

Tuesday night, 27 September, <sup>1961</sup> about 11:30. I'm settled in the White Hart in my old favorite room, No. 10. This is the one that has the radiator in it to which the pipe goes through room 8 as its sole heating. But now, with the weather outside quite warm, I think it was in the 70's today, this radiator is wide open and, of course, there is no valve to control it. I can't open the window too much because I'm a little too close to the street. I guess during the middle of the summer I would have to have the window open, but now I'd rather put up with a little heat and a little less noise. Compared to the room I have had at the Motel Nahaden, this is certainly an enormous room, but that's about the only thing it has got on it. The bed in Nahaden was really a delight, particularly compared to the Old Lusben. It was long, firm and flat. Now I've got a saddle back a little on the short side, quite a bit wider and about two to three times as far off the floor. It is just a different world, that's all. I hope the picture I took at Nahaden in the poor light of the morning will show the beautiful green lawn and flowers. The view out of this window is very picturesque - old English roof tops and backyards.

This evening, at 5:30, Bill Tinlin and Howie Nudd took me from Foxboro (Nederland) to the Rotterdam Airport. Howie came along so we could talk over some of the things that he had been finding and so he could see a little more of Holland. Got to the airport and found that Charles Wragg had just come in from Poland to Amsterdam, taken the bus over to Rotterdam Airport and we went across to Gatwick together. Nobby was waiting for me and agreed to take Charles home, providing he would be treated to a beer on the way - I got some bitter lemon. Then we went to Nobby's for a little bit - dashed off some cookies and milk and the tail end of a TV show I had heard advertised over BBC this morning - the one about the Russian defector who ended up in Australia. We then came down here to the White Hart, checked in, and the girl started to take me to my room.

I asked her what the room number was and when she said 10 I said, "O good, that's my favorite", at which point she learned that I knew my way and suggested that I go without her guidance.

We sat around and I had a British lemonade and now I get another touch back with Japan - they have in a bottle a drink called lemonade which tastes just like kiren lemon - which tastes an awful lot like 7-Up and not very much like lemonade of the American type. Amazing how many of these little things I find that the Japanese have followed the British. There was something else the other day which I'll remember of of these days.

Speaking of Japanese, while we were driving over to Rotterdam Airport there was a Japanese fellow bumming along the side of the road, holding up a very small Japanese flag. I wonder just how appropriate this is, but I guess he must have found it successful before, because he was kind of out in the middle of nowhere and had obviously had at least one previous ride.

Wednesday morning, Sept. 28. Sunshine - sky is mostly clear. Here's a note for Link - In the odd items over BBC they've been interviewing a man who has imported from America some 3-1/2 million bees and the interviewer was quizzing him about why and what the characteristics of the American bees were. The reason why was that a couple of years ago about 90% of the bees in England died off because of the severe winter. As far as the characteristics were concerned he said that the American bees don't seem to work quite as hard as the English bees but one big compensation is that they don't sting as hard either.

Another one of the items discussed was the problem of the housewife buying goods specified in kilograms. The housewife interviewed didn't seem to think this was going to be much of a problem but maybe the biggest problem might come in the volumetric of beer. The interviewer seemed to be quite concerned that the beer drinker wouldn't know how much he had drunk and this might be a serious problem eventually.

Now another item of a man who is going to shortly hit the American market with the mail order service for "Gifts from Buckingham Palace Road". There are groups of gifts that go from £5 to £1000 with pre-paid duty. They are sending out some 300 thousand expensive catalogs to a list of Americans selected by five large credit card companies in the U.S. The next move will be to put exhibits in a large chain of stores on the West Coast, and he thinks he is going to get up to a thousand stores with exhibits before Christmas - with the idea that everything will be done on a mail order basis, and the stores will only be selling gift certificate type of thing.

This is Wednesday night - after eleven - back in my room in the White Hart. Today I had to shift to first-class in order to get on the Pan Am Flight to Boston on Friday, otherwise there was a possibility of a flight late Saturday night to New York, or possibly something on Sunday. Maybe I should have stayed and spent the day on Saturday with Ken and Dorothy and save the company a little money, but I figured I had been away long enough. Tonight, Allan Parritt and Harold Disher ate dinner with me at the White Hart - we sure had a lot of long discussions, 99% of it on Foxboro - they left at about eleven.

Thursday morning, 29 September.

I guess I'd better knock this off now, it is getting close to 7:30 and I've got to really work fast to be ready for Ken when he comes. Yesterday was a beautiful sunny day and everybody was commenting on the fact that I had brought it, although I did know that it was pretty sunny here for the last week. I think it may rain today.

I said that before opening the curtain and at the same time I opened the curtain I heard over the radio that Southeast England very likely would have sun all day, the rest of England will likely have rain.

Thursday evening - Back at the White Hart after a 6-day late birthday party at Nobby's to which Ken and Dorothy Brown and Phil Hunt were all invited.

I'm going to be leaving early tomorrow morning, so I checked out and paid my bill on my way in this evening. While I was waiting for her to make out the bill I couldn't help but notice an envelope on the counter addressed to Mr. Romanoff - and then some Russian-looking last name. It was addressed to the Vite Hot Hotel, Goodstone, London, England.

Well, it's 1:30 AM - guess I'd better try to get a little sleep. The Foxboro driver is going to pick me up in the morning before eight o'clock and therefore before breakfast, but after the amount of birthday cake I ate tonight... some Hungarian thing - torte of some sort, about seven layers each one almost 1/4" thick, with all sorts of wonderful chocolate goo and topped by a butterscotch glaza, it might be called, about 1/16" thick and it shattered when struck with a sharp blow - but it was good.

Friday morning, going on 7 o'clock. It was raining a little when I came in last night and from the looks outside it is going to stay almost like that until I leave a little later on this morning.

-- I am standing here, waiting for the Foxboro car to come. I'm observing the activities of a modern chimney sweep. He comes in with a large canister-type vacuum cleaner, big polyethylene sheet, and a collapsible stick with a brush on the end. The hose of the vacuum cleaner is put with the end directly under the chimney, the polyethylene sheet is wrapped around so as to enclose the space below - in this particular case there is a metal hood so the sheet is wrapped around that and extends down to the hearth, except right in the front, where he pushes his stick with the brush, working from the bottom up, sweeping away up to the end of one section and adding another and going on up. I'm about 25 feet away and I can smell the soot pretty strongly. I guess that canister vacuum cleaner breaks the soot up in finer particles before it spreads it around the room. All the time, in his grimey clothes and dusty situation, he is singing and whistling "Peggy O'Neil" - now he has gone into another song that I don't recognize.

Well, I'm aboard Pan Am 57. It's about 10:25 now. I've got window seat 4F, which is just before the partition, and in the first seat behind the partition in the tourist area you can hear the youngster crying. That ear thing is going to come in handy. So far the first class has only got window seats occupied but we are not finished loading yet.

It's a real damp day, not raining right now but quite heavy overcast. Planes are all taking off without any problem. I'll pick up some dictation on this trip, but I know there's going to be a lot left over. I do have a week-end coming up. While I'm waiting for them to take off I'll try to pick up some notes.

--

We are all buttoned up and the seat right next to me is empty. In this Pan Am I think this arm can be pulled out.

--

I just got a menu. I see I'm on The President's Special, whatever that means. I think only the front of the plane is the President's Special, but boy, what a fancy menu - a frameable picture on front and the menu itself printed in black and gold on simulated parchment. On the menu I see there is a choice of six entrees in this here President's Special.

--

I'll have to come back to this dictation - they are forcing me to eat. What a funny hors d'oeuvre - big chunks of melon wrapped in thin slices of smoked ham.

We are less than an hour out of Boston - got a good sleep, don't really know whether the ear protector was of any value or not because I didn't hear the baby crying. Looking outside it looks as though I am going to have the same trouble as always - won't be able to see the ground at all on this trip, let alone see Mt. Katahdin. When I woke up at twelve o'clock I decided that I would stay awake to see if by any chance it cleared over Maine, because I would hate to miss the opportunity of getting that picture. Looks like I'm going to waste time insofar as sleeping, so maybe I'd better dictate. Incidentally, they are now charging \$2.50 for the rent of the ear thing so that you can hear the sound for the movie. Thinking ahead to the possibility that I might want to listen to the music (and you have to pay the same amount if you want to listen to the music) I brought with me a section of Tygon tubing that very comfortably plugs into my ear at one end and fits not too well in the plug in which the ear phone's driver is located down between the seats, but that's all right - someone ahead of me took care of me because plugged in down there when I got on board was the double plastic fitting onto which the Tygon tubing will fit very nicely, so I went off to sleep the first time with the music in the ear buried in the pillow and the ear protector on the other one. Somehow the tubing lay in such a way that the hostess could not see it.

--

Well, the clouds are breaking and I can see through to the ground pretty well. Wonder where I am now - just a half hour out of Boston. I'm afraid it's too late. Guess I'm out of luck, we are going along

maybe twenty miles inland off the coast and over to the west there are an awful lot of clouds. I took a picture across the starboard engines showing what kind of clouds there are over there.

--!

Well, I think that picture I took was pretty much across Katahdin! Down here I see the Maine Turnpike and I'd guess probably Augusta. I may get a picture of Boston anyhow, the way it is clearing up. Kind of hazy, but the clouds are disappearing.

-----

Finis