

Frankfurt (ACHEMA), Great, Japan  
Redhill

England  
1964  
7

### Trip V to Europe

The trip over - 19 June 1964 (Dictated on 20 June)

First of all, in New York they had me pre-assigned to a center seat, I don't mean aisle seat, and I couldn't get it switched. I think there was one empty seat, also in the middle, and every other seat was held. (We've got to try to see if we can't get a pre-assignment of a window seat.)

When the plane did pull in to London airport (and I did get a fair amount of sleep, first of all by just sleeping in that middle seat without pillow or anything, then by trading with someone up forward during the movie, and this time I got an aisle seat with no one in the middle - that was the one place where there wasn't anybody, so I could use a pillow against the middle seat and I got a good sound sleep - but about 45 minutes before we were due in London the stupid fool who had changed seats with me came back and insisted on waking me up so I could go back to my seat. I can't say I was very happy with him. - Well anyhow, we got into London. It was still somewhat light when we landed but by the time I had gone through customs it was quite dark outside.

I went to Pan Am first and reconfirmed my morning flight and the man told me that the airport hotel was undoubtedly the Fortes. He told me to go out and look for a man in a green uniform. I went out and couldn't find anyone - finally I asked the Bobby, who pointed some distance away to a girl with a very peculiar bowler type hat and I'll admit she was green from top to toe and on the hat was Fortes Airport Hotel.

She didn't have me on her list but she promised me she would call up the hotel and tell them I was coming and that she had made a mistake by not having me on her list. Anyhow, when I got over there they took care of me, and boy! what a fancy place. They have a swimming pool - outdoor, heated water - and I didn't get a chance to swim as it was too late. They have a special lift near one end of the hall that connects one to a special exit to the pool.

I got up to the room with the boy helping me with the bags and I found the fanciest place I think I have ever seen. There were several mirrors around the room and good lighting everywhere. A large bathroom with a bathtub and, hold your hat, the bathtub had two showers, with a valve that selected which one you wanted. One was about chest height coming out of the wall and the other was directly over one's head. There were two big chromium plated handles to grasp as you were getting in and out of the tub or while you were taking a shower. There was a swinging arm over the tub holding two rubber covered hangers for drying, an overhead speaker with a switch to turn it off - this was connected to a very fancy radio combination I'll describe later; next to the toilet they couldn't make up their minds whether it was English or American, so there was a roll of American toilet paper and a pack of the shiny English. The washbasin had very good lighting for shaving, and right beside it had an outlet that would take English and American plugs - it was labeled 115 volts ac. The 220 volt outlet right beside it would only take the English plugs. A regular Kleenex dispenser was embedded in the wall above this washbasin. Just outside the bathroom door was another washbasin, about the same size, but this one lit in quite soft light. There was a Kleenex dispenser above this too but no outlet for razors.

There were twin beds in this room and across from them on a counter stood a TV set - or rather it looked like one but it was a lot more than that. On the wall between the two beds were a number of knobs and buttons. There was a button for the room lights, a button for the reading light above each bed, a rotating control for the air-conditioning, and then another rotating control with about 8 locations for radio, piped music, and two kinds of TV - one of them with two stations on this TV set and the other with piped-in TV with the higher number of lines. Right beside this control switch was a volume control and off switch, so one could enjoy the TV or music and then lazily reach over and turn it off.

*John Frank Smith  
New York*

Monday, 29 June 1964 - Here I am, back in Godstone. Nobby called 30 hotels in London for John Fuller and me and finally ended up with our old place, the White Hart in Godstone, the only place he could find.

*CONRAD  
FULLER*

Nobby called Soest during lunch hour today to tell me he had John in tow, also that Corrie had a pretty clean bill of health and would be let out for some walking this afternoon (which didn't happen because another doctor came on) - and also that he would meet me at the air terminal. This is similar to New York's air terminals to which you get by bus.

I drove to the Amsterdam airport, pulled into the parking area with only 3 extra parking places, and when the boy came up as I was about to get out I held up two fingers and said "tag", I handed him one guilder and he gave me fifty cents, which is what I expected, and a receipt. I locked up the car, went in and got my ticket at the KLM desk, went through passport control, and eventually got on the plane. There were relatively few people in the bus when I went out and I thought it was going to be a small group, then another bus came along and filled us up some more, still the two seats beside me were empty, and then just before we took off another bus came along and a whole flock of people came in and filled up all the remaining seats - at least all that I could see.

This KLM was an Electra in which they had all of the Tourist seats forward in three and three quite tight seating, and the First Class in the rear. As we went across, it turned out that the two girls that sat beside me were two of a party of eight girls and nine adults, who were just starting off on a two months' tour through Europe. They had been away from New York only a few days. As we came into London, the girl next to me explained that they were all just a little bit worried because there were only 16 of the 17 on this airplane and the person who was missing was the group leader. He had all the reservations for London and knew just what the plans were. They all felt somewhat lost because no one else in the gang had ever been to England.

As we got aboard the bus at the London Airport to go to the airport building, one of the adults in their group was paged and given an envelope that included the name of the hotel they were supposed to go to. No explanation of what happened to the other man - just the name of the hotel - not even signed by the man that was missing. I left a bunch of bewildered people.

I rushed right through customs because I had only my brief case, went out and got on a BEA bus that took off very shortly for the West Side London Airlines Terminal. This is an incredibly complicated building of six or eight stories with taxi cabs picking up people on the second level, delivery of people for outgoing flights on either 3rd or 4th floor, parking garage in the sub-basement, and airline busses coming in somewhere in between. There is no place at which one can view the whole building, and one finds desks and counters at all levels and in between two or three restaurants.

There are two lifts that run people up and down to and from the garage or parking area, so after making a quick scan of the building, I finally decided to beat it down toward the parking garage. Sure enough, just as I got to the bottom of the turn into the area, there came Nobby, having just parked his car. With that short length of time it didn't cost him anything - if I had stayed upstairs it would have taken him so much time to find me it would have cost him storage. // Nobby took me over to the Nursing Home where Corrie was staying and explained that John was there. Just as we arrived John and Helen came up the street from having eaten dinner. I went in with them and we talked to Corrie for a while and found out that the second doctor had come along - he is the general physician - and had over ruled the heart specialist who had told Corrie he could get up and walk. Corrie did get up and move around the room just a little bit but he was very happy to get back in bed. The general practitioner has arranged a room for Corrie in a hotel the doctor is the physician for. He insists that Corrie stay around for several days after he gets around, so that the doctor can look after him. After that, Corrie thinks they will just go back home, but many things can happen between now and then. He is very disappointed that he hasn't been able to take any movies. (The problem apparently is gallstones.)

After that, Nobby brought John and me down here to the White Hart, where we sat around for a drink. John left us and went to bed.

Incidentally, the girl in the office was very pleased when I handed her the key to #11 - she turned almost immediately and handed it to a lady who had walked up behind me, saying something like, "I'm glad we now have a key to #11." (Apparently Bruce had taken said key with him! mh) Then when she brought John and me up to rooms 6 and 10, she explained to John that they didn't have a key to #6 now but that he would be all right if he would just throw the bolt on the door when he was inside!

Tuesday, 30 June. Here it is almost 10:45 PM. I got home about fifteen minutes ago from a delightful evening with Ken and Dorothy Brown. Just after I got in - at 10:30 - the buzzer sounded downstairs, which is the warning that the bar is closing and the place is going to throw all their guests out. When we came into the parking lot behind the White Hart it was filled with cars, almost all of which must be gone by 11. I hope John Fuller gets back before that time. I told him that if he was too late and couldn't get in down below, he should come around to the side where my window is and call to me and I would let him in. Maybe I should have gone with him. I remember that on my first visit to England I am sure I would have been quite concerned if I had been left the problem of getting back here to the White Hart from downtown London - I'm sure I would have made it and I'm sure he will make it. Maybe I would have been better off if people had done that to me.

Ken and Dorothy and I went over to Croydon tonight and ate dinner at a new restaurant there. I certainly wouldn't say the food is particularly good, but it was edible and certainly nourishing.

Miss  
Croydon  
Fuller

Then we drove up to the top of Buckland Hills, where one has a beautiful view to the south over Reigate. It was maybe nine o'clock. We walked along a long ridge a mile or so and back, watching the sunset. I took several pictures with the stereo. As we came back and entered the woods at the top of the hill, Ken noted that it was approximately ten o'clock and still it was very light - in fact, it would have been easy to read a newspaper. Even when I got home at 10:30 the sky was still quite bright, although by then it was quite red also.

(I may come back later and change the name of that hill we were on, I am not sure enough of it, but if I remember correctly it's the North Downs that go through there. It is the same series of hills that Basil Balls lives on, only Basil is over much closer to the Oxted area.) Incidentally, this is a mode area over the whole top of this long ridge, with quite a few individual trees standing, and then a very steep drop-off, still with a grassy slope and a few trees standing on that at a very oblique angle with the side of the hill. One can see almost straight down into some farm land at the bottom. There was all sorts of birds flying around and singing in the distance. There's something about this English countryside that sure is appealing.

Well, John came in about ten minutes of eleven. He had taken the Green Line Bus from Victoria Station. It was a 9:37 bus, so it is about ;an hour and fifteen minute run. During most of the distance it was still daylight, so he had seen a great deal of this end of London and had thoroughly enjoyed himself. I guess it was just as well I didn't go in with him. When he got there he found that Corrie had gone out to the bank this afternoon and the nurse had decided that that was his time out and was not about to let him out again for dinner, so when John got there Corrie had eaten and all John could do was eat hurriedly with his mother, after spending an hour with Corrie, and then he grabbed a cab to Victoria Station and took the bus back here.

Wednesday, 1 July. Beautiful, cloudless morning at six o'clock. The only English-speaking station on the air at this time of morning is the North Sea ship, Caroline. The big talk in this part of the world right now is the Texas Tower that has been built off shore of Holland with an enormous tower for transmission of the commercial TV.

This being such a beautiful morning reminds me - yesterday morning I went out about quarter after seven and walked back up the foot path that goes up the alley beside my window. Up at the other end of the top of the hill is the Godstone Church, which is at the center of the old town of Godstone. This is a beautiful church early in the morning. Some fairly modern graves and some very old ones - back in the 1800's - in the churchyard. I took quite a few pictures of the church with various things in the foreground. I think the best one will be the one with the rose bush with enormous blossoms in the foreground.

Well, here are my present plans. Going back to Soest tonight (Wednesday, 1 July), Saturday morning, the 4th, I'll come back over here, then I figure I'll head for home the following Friday or Saturday night (10 or 11 July). I haven't checked on reservations yet. I'd be real smart if I lined that up at the airport tonight. I'll let you know as soon as it is set.

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went over and picked up Basil's son. That particular school runs 5-1/2 days a week - through Saturday morning is the standard thing. Went to lunch at Basil's club, took the boy to a party and then went back to Basil's and talked until dinnertime, when we came here, hopefully expecting to find a place to eat. It was only after considerable argument on Basil's part that they did give us a place to sit at. This is a kind of left over space in the dining

7/5/1964

ENGLAND

I guess it was 4 ft. wide -  
Almost 11 o'clock Saturday night. Basil picked me up at the Gatwick airport, otherwise known as the weekend airport because they have almost no traffic other than weekends. The British United flight I came across on was a Viscount - maybe there were 20 people aboard - no more. We came to the White Hart and checked me in. I got the #6 room, the one on the street side. Maybe I'll have to use my ear protectors if I want to get a good sound sleep. We then atmosphere. well, -- we did. I had sweetbreads and he had trout. I think I got the best of it - because he had close to a million bones, I would guess.

Sunday morning <sup>5 July</sup> - temperature last night again in the order of 10 to 12°C, which means the low 50's F. This morning BBC promises mostly cloudy and a few showers throughout the day, and added that in the southeast, there should be times of sunshine. That's where we are, southeast, so we can hope. There was a little bit just a few minutes ago and every once in a while I can see a spot of blue sky through the clouds.

Just getting the weather Central forecast - they promise that southeast will very likely be dry all day with some sunshine this afternoon, and the temperature getting up as high as maybe 18° - that's about 65°F They point out it is warming up.

ENGLAND

64  
Sunday evening, 5 July - I have just had a very delightful day. This morning, about ten o'clock, Ken and Dorothy Brown showed up and after a few minutes Nobby and Jan with John Fuller. We headed off in the two cars and first met in the Ashdown Forest where by following some back roads we got into a fairly isolated section and stopped to have a snack and look over the situation. The weather looked quite a bit better to the south, so we decided to go on down nearer the coast. Ken was born and raised down there, so he led the way.

We went down near Lewes through Glynde and up to West Firle, where we were up on the top of the South Downs. First, Dorothy and I walked west a mile or so, so as to get up on the highest spot - the Firle Beacon, 718 ft. altitude, - so I could take a few pictures down into Lewes and down towards the English Channel. Then, when we returned and John, who had gone off in a different direction to look for some birds, returned, about that time Nobby had come across John Angel and his wife and youngster. We all gathered together and had quite a talk fest while the charcoal unit of Jan's was firing up. The Angels went back to eat at their car and the rest of us all pitched in and ate a great deal of picnic food supplied by Jan and Dorothy. After we ate and cleaned everything up, the Angels came back and we all started east.

We had seen quite a ways down some gliders taking off and landing so we thought we would investigate. It turned out to be two or three miles and as it ended up Ken and I were the only ones that went on through. We watched the gliders and all of the procedures.

They had a high speed winch down a long sloping hill toward the ocean, and the gliders were towed by a tractor around the back side of the hill. The man at the top of the hill had a light beamed down to the winch and the man right next to the glider would first connect the steel cable to the glider hitch, wave a white target slowly, while the light man flashed his light slowly, and then when the slack was pulled up in the cable the target would be waved rapidly above his head, the light would be flashed rapidly, and the winch would take off pulling faster and faster. The glider would get off the ground before it got to the top of the hill and then climb rapidly at a 45° - 50° angle and at the right time the glider would kick loose the cable which came down with a little parachute on the end and the pilot would manoeuvre for a few minutes and then swing around and land. A fellow on a motorcycle who was waiting down near the winch would rear up to the end of the cable as it fell, tie it on the back of the motorcycle and head off for the top of the hill full blast. The next glider would be about in position by the time he got there and another one would take off. One of these gliders was a very fancy one, including a closed in clear plastic bubble cockpit. I took some pictures of that one and I took some pictures also of a two-seater just about to take off with a man, his wife and five-year old son. The boy was obviously quite excited but took the ride very well and his father brought them all back nice and safe. On returning we found everyone standing around and talking, except John who was off looking for birds again. When John returned we split up with Jan and Nobby heading for London with John and Ken and Dorothy with me.

We went down around to Newhaven and went out on the long breakwater that protects the harbor, where I hope I took some good pictures. It was very interesting to note that although the waves were maybe no more than ten feet high as a chop and once in a long while a big rolling wave, these things would come over the top of this breakwater with a spray and that top was a good 50 ft. above the water. Luckily none of us got wet but we came very close to it a few times when the water splashed right over the top of our heads. As I dodged around one, a crummy character sitting on the cement putting another worm on his hook looked up and said, "A bath would probably do you some good." I just smiled and said, "Could be."

On the way home Ken and Dorothy got me a little excited because they continued a brief conversation that Nobby had started this morning. Apparently a celebration this coming week in the Tower of London includes the singing of the "Yeoman of the Guard" by men dressed in the full dress yeoman uniforms and right insitu. Ken and Dorothy are going to try to get tickets for this coming week some evening. They like it and they know I do. That'll really be nice.

Beautiful Monday morning (6 July) - almost cloudless sky. Standing out in the parking lot waiting for Ken to show up. I just checked at the desk here at the White Hart. I was afraid of the answer I'd get. Here it is Monday morning and I wondered if there was any chance of getting a suit cleaned and pressed. It was explained to me that if I was leaving Saturday that wouldn't leave sufficient time.

Here it is twenty minutes after eleven. Somehow I just can't get in early when I come here to England.

Tonight it was Allan Farritt and John Bowling. We went to that same place in the woods that I went to with Ken Reynolds and Bob Wadsworth once before - the very fancy, previously country estate. It being summer now it was light until after we left, or rather until just about the time we left, and then after Allan got me back here and John went his own way in his car Allan still wanted to talk some more on some very interesting and important subjects, so we sat around for another half hour or so.

7 July

Tuesday morning Beautiful cloudless sky. They are promising that it is likely to rain this afternoon and evening, and that the temperature may get as high as 19°C. -- Just to prove it I took a stereo picture out the window at the little pond island. On the island, probably you can't see it in this picture, are a couple of white-breasted ducks. Every once in a while they get up and strut around. Yesterday morning they were over on this side eating some grass, but I couldn't get the camera out quickly enough.

Midnight Tuesday - Ken Reynolds came around about 5:30 and finally got me away about 6:00. We went home and faced his wife, Min, who punished us for being late by presenting us with an enormous, extremely nice dinner, ending up with lemon meringue pie of which Ken and I both had seconds.

The weather turned quite overcast during the date and tonight, at eleven o'clock when we were leaving Ken's, the wind was blowing at gale force and a very light sprinkling of rain. Ken assures me the weather forecast for tomorrow evening is rain - let's hope again the weather forecast is wrong.

Wednesday morning - It is not raining now but it is obvious it has rained quite hard. I guess the temperature is approximately 50°F and of course there is no heat in this place, so might as

well have the window open and have some fresh air.

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BBC just promised it will get up to 17°C today.

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8 July 64

12:45 AM -(Wednesday night) (Thursday) Ken and Dorothy just brought me back from spending the evening watching and listening to the YEOMEN OF THE GUARD at the Tower of London (by kind permission of the Constable). This was certainly a unique setting, since the original setting of the YEOMEN OF THE GUARD was the Tower of London. The stage was built out of old lumber in the moat around the tower and the temporary bleachers were built right down from somewhat above the top of the wall to the bottom of the moat. ~~The~~ A few of the entrances and exits were by way of a doorway at the end of the stage going under it, but almost all of the people at one time or another came down the grassy strip that used to be the bottom of the moat. The dressing room tents were around the corner, a good 1/4 miles away from the stage, so that most of the people you could see strolling, or some of them running, that 1/4 mile to get on the stage. When the time came in the operetta for the Tower Bell to ring, sure enough it did. Part of the stage was built up in the form of stairs going up and over the wall into the Tower. A fair amount of the action was carried out on this stairway and some entrances onto the stage came this way.

We were quite honored, that is the about the thousand of us who were attending this showing, because the Queen and her husband also attended. This caused a total of maybe a half hour delay for the final ending, since it was necessary to hold everything up in the beginning until the audience was all seated, so that the Queen could enter. And at the intermission there was some time lost as the people in the center were asked to clear the aisle so the Queen could return to her box.

The Queen had on a modest crown that could be seen sparkling clear down at the end where we were, and a white ermine jacket or coat on. There was one man with a frilly white vest who insisted upon standing up in the Queen's box and facing the audience during the entire intermission of twenty minutes, and also during the time that the Queen was approaching in the beginning. The best guess we could have was that he was the Constable of the Tower of London.

I burned up two full rolls of high-speed Ektachrome on the show and maybe half a dozen pictures of the Tower beforehand with the Kodachrome X film that I had in the camera.

It was nip and tuck with the weather all the way through. In the morning it was raining quite steadily, but about noon the clouds started breaking up and as I rode down to Victoria Station on the train there were a few sections of very bright sunlight. I met Dorothy and Ken in the Victoria Station and we went to a small eating place for a quick small supper, and then on the Underground to within two or three blocks of the Tower. By this time the sky was almost clear - a few large thunderheads, that's all. This didn't last too long. After the Queen was seated and the show started, it started to cloud over again and we had a little right rain for a few minutes and about that time I took a picture. I hope I got the rainbow over the Tower, Everybody seemed to have raincoats - a few of them umbrellas, which of course were very unpopular. There was a lady right in front of me with a small black umbrella that she had up for a little while but she was very careful to hold it over to the side so that it wasn't in front of me. We were both on the far aisle seats, so

no one else was involved. That rain was the only rain during the evening, although there was a slight drizzle a couple of other times, none of which to dampen the caste a bit, although it might be the explanation for no encores in spite of the applause on several occasions. It was suggested, however, that the lack of encores might also have something to do with the presence of the royal couple.

The acoustic system wasn't too good, although admittedly it is a very difficult problem. They had microphones scattered all over the stage, hidden mostly behind the wooden posts extending a couple of feet high all around, but then the bleachers were so wide it wasn't really possible to get enough volume on the speakers which were at the forward edge of the two sides of the bleacher to get the sound to carry into the audience very far without feeding back in the microphone on the stage, I guess. There were many, many passages which we couldn't hear the words of too well, some of them I knew well enough I could follow without too good hearing. It was interesting to note the passages that are always weak in the YEOMEN were still weak - or weaker even than the other.

The costumes were really wonderful and I certainly hope that I managed to get some pictures. The lighting was not good at all after the sun went down and I took most of the pictures at 1/10 second exposure, which is the slowest the camera will go - they probably should have been about 1 second, but of course that was impossible.

After the show was over we walked down around the end of the Tower and across the Tower Bridge, up along the river to the London Bridge Station for the train - we just missed the 11:29 train and therefore we're safely aboard the 11:45 train. I guess it would have been quite a wait if we had missed that one.

Thursday evening <sup>7<sup>a</sup></sup> - getting near the end! Laurie ate lunch in the inner sanctum today and Basil, Nobby and I had eaten earlier in the regular room. Laurie is going off to Paris tomorrow, so it looks like I won't see him at lunch at all on this trip.

Nobby brought me home about 11:30 after spending an evening eating a quiet dinner and looking at the stereo pictures I had with me. I left the Old Crock pictures with the hope that he can identify them properly. John Angel had his father-in-law name some of them. Apparently his father-in-law has been in the business of repairing automobiles since the first ones, so he was able to name half a dozen anyhow. He claims one of them was a Stanley Steamer.

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This afternoon, Nobby and I drove immediately after lunch over to the E.I.L. factory where we spent all afternoon.

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Friday morning, 10 July - I am now out back of the parking lot waiting for Ken to show. It is a beautiful, almost cloudless sky, ~~morning~~, nice warm sun, temperature suggested might be as high as 19°C this afternoon - quite a ways from Foxboro temperature I am afraid.

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Friday evening - it's all over now except going home. Beautiful almost cloudless sky, sun is about setting now. I turned down an invitation to eat dinner with Mr. Disher and asked Nobby to bring me to the White Hart because I understood Gerry and Lyn and the youngsters were going to be eating here. They weren't here and in fact they didn't eat here, but Gerry did call me and we had about a half-hour discussion over the phone, covering mostly his and Lyn's enthusiasm for their holiday trip through Italy, Spain, France, Holland, and now England. They were certainly enthused about it and apparently the boys also have had a great time. (I also got some messages to take back to Russ Milham)

After that call I felt free, so changed to my slacks and took off on a walk. I went up around the northern end of Godstone, cut back the street that the Godstone church is on, went up through the churchyard and the public path a quarter mile or so, and then back down to the White Hart. As I came down the path from the Godstone church - the path is maybe six or eight feet wide and is blacktop paved - I began to hear a throbbing noise which became louder. It turned out to be a drum and then some other so-called musical instruments. I think I felt just a little bit like the explorer coming into the native camp while they are putting on a war dance! A building half way attached to the White Hart but up the path a little ways was bulging rhythmically and I saw a lot of teen-agers going in and out, but there was no identification on the building. When I went in to pick up my key, I asked the lady at the desk what kind of accident had happened next door. She looked very concerned - then I said, "Oh, I mean that what one might call music." She explained that there was a dance on

and that was the Public Hall. I told her I was happy I was on front tonight.

Incidentally, with all of the food they have been stuffing into me around here, dinner so far tonight has been one strip off of a chocolate bar that I have. In fact, this chocolate bar is left over from Holland.

I took several stereo pictures on that loop around. These are the first pictures on this roll of film - I think.

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New tape - 10 July, Friday evening. I think I had better knock off this dictating right now and get to packing. I can come back to this later - sure've got a lot to go on account of all these evenings out.

Incidentally, I ought to comment to Tosi Arima that in my room here at the White Hart there are a couple of pictures of flowers on the wall, both of them are labeled *Camellia japonica*. One of them is *rubescens major*, and the other is a "Grand Sultan". Both of them paintings by a Paul Jones.

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I just remembered - the place I went to with Allan Parritt and John Bowling was the Dorincourt.

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Well, I guess "Caroline" has taken over Radio "Atlanta", so now there is Caroline North and Caroline South. The announcer on C.S. was just explaining how listeners should address their cards requesting music, being sure they addressed it to the correct "Caroline" -- very complicated. C.N. is apparently on the Isle of Man now. That's the one that used to be "Caroline". Caroline South used to be Radio Atlanta.

1964

This is Saturday morning, 11 July - I guess this is a good typical English day from what everybody tells me. I'd guess it is not far from 10°C - a drizzling rain. I wanted to have a lot of fresh air last night, so I went to bed with the ear phone on and had a nice sleep. I needed it because at 12:30 or so, when I turned in, the sports cars were really buzzing this place.

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I'm on the flight. Basil picked me up and took me to the airport in plenty of time and by special asking I got a window seat. I wouldn't have gotten it if I hadn't asked early - they pre-assign on BOAC also - so a request must be made now on almost all flights well in advance for any particular seat.

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Well, after luncheon and an hour and a half's sleeping, let's get back to this business.

--There is a fellow across the aisle I see now worked out quite a deal. He has a triple seat by himself. Almost everybody else is jammed in one to each seat. I noticed him earlier, shortly after we took off. He got up and carefully sighted in his camera to his seat, then asked somebody else to take a picture while he went back and sat there. - Now I woke up just in time to see him set his camera on a tripod with the automatic timer on it, and go back and proudly stand beside the seat while the camera clicked. Maybe he is trying to establish some sort of evidence of being here.

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Well, there are quite a few icebergs in the ocean down there but

I haven't seen any land. The clouds have been fairly thick most of the time, however.

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At Ken Reynold's home eating dinner, his wife, Min, called attention to the phrase "feed a cold and starve a fever". She pointed out that the derivation of this phrase really went back quite a few years when I originally was "if you feed a cold, then you must starve the resulting fever", so the meaning of the original advice has been completely reversed.

At lunch on Tuesday, I ate with Basil and two Polish Trade Mission men. One of the men had been in London for 4-1/2 years and was just returning to another post in Poland. The other one had been in London for 1-1/2 years and was going to carry on as Chief of the Trade Mission. The old timer was a very jovial and very talkative guy. He made reference many, many times during lunch to the ties between American and Poland. He referred to the Polish generals in our Revolutionary War, he referred to many Polish people who had done outstanding work in America, and he referred to the present loans and relations between the two countries.

He told many stories and a couple of them were interesting in the possible political significance --

He told about an American of Polish descent, wearing a big typical Texan hat, who went to leave Poland and declared he had with him \$900 in American money. The Polish guards asked how come he had \$900 now when on the way in he had declared only \$500.

He explained he had smuggled \$500 with the idea that he would leave it with his folks to help them buy little extra things and when he saw how well off they were he decided to take it back out with him!

This story was told, I think, because of the negative reaction that his compatriot had to another story he had told.

This other story was about an ex-Pole - one of those who had been flying in the RAF during the War, who was in Manchester, England, and was picked up for reckless driving and high speed driving. The police questioned the fellow and he pretended he knew no English at all. He just spoke in a confused Polish and finally, the courteous and possibly crafty police said, "OK, go on home". Suddenly the fellow realized that if he did go home the police could easily follow him, find that he had a wife and family, and was well settled. You see, he had refused even to understand the request to show his drivers license or ownership papers on the car. When the fellow recognized this possibility of tracing him down, he said in very broken English, "I can't go home. You know - the Communists." So the police laughed heartily and sent him on his way without tracing him.

This fellow also told about his daughter, who was in a straight English school where they were having a play. The play was a Shakespeare one in which there were three different female characters - all of them English, of course, but the girls that had been given the parts were his daughter, the daughter of a man from the Near East, and the daughter of a man from Libya. He was quite impressed that the three most typical English girls turned out all to be foreigners. He assured us that the girls had been selected for their excellence in portrayal of the characters.

On the underground in London I saw an interesting ad - it was an ad for oranges - the company's name was OUTSPAN - the little phrase was "SUCK IT AND VITAMIN C".

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Just put in what I hope for your sake is the last reel. It is twenty minutes of twelve on Saturday, Foxboro time. I'm not getting as much sleep as I normally do because I am trying to clean this thing up.

Remind me to tell about the young girl sitting in the seat next to me - she's not here right now - by the name of Sarah Lee Jennings from some small town near Conway, New Hampshire.

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Boy, there are a lot of big icebergs down here now. The ocean seems to be perfectly flat - no white caps - but these large chunks of floating ice.

There is another jet plane going along quite parallel with us. The size of the trail has been almost the same for about an hour. We are off a little in direction so now I can just barely see him as a small spot.

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I just took a picture down on the Snaky River in Greenland.

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Background noise is down because I am back at my desk.

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