

1974-JUNE-JULY
REDHILL ENGLAND-GERMANY-HOLLAND

Well, here I am, registered in the Bridge House in Reigate. Peg took me to the Foxfield Plaza where I took the bus that got me to Logan - the new International Building - more than an hour and a half before flight time. I told the fellow at the desk that I would like to have a seat where I could sleep in a non-smoking area. He checked with the central office and they came back with the statement that there wasn't any such think in the area where I could see the movies. Obviously this was no problem so I was given a window seat of a group of three near the middle of the plane. After the doors were closed it was obvious to me that they had left the rest of that row open so I dropped the arms down between the seats and as soon as the No-smoking sign was off, or rather as soon as the Seat sign was off I arranged blanket and pillows, put on the ear cup and went off to sleep. I woke up smelling food but I had overslept. I wasn't really disappointed when they didn't offer me any food because I had eaten at home. I went off to sleep again. I guess I became conscious a couple of times. I remember once I rolled over, noting that the eastern sky had the characteristic red glow of dawn at 35- or 40,000 feet, but I went back to sleep again. This time I woke up just in time to get a cup of tea from them for breakfast. I had put the Alpen, fruit and cereal mixture that Ted Higham had introduced me to and Peg found at the stores the last day just before I left - I had put that box in my briefcase so I put out a cupful and ate it dry. It is very good that way and so I had my breakfast.

The plane landed uneventfully, almost exactly on time, and although I was quite a ways from the exit being used and therefore quite ~~ahead~~ behind the first people getting off, I was a long way ahead of them by the time we had finished the one-mile or so walk into Passport Control, which I went through with no delay because the group hadn't gotten there yet. I went down to the baggage area. It was more than five minutes before the first other passenger for that flight showed up. They have a different conveyor belt for each flight. It was another five minutes or so before the luggage itself showed up but then by ten o'clock I was out through the passageway marked with a big green disk marked with words something like Nothing to Declare. The Foxboro Yoxall driver was not due to pick me up until 10:30 so I went and cashed some Travelers Cheques and then looked around, watching people. As I looked outside I saw Army all over the place and inside as I became more aware I noticed there were police everywhere, almost always in pairs and almost always moving. When Jim Miles, the driver, arrived he explained that there was a Sam Missile scare and he also explained that he was picking me up late because Allen Parritt was arriving at 10:45 on another flight from the Continent and he was going to pick him up too, so I had a very enjoyable discussion with Allen on the way out to the plant.

I ate lunch with Jim Heath and Ken Brown and saw Bob Wadsworth for a spell in the afternoon. Actually, I saw him almost first since Allen Parritt interrupted a meeting of John Jones, John Bowling and Bob Wadsworth so that I could say hello to them. Everybody was sure, of course, that I would be quite tired that first evening and anyhow I guess all of them did have something else to do, so I was given a free evening at the Bridge House. I dictated the business notes first in the evening at Bridge House and then having seen an announcement of a program on TV I watched a half-hour show called Don Juan. It was the prize winning show for all of Europe last year, I think, put on by a Spanish group. It was a hilarious production with new, unexpected happenings every few seconds. In the final scene a cavalier was making passionate love talk to a nun who took off her cap to display bushy blond hair and a highly painted face. As the hero belted forth his admiration the girl found one of the buttons on his jacket coming loose, so she produced needle and thread and started sewing the button back on, intermittently looking up and giving him back looks of infatuation and then returning to her task on the button. All of a sudden the needle slipped and poked into her lover, who proceeded to wilt down just as though and in fact he was a balloon, slowly losing air. First his head collapsed into his collar and then slowly he collapsed all the way down to a small pile of clothes on the floor. All of the crowd that was on the stage at the time looked with looks of horror on their faces, including the girl.

Finally I felt ready for some sleep around eleven o'clock and the alarm clock woke me up at about seven o'clock the next morning.

Friday evening I was invited to the Higham's for dinner. His other daughter was there too. I had an enjoyable dinner but it was somewhat under strain because the Wimbledon Tennis Matches were on and we had to schedule our courses so as to check up on the progress and after supper

the coffee was delayed for quite a few minutes until one of the matches was completed.

Ted showed me the speaker enclosures he is making. They are sure fancy with four different size speakers to give a complete spectrum of music. He also showed me through his very large yard and garden. They have a number of fruit-bearing trees that are trained so that their branches all are in a single plane, more or less like a fence.

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I found out Friday night listening to the news the/great security at Heathrow, the Socialists International were meeting in London. This is an extremely interesting group of men who have formed a sort of club many years ago when they were all aspiring for leadership in their various countries. Now several of them are at the top. I want to learn more about this because it looks as though it is an international influence outside of the normal diplomatic relationship between nations.

I am now in the Excelsior Hotel at the Airport. This is Saturday evening. This morning Ken and Dorothy Brown picked me up at the Bridge House and we went for a five mile walk, in fairly rough country not very far from Reigate. The walk was on public footpaths following a loop starting from the car parked in Peaslake and returning after having gone over two good sized hills and traveling through an almost forest of rhododendron. Most of them have dropped their blossoms by now but I think I got a picture or two of some of the plants that grew as high as 25 or 30 feet. We carried some fruit and crackers along on the walk and then after getting back to the car drove over and parked in a fairly secluded spot in the woods. We only saw one other car while we were eating lunch. Dorothy had prepared a very nice spread of fruit and vegetables with some canned salmon for me and hard-boiled eggs for them. On the way to Heathrow we went through one small town where they were having a fair on the green so we stopped and found it was a strawberry fair or festival and the main attraction was strawberry shortcake. Also they had baskets of strawberries. We bought a basket and sat on a bench and eating these delicious sweet very large strawberries and watching the various money-making games being carried out. One man came around and tried to get me to take a chance on a bottle of whiskey. It would have only cost me five pennies but I wouldn't know what to do with the whiskey if I got it. There was another game with golf balls and a number of small cans sunk in the ground with little tags stating the reward in pennies for getting the ball in the can. I guess more returns could be gained from sinking just one of the five balls than what you paid for them but it was very obvious after a very short watch that all the cans had been sunk so there was a lip above the ground making it essentially impossible to get a ball in. There were a couple of wheels of chance and there was one quite well oiled gentleman wandering around trying to get rid of a head of lettuce for 6p. He finally found a lady that would talk to him, so he immediately brought the price down to 5 p and sold it. Immediately after that he won the bottle of Scotch. The man that was raffling it off announced that the man who had won doesn't drink and therefore they would pull the next number to see who won the bottle.

Well, this is quite a different hotel than the Bridge House. Bridge House costs 7 50 a night, this one - room rate is 11 15 and I think there is a 12- $\frac{1}{2}$ % added on that, but it is convenient to the airport, in fact you can watch the planes on the runway from my window. Fortunately the double windows are good enough that the plane noise doesn't come in enough to be disturbing. It takes approximately 20 minutes to get from the airport entrance to the terminal building I want to get to, so I have to leave here at 7:40 in the morning. For that reason I guess I had better get some sleep.

I guess something should be said about the weather before I turn in. On Thursday, when I first was here it rained quite hard during the afternoon and again during the night. On Friday there were clouds in which the sun almost shone through but then in the afternoon a very heavy rain. This morning when I woke up the sky was hazy but shadows could be seen quite easily. It got dark again before Ken and Dorothy arrived. From then on it was good. We had fairly bright sun quite a bit of the time. There was quite a bit of heavy haze also, so the views from the hills wasn't too good, as I think my pictures will probably show, but no rain at all. I think it did sprinkle about nine o'clock tonight but by that time I was in the hotel.

I might mention that at the Bridge House Continental breakfast comes with the room, it does here also, but they have changed the system. They put on a tray in the room some-