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9/1 1965

TRIP VII to REDHILL - September 25 to October 1, 1965

Saturday evening, 25 Sept. I am at the White Hart in Godstone - good old room #11. This is the one that has the 2" block under one corner of the bed so that the bed will be level.

The plane got in somewhat after 1:30 this afternoon, and the 804 flight, which had loaded 4-1/2 hours before we did, arrived less than half an hour before us. Those people had sat in the plane in a queue for 4 to 4-1/2 hours.

Nobby and Jan were there to meet me and everything went quite smoothly through customs. I had to wait an inordinate amount of time for my bag to come through, but when I did get it I looked at the 6 queues lined up in front of the Customs inspectors then walked down to the far end of the counter only to find some people scrubbing the floor and thereby keeping a large section of counter empty. They had just finished so I put my bags on the counter and the Customs inspector, just finishing with the man to my left, moved on to me and in one minute I was out.

Before I left the terminal I changed Travellers Cheques into Pounds and the fee was 1/7 for \$50. worth of Trav. Cheques.

I also went over to the Pan Am counter to reconfirm. They have a computer system, so the girl typed in my name and the flight number and date. The computer came back and said, "Bradner? Never heard of him." Then quickly said, "Just a moment, we will look another place." After a few moments the talk-back typewriter started chattering away, explaining that they had found my reservation and it was in order and I was reconfirmed. The girl then typed in my local address where I could be reached fed that in the computer and let me go. (The computer probably

didn't say exactly what I said, but the reaction of the girl to what the computer said was truly represented by my words.)

Rode over to Nobby's apartment, sat around a while and talked, then came over here to the White Hart where there was no possibility of eating space in the dining-room so we had a very nice meal in the snack bar - I think I prefer that to the big fancy dinner up front anyhow. For instance, they don't try to force wine on you.

Rain storms move fast across the North Atlantic. The captain had told us in New York that the weather in London was not too bad, in fact the rain might stop before we got there. When we got here it was just barely drizzling but by the time we got over to Nobby's it was starting to rain a little harder and while we were there it rained torrentially, just like it had at the Kennedy airport last night. It is still a pretty heavy drizzle, so maybe I won't be able to do much walking around in the morning before Nobby's planned arrival at 10:30 to 11:00.

Sunday morning, 26 Sept. It has turned out to be scattered clouds - or scattered clear sky - kind of half and half. Certainly a lot better than yesterday.

Just got back from breakfast. A very helpful and conscientious waiter - another one of the Italians that they have here - the only problem was I guess he had never come across a person who only wanted grapefruit juice, toast and cold milk for breakfast. He came back a couple of times to find out if I wanted bacon-egg. Then he tried to force some more toast on me. And the cold milk -

he didn't know quite how to handle that so he ended by brining a pitcher of milk and insisting that I drink it out of the little demi-tasse size coffee cups that they had. Perfectly possible to do it so I got plenty of milk.

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A lot of foot traffic on the path up along the side of the Godstone Town Hall - many people going to the Godstone church. This path goes along side a pond behind the White Hart Inn. This pond now belongs to a Naturalists society and it was sure full of birds - swans, ducks, one bird I didn't recognize - acted very much like a duck but seemed to be quite a bit fatter; very dark grey and a very white face which shown brightly in the now cloudless sunny day. The path was also lined with blackberry bushes and I'm beginning to get confused. These blackberries are just becoming ripe - many red ones and a few luscious black ones. As I go along it looks like spring. Flower gardens with fully blooming flowers, birds singing like they have been suppressed all winter, I will admit the trees have much heavier foliage than in the spring. Everything is so bright and green - almost every lawn is perfectly trimmed with no dead grass at all. This is certainly beautiful country. Looking across a field that has been recently mowed, bright green knoll and wooded spots every where - not even a hint of a colored leaf - all the various tones of green, no browns and of course no yellows or reds. As I walk along this narrow paved shoulder beyond the curb on a main highway, a car just pulled up and stopped, "Excuse me, is this the A-25?" I think it is but I decided the best thing to do is to be honest and say I was a complete stranger and I was sorry

but I couldn't give him the answer.

This shoulder is so narrow I must continually brush the wet bramble hedge to keep my shoulder away from the curb line. The busses have flush tires so they can't overhang, but the trucks, some of them, hang over a little bit as they rush by. Unfortunately this is only on the left side so I must be walking with the traffic and I can't see them coming.

In the sky there is an airplane doing all sorts of acrobatics, as I watch it I notice it is a bi-plane. He is putting it into power stalls, barrel rolls, loops, now he is flying upside down rolled slowly over to the right side up. He really does like to fly upside down. He came out of one of those power stalls upside down, dove toward the ground, and pulled out of it levelling off still upside down. There he goes the second time - a long dive to get speed, then climbing right straight up until the plane stalled in a straight vertical line. He is able to drop it out without going into a spin - so far he has been!

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I just came to an intersection - it isn't A25 it is A22.

I decided to get off the main road and took this one toward

Blechingly. I ought to be able to get a footpath somewhere here. that

~~It~~/will take me back towards Godstone. Just stopped to talk to a man along the road. Asked him about a footpath to Godstone. He said, "You better stay to the road, footpaths are mighty wet. They aren't trod like they used to be, you know. People all take to wheels these days."

I was supposed to meet Nobby at 10:30 or 11:00. Started out about 9 o'clock and just noticed it is 10:30 and I am still a long way from Godstone. I'm up on the hill that Basil first brought me to - or rather that I first came to and then Basil brought me the next day. It is a beautiful sight from up here but I've got to get back to Godstone. Well, it is down hill all the way so I guess I can make fairly good time. Just saw a few Brown leaves on one branch of the beech tree - maybe it is dying rather than fall or autumn, but I can't be sure.

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Nobby tells me that the birds I talked about before are called moor hens. He was waiting for me at the inn when I got back.

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9/25 This is Sunday evening. Peaceful quiet day today. I walked five or six miles before seeing Nobby, maybe another three or four with him, then went over to his place and had a wonderful steak dinner. During the afternoon I cut a propeller out of a can top, Nobby soldered it onto a hub he had, and we made a ventilating fan for a slide projector that had been running a little too hot.

Nobby brought me back, sat around and talked a little over a drink, and then he went on back home, leaving me to eat here. If you don't remember it, this is the room that has three paintings of different kinds of flowers and one of a pair of ducks on the wall. Also it is the one that has absolutely no place to hang clothes after they are washed so they can dry. Tonight I am going to have to do some washing and I haven't really tackled the problem of how I am going to hang them. I forget how I did it before, but I'll figure out something.

Now I'll get to my washing.

Well, I got the news from the BBC station but right after that they started off in Polish.

Monday morning, 27 September A beautiful cloudless morning when I woke up. A few clouds are drifting in now. Weather report is that it should be clear and nice until sometime this afternoon when we should expect some thunder showers.

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Monday evening, no - Tuesday morning (2 minutes after 12 midnight) -
Tonight Basil took me home where I saw Margaret and met the twins. The girl, whose name is June or July I think, insisted upon trying to teach me a bunch of string tricks before dinner and then the two of them were greatly entertained by the stereo slides of Japan, particularly those of the Toshogu Shrine in Nikko. After they went to bed I showed the slides to Margaret and Basil. Margaret is now teaching school three times a week - she is teaching art and wants to borrow some of the slides to show to some of her children. I arranged with Basil to leave them with him when I leave England on this trip and maybe he can give them to me at Interkama.

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On my radio I'm not sure whether the batteries are weak or if something happened in transit but I can only get one radio station with any kind of clarity and that is a BBC station that is broadcasting English language programs to European countries. They alternate the English and the foreign language and if I were attempting to learn my German or French better it would be a real help. They say it is English first and then in the other language so I can understand moderately well, but I haven't got time to do that now.

Tuesday morning, 28 Sept. Overcast sky, but the weather forecast says it is going to be dry and there will be some sun this afternoon. Temperature in my room was about 10°C. They expect it to get up to about 17°C this afternoon. The weather forecast uses Celsius exclusively now -no reference to Fahrenheit.

There is sure a big difference in this radio situation in England, and elsewhere in the world. Under the present conditions here I have one station I can listened to and that only if I hold the radio next to the heating pipe that goes vertically through the room. Or I can generally get moderate reception by laying it next to the telephone. Incidentally, this is the room that has heating from the main heater pipe that goes vertically next to the window and a horizontal pipe that goes off to the adjacent room in each direction - and, there has been heat in the pipe for a short period in the evening and sometimes in the morning. There is none right now.

Out here in the parking lot waiting for Ken to show up. The problem at the moment in the weather is fairly heavy ground fog. I can see the sun as just a little white disk up in the sky. I

guess it would be kind of warm if this fog would blow away.

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For breakfast this morning had the same problem again. This was another waiter who gave me a pitcher of milk to drink from the small cups. Yesterday morning I had a waiter that gave me a glassful of cold milk, just like in America.

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There is an art festival going on in London right now - the Commonwealth Arts Festival. It may be that Ken, Dorothy and I will go and enjoy some of that this evening, depending upon what's on and what appeals to them.

There are still a lot of flowers in the beds in the middle of and around the parking lot. Some of them are past their prime but some of them are fresh blooms. It is hard to believe at this time of the year that one could see such beautiful yellows, purples, pinks, reds. There are a lot of birds around too of various kinds. There is a yellow-beaked bird that looks a little like a grackle, sparrows of course, but up in the trees are quite a variety of birds chattering away, some of them scolding, some of them don't seem to be unhappy - but ^{with} these birds and then those back in the sanctuary behind the place, this sure would be an ideal place for a bird watcher to stay. I have noticed quite a few birds about the size of a robin, very fat body but all grey. They hang around in groups much like pigeons, but they certainly aren't pigeons.

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Here comes Ken, so I'll send the tape now.

England
1965

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Wednesday morning, 29 Sept. 1965 I have just returned from a very interesting evening with Ken and Dorothy Brown. We went to a Commonwealth Arts Festival activity that I had called to their attention, having heard it over the BBC station one morning. We saw the program on Nigerian Dances. I used a complete roll of high speed Ektachrome and hope I got some pictures that show some what the colorful and highly active dances. First of all was a series of dances from Northern Nigeria by a group known as Maliki, and the dance type is called the Dumas. It was conducted by four men and four girls doing the dancing and accompanied by two or three drummers and two of the blowingest guys you ever saw. They were using an interesting native horn-like instrument, built so they could store air in their cheeks while breathing and thereby could put out a continuous high level of music ? There followed a long acrobatic dance by a group of girls between 10 and 12 years of age, accompanied by four or five boys beating on small drums, bells, and such; and one man shaking a gourd. These little girls were extremely acrobatic in individual contortion type of dancing. The final half of the program consisted of a Yoruba Folk Opera from Western Nigeria - called Oba-koso (the king does not hang). This opera was sung and spoken completely in the Nigerian tongue but there were enough Nigerians in the audience that an amazing number of the light parts caused a ripple of laughter throughout. It was very colorful, very complicated, full of action and very good acting. A write-up in the little program gave a fair idea of what the action consisted of and the expressions on the actors faces and their general activity gave one an idea of where you were in the story. The scenery situation was taken care of by

large modernistically painted plaques suspended just off the floor near the back of the stage. These plaques were different for different locations and thereby told the audience where each scene was being acted. The only additional scenery was a seat on which the chief sits during some of the scenes. There are a few quite violent dances, and some quite attractive singing, some of it amazingly similar to some of the folk songs in Japan.

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Wednesday morning (for ^{9/2^e} real) Almost cloudless sky, but the weather forecast says we should expect cloudy, rainy day with the maximum temperature around 16°C. I decided to come out and walk down by the bird sanctuary pond on the path to the Godstone Church to see if I could get a picture. There is a lot of very low ground fog, maybe three or four feet thick. I did take a picture of the swans the other day with Nobby, but now the ducks are almost all over on the other side - here are some down here in the reeds. You can hear the ducks quacking away in the rushes only a very few feet away but so thick you can't see them, sometimes as close as 15 or 20 feet.

This morning for breakfast I had 9 slices of toast! The first 6 slices were 2-bite slices. The waiter was very unhappy and insisted I should have some eggs and when I wouldn't take them tried to sell me cornflakes, finally he was very happy when he was able to bring me some additional toast.

Wednesday evening - not quite 9 o'clock. Ken brought me to the White Hart on his way home about 7 o'clock. I had a small supper and read through the Daily Times.

By re-arranging the furniture in this room I was able to get a reasonable amount of light for reading in the chair. This combines the light in the fixture hanging from the ceiling and the light over the washbasin.

at 2 Thursday morning, 30 Sept. 1965 Scattered clouds - promise is the same throughout the day, with temperatures up to 16°C. Yesterday the forecaster was completely wrong - there was no rain. It ended up being a very pleasant sunny day the whole day.

This morning the "letter from the readers" was a 15-minute letter from a taxi driver. He recounted his whole history from the early days when he observed how wealthy the cab drivers seemed to be and decided he would become one. It carried him through his year and a half of learning the streets of London, and recounted the necessity of being able to answer 100% of the questions asked by the police inspectors, requesting that the trainee tell them how he would go from one place to another in London, these places being selected in the most imaginative sort of way.

He said he started out ^{with} the usual series of training programs; one of them was to take a list of 450 "from and to" assignments and cover them with his bicycle, and report all of the details of each trip, such as what streets he passed, what streets he went on, what theatres, public buildings, and other special things he saw.

After the trainee is able to answer 100% of the questions asked, he is then instructed to make a similar study on the suburbs of London. This is not so severe, but again he said the inspector had an amazing imagination.

Incidentally, this is not a kind of test you can take until you pass - there are several stages. The first test, the inspector

asks maybe 15 or 20 "from and to" trip descriptions and the trainee must give at least 30% correct. At a prescribed date later, the trainee is given more trips and must make a higher score, and this proceeds stepwise until the final test is something like a hundred trips and it must be 100%. If he fails in any one of these, he will be set back very severely. The writer did not say how badly, but he implied one must start all over. He went on to describe the philosophy and psychological outlook of a cab driver, explaining why they all had to be tough, and he described a number of heart-rending examples of people in trouble that he has helped out.

A couple of new words in the language - a man who pays what the meter says is called "a legal". These are the people the cab drivers don't like. About 30% of their income is in tips. A man who owns and drives his own cab is called a "mushi" after the original taxi meters which apparently looked a great deal like a mushroom. I don't know why the company-owned cab drivers avoid this title of "mushi" but apparently they do.

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Thursday evening, about 11:30. Just got into the Atlantic Hotel where Nobby had arranged for a room for me for the night so that I could take the bus out to the airport. It is quite a room - about 6 ft. wide, maybe 6-1/2, a corridor 2-1/2 ft. wide and maybe 10 ft. long coming in from the door to the main room which is maybe as much as 14 feet long, with a wardrobe and a desk with the mirror propped up on the desk just in front of the window. Along the wall opposite the bed, which is in the room just as you enter it, is an electric radiant heater of the flat vertical type about 3 ft. wide and 2-1/2 ft. high. Over the head of the bed is a lamp high up on the wall and beneath that a thing called Radio-tel. With this fancy device it is possible to get either light or home programs with a 4-point volume control. The view out the window, which has a sill about 4 ft. from the floor, is the tops of a number of buildings and across over these roofs is a 5-floor building, apparently an apartment house or maybe a hotel of this nature with small rooms facing out onto this open space. The bathroom is off the narrow hall - consists of a short bath tub, a very cramped toilet in one corner and a very plain washbasin in the other.

Harold Disher brought me to the hotel. It is on Cromwell Road which we had some difficulty finding and then this very small hotel was difficult to find. He came in with me. I checked at the desk and yes, they did have a room in my name. The girl asked me to sign the register, gave me a key with the number 53 on it, and said your room is on the 3rd floor, the lift is there to the left. I pressed the button and the 3 ft. square lift came to the floor. Harold and I crowded in with my suitcase and briefcase and packages and got off at the 3rd floor, only to find all the rooms numbered

in the 30-series. We looked in the elevator and it only went to the 4th floor - no 5th. Where could #53 be? Looked out one end on a stairway, which apparently went up and down, but no sign of any additional rooms. Off the other end of this short hall was another doorway - this led to another stairwell but sure enough, there were two rooms, one of them marked 53 and the other I believe 21, so we found the room and I've already described what a ~~q~~ wonderful surprise we got when we got in.

~~also~~ I'm on the airplane. We took off of London Airport about ten or fifteen minutes ago - up through the drizzle and clouds into the sunshine, but of course no ground - only clouds.

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Well, I went clear down to the basement of the Atlantic Hotel and found breakfast. The problem in England is not so much understanding English, its getting understood by the Italians or Spaniards who are working in the restaurants and dining-rooms. Guess I'll have to learn enough Italian and Spanish so that I can at least order breakfast without too much of a struggle. I had to go over the cold milk situation about 4 times to avoid getting coffee or tea, and again it was hard to impress upon the waitress that I did not want bacon and eggs.

This Pan Am flight is not too heavily loaded, although at the present I can only see one person who has a triple - it is a fairly old lady across the aisle from me and I am sure she is not going to make use of it. But I am fortunate, I did get a window seat and there is only one other person and she is in the aisle seat. Also an old lady who just came in from Lebanon and is very tired. she can hardly keep her eyes open - I think she is trying to

stay awake until lunch, which was just promised.

I just got a cup of gingerale. It is an interesting new version of a hot and cold cup. It is more or less standard paper cup with a wrap on the outside in the middle of a thin cellular plastic insulating layer.

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a(30) Back at the Atlantic Hotel, just after breakfast, I told the man at the desk I would like to have a taxi at 8:25 to go to the airport bus terminal. He mumbled something about his bus boy taking care of it so I went on up, finished packing, came down and as I paid the bill he realized that the bus boy had not taken care of the cab. He went out with me on the street and tried to wave down some taxis but they were all ordered. He said something cryptic about helping me over to the stand, picked up my large bag and started across the street. When I rounded the corner I noticed the BEA bus terminal and there was a long queue of taxis, so he put me aboard and I went off to the correct bus terminal. Getting there I checked through. This was where I was able to make my seat reservation and check my bags. The bus was supposed to load at 9:15 according to the Pan Am seat allocation desk, but it loaded at 9:00 and left about 9:07. After heavy traffic and rain, we arrived at 9:50 at the airport terminal and the flight was due out at 10:00. We got in the immigration line and they only had one man for all foreign passports. I noticed in this particular place British Commonwealth and Irish passports were considered non-foreign. It took 15 minutes for me to get through and I am sure another half hour for some at the back of the line. The flight had not been called, so I sat around until it finally was called pretty close

to 10:30. We got off the ground at 10:50.

9/26 This Pan Am plane has their so-called "Theater in the Air", which consists of a pair of very comfortable ear phones that plug into the seat

The plane is jouncing around pretty badly just as they are about to start lunch.

I finished eating some time ago but the trays are still being taken up to the front. The man just came back and I couldn't help but over hear him sing out to the hostess, "I need one vegetarian". It seemed to me that was a little barbaric if he was going to serve up a vegetarian to somebody up front!

Well, I got some sleep just before lunch, or rather breakfast, it being about seven o'clock in the morning. (It's a funny thing how high in the sky the sun is at 7:00 in the morning.) Haven't had any since then because I'm trying to clean up these notes in my notebook - I've got a long ways to go.

I'm starting this spool #4 at about 9:45 AM Boston time, about half way over the Atlantic Ocean.

Interesting phenomena - the airplane leaks, or actually I guess it is condensate, but we are flying in clouds and water is dripping down from the top all over the passengers. Some of the stupid people are standing up, even though the "seat belt" sign is on. They are going to find themselves plastered on the ceiling, first thing they know. It is starting to get a little rough.

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(Well, Mead has left us "up in the air" again.)

England
9/1/1965

September 24, 1965

We are just about to land in New York. TWA is still having trouble with schedule. We were almost half an hour late taking off from Boston and I will quote the pilot, or the captain rather, who said he was very sorry ^{that} ~~but~~ we were being delayed but it was a very embarrassing situation - he explained there was trouble with the forward "honey-bucket" and said that he could have flown onto New York and not served any coffee to the passengers but he had decided they had better fix the problem and serve breakfast as usual.

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Well, that plane was actually 45 minutes late, which meant I was sure lucky I had checked my big bag all the way through to London when I checked in to TWA in Boston, and even at that I was so late I had to take a taxi. About ten minutes after I left the airport I realized I had left my coat on the airplane even though I had carefully reminded myself not to. Quickly I had the driver stop at the first hotel and I called back, reporting that I had left the coat there and arranging to check back at TWA in the evening. That delay also and then the traffic meant that I got down to SAMA 1/2 hour late. Mr. Domsitz arrived at the arranged for 11 AM. We had a very good discussion and after he left we discussed the actual situation in all the various countries and finally arranged for the next meeting on 10 December.

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It sprinkled a little off and on during the afternoon. I went over, after the meeting broke up at about 4:00 PM, to Rollex. After I discussed the situation with the girl at the desk, she

arranged to have them adjust the watch again to speed it up somewhat.

I then picked up my bag and the flight-bag with records for Kay took a bus down and talked with Kay and then ate supper with her at a nearby restaurant. As I was heading away to go to the airport, Kay's roommate came along and I got a chance to meet with her and talk with her - not as much talking as I had hoped.

Walking to the East Side Terminal, I got within about a block and a half when it started to rain and boy did it rain! I ducked in a doorway long enough for the major rain to go by and then scooted to the Terminal Bldg., having put my raincoat on while I was under some shelter. Then things started to happen. First, the 8 PM bus for TWA didn't go, on the 8:15 bus the door didn't work right so we had a delay and it was almost 8:30 before we got away; then we got out to the TWA place and it had been raining hard off and on with thunder storms so airplanes were having great difficulty. TWA was a mad house. I finally got to the Lost and Found area and drew a complete blank. They couldn't find any record of having even gotten my call this morning, although the fellow this morning told me to specifically tell them that I had reported it and that they could look in the records to see if they had gotten anything on it. The guy now could find no record, so we put in a new record and this time I asked them to ship the coat to Foxboro.

Then I came over to BOAC - raining hard again - and I had to go across a fair amount of open area so I got pretty wet again. Checking in at BOAC I found that there were no window seats

open and most, in fact all but one, of the aisle seats gone and many of the center seats. The one aisle seat had an unoccupied center seat so I got that one.

Coming up here into the waiting lounge I find the flight before us, scheduled to leave at 9:00 was delayed 45 minutes, and no announcements had been made on our flight - BOAC 506.

The lunch and the taxi ride ran me out of bills entirely and I only had a dollar or so of small change. On my way to the Rollex place I found a bank right across the street from the Pan Am Grand Central Office - a bank that stays open until 5:30 as a regular thing. That's a good one to remember. They cashed a Travellers Cheque without a hesitation.
