

Here I am on my first leg to England this time. I'm in New York at the Idlewild Pan Am fancy house. Not doing too well on the over weight - you remember they wanted \$35. from me in Boston. I took it to New York only, paying somewhat over \$10., then pulled out camera, Dictet, the big binders, etc. and got it down so it only cost me \$22 for the leg to London. Now I've got over an hour until they call this plane, so I guess I'll wander around a little and maybe get something to eat - you know, something substantial like a candy bar.

After walking around through this Pan Am building here, I am quite disappointed. This is the building that has the cantilever roof all the way round, under which the airplanes can move up close to the central core and therefore people can enter and leave the planes sheltered by the roof. But inside this building there is almost nothing. It has an air curtain entrance from the driveway and small parking area at the main floor level - no doors at all. They have a complicated check-in system - come in to one counter that has a belt to take away your baggage; they weigh you here then send you over to another counter, where there are some girls operating reservations for seats and also the cashier to collect money for overweight, and I guess other things too. I may be biased in my view toward this system - you don't have any diagram to look at or anything, and a girl comes back to me - no window seats. That means I'm going to be an awful mad guy tomorrow morning, I'm afraid, because you can't really curl up and sleep on an outside seat, outside meaning aisle, and you certainly can't do it in the middle seat. This plane has 3 seats side by side on each side of the plane in the Tourist end of it.

Back to this building - Interestingly enough there are no automatic stairways in the whole place. Going downstairs to the baggage you have to walk downstairs. If you come back up, you've got to walk up. They

have a sort of balcony over the center part of it in which there is a bar, a lunch area, but again you have to walk up fancy curved stairways and walk back down.

3-10-68

Well, it's 10:30 Sunday evening and I should be thinking about getting some sleep, I guess. Nobby met me at the plane this morning and I wasn't in any too good spirits. It turned out that the airplane was absolutely jammed - every seat taken. The fellow on the middle seat next to me turned out to be somebody that you, Marion, would sure like to have met, I think. His business is making recordings of classical music in Vienna and selling the recordings in New York and Boston. The fellow's name is Andrew A. Puncic. His company name is Apon Corp. He is a Czech and there his company name is Apon Czechoslovakia and in Vienna it's Amaded of Vienna. He seemed like a very nice fellow but he didn't want to sleep - all he wanted to do was talk. The fellow next to him, the lucky guy next to the window, is a chemist (I didn't get his name) in some chemical company around New York that has an affiliate in Germany, and of course they use Foxboro instruments, at least some. He was a nice fellow but he didn't want to sleep either. He also wanted to talk. The two of those guys talked and the two youngsters immediately behind me chatted away for long periods, cried a little bit once in a while - they were about 3 and 5 years old I would guess - and across the aisle there was one group of 3 fellows one seat behind me that seemed to drink more and more and get happier and happier all night long, and the fellows right next to me across the aisle were a little more sober but they got kind of noisy off and on. Add to this picture the fact that I was in #7 aisle seat, which means pretty near the back of the plane, so there were about 100 people up front of me that had to come back to the heads off and on during the night - and the hostesses were rushing back and forth up the

aisle, but believe it or not I would guess I got about 3 hours sleep in spite of it all. Maybe I was tired and maybe I just was mad and wasn't going to let it get me down. I may have gotten as much as 4 or 5 hours sleep but I was awakened off and on and I didn't want to go and look at my watch each time and get conscious enough to understand what it said.

Well, I got in the airport and things did start to break a little better for me. The English girl in the bus gave instructions in perfectly good English as to which people were supposed to get off the first stop. I guess I was one of the few people who understood her, so I was one of the first off that bus, but unfortunately there were two other New York flights just ahead of us and there was a great long line going through the passport identification routine. But I noticed a couple of the Pan Am girls cooking something up, so I sided over a little bit and sure enough when they announced that a second line was going to be opened I was second man in that line, having this way by-passed at least 100 people. Then when I got down to get the baggage, I was lucky again. Mine had come in in the first lot and I grabbed it, went over to customs and again got the break. I picked the right hole and the inspector took me next.

Nobby brought me over to the White Hart Inn and we checked in, then decided to go out and wander around a little bit. Nobby had to be back home about 5:00, so we started wandering south and east a little bit, glanced at the tourist points of interest book, first thing we knew we were wandering through the Pantiels at Tunbridge Wells. This is a real ancient kind of arcade and Tunbridge Wells is one of the old Roman ~~weigh~~ way stations. In a window, and not for sale, was a clock that Stocker might be interested in. It was a cylinder 2-;or 3-inches in diameter and maybe 18 inches long. It was filled with water and a float on the

water connected by a chain to a pointer on a scale. A hole at the bottom of the cylinder allowed water to drip out and into another container below, and the scale behind the pointer was calibrated in hours - so we have a clock - but it has a big sign on it saying Not for Sale.

It was getting toward lunchtime, so we looked in a book on eating places and sure enough, in Tunbridge Wells is a place called High Rocks. It had fairly interesting description so off we went. This is a very old inn and we were greeted by an extremely tall middle-aged gal dressed in a fairly tight-fitting sweater and slacks, with California type sandals on her feet. She was behind the bar in the first little room we came in and she suggested we sit down at the little tables there and handed us some menus - also managed to get us to order drinks and I am back to Lemon Bitter - or I guess they call it Bitter Lemon here. Just as we were looking at the menu, out from behind a curtain came a considerably older gentleman dressed like an English country gentleman should be in tweeds and all, with a monocle hanging from a cord around his neck. When he learned that we had not eaten there before he commented that we must have the very best and therefore we should eat the following; and he laid out what the meal should be. Of course, we trusted him and the first item came out to be Pacific prawns from Tahiti - baked and tasting just as though they were fresh out of the water. Main course was very tender chicken that had really had the works thrown at it with a couple of wines and all sorts of things, so frankly I didn't taste much chicken but it did taste nice. For vegetables we had new potatoes in butter sauce and a sort of succatash - but it had some spices and things in it so that it really didn't taste like succotash. It was nice but not like succotash. We got this fellow talking a bit and he proceeded to entertain us and an English family that was eating at the next table - consisting of parents and two daughters in the order of 8 or 10. He

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explained he had been a war correspondent for ~~Rider~~(?), had seen quite a bit of the Pacific but had never gotten to Japan, much to his disappointment. He explained maybe it was just as well though, because the man that did get the trip to Japan just disappeared and has never been seen since. He further explained that he had become a fair expert on the United States. He went over as a journalist, spent 18 months in the U.S. In this 18 mos. he went down a good share of the Miss. River in a canoe, he shot the rapids of the Colorado River in a canoe, and he learned all about wild rice as it is grown and harvested by the Chippewa Indians. This is the part I remember most - probably because he said that here was where he got his final and most sever disallusionment. He and a friend went up to the Chippewa land to watch them harvest this wild rice, and take some pictures. I think that impressed him was the fact that it was selling for one or two dollars a pound in NYC. Well, it turns out that the tales he had heard of the Indians gathering the rice in by hand and shaking it into the canoe was somewhat distorted. What he found was that the Indians had learned that the tourist season was over by the time the rice was harvested and they had also found out that the birch bark canoes weren't everything their ancestors had told them - they were fragile and they were tipsy even to a Chippewa Indian - and so he found the Indians going around on these bicycle-paddle-wheel vehicles that the tourists had been using during the summer, and cutting the rice, throwing it into containers and taking it ashore before threshing it. While they were just recovering from that shock, they heard tales of the great specialty that the Chippewa Indians had of this wild rice and wild duck. They also heard that there was a chief ~~ex~~ directly across this big lake several miles across who was most noted for his hospitality and his ability to properly prepare this dish, so this guy and his friend paddled across the lake and found two or three very large and very nice tepees. After hunting around a little while they found the Indian Chief, who greeted them very warmly

and asked them to sit down and talk. They explained they were from England - that country clear across on the other side of the big Atlantic Ocean and that they had heard about the Chippewa Indians and had heard about their great hospitality and in fact, they had heard about this particular chief, so they had come to visit him. The chief was very impressed and thanked them greatly for their kind words and he invited them to stay for dinner, which they accepted, saying that they thought it was possible for them to rearrange their plans. The chief excused himself and was gone for 15 or 20 minutes and when he finally came back he sat down and talked some more. At this point, our friend commented to the chief ~~that~~ how wonderful he had ~~heard~~ this wild rice and duck dinner was and how interested he was in this meal because he also was a chef in England clear across the Atlantic Ocean. At this point the chief seemed quite confused and explained very apologetically that he was not able to offer this meal because there was no wild rice. Well this upset our friend because he had seen great piles of wild rice as he had come up toward these teepees. He explained this and wondered why the chief said he had no wild rice. Well, the chief explained that this was woman's work to prepare the rice and then prepare the meal and that his wife had taken the children in the Cadillac and had gone down to the local drive-in theatre that evening, so the best the chief could offer them was a can of chile con carne. Our friend seemed to suddenly remember an urgent date he had and very apologetically explained that they couldn't stay for dinner. ✕

Our chef friend also told that during this 18 months he had gone to Hollywood and been involved in a couple of short movies - and I am afraid I have forgotten the other things he did.

Well, after dinner, N bby and I went over across the street, paid a shilling a piece, and went in the grounds of the High Rocks. This is a fantastic grouping of rocks to find in this almost stoneless farm land, towering maybe 50 or 60 feet high, with perfectly sheer sides are a large

bunch of rocks with crevasses varying from a few inches to ten or fifteen feet wide going up between them. We wandered up through there, I took several pictures of this area. The first picture I had taken was at the Pantiels down a narrow street, but at High Rocks one of the pictures I took was of a boy walking across the steel rail spanning about a 15 ft. chasm. I think the most interesting thing, other than the thing that the boy did get across without falling, was the fact that he and his friends were ~~ga~~ carrying on a continual conversation, calling loudly back and forth to each other, in English Nobby assures me, and yet I'll swear if it had been in Japanese I would have understood more words. These fellows were called "teddies" I believe, being the teenagers from slum districts in London.

Incidentally, there was a lot of regular rock climbing going on. I would guess I saw at least half a dozen fellows with full equipment - rope and all - going in to climb some of these shear faces.

We went back. Discussed with a self-named 91-year old man the fact that the President of the U.S. in talking about 50 mile hikes is just plumb crazy - at least that's what this guy said. (I'm afraid I had to agree with him.)

Then Nobby brought me back here, being about 4:30. Sun was still up quite a ways, so I decided to get some exercise - went off up a couple of the streets here, then headed off on some footpaths, hoping I would be able to keep in mind where the sun was and where the hotel was. Sure enough - approximately an hour later and I would guess at least five miles later, by the speed I was walking - allright, maybe it was only four miles, I circled around and came back here to the hotel, having spent about 80% of the time in the woods or going across fields. on regular paths. Apparently the rules around here are that if there is a pedestrian path through a man's field, he can't plough across it,

so he'll plough up to it on both sides and leave a little walk right straight through.

By this time I was getting a little sleepy, so I lay down here ~~fro~~ and got maybe an hour or hour and a half sleep and then went downstairs to get some supper. Here's where I had trouble with communication. We both think we speak ^{the} English language. All I asked for was a bowl of soup, a glass of milk, and some dessert. Before I got anything to eat I had the three waiters and the head waiter all involved, then I ended up with only soup and had to discuss again with a couple of the waiters the fact that I did want some milk and I did want to select one of the desserts on that cart over there about six feet away. I finally got it and one of the waiters started getting a little friendly, talking to me about how sorry he was that this was such a small town and it wasn't possible to be able to get food in small amounts for supper but that he was in America there were many places - and then he started hunting for where I came from. I had on my brown trousers and coat with that tooled leather belt, so his first guess was Colorado - he didn't really guess, what he said was, "The weather must be pretty nice in Colorado" ^{during the summer.} So I said, "Yes, it is." That didn't help him much. I guess he realized that wasn't home, so he tried New Orleans, then Chicago, then finally he gave up and asked me.

One thing I haven't said a thing about which of course was the most important thing all day, was that I had extensive discussions with Nobby about the intercompany relationship.....

5-1-62

Monday morning - Moderately heavy rain - promise for clearing up a little bit later on.

Yesterday, Sunday, it had been raining quite hard before the plane arrived but stopped by that time. It had started to clear by the time I got out of the terminal and the rest of the day was mostly sunny, which everybody commented on because again it had happened that I brought sunny weather to the usually non-sunny England.

Monday evening - back in my room again. Just finished dinner with Disher. He seemed to be the only one left tonight when it came time for me to come home, so he got the "opportunity" of accompanying me. Seriously, we had a very interesting and very enlightening - to me - discussion which I will cover later.

I think maybe a little description of this country inn would be in order. I took a picture from the outside. My window looks out across the main street running in front of the inn and along which a small amount of traffic passes. Across the street is the Green, which is about a normal city block in size. -- I took a picture across the corner of the green yesterday before I went on my walk.

I am upstairs on what they call the 1st floor, that is the floor immediately over the Ground floor. My room is immediately over the dining-room, but I don't hear very much noise up through the floor mostly because the dining-room closes down fairly early in the evening. In fact, tonight Disher and I pretty much closed it at 10:15 to 10:30 (he calls that early!). The room has a single window on the one side, also a radiator that I would guess achieves the maximum temperature of 120°, a long supply pipe going to the radiator on which towels are hung to keep them warm. One sees this wall as he walks in through the door from the very narrow hallway. To his right are two beds with head up to the right wall with a stand between on which is a lamp with what I would guess was a 15 or 20-watt candle-shaped bulb. Close at hand on the left-hand wall is a niche, with 3-piece mirror standing on a little shelf, for a dressing area, and near the far wall another small niche with a fairly large wash-basin and a small mirror that would be impossible for the Japanese to use, since the bottom of it is about shoulder height. One hangs his clothes in a wooden closet about 8 ft. tall but too shallow to allow one to close the doors without cramping suits hung in it.

Across and down the hall about 6 feet is a small room with a toilet, and I am assuming that somewhere around here there is a bathroom, but I'll be frank, I haven't found it yet. Come tomorrow I'd better start looking - or possibly even asking. Of course, the longer I wait before I ask the more embarrassing it will be to admit that I haven't found it yet.

The room is lighted ~~wit~~ by a ceiling-hung fixture with a relatively small purple cloth lampshade with tassel, and shielding an enormous (compared to the bedside table) 40 watt bulb.

I was picked up by Ken Brown at approximately 8:45, after eating a chocolate bar for breakfast.

Monday evening --

I guess that's enough for the report right now. I'd better get some sleep, although the guy in the next room has just turned on the radio and turned it up fairly loud - I hope I can sleep all right.

Tuesday evening -- 3-12-63

Back in the hotel again. Just had dinner with Bob Wadsworth and Ken Reyndds. Talked the whole time about MS systems, Sonceboz chart drives, 613 magnets, general production systems, and a few odd items. The dinner ended in kind of a flourish as I was being served a couple of bananas in a great blaze of fire. From the taste of them I'd guess that all the alcohol was gone.

From a few observations out the windows during the day this was apparently an off-and-on day with it being quite dreary part of the day and sunny part of the day.

Wednesday morning --

Looks like it's going to be a nice sunny day.

Insert B

Wednesday night -- 3-13

Before I forget it I had better tell you I did find the bathroom. It was clear down the end and around the bend, kind of hidden.

A description of the problem of doing a little laundry here in this place -- of course, there is no bathtub to hang the shirts over as they drip and there is no way of hanging a shirt over the washbasin, since it is tucked back in a little cubbyhole, with a perfectly flat top at about six foot height, so I figure the problem is to hang the shirt over the radiator. This is where it will dry faster also. After a little bit of fooling around, I finally rigged up a wooden coat hanger in which I bent the wire hook off at an angle to hang in place of a picture I took down. The coat hanger is held away from the wall by one of the metal containers about 4" diameter that's used for hot water to put in the foot of your bed to keep your feet warm. This whole arrangement puts the shirt out far enough away from the wall that it doesn't pick up the dirt that has accumulated over the years from the air coming up from the radiator.

Insert A.

Thursday evening -- 3-14

Back at the hotel - Just got back from dinner with Tom Pettigrew and Jeff Chester. We went around to Tom's favorite Pub, called the Plough Inn, in Earlswood. The proprietress was having her 25th anniversary of running the Pub and there was a great deal of to-do. One interesting thing about the Plough Inn was a 4-foot square color aerial photograph

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(Thursday evening, continued)

of downtown New York City. This was in memory of her son's going over seas. He went to New York first and then to Jamaica, where he stayed. She would like identification of the buildings. MB showed her the Physical Society and the United Engineering Building as well as UN buildings which were in the foreground, but stopped there. MB took picture on Mamiya with the idea of possibly providing an overlay that identified all the buildings of any size.

We then went for dinner to La Bonne Auberge. As you might guess, this was a French restaurant, and so we had ~~x~~ to start the meal off with, then I had a French steak. (I wouldn't put it high on the list but it certainly was good.) This eating place is actually an inn now, where one can stay over night also. It was an old house and fairly recently rebuilt a little bit inside to give them a larger kitchen, a bar, and open up a couple of rooms to make one dining-room. They only had one cat and one dog here. The Pub had been so full of dogs that I had accused the proprietors of running a Pub for dogs rather than for people. About half the people that came in there had dogs with them - almost all of them great big dogs of one sort or another. They themselves at the Pub owned a fairly small black dog. All of these dogs, of course, had pedigrees but I don't remember what they were.

(Must be Friday morning, although until just now I thought it was still Thursday evening!)

Well, looks like the end of the reel and I've got to get down to wait for Ken Brown who has been picking me up every morning.

Insert^A I'm sure burning up these tapes fast. It's still Wednesday - no, it isn't, it's Thursday morning - almost one o'clock.

Wednesday evening - back at the hotel.

Just ate dinner with Allan Parritt and John Bowling. We ate at the Gatwick Airport Restaurant. That's the same one I ate at with Rus Milham and Ike last June. Guess I really don't need breakfast tomorrow morning because I ate a double dessert after a big dinner of sweetbread and fried snails. -- We didn't cover a bit of business in our discussion. We talked a lot about wartime experiences and about our various families. It is inexcusable how many times I find myself referring to experiences in Japan and comparing Japanese ways with English ways. I don't think it is particularly good taste for me to continue this - I think I'd better quit it.

Incidentally, the nice sunny day ended up being a continual drizzle this evening. I guess I can't now say that the sun always shines, but I can almost say that it shines every day.

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3-18-63

Friday evening, back at the hotel. It is some time after eleven o'clock.

Just spent the evening with Basil Balls, where I met his wife Gwen, daughter Susan, son Jonathan, and dog Major. Had a very enjoyable evening talking to Jonathan, age 9, about airplanes and some about Japan. I found out later that Susan, who is sick in bed and sleeping very soundly at the time, is fascinated with the idea of Japan. Susan did wake up at one time after the rest of us had eaten supper so I did get a chance to meet her, but she was kind of woosey and I am not sure she will remember me. Susan must be six or seven.

Basil's home is the stable of an old estate, high on the top of the North Downs. (There goes the twelve o'clock Big Ben). It is a very nice friendly sort of house, does not have central heat and therefore the fireplace is very welcome, and they have radiant electric heaters as well as an oil stove to keep the rest of the house warm.

On the way to Basil's house ~~to~~ from Redhill, which we left at about six o'clock, Basil took me up through some very picturesque, very old parts of England, including roads that dated back to the Roman times, a Norman church that Polly Walsh likes very much, and he stopped and showed me a very old typical street with the red clay kind of shingles on the roofs as well as the sides of the houses, and some very old ornate red clay shingle houses. As we went from here to Basil's house I suddenly realized that we were right in the area where I had hiked the other day. In fact, I had taken a stereo picture right out over the area where Basil had taken that Christmas picture two years ago.

This North Downs Area here has many very good vantage points that I hope I can return to when the light is better. You can see right to the ocean, or rather Channel, some forty miles or so away. Basil pointed out that this whole section of England is a chalk base with more or less sand on top of it. Many of the hills around here are apparently sand, but the North Downs and the South Downs are both chalk. He also pointed out that England has a continually ~~very~~ varying geological picture, such as the far west coast, being extremely rocky, the next area going east being untillable land, followed by another area ~~of~~ of good farm land, and then finally coming to the east with all this chalk.

Incidentally, on the top of the North Downs quite a bit of the area is government-controlled or owned, and therefore a sort of park setup. It is possible to build houses on some of the area but there are very serious restrictions apparently.

Sunday morning - kind of dreary outside right now, but they do promise some sunshine today.

Yesterday (Saturday), ⁸⁻²⁰⁻⁶³ Ken and Dorothy Brown took me for a hike of six or seven miles through the countryside. We drove the car over to Westerham, took a Green bus east for a few miles, then hiked back pretty much the other three sides of a rectangle to get back to Westerham. It was windy, cloudy and cold when we started, but before long the clouds started breaking up and it was quite a nice sunny day for most of the hike. The footing was not too good at times. In fact, we had to pick our way several times through quite deep mud. By careful maneuvering I was able to avoid having the mud go over the top of my shoes but there were several times where it was awfully close. A good wash job on the shoes when we got back to Ken's cleaned up the mud pretty well.

Most of the way we were walking on the so-called public footpaths which apparently the farmers don't pay too much attention to at times in spite of my observation of a week ago. For instance, this time we had many places in plowed fields where it would have been quite nice walking if the area had not been cultivated but, having been cultivated, the ground was soft and very muddy. One place we had about fifty yards to walk right through an enclosure for a large, somewhat frisky horse. Ken gave the horse a few chunks of chocolate before we went into the enclosure, and luckily there were two women with a couple of dogs coming along behind us and the horse stayed back and investigated them rather than coming along with us as we went through. The footing was quite - well, the footing was quite! Considering the fact this was a muddy area only about 25 feet wide and the horse had cut it up quite thoroughly, making it quite difficult to find any place to put your foot down with any confidence at all. There was a lot more live stock as we went along. We stopped and Ken talked to

two or three enormous pigs - I think I have a stereo picture of this operation. There were cattle of many types along the way - big white-faced, curly brown haired cows, with black curly haired calves; there were some more or less conventional Jersey cows; and in some fields there were many sheep, including quite a batch of lambs.

Somewhat more than half-way through the walk we came to a Pub where we got cheese sandwiches and something to drink. This was quite a typical small country Pub, except for the fact that it seems as though they wouldn't let one park his car in front of the place unless it were a Jaguar or better.

After the hike we went back to the Brown's for some tea and to wash off the shoes. We then climbed in the car and went down to Brighton where we walked quite a bit of the waterfront, went to the library and window-shopped. In the hall of the library was a clock of quite old vintage that gave day and month as well as time, and according to the sign it corrected for Leap Year and I'm not sure what-all. I took two pictures of it with the Mamiya before the police officer explained that I couldn't take any pictures. I apologized and left, but there were no signs up, so he really had no basis on which to complain about the pictures I had already taken. The library was in a very old building; on the ground floor there was a large reading room with racks of newspapers and the books themselves were up on the next floor, which in England is called the 1st Floor.

On the way back we stopped at Gatwick Airport and ate at the dining-room there, just getting under the wire since theoretically all the tables had been reserved for several parties. We got in, ate, and got out quite rapidly, but in the meantime enjoyed a very nice meal. The veal that I ordered certainly tasted very nice. Dorothy and I had for dessert something called "Men on Horseback" which Dorothy didn't recognize either. It turned out to be pitted prunes, with each prune

wrapped in bacon and then the bacon rapidly fried while on the prune.
It was interesting all right!

Sunday evening - ⁸⁻¹⁷⁻⁶³ ~~back~~ in my hotel room.

Nobby came by and picked me up about ten o'clock this morning and we headed east, down to see some of the places he hadn't seen for many years. We headed down across country to Canterbury, to Dover, back up through a rain storm to Godstone.

In Canterbury we went to the Cathedral. This is a large, very complicated cathedral. Somehow it seemed quite a bit more interesting and friendly than Westminster. There wasn't quite as much in the way of historical interest but an amazing amount. I took quite a few pictures inside and I hope they come out. I only had the Kodachrome II in the camera. We wandered around the outside, got lost, came in through an obscure back door, back through the cathedral, and finally got out and back to the car.

We wandered around somewhat looking at the combination of old, of new, and of bombed unreconstructed buildings. Apparently funds were not available until 1957 to rebuild shopping areas, so that much of the reconstruction is very new and modern in style. One very pronounced thing about this cathedral was the absence of brass in the floor tablets. Originally there had been brass inlays in a good share of these memorials, but apparently at some time in history it had all been dug up to make artillery shells.

As opposed to London where English is the only language accepted, quite a bit of the city of Canterbury is prepared to greet pilgrims from France and Germany as well as England, so all three languages can be found. (Shades of Chaucer!)

We arrived shortly after 12:15 and as we went in we met the congregation coming out. Many of the people were students at the Cathedral

School. They were all wearing straw hats with a red band around it. The general impression was that this was the first time they had worn these straw hats because of the clumsy way in which they handled them and because of all of the fun they had laughing and joking at each other about them.

Due to our timing there was almost nobody in the Cathedral when we went in. It was only as we were coming out that we found fairly large crowds just then coming in. There were no notices against taking photographs and many people were taking them, so I tried to get some of the atmosphere with the stereo.

Going on down to Dover, the weather was starting to get poorer with quite heavy overcast. We wandered around the town a little bit and then went up to a parking lot at the Dover Castle. This is the closest point to France and the continent and apparently has been the landing point for centuries on end, and this Dover Castle is located on the most prominent high spot overlooking the entire point. From the castle you could look down on the city and observe all the new construction; also one could see the almost completely protected inner harbor, as well as the fairly expensive sheltered beaches and the outer harbor. In the hazy distance one could see the coast of France but the weather was getting poor enough that France was certainly not clearly observable.

To get inside the walls, one ~~needed~~ had to go over a lifting-type of draw-bridge which used to span a moat. Once inside there was a great maze of roadways and walkways. We went into the Keep and found on the second floor one room with the walls all lined with armour, maces, helmets, and the whole works.

In a room next to this was a large layout of ancient guns, going all the way from pistols up to 6 ft. long barrels/^{1" in diameter} that were supposed to be carried by a man but mounted on a stand before being fired. All

of this stuff was borrowed from the Tower of London, where I understand is the best display of armour that one can hope to see. Some day maybe I'll get a chance.

We went on up to the top of the Keep and were able to climb up into one of the turrets on top. From this point it was possible to get some fairly good stereo shots - I hope - showing the whole landscape to the north and to the west.

A hundred yards or so from the Keep is St. Mary's Church and the Roman Pharos or lighthouse. I hope I got a picture showing this lighthouse, which of course is somewhat the worse for weather and maybe other attritions but one must admit it was quite well built in the beginning if it is still standing at all.

It started to sprinkle a little while we were up in the castle, so we beat it down to the car, drove back in a fairly rough rain, ate dinner here at the hotel, and Nobby went off to see me tomorrow morning - but not until after we had talked quite a bit about chromatography picture; blenders, ECI, and half a dozen other items during the day had been covered, so it was a worthwhile day in all respects.

3-18-53

Monday Morning - Good old England - it's raining again!

A couple of things I forgot to mention -- when I was down in Brighton with the Browns, one of the shopping areas we went through is called "The Lanes" - very narrow walkway lined by^a continuous stream of stores, most of them antique shops. I think that almost everything that I could ever think of that I didn't want was in the windows. All of the fancy bric-a-brac, inexcusable jewelry, hard figures, and everything. I saw clocks in two of them - one of them seemed to be specializing in Grandfather clocks. The other one had some smaller wall-hung clocks.

In the description of the Canterbury Cathedral -- The walls were lined with caskets of various famous people with their likeness in stone or plaster lying prone on the top, normally with folded hands and feet on one or two lions or dogs. I know at least one of the church leaders must have been an extremely strict, self-discipliner, because there he was lying on his back with his right-hand held up in the Boy Scout sign just as though he was still conducting a service of some sort.

There was one show case which contained the effects of some knight - a pair of gauntlets, a very fancy helmet that had a lion on top with a long tail hanging down the back, a lightweight, apparently non-metallic shield, and a padded coat that I would guess went on under the armour. These were all sort of beaten with age. But high up above the Black Knight's casket and effigy were bright reconstructions of these same things.

Along with these prone figures was the figure of one fellow who wouldn't give up, because there he was half sitting up on the top of his casket, refusing to lie down I would guess. I've heard

in the past comments made about an individual who wouldn't give up - well, here was a good example.

Many of the things I have mentioned above I have taken pictures of with the Mamiya or the Stereo.