

Milhouse Hotel, Friday morning, 26 June.

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This Saturday morning, a very bright morning just like all the mornings have been here in England. But the weather forecast is not good, it is quite certain that it will be raining quite hard today, later on, maybe Sunday will be good. Ken and Dorothy come and Brown are due to/collect me about 8:30, with the idea that we will go someplace some distance away--I'm not certain where for tonight. We had hoped we could do some hiking today and maybe some tomorrow. I don't know, maybe we'll change our schedule now.

Last night, Ted Lake and his wife took me to the White Horse Hotel in Dorking for a very nice meal, then we went back to their house and looked at pictures and talked until quite late so I didn't have a chance to do any dictating.

On the British radio this morning I heard about the Jumbo Jet that landing caught fire/in New York, but yesterday was when I made the decision to change from the PANAM Jumbo jet to BOAC with the VC10. I haven't yet ridden in the tourist section of the VC 10 since the time I came over here the plane was so crowded with tour groups that I transferred to the first class to enough peace and quiet so I could sleep. On

On the British radio this morning (they have a lot of nonsense) one little quip "You know, it would be easy for all the ladies to have that school complexion, if only somebody made plastic pimples"!

While I'm waiting for Ken and Dorothy to arrive, let me go back to my memos.

Ken and Dorothy came a little after 8:30, and we started on the way but first had to stop and do some shopping in the store for food. Apparently we were going to go to the New Forest area take along food for lunch and snacks. We didn't have any reservations and began to get some misgivings when we saw how many cars were going the same way we were, that is south and west from London. Traffic was very slow in some places: bumper-to-bumper, stop-and-go. We stopped at a rest stop for buses near the Cowdray Castle and I took a picture of that. In due time we came the New Forest boundary, and a short time inside we pulled off into the woods in a somewhat secluded spot, I say somewhat, because we could see only three or four other cars pulled out into the woods some distance away from us, there had been some places where there might have been a hundred, that could be seen from one location. I took some pictures here down a long path past a holly tree and another one of the very large tree shadowing our lunch spot. The weather was alternately bright and overcast, but no real rain that we had been warned about, where the forecast had said that we could expect fairly steady rain by late this afternoon and then during the night it would clear and Sunday would be pretty good.

After the lunch stop we went on to Minstead where I took some pictures of a beautiful rose covered house, a pub entrance, and I think some horses. We were seeing horses everywhere, they are completely unfenced, and could be seen where there were large gatherings of people. Out in the woods like, where we ate lunch we didn't see any. We doubled back onto the main road and drove onto

Brockenhurst where we found pretty much to our surprise that were available at the Balmer Lawn Hotel. There was a cricket match in progress on the lawn in front of the Hotel, and fortunately for me my room overlooked it from the third floor level, so I took a picture of it.

Ken, Dorothy, and I drove down to the Brockenhurst Station and left the car there about 4:00, to go on a walk through the woods, (the walk that was written up in one of the guide books). We had to do quite a bit of bushwhacking to get around the large bog that was not described in the guide book at all. We suppose to go up a long over river but there was one section where we sure couldn't go along the bank unless we had a swamp buggy. We saw very few people, except where they could get to with automobiles, I will admit

one place where there was an automobile was pretty remote. Finally we got to South Hampton to Christ Church Highway, close to four miles away, walked along the fields next to the highway for a couple of miles to an old abandoned highway going back to Brockenhurst. The weather forecast had been for rain in the late afternoon, so we had umbrellas and such with us, in fact just before we left the Hotel there was a brief shower, but as we went along through the woods, we could see the sky was clearing more and more, and finally by the time we were walked back the abandoned highway, the sky was completely clear and a very long clear view into the horizon.

I took several pictures along that walk, particularly some large lone trees along the abandoned highway. I keep referring to this abandoned highway, it was a highway that went on to the South Hampton

to Christ Church Highway, and apparently there were so many accidents at the intersection that they just cut off the road and dug up all the paving and carted it away. Leaving one or two miles of almost a perfectly straight stretch - very wide path to walk on. Along this highway we came to the remains of a tree being held up very carefully by a heavy wooden structure, I took a picture of it but so far I haven't been able to find out what it was. Also along there, there was a vantage point from which one could see the Isle of ~~White~~^{Wight} in the distance, I took a picture of this too. Ken pointed out to me that the Isle of ~~White~~^{Wight} is located such that tidal water can go around both sides of the Isle into the South Hampton water (the channel to South Hampton) in such a way that it gives four high-tides a day to South Hampton.

Horses and cattle run wild in this whole New Forest and the forest itself is ringed with fences and all the highways have very barriers which consist of a whole bunch of rails laid across the highway which the animals won't go across.

Throughout the day we saw literally hundreds maybe thousands of horses and I would say maybe 95% of them were mares with foals. The only place we didn't see these animals was out in the middle of the woods. They were in the middle of the towns very thick, when we got back to the Hotel, there was a mother and her offspring standing at the window of the kitchen of the Hotel and after a while another ~~one~~ pair came up.

We got back to the Hotel it was pretty close to 9:00, but of course it is still broad daylight at that time here this time of the year. The sun is not setting until 10:00 or so.

After dinner we went out for a little stroll around the Hotel and before we got back there was a slight drizzle that made us rush back to the Hotel. We look^{ed} at my stereo pictures and I went off to my room.

Sunday morning the road out in front of the Hotel is wet with puddles, which means it must have rained a fair amount during the night. The sky is breaking in the west so I would guess that this would be a fairly nice day. I'm not sure what we're going to do, we couldn't find a circle trail that seem to be very convenient for Brockenhurst other than the one had taken. This morning we are going to get started a little late, because the earliest you can get breakfast is 8:30 on Sunday morning.

My room in this hotel is a quite a tiny room, in fact the bathroom is almost as big as the bedroom. But it is very comfortable and convenient. The bathroom is an addon which you can probably best see from the outside of the Hotel, where they added on this bathroom and the one for the room directly beneath me, but it is really luxurious in there. A very large bathtub with arm rests just above the high water mark, with the water valves at your fingure tips when your lying down in the tub with good light above it so that I guess you could lie in the tub and read all day if wanted to. Of course, this doesn't any of it really appeal to me, but I can see how it might to many people.

On Sunday, we decided at breakfast, that we might hike over to Baulieu. Then we were talking about various possibilities when a lady at the next table volunteered that B^eaulieu and Bucklers Hard were two very good places to go, so we said we appreciated her

advice and thought we would walk on over there. She said "Walk?" That's a very long ways to walk". She was completely shocked when we assured her that was our intension. It was only about five miles and a large part of it is in National Forest walking on gravel roads (forbidden from automobiles) or ^{or} footpaths, all of which was quite clear and it was quite easy to follow the chart. We got to ^{ca} Baulieu about 1:30 and got some lunch in the hotel Montagu Snack bar then went to the Montagu home and museum of ancient cars. We checked around for ways to get back to Brockenhurst, it was getting late enough that we decided walking back would make us get to home a little late. We found we could get a bus to Lymington and there we had a 10 minute wait for another bus that went back up to Brockenhurst. When we got back to the car there was a group of about 10 horses gathered around Ken's car and sloppy licking marks all over it. It was easy to shoo them away and we got in the car and drove back--first going through a lot of nice forest land, finally over to Oxstead where we saw the Brown's new home, ate a brief supper and they brought me back here to the Hotel. It has been a very enjoyable weekend and I hope I have quite a few pictures of the hike and the scenes around Brockenhurst and ^{ca} Baulieu. I still can't get over the number of horses and cows freely walking around the streets of Brockenhurst.

Now this is Tuesday morning, (6-30-70) very bright sun shining into my room. Interesting comment on the radio this morning, in the Irish riots last night a bunch of mothers got in between the troops and the youngsters that were throwing stones at them, linked arms and moved over to the teen-agers and then

each one took her own youngster home.

I'm all packed and ready to go, quite a bit before breakfast, so I think I'll do some more memos...

We are in the lounge waiting to departing at Heathrow, it is an awful mess. Very crowded. Flight departures are announced on very low indicators, at about three feet off of the floor. Just had an announcement on TWA's flight to Boston-- additional delay of 2 1/2 hours. I guess I'm glad I'm not on that, it's a Jumbo Jet. It flew in just when we arrived at the airport.

The Foxboro-Yoxall driver brought me over in his new Ford Wagon. I got to the BOAC desk well before 11:00, but I had to stand in queue for about 15 minutes, when I got there they told me I had to go over to PANAM and get my ticket endorsed. This took another 15 or 20 minutes, so it was 11:30 when I got back and found they had already elected an aisle seat for me, I objected to this and the girl did me a great favor, she found somebody else that had just requested an aisle seat rather than a window seat, and got me a window seat then. They have some sort of Juke box they make the request on, I couldn't see the presentation, but it did seem to be extremely slow, and maybe not too informative.

Another convenience of this lounge, are the conveniently located digital clocks up high so they can be seen from everywhere. My watch now says 11:50, the clocks say 11:10.

It is certainly fortunate that I don't want to buy any tax-free liquor, there is a long queue on every one of the ten or so counters. If I wanted to buy a dress over on the other end of the ~~lobby~~ lounge, in the tax-free, that would be easier, because there are no ~~queues~~ queues there.

Well, I did get a good seat, I mean by that a window seat. It is directly over the wing, so that's probably the smoothest but we haven't rough weather yet anyhow. My watch now says about 10 after 12:00 Boston time. Outside we seem to be flying right in a cloud layer, seems to be the same brightness looking up--down--or sideways, and exactly the same view in all directions.

We are just going across St. Johns, Newfoundland. The map in the BOAC little is pretty good, I had identified it before the captain announced it. I took a picture of the upper tip.

It is very interesting to note that we are just now passing a Jumbo Jet of PANAM's, it is probably the one that left London about 20 minutes before we did. We are flying at quite a bit higher altitude. Now we are cutting across and losing ground, in fact, they are getting out ahead of us.

It is also interesting to note that there is a Jet contrail (?) off to our side about 100 yds. I'm wondering where that's coming from. If that Jumbo Jet's going to Boston also, and also the plane with the contrail, which I can't see, I'm afraid it is going to be quite a congestion there. It must be a question of the wind velocity of the various altitudes because at first we were passing it very definitely, and then quite suddenly they are quite faster than we were, and the pilot has been shifting around up here. Of course I don't know whether he's looking for better wind conditions, or what--- There are too many clouds down there to be able to see the ground or the ocean according to the map, we ought to be over the ocean now--or possibly over Nova Scotia.