

TRIP IV TO ENGLAND
Tape 1 mailed 4 Nov., 1963
rec'd 7 Nov.

(Nov. 3, 1963)

Well, here I am in sunny England. The airport was covered with water but the sun was breaking through and it has been nice ever since. Nobby met me as scheduled and on the way to Godstone to the White Hart we came across the Veteran Car Run from London to Brighton. Nobby stopped and we took quite a few pictures of the 1900 vintage cars.

After the viewing of the old "crocks" we came on over here to the White Hart Hotel in Godstone. I've got a new room this time - it's on an alley rather than facing on the main road as before and therefore quieter. It seems to be about the same size, maybe a little smaller, has two beds in it about 36" level at the top of the bed. The floor slopes so much that there is a 2" block under one leg, a 3/4" block under a second leg, and no blocks under the other two legs. The bed looks approximately level this way. ---- It has a unique form of heating. There's a steam condensate line that comes down from above, goes straight through and out the floor below. This has four lines feeding into it, all about 3/4" pipe, Two of these lines coming from each direction across the outside wall. These were warm when I was up here before tonight, but not now at about ten o'clock - there's no heat in them at all. The condensate line is slightly warm. The towels here are hanging on a chrome towel rack that is not heated.

Looking at the sign on the wall here I might repeat some of the things - why don't I read them down:

"Hotel services - early morning tea, 7:15 AM - 9:30 AM, breakfast 8:00 AM - 9:30 AM, lunch 12:30 PM - 2:30 PM, dinner service 7:00 - 9:30 PM, supper license until 11:00 PM. All meals a la carte.

"It is regretted that dogs cannot be admitted to the dining-rooms.

"The hotel closes at 11:30 PM. If you are going to be out late, please inform the office.

"10% added to all bills in lieu of gratuities. Room service 1 shilling per meal.

"Facilities: 2 bars, 1 reception room on first floor available for functions, banquets, et cetera, up to 50 persons.

"Hunting with the old Surrey and Bristow and Surrey Union. (?)

"Racing at Plumpton, Lewes, Lingfield and Sandown.

"Accessible for traveling to Continent by Dover, Folkstone, New Haven and Ferryfield Airport and Crowley Air Field.

"We would tell you that:

Our voltage is 240

Our cellars contain the finest wines at the most moderate prices

Our staff will always help you with any query and assist wherever possible.

Our rooms all have running water, telephone, and electric fires.

That the proprietor will not be responsible for any articles of value lost in the hotel unless deposited with the management and receipt taken from them, nor can they be responsible for goods left in the garage or hotel yard.

It is our special request that you do not bring dogs into the dining-rooms.

Should you wish to pay by check, it must be presented at least 4 days previous to leaving.

Our final and last request it that you should let us know of your departure before noon of that day.

"Under same management, White Hart Hotel, Lewes."

Now, Service Directory -- all that up to this has been labeled "Hotel Services".

"Antiques - Shop listed across the Green.

"Auctioneers, surveyors, land and estate agents, rating surveyors.

"Childrens shop in Godstone.

"Fine china and English cut crystal glassware - shop in Croydon and another in Oxted.

"Garage and service station in Oxted.

"Newspapers - to read THE TIMES each morning means that you are mentally well turned out for the day. It gives authority to your thinking and how lavishly it enriches your hours! Tell the Hall Porter you must have THE TIMES each morning.

"Specialists in complete furnishing schemes - The furnishing of the White Hart Hotel was carried out by Brown and Croskey, High Street, Friars Walk, Lewes. Tel. Lewes 67. Established 1789 during the reign of George III. (MB note - furnishing was done the 1st year.)

"Melbourne, Australia - Queen City of the South Pacific, the Olympic City of 1956, welcomes tourists. Magnificent gardens, beaches, mountains and coastal scenery are offered outdoor sports-loving people. Melbourne Cup, 1st week in November - Melbourne's Mumba Festival, 2nd week in March."

Now for the rest of the furnishings in the room. There's a 4 ft. long dresser, standing about 2 ft. high with one long drawer and two short ones. Above this is a 4 ft. high and 2 ft. wide oval mirror. On one wall, back in sort of a nook, is the wash basin with a mirror about 1-1/2 ft. square placed very high - so high that it's only convenient for a 6 footer.

The beds both have peaked headboards standing about 3 ft. further on above the beds. In between there is a stand holding a telephone

and a yellow and green fringed shaded lamp, so low down that light just barely comes across the surface of the beds. Another dresser, about 4 ft. long, stands maybe 3-1/2 ft. high with three large drawers in it, and then the big wooden furniture is another dresser just about the size of the last one and on top of it a cabinet 4 ft. wide with double hinged doors and a full 42" from the hanging rod to the bottom in which to hang your clothes. It is possible to hang my trousers lengthwise outside of this around on one side.

There are five very nice tame paintings around the walls, four of them are of flowers, some with butterflies in them, in fact all of them have butterflies in them, and one painting is of a couple of ducks in a lily pond.

Well, I sure picked the right time to get here in England. First of all the "old crocks" on Sunday, and now fireworks.

Bob Wadsworth took me home this evening where I met his mother and father, along with his brother and his Swiss wife and two youngsters - one of them named Christopher and the other name I never did understand. They are about eleven and ten, something like that.

Fawkes (5 November)

This was Guy ~~Fex~~ day - fireworks everywhere. There was a light rain turning to heavy a little bit and then cutting off for a little while, but this didn't dampen the enthusiasm a bit. Bob and his brother moved rapidly around the back yard setting off one fireworks after another for close onto an hour, and in all the backyards around and as far as one could see over the fence and trees, there were fireworks going off; sky rockets and bombs, pin wheels and roman candles, sparklers and firecrackers, Vesuvius and Mt. Everest, golden showers and silver showers, and on and on. I guess this whole celebration has to do with an unsuccessful attempt to burn down the parliament buildings. Someone today at work wondered idly whether the celebration was to honor the man who tried it or in honor of the fact that it was unsuccessful! Whatever it is, the youngsters enjoy it just as much as those in America enjoy the 4th of July and I guess those in Japan enjoy New Year's and in France Bastille Day, but over the radio tonight started pouring in the reports of damaged eyes, burned hands, and in fact hospitals crowded with patients. Apparently it takes quite a toll. --- I forgot some modern things - they have flying saucer, which was a sort of pinwheel that one laid flat with a sort of propeller attached to it and when the pinwheel went off, up she went soaring over all the houses and throwing sparks in all directions. This sort of activity in a great many of the backyards sure made a colorful sky. I would guess from a high spot, one could have enjoyed the most monstrous fireworks

display of all.

At supper I noticed that Christopher in particular absolutely never said "thank you" or "please", so after he had demanded things at the table time after time I waited for a little while and then I said, "Christopher, I know a Japanese word that I think you would like to know and maybe you ought to use it. The word is "arigato". After some coaxing he repeated it and after he had repeated it several times and most of the people at the table had, they all suddenly turned and said, "What does it mean?" I said, "Christopher, it means "thank you" - why don't you use that word more often?" I'm not sure whether his parents and grandparents fully appreciated it, but they seemed to. In fact, Bob's mother mentioned it again while she and Bob were driving me home to the hotel here. She wondered whether he would remember to tell his teacher the word tomorrow. She thought that very likely he would, that that was the sort of thing he was likely to remember. Bob's father is a business man. He lost his left arm somewhere along the line, but it doesn't seem to slow him down very much. Bob's big strapping brother is apparently in the garage or automobile supply business. He apparently has had some sort of damage to one leg but ~~he-e~~ you certainly had a hard time seeing it when he was out lighting fireworks - it was noticeable, however, when he was walking around the house. He had some sort of brace on it.

There was quite a bit of discussion in Bob's home about the advantages and disadvantages of central heat. Apparently it has gotten to the point where just about everyone wants central heat but one problem is the cost and another is the great disturbance to a house when one puts it in. I suggested that they might consider in

~~their~~

their house one of these hot-air units similar to the one that Marion has in her front hall. It certainly would go a long ways toward heating their house and at the same time would cause a minimum of upset when they put it in.

The sister-in-law, speaking in a somewhat broken English, seems to be a very nice person. She didn't know quite what to do with these two wild Indians. I suspect they weren't being handled quite as severely when I was there as they normally are, but on the other hand they certainly acted as though they got away with it most of the time. She had prepared the dessert for the dinner and it was sure good. It is a stiff meringue browned all over the outside and a soft creamy material inside.

Going back to Monday night (4 November) - Allan Parritt took me to a place called Dorincourt House Hotel. It is in upper Warlingham. It has been made over from a very fancy and elaborate home in the middle of a very nice estate, with big lawns and well trimmed shrubs, and everything. Inside the paintings and wall finishes apparently are the same as they were when they got the house and it sure was elaborate. Allan and I talked about a lot of odds and ends, inter-company relationship, etc. Allan got me home late that night too, so I am having quite a bit of trouble getting at this Dictet. It has gone past 1:00 AM, so I guess I'd better start thinking about sleeping - I've got to get up at 7. ~~7.~~ Incidentally, I have rigged up a drying rack again for my shirts. This time I used a nail driven in the wall that was being used to hang a picture, a wooden coat hanger with a wire hook, and my soap dish to hold the whole thing away from the wall enough that the shirt wouldn't touch it,

seeing as how the wall is kind of dirty. These white shirts drip quite a bit of water, so I had to make an arrangement with towels underneath to keep the water from draining down and maybe going through the floor - Let's see if it is dry in the morning!

Wednesday morning (6 November) Another cloudy morning. Weather forecast is about the same as yesterday - maybe it will be a little nicer. Today is "sprinkles and rain on and off throughout the day". This BBC programming is sure something to listen to. They have three different levels of programs, I think I mentioned that before. One of the stations comes in very nicely and it has news every once in a while. It has news at 7 AM which is when I have the alarm set, so I start the day off with news. The items covered in the news are more or less the same as the ones we have in the States on the national and international news, but then there are always the interesting items, and these things go on all day long. For instance, there will be an expert on chicken raising and he will tell all about the establishment of the hierarchy in the order in the chickens and the importance of having some mother-image for the chicken because if you do not, the chicken will attach himself to a ~~throughout human~~ human and become a neurotic because the human doesn't act the way the chicken thinks a chicken ought to. -- Then maybe there will be a note about some wedding that was held yesterday and the type of music that was played and then play a Russian folk song record that was one of those played at the wedding, which the announcer commented that he had gotten from his friend at the Russian embassy. Of course, there is the inevitable cooking and food preparation suggestions that come right in the middle of this string of announcements between 7 and 8 in the morning. Yesterday morn-

ing they interviewed a man who had a narrow gauge railroad that he built in his own backyard - or rather he and a group of his equally crazy friends built. He told about his ambitions of putting in an electrical signal system so that it would give much more excitement at night. Most of these interesting items are involved in interviewing.

Incidentally, their quality of interview reproduction is extremely good. Even on the spot news reports from various places in Continental Europe, for instance at the German mine the quality of the recorded reporter's voice is extremely good - almost as good as that of the announcer. And you know, throughout all of this I haven't heard an ad for a beer or soap, or in fact for anything.

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He said "Thurs." - wonder if he meant "Wed."

Well, here I am back in the White Hart, Thursday evening (7 November) Tonight I had dinner with Doug Phelps and Dennis ^{Spencer} ~~Simpson~~ (I think that's the name) of the Contract Group of the new division of Allan Parritt's. I am listening to BBC - had 15 or 20 minutes of symphony music followed by about 2 minutes of weather and 3 minutes of news and now we have installment 2 of the 13 installment series of a "Book at Bedtime" which consists of an excellent reader, reading David Copperfield. I am sure that many people in America might be better off if they listened to David Copperfield in the evening rather than one of the jukebox programs - I wonder how many would.

Lunch today was quite an interesting affair. Nobby was heading off for some sort of meeting with the Patent peoples this afternoon and so I wandered down to the dining room by myself. I held off until 1:30, which was just about the average time. When I got down who should I find in the dining lounge area but ~~Basil's Basil's~~ Basil's International Sales Coordinator and a very capable looking woman

and two Russian Trade Mission men. We had only been talking a minute or two before the rest of the gang started coming in. There must have been sixteen before we got through. They included E.B. Jones of Octel, another man of Octel, another man of a contracting outfit that has been putting in a blending system ^{or} a couple of them in England, there was a customer also that Allan Parritt brought in. All in all, quite a gang. Basil apparently thought it over fairly carefully and finally decided in the layout of people of four at a table to ask me to join Mr. Disher, Basil, and the senior man of the Russian team. We had a very enjoyable lunch, talking about languages, some about living conditions in the various countries, we talked about how cold and unfriendly Basil found people in New York, and of course I defended them, then our Russian friends defended the Russian people and made very warm and ~~extremely~~ ^{human} comments about the difference between the people in Leningrad and the people in Moscow. Apparently the Leningrad people have most of them lived there most of their lives, while in Moscow a very large percentage of them have come in from the farms and really don't have any loyalty to the city and in fact are quite cold and impersonal. He pointed out that in Leningrad the stranger, whether foreign or Russian, would receive extremely courteous treatment if he asked for directions, while in Moscow very likely he would be pushed aside or ignored. One thing he said was that the No. 2 language in Russia as of now is English. It is necessary for all secondary school people to take English. He pointed out that before the war it was German, and before the first war it was French, but now it is English. It was interesting to note that these two Russians were quite willing to be separated and to talk to two different groups of people. They were far enough apart that they couldn't hear what each other was saying, so there was no

chance of checking up on them. This particular fellow had been in the Trade delegation for 2-1/2 years. At the end of 2 years he went back to Moscow for reporting in and then took a two weeks holiday in an area he described as very attractive near the Baltic Sea. He spoke in a perfectly balanced manner about the attractive and good parts of the country and the unattractive ones. In talking about languages, he pointed out that Russian is very accurate regarding pronunciation and for this reason he thought that Russian was probably easier to learn than English.

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For supper tonight we went to Jennett's Restaurant. It's on Dorking Road, Tadworth - that's not far from Epsom Downs. The food was very good in this typical English inn, with a bar open at 6 o'clock and the dining room open at 7. We talked about a whole variety of things. They got me off talking about Japan for a while, but most of the time we were talking about the organization of the contracts administration under Dennis and the operation of the panel engineering and panel assembly department.

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(was this "Tadworth")

Just came back from dinner with Basil Balls. We ate at a club of his - the Lancelyn Club, Nutfield Marsh, Surrey. I'm listening over the radio right now to the election returns of the bi-election at Luton. A Mr. Howie won for Labor. He gave a speech after the announcement of his election, in which he demanded only one thing and that was a general election as soon as possible, which he promised would return Labor to a strong and leading position in the government. He also said that he thought that the

results of the election were a true reflection of the feeling of the people of the country against the government that is inept.

His conservative opponent, in a statement to the radio, immediately after the election announcement was almost verbatim the following: I am certain that Mr. Howie will make an excellent member of Parliament representing Luton for the very short time he will be in office until the Conservatives at the General Election regain control of the seat.

A lot of significance is being placed on this election, largely because the chairman of the Conservative party in England stated that Luton was exactly the type of town that they, the Conservatives, must ~~be~~ rebuild their strength on the basis of, so I guess they are "shook" a little bit. It is interesting to note that Luton's population is 20% of it works at the automobile factory and it is interesting to note the Conservatives thought that was the town they should be carrying. Part of their argument was on the basis that the average income of this town was 5% above the average income of the total of England, but I guess the Conservatives guessed wrong on this one.

Well back to the evening with Basil. It started off with his giving me a copy of Sir Ernest Gower's book, The Compleat Plain Words. He also showed me what he considered to be one of the best texts on the specialties of the English language titled, The King's English by Fowler and Fowler, Oxford Press. Then he crowned it with the insistence that if we are really going to pay attention to the English language as we apparently are with the Japanese language, we should have a copy of the Oxford English Dictionary. It comes in many

forms, all the way from almost pocket book size called the School Edition, through the Concise, which is maybe 2 or 3 times that thick, up to a 14 volume (I believe) set about the size of the Encyclopedia Britannia. Basil recommends strongly the Concise edition, since it will contain a great majority of the words in the English language.

This book by Sir Ernest Gowers is a Pelican book of 272 pages, full of examples of how not to use the English language. They quote most of the time from the TIMES, which is apparently their favorite reading matter. Incidentally, of course, the TIMES examples are all examples of how it should not be done, but I find it takes a dictionary to read plain words. For instance, talking about the word "repercussion" it says "...besides the word is indispensable to the treasury in explaining their reasons for refusing sanction to a proposal in itself unexceptionable, but it must not be allowed to mesmerize others into forgetting the existence of humdrum but useful words like consequence, result, and effect." In the preface it points out the book is "concerned with the choice and arrangement of words in such a way as to get an idea as exactly as possible out of one mind into another". Well, I can't quarrel with him in his objective. I'll have to read it over a little bit to see how successful it is.

I had a mighty nice typical English dinner - steak pie, not steak and kidney but just steak, steak pie with mushrooms. I've got to watch myself. I'm eating too much. These foods are heavy foods and always very large servings.

I have been eating lunch in the main fancy room regularly every day and when there are no customers around such as today, I find that the Redhill people are very freely talking back and forth to each other just as they do when there is no stranger at all around. They get in hot arguments and petty arguments and silly arguments, they make all sorts of blanket statements, in fact they thoroughly relax. Today we solved problems about gas going up a chimney, water flow in a heat exchanger, water flow in a boiler - just to name a few of the problems - but it certainly is flattering to see these people relax like this with a stranger in their midst.

Sweet Valley
Tonight John Jones and I went out to dinner. There is a pub and hotel combination on the way back from Redhill to Godstone. This is another White Hart, only this one is spelled Whyte Harte. It's in Blechingley. Another good English dish - roast duck with some of the nicest tasting peas I've had in a long time. Finished off with a very tart trifle (a fruit stew). Well, this Whyte Harte was built in 1388. The beams in it, they claim, are many of them ships' timbers over one thousand years old. There is a hotel in connection with it that has an advertised 18 bedrooms, and the single room with breakfast from 1 guinea. You can park your automobile in their garage for 10 bob (shillings) per week, and they advertise that French, German, and Italian is spoken. They don't say anything about English but the waitress seemed to be able to understand! The doorway into the dining room is a very typical Japanese doorway in height. Automatically I ducked my head and that was lucky.

John Jones is a Welshman - plays Rugby for the town he lives in. He's kind of worried about whether he can make a success of the new challenging job he has, being in charge of service as well as training. When John told me about his Rugby activities, I commented that Rugby was really going to the dogs these days, what with the permission of some of the clubs to allow women to attend parties after the games. Traditionally the teams all retire to the club house of that particular club that is host and they drink beer until late at night and sing all sorts of songs. I had heard discussion on this over BBC and the announcement that some of these clubs had established two rooms for drinking, one of them in which the women could go and the other one in which the piano was for the singing. The announcer had said that he was in one place where the singing and drinking

was all in one room and that a couple of the songs had contained words that he hadn't quite thought were fit for female ears. He says that one of the girls present had told him somewhat unconvincingly that she had no idea what the songs were depicting. But John says his club is just opening up a brand new club house in which they have the regular drinking room and a separate special ladies room, so the ladies can go in and wait there. From what I hear, this won't last very long. The ladies will not be satisfied with sitting and waiting in their own room and probably hearing in the distance the men singing. John said that he had about eight other Welsh friends on this team and that they get quite sentimental when they are singing. They sing hymns most of the time, but they sing them because of the musical characteristics of the songs. He said their main problem was the local fellows in that they insist upon singing songs for the words that are in them, rather than for the musical qualities. I guess this gets to be somewhat of a struggle, but John says he spends every Saturday evening singing because he is a typical Welshman. He grew up in a coal mining town ~~in~~ nestled down in the hills of southern Wales. He talks with great pride of the 2000 ft. hills, or mountains as they call them, and tells about the way he and his pals used to climb up to the top and take a Rugby football with them so they could play games up there in the clear and cool air. He told me about northern Wales, where the mountains are up in the 3000 to 4000 ft. height, but these are sheer rock faces and a real haven for rock climbers. Apparently they are quite difficult to climb by hiking, and apparently many people die every year because they misjudge the severity of the weather on top.

John helped me solve a major problem tonight. Basil had mentioned that in England all houses had a water system based on an open top tank in the attic into which water from the mains runs and then everything in the house is fed by gravity. This water is not drinkable, however, so one tap as they call it is located in the kitchen running directly off the incoming line. Apparently this is only required where a house has a hot water heater and we guessed that the reason for this was to prevent the overheated water in a water heater out of control from being pushed back into the main and carrying over into somebody else's house.

Rec'd 18 November 1963
Mailed (from Paris) 16 Nov.

I'm starting this reel about noon on Sunday, 10 November.

I'm waiting for Basil to show up. He said he would show up about one o'clock to go out for a hike this afternoon. It was very miserable this morning - raining, very dark even at nine o'clock, but as the forecast promised, it is clearing to the point where spots of sun come through every once in a while and they promise a pretty nice afternoon, so maybe Basil and I will get some sunshine.

Yesterday wasn't so good. I went out about nine o'clock in the morning with Ken and Dorothy and spent the day with them. It sprinkled on and off all day long, but in spite of that we made quite a hike and saw a real old house. The house is known as Knole. It is on the outskirts of Seven Oaks, not very far from here. The house is reported to have one staircase for every month, one room for every week, and one window for every day of the year. The land it's on has been cut down somewhat from original and now only amounts to a thousand acres. We spent most of our time walking in this thousand acres. The house is now part of the National Trust to which it was given by the late Lord Sackville. The Sackville's are the present owners and apparently as all the previous owners there are no male descendants as of now, so in a few years they will have considerable trouble finding who it goes to. I bought for 1/6 quite a writeup on it by one of the Sackville daughters. It shows that this house itself probably goes back to about 1200. It was nearly 1400 before history can confirm too much of the story. About 1480 it was transformed into an archepiscopal palace and occupied by quite a few archbishops and finally, as this little book puts it, the archbishops' tenure was terminated by the cupidity of King Henry VIII.

Rather than trying to follow all of the complicated, confused and often only surmised history of the house, let me say what I saw in the house. Much of it having been built in the 1400's, it is still in habitable shape, that is if heating from a few scattered fireplaces could be called habitable. The house is chuck full of furniture and in fact, although I don't see anything about it in this little booklet, it seems to be a real showplace of furniture throughout the last five centuries. Many pieces of upholstered furniture with the original upholstery now 400 - 500 years old. Apparently the National Trust periodically takes these pieces of furniture and carefully reconditions them, but even at that the upholstery is pretty badly worn on most of them. There are examples of extremely ornate, hand-carved walnut railings and freizes. One around the Grand Ballroom was apparently made by a group of Italians, who were imported and lived at the house quite a few years in the capacity of rebuilding it, has many grotesque features that raises one question as to the moral stature of the people involved. In the pictures and statues around the house, one comes across such things as a picture of a 3rd Earl of Dorset who lived in the house, a picture right near by of his very attractive wife, and in another room a nude statue of a French dancer that the same Earl of Dorset imported from France to live in the house at the same time. In another place one finds a pair of these long hornlike beer containers, I forget what they call them. One was large and the second was enormous, maybe five feet long. The large one was his lordship's and the enormous one was her ladyship's! And the paintings of all of the people that have lived at times in the house - some of them look like very unhappy and dissipated people even after the artists have put their artistic touch to the pictures. I commented on how unhappy one of the earls looked and the lady that was taking us

around, who was doing an extremely nice job, said, "Well, maybe that man thought that the picture did him great justice." She had just heard some tales about him the day before from a man of the National Trust who had been there. Apparently this particular man had had such distorted points of view that on the hunts, which he thoroughly enjoyed and participated in very frequently, he always insisted upon climbing inside of the still warm carcass of the animals he had killed.

In going through the house I couldn't help but be extremely impressed by the apparent great problem these people faced in how to enjoy life. They had no accomplishments to point to, they had nothing except a quite wild, dissipated life, possibly to forget. I get a very unfortunate, unhappy impression, but maybe it is real. After all, there wasn't very much during most of those years for them to point to with any sort of pride. The 3rd Earl of Dorset, Richard Sackville, was, as this booklet pointed, "a spendthrift, a gambler, living for courtly show, and wasted most of his inherited fortune." He had to sell off a great deal of the property that he had inherited and still died in debt to the tune of £60,000. Apparently his wife also had some money but she was strong minded and would not let him have any of it.

The 5th Earl of Dorset, Richard Sackville, married another wealthy woman and brought the place back into solvency.

(BBC just started a program of three men discussing a forest which has been named a national park, and the status of the life of butterflies therein.)

I left right at the time of that last note to go down and meet Basil, who was just coming in.

Before I talk about the afternoon let me finish up on Knole, which I just spent another twenty minutes reading through. There are many surprising things to see, such as tables made of silver, original wooden floors and ceilings still existing, and furniture and paintings of unbelievable variety. One room of interest was the Great Hall. It had a raised platform at one end on which the family ate and a long table on one side and they say there was another one along the other side where the two hundred servants ate. Everybody ate at the same time but only these on the platform had salt to go with their food, so those on the long tables down below were said to be "below the salt".

Dorothy and Ken and I hiked for several miles through the park and out the other side to a pub, where we arrived at about 2:20 with closing hour at 2:30. We took off our shoes because they were so covered with mud and we did want to go in to the private bar where we could sit at a table in fair comfort rather than the public bar which would be much less comfortable. As we went in, one after the other, in stocking feet, having left our shoes outside, we caused quite a chuckle among those at the bar but a very friendly and warm smile from most of them. We ordered some sandwiches and an elderly man who was just leaving with his wife told Dorothy that we should get a sausage roll to start with because this was the specialty of the house. So we added sausage rolls ~~on~~ top of it and I might say that the two enormous sandwiches apiece on top of the sausage roll was more food than we had bargained for, but it was almost all gone when we left.

I took a picture with each camera of this place called The Bucks Horn. Going back through the park by a different path, and we had been following Ken's guidebook all the way, we came out again in

Sevenoaks where we had left the car. Back to Oxted and the Brown's apartment, where we had tea and watched a few minutes of American type wrestling, including a session of tag wrestling, about as well done as any I've seen in America. It was the first time for tag wrestling for Ken and Dorothy, so I had fun describing the rules of the game to them.

We then came over here to the White Hart, sat around for a while drinking fruit juice and looking at my stereo pictures, ate supper - I got sweetbreads again - and they went on home.

Today Basil took me back to his Lancelyn Club and the Scottish waitress ^{and} (wife of the cook greeted me with the title of Laddie, as she had called me the other night. We had an excellent but large luncheon of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, finished up with what they called an Alaska Roll - ice cream rolled up in a cake dough which was then cooked.

I got a little leaflet on the Lancelyn Club. Basil told me something about the proprietor, named John, who is a kind of benefactor for painters. He allows a painter, one a month, to bring his paintings in and hang them around the wall for sale. (This little leaflet covers paintings of two painters - some 32 paintings - varying from 4 to 15 guineas and covering a great variety of scenery and subjects. John was a RAF pilot who was kind of lost after the War. He started up this business. He is the bar tender and he has this Scottish couple living upstairs and taking care of the eating end. John has a full beard as shown in the pen and ink sketch on the card. He seems to be a sort of consoling individual who listens to the troubles of his club members and comforts them and gives them drinks when

they ask for it. I told Basil it looked as though this man was playing the same role that the Geisha Girl did in Japan.

After eating we drove on up into the area not far from Basil's house and got out and hiked through the countryside, where I hope I got two or three pretty good pictures. The sun was out very nicely part of the time and there were clouds at other times.

Finally, as it began to get darker we got into the car and drove down here where we woke people up to get us some tea. We sat around and looked at some of the stereos until it was almost time to eat. We ate a light supper at the White Hart here and Basil went on his way and I came up here. And now my room is covered, or rather the hot pipes are covered with laundry. Shirts hanging up in the way I did it before which seems to work fine, but I've got all the rest of the stuff spread out on the hot pipes, including my shoes which I had to wash very carefully again after the hike today. The cleats in the soles are wonderful for keeping good footing and I'm able to keep the top of the shoes much cleaner than either Ken did yesterday or Basil today, but the soles sure pick up a lot of mud and it takes quite a bit of time and a small screwdriver to really clean it out.

Incidentally, the other guest at the hotel I think I mentioned the other day got to breakfast about the same time that I did for two or three days spoke friendly to me in a half formal sort of way. Then on Friday morning when I went down, there he was with obviously his wife and two youngsters, and those two youngsters were really spoiled. They climbed all over everywhere, didn't obey orders worth a darn, and pretty much rules the place. The old man didn't seem to try

very hard to control them and his wife certainly didn't. I can remember the youngest one got ahold of a bunch of the little cups of orange marmalade and had them piled up six or eight high and falling over maybe three or four times during the time I was eating my brief breakfast. On Saturday morning again they were there. This time, however, he took over and explained to his wife in no uncertain terms that it was about time that he was going to do a little disciplining. He jumped the youngsters two or three times quite severely, explained to them how they weren't going to grow up worth a darn if they didn't behave themselves, and obviously was taking control. I took a little longer to eat than normal, sitting there and watching this whole approach of his deteriorate until about the time I left the youngsters were back in their normal routine and he was glumly finishing up his breakfast. It looks as though the wife and the youngsters had put him in his place again. I sure felt sorry for him, but on the other hand this off again, on again kind of disciplining can never work. If one intends to set up a group of rules to be followed, he must establish them and then with consistency follow through on them so that the youngsters know what to expect and know what the rules are, and know what to expect when they violate the rules. If they don't know whether they are going to get punished when they do something wrong they will always try it. If they do know they are going to get punished, I am sure they won't try it. Somehow this seems to me a sound, basic philosophy and I was sorry to see that he didn't seem to understand it and didn't see that he would get beaten every time if he didn't set up something that was consistently expected.

Monday night (11 November) Midnight just went by/
Spent the evening with Nobby, going over all sorts of philosophy and theory and practice of the relations between the two companies, particularly on the engineering exchange level.

This little Zenith radio works all right! A gal here giving an announcement on a very clear radio station, in fact it is the one I just finished Margi's tape off with - a Rome station. She's just quoting an Italian speech. I never heard such flowery language before. I think even Dirkson would have a hard time keeping up with at least her translation of what the guy said. As far as I could see in about five minutes of quotation, I didn't get one bit of real intelligence. All it was was big words - one right after the other - all about equalization, realization, nationalization, economic communities, and so on.

Two or three things I got over BBC since I took this tape off last night makes it look as though I have been missing quite something here. with the "^aBeetles". I haven't seen them even on TV even though the other day when Ken and Dorothy and I were in the pub eating lunch there was a cry from some of the children of the household that the Beetles were on TV. We went ahead and ate our cheese and ham sandwiches and did not go in the next room to see the TV. Guess I should be ashamed of myself. But the ^aBeetles apparently last night had a little bit of difficulty. The crowd was so heavy in the place they were supposed to be entertaining that they couldn't get close to it, so they went to a nearby Police Station, dressed up as policemen, drove up to the theatre in a police car, and were clear inside before anybody realized what had happened. Apparently some of the teen-

agers waiting queued up outside had been there twelve hours or more waiting for the ~~Be~~^atles to show up.

Then this morning there were a bunch of stories that certainly belong in the Readers Digest "Humor in Uniform" area. I can't remember all of them - one of them was about this carrier with its destroyer escort. The destroyer was trying to cut across the line of carrier and some other ship behind it and in the rough seas misjudged and nudged the back of the carrier. Since the carrier's skipper was a particularly rough character, everybody crossed their fingers and kind of held on until they heard what kind of condemnation he would give to the destroyer's skipper. Very shortly the signal went out and it was clearly read by every one - "IF YOU TOUCH ME THERE AGAIN I'LL SCREAM"

Well, back to the evening with Nobby. I went to Gatwick Manor again with Nobby and had an all Russian meal again just like the last time. Opened up with some sort of egg and ham concoction as an appetizer. The main dish was a spiced creamed beef called Boeuf Stroganoff.

I told you about going to Bob Wadsworth's. Bob told me two days later that he had asked his nephews what they had thought about my visit and the older one said he was very pleased but he was also very disappointed. When Bob probed him as to why he was disappointed, Christopher said, "He wasn't black. I thought all Americans were black." -- Wouldn't that hurt some of my southern friends to hear that after all the effort they have gone to to try to segregate people and then to have a little boy in England think that all Americans are black. Bob did tell me that his parents seemed to recognize that I was enjoying myself and commented to him how much they liked to have people around who seemed to just quietly enjoy themselves and fit right in with the family in their celebration. This pleased me a great deal.

Friday evening 3-13-63?

00063? England

I just this evening got Peg's letter. Peg asked about the Japanese Manuals for the records. They are in that bottom drawer of my desk. Would you please arrange for her to get them somehow? Looks like I've got to really heave to with you and Kay now conscientiously working at this business. Guess I'll have to start learning English, Spanish and Dutch.

Please tell Peg that I'll try to get a letter off to her but since I haven't anything particular to say it may be a while before I do it. I'm going to try to get this tape wound off to the point that I can mail it out on Saturday. Ken and Dorothy Brown are going to come around and pick me up about 9 to 9:30 tomorrow morning for a day hiking some place. Hope the weather is a little better than it has been. There have been spots of sun off and on but also rain almost every day since that first Sunday when I arrived. But after all, I can't complain. I haven't gotten wet yet and I have no opportunity to go outside even in my present existence - that is until tomorrow and Sunday. Basil Balls is planning on picking me up Sunday afternoon and going for a hike also.

You might be interested in problems ^{of} ~~for~~ breakfast. This morning was repeated the same thing that has happened three times now. A fellow comes in, I ask him for grapefruit juice, cold milk and toast, please. Immediate reaction - "No breakfast, sir?"