then rained out I got a bit of good for 2 meals. Back again - when I wrote two letters to Maria & to Ina - & it was 12. I called up Magna asking if she would like to go to Picasso Exhibition & she agreed to call for me at 2:45.

Lunch & a short rest. Magna then came tired out! She said she hadn't slept a wink last night & was all in. He took no. 88 bus to the Gate - paid 5/6 to see the exhibit. How can people be so crazy about Picasso. There were exactly three pictures of all those that I thought reminding. Crowds milled around - so that one could hardly see properly. What is the world coming to when these monstrosities are admired. Women with two eyes in their foreheads - one above the other. David H. goes into the stairs over there things. Magna was equally disgusted. After some time when we had seen all there was to see, we went into the

Red of the Gate & peered over eyes on old favorite
Turner, the Pre-Raphaelites, Reynolds, Gainsborough,
Constable. Such a contrast. I am going to hold
to my opinion, whatever people think or no.

At 4:30 Magn wanted tea. so we went to a
little shop & had wanted tea cakes & a cup of
tea for exactly 9d. But Magn talks without
stopping. That woman wears me out. I am so
thankful she isn't at 34 - I don't what I should
do if she were.

he came back on No 88 again to watch arch.
Magn was taking milk & try to supper at Bacon &
Eggs - fortunately - so that I would go home in peace.
A small supper & book to read.

August 25. Thursday

No letters. Ruby & Alice left at 10 & I stayed to
wave goodbye. They each had a very heavy suitcase
& 2 large k. h. M. bags. Bound for Rhene, where they
would meet Betty & family.

I started out at 10:15 & walked first to 20 Melbeck
St. to the Aural appliances place. I took my old
instrument, which I now needed re-wiring &
asked about batteries. It will be ready by
Sept. 13th. I then went to the Times library - gave
back my John Pudney books & got out C. Day
Lewis' autobiography The Buried Day which is
delightful. I was rather peeved that the books
I have wanted 1) Berenson 2) F. E. 3) All in
The Family by Kathleen Norris - are all in the
waiting list & have been since July 7, when I
arrived. But I am fully satisfied with C. D. Lewis.

From there I wandered to 10-14. Evans wondering
if I would have lunch in the restaurant, I waited
till one, but the queue was so long that I was
discouraged. so got up & went to Debenham's
where I had an excellent fish & coffee lunch for
7/3 + 1/1 tip. Then home to rest.

At 3:45 I got out to the Wallace Collection - I had
forgotten how many good things were there. Rembrandt,
Dutch interiors, Romneys, Reynolds - many good
French portraits, Rubens et al. Very satisfactory.
In the middle of the building is a charming patio
place, where one can sit in the sun. I must remember
that.

I went to Bumpus looked for a publication giving
names of publishers, papers etc. A very intelligent
man got for me writers and artists year book
full of information - which can be used for the Pen
Club. I must be forthright & send some of my things
to magazines. It is "a treasure house of information."
as it says on the cover. It was rather expensive -
more than I wanted to pay 10/6 - but this will make
me use it I hope.

I had high tea at 5 - & again bread cheese & coffee at 8.
In the meanwhile I wrote two letters - to Sarah & to
Bernie. The last is a stab in the back. I doubt
whether I shall see her.

August 26 Friday

No mail for me, except a little note from Anne Kilmer.
I wrote to Sara close after making my bed. At 5:30
I had the strangest telephone call from someone,
who evidently wanted Ruby Brige. She spoke in a
very "English" voice, said she had a "Robert College
fellowship", had bought a coat for an Armenian
friend at the Bible Home & would like it out for her?
Really, really. She had wanted to ask Ruby to do
this for her, but was too late, as Ruby left school
day. I was sorry to say no, but how can I add to
my already over weight luggage? I have 2 coats
myself - plus a raincoat. I tried to be as polite
as possible over the phone but there it was. I
must say the polite lady was very nice about it.

At 10 I went out, took No. 13. to Fleet Street &
walked along towards St. Pauli. On the way, I
stopped at (St. Dunstan in the West - this before)
St. Martin within budget was closed. I found a
young man praying & said a prayer myself.

Then on to St. Paul's, where Popani made the complete rounds, went into the crypt, or saw all the plaques, statues, tombs or England's great men. Wellington's tomb Shelton's as well as the huge carriage which was used at the funeral of the Duke. There were sightseers, but not as many as in Westminster Abbey - some could wander about more easily.

For lunch at one I went to The Hudgatch Cafe on Fleet St. Very nice it was not too expensive. Heaps of raw oysters, stew of catchers and such seem to frequent it. I had a most cheerful, hard-worked waitress & a table to myself till nearly the end. Lamb chops, boiled potatoes & green peas, followed by white coffee - 4/5. Then at a quarter to 2 I took No. 13. home.

On the bus there was a fearful thunderstorm & downpour rain. One saw people dashing for cover - the streets were suddenly deserted, every one sheltering in doorways. The rain had abated slightly by the time I reached Portman Square. Off with my wet things & a pleasant sit-down, finishing C. Day Lewis' very interesting autobiography.

I was invited to cocktails at 6:15 by Mrs. Davies. Awfully nice. The others were: Dr. Howard of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio; Mrs. Gardner; another sister of Mrs. Davies her doctor husband; the nice Hindu, who has been here years, and a black doctor - no black - like the one of Spades from West Africa. There's champagne & other good things. In the midst of this, about 7, there was a ring & bang on the door & Magna Powell appeared! Mrs. Davies called her in, much to her astonishment & she became, in no time, the life of the party!

At 7:30 Magna came to my room, wanting me to go out to dinner with her at Bacon & Eggs. I had intended to have a meal in my room but I was willing to go with her. We had a tasty little meal. She talked hard as usual.

Do told me she was going to Paris two days earlier than she intended. Aug. 30. Tuesday. I have an idea that she is somewhat at a loose end. Greta, Kenneth & Meg are away; Evelyn is confined by Barnaby's illness - though she does wonder how long. The ladies got out on Sunday P.M. to Radworth, near Belle again & turned back to London on the last train.

I asked Magna to come in, but she was too tired. She has very lovely moments, just as I do!

August 27 Saturday

But Henry's 86th birthday - the tenth anniversary of Uncle Ned's death. Prosa seem quite incredible. (No a mistake - tomorrow)

The tale of this day is quickly told. 4 good letters - 1) from Fred 2) Evelyn 3) Michael Neville 4) Nettie - all nice. I went out first for wood - Lyons, Express Dairy, Supermarket. Then to the Times & bought C. Day Lewis for a book of short stories - I read Blackswallow & found such an interesting article on an Island in Lake Van. Also a mention of bicycle track in the Times hit Supp. A little wandering & home for a snack lunch.

Read & letters writing 1) to Evelyn 2) to Peggy P. Then tea. At 4:40 out for a long, long walk. To Curzon St. & Shepherd Market. Piccadilly. Park Lane & Home - windy but not cold - Supper at 7:15 again in my room. Both Time & read it all - feeling so extravagant. My money goes.

August 28 Sunday

This was a quiet & rather lonely day. Observer is being nice. At 10 I went via the Central tube under-ground to St. Bartholomew's, the Great, to morning prayer. A difficult church to visit so much has the district changed since Harold & I went there years & years ago. A good choir. A sermon about The Temptation in the wilderness.

Back again to Market Arch. & Lyons, where I got snacks - then back to 34 for a meal in my room at 11:15 & a short rest. 3 letters to Greta, Nettie & Elizabeth Clarke.

Tea at 5. and at 6:30 again to St. Paul's Pastoral Square, where I enjoyed the clean-cut service led by Rev. Bruce Evans. It was without bibles - low church, the sermon was on Repentance. I had to be - where I had another lovely man. I am not often given to Responding, but Sundays are zero hours. I have, however, much to look forward to. Iasting Evelyn on Sept 1st. the miners on Sept. 7th. Greta on Sept. 14th. I should be grateful. I didn't like my book or short stories edited by John Pridway called "Pick of Short Stories - No. 10". They are poor.

August 29 Monday

The day began with a telephone call to Magn when a visit to her in her room at 119 Gloucester Place. I (2 letters to B.C. Greta, her & Eleanor) was rather impressed with 119 - it is more attractive than 34 - & has many more tenants. Magn was getting dressed at 9:30 when I called! She had a great deal to say about her visit to Tadworth yesterday. She worked on dresses for Christine's next performance. Rachel & Peter were in - one of Christine's chairs was there & she was sorry for all the washing Evelyn had to do.

I was raining. I did not go to the Bank to change 350 in Pounds. Suppliers check = £10. 10. 4. Then to the Times. First I got a ticket to the hall at Festival Hall on Wed. Aug. 31. notice 9/1. It very nice girl to serve us. Then upstairs to change my book. I got out Herbert Pearson's type of Charles II. He is always good.

Then there to D.H. Evans for a champagne - red. It is a month since I had one - quite nice. This time I did nearly 12. so I went in to the restaurant had a meal 5/8. with 6d tip. My champagne was 14/ + 2/ tip - a hot.

Then I came home - deposited my stuff - went out to the self-service place on Crawford St. to get things for tea as Magn was coming.

I was tired but had an misanthropic factory lie-down - Magn, of course, was late, but she enjoyed her tea & chattered loud as usual. So leaves for Paris tomorrow at the crack of dawn - so it was good life & good voyage. I realize she is a very good woman, kind, generous to a fault - but feeble, disorganized & has, but too hazy. But I am sorry for her, in many ways. She has, however, a large family, brothers, nieces nephews - & evidently they all date on her - so perhaps she isn't too much to be pitied.

August 30 Tuesday

Two letters to my land! After reading my paper - at 10 I started out for Bloomsbury. I took a bus only as far as Ashford Circus - then walked to Tottenham Court Rd. & up St. Russell St. to the British Museum, passing Franklin's workshops? YWCA & YMCA en route.

I had a long regie in the B. Museum. I was most interested in the autographs - Emily Brontë's tiny hand-writing, the MS of Jane Eyre - Rembrandt's (each one) see on heralds beautifully illuminated MSS. I saw the Elgin marbles, very fine porcelain pottery - some of it Turkish or Indian and other items dating from the centuries for instance up to the 19th. Reg. 12:15

I was tired.

I tried me to the YWCA cafeteria on St. Russell Street had such a good inexpensive lunch. 2/9 + 6d. for coffee - 3/3 all told. I was surprised to see many men in the restaurant. It is very popular in no wonder - You get your money's worth there is no faking, which is always such a relief. I came home by underground to Marble Arch. Went in 15 p.m. for food - came back rather "all in."

At 2 P.M. as I was lying down, briefed telephoned. The news was that his mother had died this morning. Poor Aunt Edith. She was evidently very ill in Belser - that journey was quite a mistake. briefed said the funeral will not be till Monday, Sept. 5 which seems a long postponement - & it is to be at Shouham. I hope I can go with Evelyn.

Death is always a shock - even tho' expected when tho' by someone full of years. She was 81½ - a good age.

After tea (no before), I wrote to Wilfred. She was he upset, thinking her own time is near. Then after tea, I went to a serene morning walk - along Cranford St. to Edgware Rd, down Marylebone Rd to Gloucester Place & so home.

Rayn left this morning at 7 - for Paris. Foundays there then Portugal Spain. She likes toirkon. What energy, what joie de vivre. I envy her her vitality.

August 31. Wednesday

I had four letters - each momentous - one from Sarah in which she told me she had written on Aug 11. I never got the letter! I had wondered at her silence. She also told me that poor old Laurence Seely had died earlier in the month - Two from Wilfred, asking Evelyn & me to lunch after the service for Aunt Edith on Monday, Sept. 5th - Three from Evelyn confirming my visit to Marrow - Four from Mrs. Beaur in the Crescent, saying Dorothy had gone to hospital "for treatment" - poor thing - I hear it is another breakdown - Oh no, pretty hopeless.

In the course of the day, I wrote to Sarah, Wilfred, Mrs. Beaur & Kate Seely. I have written an enormous number of letters since coming to London.

At 10 I started out, more or less, aimlessly on various errands - Alice Hindsley's films, stamps to myself, cigarettes (very expensive) + 2 pairs of stockings at Selfridges which is having a Stocking Sale. Each 4/11 - the 2 Mrs. 9/10. Back to 34 by a snail's pace - very early - 12 - then an hour's rest.

I took bus No. 260 to Waterloo Bridge, down the steps to Festival Hall to see the Festival Ballet. It was honey. Ballets are for me - no straining to hear what actors say - The program was excellent: 1) Act 1 of Swan Lake; 2) Romeo & Juliet which gave me shivers up my spine it was so moving; 3) Harlequinade, a lovely contrast; 4) Dances from Prince Igor. All wonderful. The day finished up with a tasty dish of Bacon Eggs - 5/11 with tip. No rain all day.

September 1 Thursday

The day was marred by a great deal of rain. At 5:30 I started out in raincoat et al for Evans to buy a winter dress. I had put this off long enough. I saw in the window just what I wanted - a ~~great~~ ^{green} dress with embroidered shoulders. Altho' I tried on several I finally bought that for only 65/-. I hope I have done the right thing. I went with my bag across the way to get sweets for Evelyn's car - but it was raining so heavily by this time that I went home to hang up my dress & start out again.

This time - at about 10:30 I went to the Prison & exchanged my Pearson book for one called Behind the Bars by Sir Harold Murray. I sat reading for a bit in the Pimentale Century, then went to Selfridges where I got into the Barrow. Thence to my room for a very meagre meal - lunch.

I began to pour again about 1:30 and at 2:50 when I started out for Champion Circus there was a deluge. I thought I would get No 13 bus - but the rain was so heavy, I had my umbrella - a topi' den near I succeeded to it & rode to the station where I caught the 3:23 to T. & underneath. On my arrival, the rain began pouring there - I.E. was at the station to meet me, saying he had been fine. I mean! he had tea almost at once & to begin our way back to Hastings to see Christine in another play.

By this time, it was clearer rain drive was actually nice - then East Grinstead & Battle - 68 miles to Hastings. We had time for a snack & got to the theatre at 7:45 in time for the play. It was a farce - Running Point & Christine was a French maid. It really was a riot! Very amusing, very silly, but very well done. We laughed till we cried. Christine was good - very pretty - she appeared many times but, of course, didn't have a commanding part. After the play, she came out for a chat in the car - or about 10 min. Then we started the long night drive home. On our way, we were stopped by

two policemen, who said they were looking for an escaped prisoner - They peered into our car, asked Eileen for her name & address! Then we sped on. We were home by 12:30 - a cup of tea & into bed, where I found a hot water bottle put in by the faithful Barnaby.

September 2 Friday

I thought I would be coming back to London at an early hour - but discovered E. had other plans for me. Left at 9 - then I read in the living room, while E. was busy in the kitchen.

At 11 she said she would take me a drive to a beautiful estate, Palesdon Place - part the house once occupied by Tanny Burney - at Ruislip. A beautiful drive through lovely lanes & when we reached the manor, we couldn't go in, but we wandered around the magnificent grounds, saw a lovely rose garden, magni superb cedars & a lovely view of the river. Home by 12:30 - with dubonnet before lunch. We found Barnaby painting very busily - copying the head of a Spanish woman - wh. he had admired. Lunch, perfectly delicious - in short, very short but down.

At 3 E. took me to Regent, where she had an appointment with a chiropodist - while she was there I entertained myself in the Regent's library - very nice indeed - so home to tea. I caught the 5:45 P.M. train to London Bridge, and there met No. 13 bus (in a drizzle) to home by 7. After a lovely breakfast in Tadworth. The only letter - one from my dear Burnie written by her husband. Happy to be back once more in my tiny retreat. A cup of tea & a bit of cake - tea - very soon to bed - truly tired.

September 3 Saturday

The strangest coincidence! There was a large fire yesterday afternoon at 3:45 P.M. at Palesdon Place, the very place we had seen in the morning about 11:30. All treasures were rescued, but damage was

done to the upper storeys & took 3 hours to put out the blaze. Its history, which I tried to find in the Regent's library was also in The Times - The original house was built in 1632 & later tried on by Sheridan, the playwright. But this house was pulled down & the present one built in 1824. Gravel family originally - 1000 acres of grounds.

It was raining in the P.M. but I went out at 9:15 to my provisions for 2 days: cold claw, crescents, cheese, apples, milk, tea. And came back with my bag full. Out again to get my ticket to Leamington for Monday - only 7/3 return, because I come back the same day. I posted a note to Wilfred - & walked a long way home - & fell in the rain.

A rest till 2:30, after a snack lunch, then I went out again - walked via Highmore St. to Lord Cedars & from there took a bus to Shaftesbury Square. I found Leicester Square quite early - glanced at Pavement artists, saw a dancing creature group in an impromptu performance in the square, then turned back to see the Royal National Portrait Gallery, which really is very nice. By 4:30 I was tired - perhaps I had done too much walking - so I came home by bus - had 2 cups of stumpy tea & felt better.

September 4 Sunday

Sundays are my most difficult days - when I really feel home & miss my parking. It was lovely, blue when I went out to get my desires. I used it thoroughly, made meat, then went out to get a few provisions from you. Then I came back wrote 2 letters to Wilfred & Burnie. Lunch in my Room at 12:50. A short rest.

At 3:30 I took a long walk - up the Baywater Wood, into Hyde Park, back along the Edgware Rd. & so home. I watched a Jewish wedding party leave a synagogue. It began to drizzle. Tea at 5. Then should I go as far as Leamington? I wanted to go to St. Paul's Pactuan Sq. but heard it was Communion, so instead went to St. Marylebone, where I heard a good sermon - no choir, but an organ. I felt much better - decided on a snack supper instead of gnill & cheers. I'm glad Sunday is over.

September 5. Monday

I started out early for Liverpool from Charnig X
The 9:20 direct. Streams of people were pouring
out as I reached the station - as usual, early.

Wilfred was at the station to meet me at 10-
I apologized for being so early, but he said it was
all right. We drove to The Bosphorus House, where
I soon saw Nella - then at 10:30 or so we drove
to the Shoreham Parish Church for the funeral service
for Aunt Edith.

The church is just round the corner from Harold's
house - leading from a charming little square -
an old, mellow, brick church - typical of an
ancient English village. As we waited, Olivia
came up - to our astonishment. She had driven
more than 50 miles to come. We waited, while people
gathered - Olivia, Wilfred, Nella, Harold & I - &
over the house appeared - men in black coats
stop hats - The coffin was a beautiful one - with
a bunch of white camellias on it. The minis-
ter came down & headed the procession. In
the church a special service was at each place
prepared by Wilfred - & beautiful it was. The
clergyman, white-haired & benevolent, con-
ducted the service with great dignity - first
in the church & then at the grave.

Winona Tennant was there, having just
returned from Sweden. In the audience, which
was tiny was Dulcie Chet (née Sandnes) -
Marianne's daughter & her son, Peter. Then to
my utter astonishment I saw Elizabeth and
Winona Junior. Their presence was explained
later.

After the service, Harold asked us in for a
cup of coffee - Winona & Tennant, Olivia,
Nella, Wilfred, Mrs. Chet Peter & I. I asked
"Where is Diana?" And Nella said, "She has
left Harold!" You could have knocked me
down with a feather.

Two explanations were necessary - first, Elizabeth
had come from Istanbul, in response to peremptory
calls from Harold about her daughter, Winona.
It seems the letter had been left in mid-air, after her
month with the Tlynus. No arrangements for keeping
a nurse training had been made. She probably
can't pass the preliminary examination - so some
other course is being planned - but what, God knows.
As for Harold, I was told by Wilfred that this
course had been in the air for some time - that Diana's
going was more a relief than otherwise to Harold -
Wilfred said he did not love him - that for years
he had lived "the life of a monk"; Oh dear - oh
dear - what are some women made of?

We returned to Bosphorus House. Only Dulcie
& her son, & I were invited to lunch - not Elizabeth
nor the Tennant. Greaves. Winona Jr. says Nella
has been staying with Harold for a week. Our
lunch was very pleasant - there was much talk of
old Rebel ties - a wandering in the beautiful
garden - then three of us drove to the station
where the Chicks caught a train for Sleaford
I & one for Charnig X - direct 3:25 - 4

I was impressed with the restraint & every-
one. And, how little Aunt Edith's going seems
to have affected her children.

Wilfred ~~had~~ read the Parson from Revelation -
very well indeed. A heavy day (no rain) - but
funerals are always depressing - I was tired when
I got back. Harold had put into my hand a
book, called Benji - Paradise by Joseph Rothman
& I found it perfectly fascinating - read it without
pause for 3 hours! He's the son of a famous organizer
at St. John's College, Cambridge his home of that
adorable city is as warm & friendly as my own.

September 6. Tuesday

First thing - at 9 - there was a telephone call from
Nella. They had arrived last night. We arranged for
them to have lunch with me at Rebenham's Restau-
rant at 12:30 tomorrow - all yours.

They went out just to the Bank to cash \$30
again as my money seems to disappear rapidly!
I went into D.H. Evans & bought 2 scarves @ 4/4 each.
one for Mary one for mine. Then to the Finies where
I gave back Harold Morris put out Stanley's way by
Thomas Sterling - very well reviewed in the Observer
by Harold Nicolson - quite new.

It drizzled all P.M. I came home (champion hot
food early on) for a very early lunch then went
to the Claris Cinema on Baker St at 12:40 - Finies
only 2/ - to see Green Gables in the Fanny's Saga -
It was only 50 - 50. Much left out - I hate the
background music of all cinemas - however, I
quite got my money's worth & the whole enjoyed it.

Race to 34 for tea - then a walk between 5 &
5:40 - in the rain. A very melancholy day. No
mail except a p.c. from Eelga. I wrote 3
letters posted them: 1 to Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Atwood
to Harold Seager, asking him to have lunch
with me at the Wake (Dun) Tavern at an Friday.
Will he come?

September 7 Wednesday.

A letter from Olivia, giving me tickets for the Rose
Show. That was all. Why don't I hear for Winifred?
or Judith? or Raff? or Sarah?

No rain, though it was chilly, it had rained
for the pavements were wet. I went over, market 15,
got bananas & some sweets to take to the theatre tomorrow.

At 11:45 I started out, received a table for 5 at
Behenham's Restaurant & waited the miners in
front of the shop. Bob came first, then Nettie & the
two boys, Johnny & Billy, & how glad I was to see them
all. We went upstairs & I had the happiness of
treating them all to lunch - roast lamb, potatoes,
jelly - lager for Bob - then coffee ice-cream & much
good talk. They were leaving the hotel at five;
flying off - Pan-American jet first class - at 6.
They will be in New York 8 P.M. by time - Maria -
Cubans - It means of course for their watches & B.H.
- 7 hours flying time. He had goodbye on the

doorstep of Behenham's.

I came home a round about way & felt
terribly let down. I had to fight off a bit of the blues.
I keep wondering if I am staying too long in London.

I lay down & slept - to my surprise - had tea
at 4:45 P.M. then went for a walk along the
Edgware Rd to brush the cobwebs away. I felt
better - when I returned - made 2 rather posh
letters to Selma & Katy Wright - then a snack supper
& reading - not only Stanley's way ^{but} ~~for~~ Nabokov's
short stories, which I indulgently ~~waited~~ ^{waited} at the Finies.

September 8 Thursday

I spent my morning, for the most part, walking.
I went all the way down below Dr. Lord Circus,
broke in a B.H. & the home Woolworth's - then I
bought heads 5/4 for mine, but they are so nice, I
may keep them & get her others! Then at Mr. Spence,
I got a woolen scarf for Judith - something to keep
her warm in the winter. I also began a letter to
Winifred, sent off 2 p.c. to the fishes & the Aunties
that good for the day. A snack lunch in my room.

To rest tea at 5. Then on I started at 6:40
for the old vic where I was to meet Eileen in the Abbey
at 7:15. The day was without rain & mild. I took
the Bakerloo train to Waterloo, & from the old vic
fairly easily was therefore, as usual, early. I
sat for 15 minutes in the pretty row in front of
the theatre, then met E. - on the dot.

We saw together Chekov's The Seagull & I
don't know when I have seen a more finished
performance. Three of the actors, Tom Courtnay
who was the young lover, Derek Smith, who
acted the schoolmaster Sam Bell, who was
Nina were all known to Christine, as they had
been R.D.B. pupils, too. I think the girl, Nina, did
the best. Courtnay was exaggerated & a bit nervous.
It was interesting to watch the fine performance
of Judith Anderson as the mother. E. & I talked
family talk. The play was over at 10:30 he walked

Arrive in arms to the Waterloo Station, she getting her
train to Tadworth at 10:45 & I my underground
to Baker St. I enjoyed the walk from Baker Street
to 34 Gloucester Place, in the soft evening air
with streets semi-deserted. A very enjoyable
evening.

September 9 Friday

I was pleased to have a letter from Wimbered
this morning to read & read from Elsie L. 2.
I did a nice bit of shopping - posting a number
envelopes of treasures to myself in Ities. Then
I went to the Times library & changed my book
for The Life of Deane by Adam Fox. Then
I took a bus to the Creek Tavern, where I
was to take Harold for lunch. Foolishly, I
didn't wait at the entrance, but went directly
upstairs where, poor man, waited downstairs.
Woman! However, tho' late, all was well.

He talked well - told me about Winifred
Gunnis - about his weak brother, John. He
says John is afraid of Elizabeth - & so is
his daughter, Winifred. Winifred writes to Harold
that her mother doesn't want her at home!!
What a family. Harold also said that tho' he
had put three schools - Fay, Winifred, Barbara
& Francis, had 2 large piles of their accounts,
he had never had a word of thanks from
either Elizabeth or John. Poor Winifred
was not accepted as a nurse - her interviewers
said she would not do the theoretical part -
hence Elizabeth's journey to England to find
something else, either a job, or some other
training.

We parted at a little after 2, in New Square,
Lincoln Inn fields. Heavenly spot, in the
heart of the city. Great in the sunshine for a
bit, then found my way to 13 Portmouth St
of Kingsway to work at the old Curvill's
Shop. Built in 1867.

There by bus home to rest. Tea at 5 then a walk
in the vicinity of 7/8 of an hour - to home to an evening
in a snack shop.

September 10 Saturday

No letter - a strange day, made up, mostly by walking.
I left the house at 9:30, not after 10:00 at all.
bridge to have strips of heads for Wimbered at Salisbury's
which I am not too pleased with - tho' for Sarah
de-catered Nescafo' 5/9 - expensive.

Then I walked - along Hyde Park to Knightsbridge
saw charming back premises beyond Harrods -
walked into Hyde Park for a picnic on a bench,
watching golfers & riders but by this time
I was so tired, I had to take a bus back.

I am troubled about putting on weight - no I
tried to diet: for lunch an apple, a banana, & bread -
nothing else. Then I slept the sleep of the weary.
At 2:30 I got up & started out for the Rose Show,
in Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square - a ticket for
which Alicia had given me. It was really not my
cup of tea, but I felt I must use the ticket. I had
such a time finding the damn place - behind West
minster Cathedral - an unknown part of London
to me. The place was full of people - and noise. What
a passion the English have for gardens. I wandered
about for half an hour, seeing the most beautiful
flowers. Many of them were from well-known
nurseries - with advertising brochures attached.
I came away the same path I had taken. Vincent
Square & a lovely green square - very expensive. I
was lucky in a cup of tea - 3/6 for 2, which some-
what restored me.

Reading waiting then out to dinner - I found
the little Greek restaurant called Baker Street Rest.
that Suez speaks of. on Crawford St. I had a
leahat dachwa, cauliflower & a cup of coffee. My
bill 7/3 with 9/ tip. Not what you call cheap.
A perfect day as to weather. Quite warm. Septem-
ber is a more genial month than August. I was dis-
pleased to lose my little white nylon flower. Woman!

September 11 Sunday

A beautiful warm sunny day - the first rainy time I left 34 without my umbrella.

I begin to manage my Sundays better. I bought my obituary as usual - read it, made my bed - at 10:40 went to St. Paul's, Portman Square where I heard a good sermon by a certain Rev. Mullins who is evidently a missionary in India. Then I walked to Gours that some ham (!) returned had a snack lunch: apple, bananas, 1 digestive biscuit, 1 small piece of ham & bowl.

My dinner (baked bean soup). It is well written - very good. I took some courage to get up at 2:30 - no E - & go out again - but solid. It was surely a fine day. I took bus No. 30 to the Victoria & Albert Museum - walked about a bit ^{tried} at the perfectly wonderful collection of treasures. Raphael's cartoons impressed me most, though I saw some very beautiful miniatures. I felt the need of a cup of tea, so he took me to the restaurant where I got a generous pot of tea, milk, toasted bun & exactly 118 - 4d. tip - so I came out I found 12 postcards with superb ceramics on them. Wh. I hit for Xmas cards.

When I came out, it was so fine & warm, I decided to walk - which I did, all the way back to 34. On the way, I looked at scenes of paintings displayed on the fence of Hyde Park near Hyde Park Corner. Some were very good indeed, I think & the prices were moderate.

I confess I was tired by 5:30 when I got back but I determined to go to Evening at St. Mary-lebone Parish church - which I did. The choir is now in full force again. The music was wonderfully accompanied plain song. By 7:40 it was

dark (the days are closing in) & I walked back in the gloaming. Another very light supper with 'rescape' - So ends my last Sunday (except when I am with Greta) in London. Alas! Alas!

September 12 Monday

Three good letters P.M. - three more P.M. Sarah, Elizabeth P. & Eleanor, Catherine Wright & Zorabuela. I should be satisfied & I am!

I took my horse to change just this. I saw in the obituary yesterday, a review by Howard Nicholson on Leonard Woolf's new book Sanning. I would not be - being my good luck in being able to get it "Toute suite" at the Times. I found it fascinating.

From there I took the underground to the Bond where I most extraordinarily got out £20.0.0. for my own use - then back to Bond St. from there to Tottenham Court Rd & St. Russell St. I had my lunch again at the Y.W.C.A. - very good 2/2. I did come purchasing - gloves, Totes, a little food. I was tired when I came in. A long rest reading Leonard Woolf. Then tea - after going out to help Gours to buy soap pastures - I read a little - then some more - so the time sped. Mrs. Davis gave me my last bill - £42.0.0. Thank!

September 13 Tuesday

A letter from Evelyn in the P.M. distressed me. Darnley had a bad turn on fat. dazed - unable to recognize E - could not read. The doctor thought it perhaps a slight stroke not cancer. Pass all of them.

Greta had arrived. I telephoned first to E. Then to Greta. She sounded so well over the phone. I told her about B. I arranged for her to call home tomorrow at 5 P.M. I paid Mrs. Davies £42.0.0. - a lot for 37 days. I did a little packing. I have far too much luggage but why I don't know!

Out at 10:30. First to the Times where I gave back L. Woolf's stroke out Wife To Tolstoy by Cynthia Asquith. Then to Marshall & Seligman where I got another blue necklace 18/6 - which I can choose between the two - I'll keep the other. From there to D.H. Evans - a manicure tomorrow at 11:30.

It was such a fine day, that I decided to go again to Fleet St. I had lunch (not very good stew & - genuine 10/6 with tip) but I love that part of London. I sat on a bench in the Temple - Fountain Court -

and read a bit. Then No. 13 bus home.
D. or bust rest. Then letters 1) to Evelyn 2) to Sarah
3) to Wimpie. Tea - with a tiny sandwich. I
posted my letters and read. The bit. Supplement of
the Times a special edition I got today for 6d -
fascinating. A snack supper to eat up scraps!

This is my last night in No. 12. 34 Gloucester Pl -
I hate to leave yet I want to be home again. I am
tired. What a marvellous 9 1/2 weeks I have had. I
am profoundly grateful - I only hope I haven't
spent too much - ~~but~~ I have spent - wisely.
September 14 Wednesday.

I remember this was my father's birthday. He would
have been 100 - today, as he was born in 1860. What a
and untold life he had. My heart aches when I think
of it.

I was busy in the a.m. packing. I have far too
much luggage. Damn! Damn! I posted 2 boxes - one
parcel to him, one returned books to Evelyn. Then
I walked along to the Edgware Rd bought 2 nylon
(plastic) flowers - to replace the one I lost, plus
perhaps a present. Back to 34 - then on to D.H.
Evans, wh. I reached at 11:30 the time I had arranged
for a manicure. I sat down as instructed & waited.
After 20 mins. I got fed up & walked out! This is
no way to treat a client. I went in at 12 to the
Restaurant - already full to bursting & was sat
down at a table where there was also a person -
I do hate this. He spoke not a word. He looked
invidious. I had again paid a bill of 1/6 & 6d. tip
for fun - the same I had on my best day in London.
5/6 + 6d. tip. Not had.

My P.M. was rather futile. I was already packed.
My head had been made up, so I didn't want to lie
down on it. I read, I played patience & had
some tea.

At a little before 5, that beloved Greta arrived
in her car. It was goodbye to Mrs. Paries, with a
kiss! And we sped along to Paul House. I was

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giving the big news, unpached. settled in. Lovely house -
lonely Bond square. A gristly romance before supper
and much good talk. Greta told me all about her
journey on the continent and about Amagan. Most in-
teresting. Then a delicious supper of fish au gratin.
And more talk till 10:30, when I found I was tired &
ready for bed. Greta gave me a charming letter &
wrote evening has been so long. It is most useful &
I shall greatly enjoy writing it.

Two letters awaited me - one from Wimpie & one
from the literary circle. Sent by Eleanor was signed -
smiles (Annie) but thing to h. S.D.

September 15 Thursday

I awoke much to my dismay & got down to
breakfast at 8:30. The morning sped with this & that -
outside to the Post office, a little evening, the paper &
so on. A very delicious lunch at 12:45. Then at
2 or so we were off for Tadworth.

The day was fine - we went to the museum home at
Enell left bus, cookies & flowers for Bella but
did not visit her till after tea. Tea we had at
Gate House. Barnaby did not come down for tea -
but Greta went up to have a word with him.

Immediately after tea we went to Enell to see
Bella & found her in a red head jacket - but she
fairly cheerful, but she said she had aches & pains
particularly in her wrists. Poor thing. We stayed
quite a time - Greta and I - Bella asked all manner
of questions. She also had to sign certain papers -
we met the 90 year old Mrs. Cousins, who sat in
an arm chair reading. A very nice & quite lively
old woman.

Back to Gate House. By this time Barnaby
was up in pajamas & dressing gown. He complains
that he can't see out of one eye, that he can't ^{hear} ~~hear~~
(The doctor has tried Enell - this may have been a slight
stroke as it may be a "secondary symptom") Greta
thinks the latter. At 6:30 Charles Miller came in

For supper afterwards showed us his pictures taken when he & Christine hiked to Jerusalem. I was surprised to learn that it was Barwalley's idea to have him do this. Greta says B. has seen the pictures many times but wants always to see them again! They were exceedingly interesting - some colored, some in black & white. Some were very amusing.

He left at 9:30 & found it was raining! In at 10:40 after a long taxi, very well managed by Greta.

I telephoned to Nancy Smith - Hyde & she wants Greta to visit her tomorrow for tea in Eltham. Then G. asked Walfred if we could come on to Sevenoaks she said we could & we have quite a program for tomorrow.

September 16 Friday

He woke up to pouring rain - a real deluge. In P.M. sped. G. went out to do shopping - I made 2 kites - Eleanor & Walfred - then aimed and read & eat about. D very good lunch on Wier house baked - excellent. D short rest.

Then we were out to Eltham to see Nancy & Harry Smith - Hyde. G. very cleverly found it 62 Eltham Park Gardens - S.E.9. He passed thru most interesting houses parts of the City - across Blackheath & found the 2 of them (Smith - Hyde) in the most lovely, comfortable road. Their house is small & pretty - in a row - they own it. Nancy has more enthusiasm than the whole family put together. She showed us voluminous drawers with notes complete. He showed us pictures of their first grand child - the daughter of their second daughter Gillian who lives near Nottingham. I was taken in to see Mrs. Smith - Hyde aged 82 - deaf - blue-eyed - so really doesn't remember me - but I hardly knew her. We were given tea - & had a bit of talk of old times, old days, the Pen Club. Much good humor.

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We left at nearly six to dine on St. Senevater's to see Zella & Walfred. G. had telephoned from Tadworth, asking if we could come after tea at Eltham they said "any time." As we drove along I said to G. "Are we staying for supper?" She replied, "I take it we are." But I had my misgivings. Zella never said would you stay for supper?

And I was right they were both there & welcomed us nicely & we sat & talked, talked, & talked 6:30 - 7:15 - no more on the part of Zella. Nothing was offered - no drinks - Really, really. At last after much talk about Oberammergau, Salzburg & all, Zella murmured they were sorry but they were going out to dinner. Now, why couldn't this have been explained over the phone? Or why couldn't they have announced it when we arrived at least given us a glass of cherry? We took them down, took to the road & had the giggles! We stopped at a very nice restaurant at Duntun Green called Donnington Manor had a nice supper - melted pears, tomatoes - coffee - then drove home in a drizzle reaching Rock House at 9:30 - but really! really! We sat talking till 10:30 - as we can talk together - real conversation.

September 17 Saturday

I seem to have difficulty in finding time to write my diary! Strange as it may sound. In P.M. sped as usual. G. was busy preparing materials for lunch for S. At 10:50 I took a short walk around Highgate - what a charming village it is - I saw the beautiful Waterlow Park - Highgate School & the red houses.

At 12:30 Kenneth, Phyllis & Rhonda appeared all very cheery - we had a good lunch together & then afterwards till a little before 2 when they were off to Swell & Tadworth. After they had gone I've had to do aches G. & I washed up all the many dishes. Then a rest till tea time.

At 5 we drove to Kenwood to see if we could get tickets for a Poetry Reading tomorrow night, but were not very successful - so wandered about the house to see the many lovely pictures. Then Greta suggested driving to the Hampstead Garden suburb + to see old Russell Gardens, Galders Green where the Russells lived in 1919 when I returned from U.S. It also looked smaller more "squashed" in than I remembered it. The morning rain of the morning or yesterday had given way to a very serene day, though very cool.

G. was off to see Mr. Russ. Dodd for a farewell drink at 6 - + I sat sewing + answered 2 phone calls from Peter. Then supper - afterwards, we were greatly entertained by the last performance of the Promenade Concerts in Albert Hall, on the Television. Most amusing. The conductor, ~~Malcolm~~ ^{Malcolm} Sargent made a most excellent speech at the end + kept the unruly crowd at bay. We loved hearing Rule Britannia - God Save the Queen sung by that youthful, enthusiastic audience. This is evidently the routine thing for the last performance every year.

So bed at 11 - + so weary with good things that I didn't read for 5 mins. but turned out my light "l'acte suite" -

September 18 Sunday

Left at 9 after a very good night. Then at 11 P.M. church at St. Michael's after reading the Observer a little. The church is lovely - I heard every word. The sermon was on a house built on a Rock. The day was lovely + sunny - + the people in church, so nice - civilized.

Afterwards we went to drinks to Mr. Russ. Budgett-Makin - who lived down the road. We sat in lovely sunshine on a terrace overlooking a beautiful garden, full of flowers. Mr. B - M.

is a director of Lincolns + knows the Standard ret. int - 87
Even the name of Babers -

A delicious meal prepared by the clever Greta. And then a long rest before tea. At six we drove along the North Road - very pretty, lower we are than. Then supper on a terrace - followed by Television - Amazing. News - + then Face to Face a program featuring an interview with Gilbert Handrip, a BBC official. Such an intimate interview. Between all these items - very good talk with Greta.

September 19 Monday

G. + I were off to town in the car at a little before 10. I had a letter from Sarah, asking why she hadn't heard from me, but I think our letters crossed.

We were hampered on various errands - first to try to get tickets for dinner that found, at the Bar Office but there was only 13th row at the side, so gave up. Then on to the B.E.B. office, where G. left me. I had my ticket checked + gave my new telephone number - I'll at a walk to Oxford Circus (no rain but clouds setting heavier + heavier as the day advanced) then had rather an orgy of buying. At Woolworth's car-rings for shoes; at Sainsbury's 2 films - a pair of earrings; then O.H. Evans - here I was unsuccessful in getting new bands or knickered or glasses for Rachel - but did get a most excellent pair of white nylon blouse for 73/6. Terrible! From there I went to Selfridges + got 6 very nice + very glasses for 11/. Then to The Pines - my last visit alas! alas! I gave back my house - but for Greta Stanley's way by Thomas Stirling, for it is all about Africa - particularly Tabara. 21/. Then to Baberham's where I gave G. lunch - we met at 12:30 + had a very good meal. So home - + a rest. Then tea. Mrs. Scoles came in with the sweet babe - Heather hymie - aged 11 weeks! By this time it was pouring with rain. Bman!
We started out in it, however, at 6:45 to go to

The Sugars for dinner. I was so glad to see their tiny kids
I had a happy evening, tho' both poor dears were
suffering from colds - Peter worse than Rachel.
The dinner was very good - all prepared by the
efficient little bride. Both of them seemed to prefer -
Gave the 6 glasses I brought in my hand. Peter
showed me some of his excellent black & white
enlarged pictures. He is a clever fellow.

He left at 10. The rain had abated but the
pavements were very wet. G. got tickets for a matinee tomorrow

September 20 Tuesday

The day was showery & there was a drizzle. I
started out for a shampoo and set at a local Beauty
Parlour - from 10-11 AM. I was very nicely & very
rapidly taken care of & then I went back to work
Home. G. had been out on errands. When she re-
turned, she had a cup or two of cigarettes. Lunch
time seemed to come very soon.

After a short rest, we started out for the new
theatre to see Almásy at 3:15. This is a musical
on the story of Almásy (Twist) & happily enough there
was a matinee at 4 on Tuesdays - G. had got
tickets in the front row of the stalls. It was a
perfectly charming affair - pictures straight out
of Dickens. There they all were: Fagin, Bill Sikes,
Dancer, the Artful Dodger - & little Almásy being bullied
by Mr. Bumble. The best of that were Fagin & Nancy,
but they were all excellent. We thoroughly enjoyed
the many songs. We weren't out till 6:30.

Then to the Theatre Arts Club of which Greta
is a life-member. Awfully nice! We had pin-
tonic first in the lounge, then a perfectly delicious
meal in the restaurant. I am being completely
spoiled.

We were in by 8:30 & decided that we would
hear the news at 9:25 - when we did - all the

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Communist leaders at the United Nations in New York.
This was followed by Sunlight a thriller with Margaret
Heighon - when I sprang up new spine. This went
on till 11 P.M. when we had no more to do for a day.
September 21 Wednesday

It was a rather quiet morning but I began to pack
carefully at 11 or so I went out to buy cigarettes
& a book for the journey, July 8th by James P. Keegan.
G. was busy, taking books from a Highgate resident
for Hillary. She is full of good ideas.

I saw crew what "Wood - in - the hole" is because
that is what Greta gave me for lunch. And very good
I was - much maligned by Ruth Maloney in Here's
England - I rested for nearly 2 hrs. in the P.M. wh.
was a good thing, for I need a change to face tomorrow.
I slept a little & then at 4 we had tea. A Mrs. Hawkins
came in at about 4:30 & she gave her a cup of tea.
Her daughter, Barbara, & Rachel were at school to-
gether. She coaches Russian Students (Goulet) here
in connection with the Board of Trade.

At 5:30 or so we visited Greta's plot wh. I
had always wanted to see. Flowers & vegetables.
She is wonderful to do this. The plot lies beyond
a garden belonging to a spinster lady. After
this G. suggested a walk in Waterloo Park - a
lovely large park in Highgate, just off the High St.
We looked then the place at Highgate cemetery,
to Karl Marx's tomb - topped by a very large
bird of the famous (?) man - Here Russians say
wealth. I am tired!

At 7:40 we went upstairs to have dinner
with Dr. Mrs. Soper & how nice it was. The
apartment upstairs is tiny, but nicely arranged.
Only 2 rooms, really, one comes straight into
the kitchen. Dr. Soper's father works in No. 4.
in the World Council of Churches, near Riverside
Church & lives on Morningside Drive.

This, alas, was my last evening in this delectable land. I went to bed early, hoping to get some sleep.

September 22 Thursday

I slept, of course, in bits and starts but I was up by 6:15 & so was that poor Greta. I couldn't eat anything for breakfast. I am still silly about being ill though I have done it continually since 1944.

We were off at 7 in the car. Evelyn had telephoned the night before she was still in bed with iritis in her eye, but the pain was better. So Greta had arranged to take straight to Padua, as soon as she had seen me off at the West End Terminal on Cromwell Rd.

Getting off was very easy. I was astonished to find I had no extra to pay for my luggage. And so soon, for two women, it was goodbye to that darling Greta. I boarded my bus in a faint drizzle & saw my last of the dear London streets. We were marshalled to our plane very quickly. I was surprised to see how few we were - not half full - Rome - Istanbul - Ankara - Tel Aviv, was the route.

As soon as we left England, we flew into sunshine. Five views all along the way & when we reached the Alps, a magnificent clear panorama. I have never seen them so clearly, or so extensively. Over Geneva - very clear - very smooth & then Rome. In the Rome airport I talked to a Miss Cross, who was going to Ankara - a nice person, who had taught in New Zealand - Wellington.

Again in the plane it was all right till we were above Galvina, when there were dense clouds & some bumping. For an hour we were asked by the Captain to put on our safety belts. It wasn't really bad, but slightly unpleasant.

He reached Yzilik in record time - in fact we were 7 9/10 minutes early & the two people who got off the plane were a Turkish woman & your humble servant.

Mae & Judith & Davis & Agneta to welcome us & then Davis drove me back to Uziar. Nice creatures. I stopped in Belcek & said hello to Tom & Winnie, who, I thought, looked remarkably well. Sabah-edin kissed my hand.

And at the Huntington home, there was that dear Sarah & the girls & Andrea. Her apartment was beautifully clean, rug down, flowers everywhere & real welcome. At 7 I had dinner upstairs with Sarah. Mae & Judith was able to present my small presents. A lot of gossip, questions, conversation - a good time was had by all!

Then back to my own place & pill & sleep.

The End of a perfectly marvellous sojourn which I shall always remember.

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Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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