Jan. 2 -- Yesterday afternoon, we took tube to Westminster to walk Victoria Embankment. Decided to take boat ride 20 min. down the Thames to Tower Bridge and walk back. Boat filled with schoolgirls from Manchester, each carrying shopping bag which banged into me as they went past -- like being beaten to death by sofa pillows. Niceties show up from river -- exquisite cupolas, lion's head mooring rings on river, St. Paul's view freed of warehouses, Tower Bridge mighty over the water. On walk back, saw a church -- apparently St. Dunstan's -- which must have been bombed in war, and is now a park enclosed by still standing walls and steeple. Also walked past the Monument, to great fire of 1666, with its rude last line of Latin inscription lambasting popishness.

Both went to bed early last night and read -- long night's sleep to recuperate from Polaks' party. I began writing play today.

Went to Waitrose's for groceries after lunch, came home in taxi with 2 bags of coalite. We're listening to Story Time at 4:30 again, this one about a ship's surgeon.

Sight just after Christmas: man near Pelham Crescent, dapper in blazer and tie, jamming booze bottles in small waste container on light pole.

Fog off and on the past 3 days; Heathrow nearly shut down the past 2 nights, when visibility was only 50 yards.
Jan. 3 -- Bank of Ireland statement came today, like avenging angel for these months of blissful financial anarchy. As best I can figure it -- and we await the loan of Hans' adding machine to really grapple with the crooked column of numbers -- we haven't been credited with £136 deposit back in October. I struggled with it all for about an hour this afternoon, without accomplishing much except fatigue. Pray for revelatory truth from adding machine.

We went to Raw Deal for lunch, then walked home via Hyde Park. Pleasant day, warm tho overcast; still no rain.

Carol working on boat tour of Holland for when her folks come. Looks promising; we're much for it because it would cut out daily hotel and luggage hassling.

My turn to do laundry this morning. Woman who daily does cloths for the Daphne restnt across street conspiratorially whispered to me today that Princess Ann frequents the Daphne, with that rider fellow. Also, Prince Charles sometimes comes in. Ann sometimes comes in in blue jeans. Woman also told me about working for MacVitie's biscuits co. when she was young; work started at 7:30 each morning, and you were locked out by gates if you didn't get there on the dot. No unions for women in those days, she said.

Another light bulb blew yesterday, this time blowing the fuse in the reading lamp with it. Incredible. Also, phone just rang, with nothing but hum when Carol answered -- another common occurrence.

Starting to struggle a bit with the week; hope a good morning's work tomorrow will get things in hand. Arrival of the chaotic bank statement unexpectedly wiped out much of my afternoon.
Jan. 4, '73 -- A hard workin' day. Wrote on play this morn, perhaps solving some problems in it. Clipped papers after lunch while Carol wrote to Jean, then I wrote to Grandma and worked on query to Aloft. Both of us seem impressed with fact we're likely to be here in London only two more months -- a bit less than that, actually -- and there's a lot we want to do.

Saw Midsummer Night's Dream last night, a fantastically physical production. Peter Brook's cast is skilled in gymnastics and some trapeze work as well as mime-like gestures. High point, perhaps most amazing bit I've ever seen on stage: in midst of argument between Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius, the three of them began scatting about the set. Two doors at the back. Demetrius runs out one, Lysander runs for the other. Hermia runs too, and launches herself wire-armed across door like a bolt caught by Lysander as he arrives, and by Demetrius as he arrives from other side. Other bits: magic flower which passes between Bottom and Oberon is symbolized by spinning plate on end of wand. Once they pass it in mid-air, while both sitting on trapezes; another time Bottom drops it from wall to Oberon's wand, the plate spinning all the while. Oberon and Bottom celebrate spell on Titania by singing duet on trapezes, Oberon finally hanging upside down while holding Puck. Hermia also does a funny speech while hanging to trapeze by hands -- apparently effortless, although it was long enough to demand great stamina. Finale of court entertainment by the laborers was a spirited clog dance, Snout (?) playing tune on spoons, another of the men flying
Jan. 4 cont. -- to be caught overhead, ballet style, by the very powerful Snug. Just before, Snug was mock-ferocious lion getting out of hand, scattering the cast and hurling cushions into air out over audience.

Visual effects simple but stunning: stage like white arena, with cast members -- fairies or whatever -- wandering and watching along the top. Two doors at back, and ladders at sides, plus swinging effects Carol described in letter to Jean. For forest wilds, coils of metal wrought cast with great fishing poles; magical effects of fairies suggested by poly tubing they made into hoops and other shapes.

Brook's interp full of magic. Puck, for ex, was a trifle dimwitted but antic -- great feeling of spriteness. Bottom's enchantment included his sitting on powerful Snug's shoulders, while Snug's arm rose between his legs like mammoth penis.

Carol adds: remarkable thing about Hermia's trapeze speech was use of feet while hands were immobilized; she conveyed modesty, anger, etc. with gestures of feet. Also points out Brook's talent for making ordinary lines remarkable thru inflection or timing, as when Oberon's line, a raised-eyebrow "...nymph?" summed up Helena's manhungry scurrying.

Phone just rang; woman in northern accent said "Aw think aw've the wrong noomber."

On way to Aldwych last night, we went past demonstration at Covent Garden by anti-Common Marketeers. Queen and PM were to be on hand for Fanfare For Europe festivities inside. Couple of hundred chanting on east
Jan. 4 cont. -- side of Bow St., opposite front of Covent Garden. Most were proto-Nazi National Front, but also a few black and Third World protestors mixed in. Placards read: Funfair for the rich, Unfair for the Poor; Heath Out -- Powell In. An effigy of Heath hung above one section of demonstrators; streets were clotted thick under brightness of lighted Union Jacks hanging from front of theatre. Great lines of quiet bobbies, and pairs of them at every corner for blocks around.

Jan. 6 -- Worked on play this morn, writing synopsis. Tough to get all elements I want into logical set of scenes, but interesting thing about this sort of writing is how much the writer is in command.

Milkman's son came to collect today, said bills was "poun' firty nine." Going up stairs he spotted Leonie's immense clock face, said "cor! 'oo myde tha'?"

We went to Hampstead yesterday, when the day showed some blue sky. Walked Hampstead Heath to Golders Green Park; hilly, but not enough to replace home. Outraged gander stood inside fence of small zoo and squawked at everything passing. After circuit of park, strolled town of Hampstead a bit. Bigger homes, much more prosperous; much red brick. Had lunch at pub, The Cruel Sea; I tried mustard on sausages, and probably am hooked.
Jan. 8 -- Still no rain, but no sun for some days either. Looks like dusk outside all day long.

**Quiet Sunday,** reading papers and stroll around the Serpentine. Hans and Leonie invited us up for drinks and to talk about a Holland trip. Hans pointed out the boat trip we'd considered wastes a lot of time zigzagging back and forth. Carol will look for alternatives.

Friday night, the 6th, went to Peter Ustinov's play *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife,* at just opened New London theater. Theatre is lovely, not a bad seat in the house, and good human use of concrete. But in a L2 million theatre, they still pin the cloakroom tickets to the coats, most cumbersome method possible. Play itself was overly long, needing tightening in both acts. Very complex production, with many costume changes. Some good performances from Peter and Tamara Ustinov and Brian Bedford. Good single lines: in the next war we'll all be unknown soldiers; and inventor showing French revolutionaries his new five-head guillotine, mentions kingpins -- "Kingpins?" rebels ask threateningly -- "people's pins" he amends.

Note on this apartment: like a warren underground, with pipes and wiring coming out of walls at odd places like roots, cutting across corners, disappearing midway across wall.

From J. Johnson (?) Abraham's book on adventures as ship's surgeon in 1905, as done on Radio 4's Story Time last week: while ship at anchor in Japanese port, man with telegram came aboard, drew himself up, and presented it with the shout: "I am the post office!"
Jan. 10 -- Is it Eiseley? -- "In a time of frost, seek a minor sun"? This morning a black and white cat is camped on our skylight, over the minor sun of the back ceiling light. Through the frosted glass, parts of him are blurred and indistinct; as he licks his paws, his head bobs into and then out of focus, a sort of odd half-ghostly pet making a place for himself in the London January. Carol remarks that at home I have squirrels by the window, and here a cat on the ceiling...

I was under the weather yesterday afternoon, suddenly losing energy just before noon and snuffling around with leaky nose and nasal drip. Slept and read most of afternoon, went to bed early when my eyes played out. Better this morning.

Yet another light bulb blew a day or so ago, in the grotesque big reading lamp in the livingroom. And whenever an appliance light of the sort goes, so does the fuse in the plug -- at 4 p. each, and the taking apart of the entire plug to put in new fuse.

Went to Albert Hall Monday night for Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Good distinct tones; program included Brahms Haydn Variations (St. Anthony Chorale), which starts with NU's alma mater music.
Jan. 12 -- Chill damp weather, which seeps into the apartment. Hate to imagine what it would be like without weatherstripping. Hans and Leonie hosted us for dinner last night, and we ate in the living room because their kitchen is so cold -- in a house which costs about £L35,000. Hans weather stripped everything when they moved in a year ago, then the painters came and tore it all off. Their rooms have ceilings at least 11 feet high.

Pleasant dinner with them; Leonie fixed Indonesian dishes for us. Said when she was growing up in Indonesia her family had 8 servants -- considered a low number. Their dining room table is lit by handsome kerosene lamps, and as Carol has noted, the room fills with an intimate Dutch light, straight out of Rembrandt.

Four of us walked to Albert Hall for the Stokowski concert. S. shuffles to podium, but once there, conducts very firmly and impressively. He is 90. Hall was nearly filled, and he conducted 3 encores.

Talking with Hans on way home, learned he conducts his business in English, French, and German. Says he has no trouble keeping them straight, though the German needs constant workout or it fades. Also said he has rented apartment rather than office space for Rockwell Standard, his company, because of enormously high office rents here. He gets the apartment for about half what comparable office space would cost -- about £2.50/sq ft against £5. His colleague in Geneva tells him they're renting office there for 50p./sq ft -- while space nearer the City of London runs up towards £10.

Carol worked on schedule for rest of our stay, and visit to Switzerland and Austria. Now to see how it works out.
Jan. 12 -- Day of last diary entry, we went to Pizza Resistance, nr S. Ken station, for pizza lunch. Made me feel much better, going far to snap me out of minor bug of some sort.

Jan. 16--Day dawned bright and clear, so we went to RAF museum at Hendon. Fine new museum, with galleries and balconies built around two big hangars. Assortment of planes from early flimsy little Bleriots to jets. Remarkably, some are the only ones of the kind left -- including a Lancaster bomber, S for Sugar. Except for perhaps the big Lancaster and the modern jets, the old hardware doesn't really seem dangerous, doesn't seem like utensils of war. Instead, it's rather poignant; the notion of men going to war in those frail machines takes away attention from war itself.

My turn for the laundry this morning. The usual laundry was closed because of boiler breakdown; went to the one on Brompton Road, and 1st machine I tried wouldn't work and gyped me of 25 p.

Other housekeeping: fluorescent light in kitchen went out on Sunday. Luckily, Hans was home just before a trip, and produced a replacement.

Yesterday we began sorting clippings and re-reading. Carol will tape sample news programs the next few days.

Big news: book contract on its way from Hayden, and invite from Scribner's to talk over Matter of Facts. Bolsters me immensely.

To catch up: Friday the 12th, we went to law court to sit in on criminal trial.
Jan. 17 -- Catching up cont.: Attendant in court building -- a new part of law courts complex near Old Bailey -- was gabby and told us about threatening letters that come in and deranged hangers-on. The withdrawn English indeed. In the courtroom, public sits in balcony. Looking down at the lawyers in their wigs, combinations of long crew cut and twin pigtails down back, is oddly like looking at the marrow of a huge bone. I described court and case more fully in letter to Rodens.

Sat. the 13th, we walked through Hyde Park to Bayswater. Strolled area near Paddington Station, which is crammed with minax hotels. Many of them have names apparently meant to snare newcomers to London, such as Western Countries Hotel.

Sunday we took the underground to the Tower, and went across Tower Bridge to walk in dockland -- Bermondsey. Many unused warehouses along south bank of Thames, with sold signs which are marks of property developers. Area is mix of work and housing. We walked for at least two hours, around bend of river at Rotherhithe. A couple of small riverbank parks, but otherwise no amenities at all. Walk is interesting for range of businesses -- leather, huge Courage brewery, old East India firms -- but the housing is depressing.

Carol went out and rented tape recorder today, heavy damn thing I'm surprised she could lug home. I wrote to Prices in Zurich; we hope we're getting that trip planned.

Many wrong number calls; two in the past three days, for instance.
Jan. 20 -- Have been media reviewing past several days. I've written notes on 8 of the dailies by now, have Guardian and Times to go. Mass of clippings coming under control. Carol has written letters to sources she wants to talk to.

Weather has gone bad, though not wretched. Raw and damp, with splutters of snow amidst last night's rain, but not much rain today. Christmas cards and letters continued to catch up with us; heard from Ralph Johnson and John Prestbo, among others.

Saw Willie Rough at Shaw Theatre last night -- excellent. Some great scenes: crowd in bar all wearing spectacles after raiding "German" optician's shop; one-legged man balancing on top of table to make speech. Heavy Scots argot to cut through -- one reviewer said he thought the World Theatre season of foreign language plays had started early -- but we got accustomed, and savvied most of it.

Odds seem suspended this winter: I had that weird incident of being struck on chin, Bank of Ireland inexplicably has lost travel checks we deposited, and last night at play Bill and Sybil Rankine, of Boxing Day at Wintersgill's, sat 2 seats from us. We hadn't seen them, but Bill came up at intermission and asked how we liked play. Told him we were glad to see him, we needed a translator; Bill himself has thick Glaswegian burr which we sometimes can't follow.
Jan. 24 -- Wintersgills to come last night for supper and Beckett plays at Royal Court, but Donald phoned just before noon to say his mother had had a stroke that morning. Carol and I used two of the tickets last night; Albert Finney was fine in Krapp's Last Tape, memorable slap-slap of his carpet slippers as he pottered around the room. Not I, 12 minutes of rapid-fire monologue from a spotlighted mouth, was very hard to grasp, but an amazing performance by actress Billie Whitelaw, who machineguns out the words with great drama and nary a fumble.

John Mortimer's A Voyage Round My Father was on TV when we got home. Good line from indolent teacher showing boy how to sing to basic 3 chords on ukelele: sing through the back of your nose, and everyone will think you once crossed the States by train.

No solution from Bank of Ireland yet on our lost travelers checks. Carol will phone this morning and get them by the throat. What had seemed a banking setup so easy-going it was funny is a lot less humorous now; not only are the checks missing without a trace, but we haven't had word about Carol's Dec. check being deposited in Larne. Bad news, which is taking a lot of time and mess. I've had some allergy past couple of days, starting with terrific sneezing spell Monday afternoon.

Leonie invited us up for tea and drinks Sunday night, with Lynn, Fernando and Ria. Since Fernando is Chilean, Ria is Dutch, and they live in England, they wanted a name for their boy which would fit all three languages and came up with Sebastian. Reminds me that John Chadwick, the British management consultant we met at the New Year's party, describes his Anglo-American children as
Jan. 24 -- "hawf-and-half".

Sunday we walked along Thames west to World's End, where immense high-rise housing complex going up. Just beyond the north bank of the Thames is as industrial as the south, with some grim row-houses. Came back and had lunch at Pizza Resistance; we laugh that it's taken a trip to London to revive our taste for pizza.

Monday was bright and beautiful, the sunniest January day here since records began in 1940. I walked up to Kensington library to turn in books for new ones. Spent some time looking into history of Egerton Crescent. Discover something curious about the library every time I go: this time it was that while the library has a Persian collection, it doesn't have Time or Newsweek.

Some hilarious features on BBC TV news the past week or so. Among them, the couple who own a dog -- boxer, I think -- who weighs 19 stone; the baker and his wife who live in a huge manor house they've bought and restored; man who hoes weeds from ancient Roman road, and amuses himself on the lonely moors by imitating barnyard sounds and locomotives. And on Radio 4 Pick of the Week, antiques expert talked about sideboards which had pull-out potties so gents wouldn't have to leave room as they sat around drinking.

Last Friday was conclusion of ten-part version of Tono Bungay on Radio 4 Story Time. We've gotten addicted; Tono Bungay was especially good for mimicking of accents.

Pieces of London to be remembered: enormous escalators out of underground -- or the sardining onto elevator at South Ken.
Jan 28 -- Weather continues splendid; today is balmy, made for pleasant stroll around Serpentine and to Albert Memorial. Walked home past Albert Hall; near it, Royal College of Organists and other vintage buildings are tucked away like grand eccentric aunts, stylishly and a bit dottily living in The Time Before. One of my favorite parts of London.

Fine trip to Kent and Surrey. Left on Thursday morning, by train to Canterbury, 1½ hours. Rented a Triumph from Godfrey-Davis, cumbersome procedure and it turned out we didn't much like the car, which bucked when slowed to 30 mph. Headed for Dungeness, to compare with our own beloved version -- and found a nuclear power plant smack on the site, with surrounding area as tacky as Ocean Shores at its worst. So much for comparison. Ate our bag lunch there, then fled. Rye turned out to be odd old town built on humpbacked hill -- once a Cinque Port, but the water level has long since gone down. Good town for walking around to get views across countryside. Sister town Winchelsea also on hill, but it's a New Englandish place of quiet, with big church and graveyard in central green, and handsome houses all around; hardly any stores in town. We couldn't find a tea shop.

Drove on to Battle, past sheep and hop fields with forests of skinny poles. Unlike the gray stone we saw in Dorset and Devon and the tan stone of the Costwolds, Kent and East Sussex houses are red brick, often with redbrick or porcelain shingles as well. Also, some XXXX fences of crossed sticks.

Had tea at the Elizabeth Ann in Battle, ancient shop with one venerable beam which looked ready to fall on us any second. Vast array of lethal sweets in window.
Jan. 28 -- Stayed night at George Hotel in Battle, old place run by Trust House Forte chain. Great Regency staircase, but room only adequate. Walked up and down streets of town, waiting for a pub to open; country towns go absolutely dead after about 5 pm. Had couple halves of bitter at pleasant pub, gathered coasters for Jean. Dinner at our hotel, excellent food.

In morning, view from our top floor window was pure Constable: rolling countryside in the soft English light, feathery pink clouds, bank of fog boiling slowly off to southeast, cattle in fields, white windmill on highest hill. Great breakfast at our hotel, then spent morning looking over Battle Abbey, built on site of Battle of Hastings. Carol took many pics; sun came out, and the day turned lovely. Coffee and scones at Pilgrims Rest, venerable tea shop. Deciding where to head next, I put my finger on Bodiam Castle on the map. Turned out to be beautifully restored (by Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India) castle complete with moat. More pics, and traced out living quarters according to guide book, despite increasing chill. Decided castle life must have been damned drafty. Fine view from castle tower, of Rother River valley and Guinness hop farm nearby.

Headed back for Canterbury by back roads, through more hop country with silos rigged at top with air vents like cocked hats. Turned in car, which was even more cumbersome than getting it; to give me balance of my deposit, check had to be made out, I signed it, then cash was paid to me. Walked a few blocks to spend the night at Pilgrims Guest House; not fancy, but well-kept, and breakfast next morning included delicious fried mushrooms. Went through cold rain for dinner at The Castle restaurant, where we were delighted
Jan 28 cont. -- to get poached salmon. Some of best food we’ve had here. Next morning, stashed our suitcase at guest house and went to Cathedral. Vast old factory of faith, added to and added to across the centuries. On map of town it looks like a battleship. Inside, pointed arches march away like rows of mitre peaks. Stunning stained glass, both ancient and modern; brilliant dark pointillism colors, like some marvelous kaleidoscope. Climbed tower to take pics; windmill on hill overlooking town.

Canterbury a town of narrow streets, with old wall of what appear to be split thunder-eggs, glassy centers bright in the rough husks of stone. Cold wind blew. Cathedral dominates all; Carol said you could see what Methodism revolted against. Went back to The Castle for lunch; shared table with two successive pairs of women who gave us travel tips. Caught the 1:38 train back to London.

Good news in the waiting mail: Smithsonian editor says rejecting the Swan article was all an error. I'm still not very mollified.

Jan. 30 -- Went to Hayward Gallery in new arts complex on the South Bank yesterday, to see impressionist paintings of London. Mostly by Monet, who did several studies of Charing Cross bridge and Parliament. Gallery also has display of staging of The Romans, Shakespeare’s 4 Roman plays at Stratford last summer. Must have been colossal spectacle.

On our way home, had lunch on the Old Calendonia, sidewheeler anchored near Waterloo Bridge. Now a floating pub-restaurant owned by Bass Charrington brewery, had excellent lunch.

Add to last Saturday: we watched final game in tour of New Zealand All-Blacks’ rugby team. They lost at Cardiff to the
Jan. 30 -- cont. -- Barbarians, a combined UK team. Welsh rugby crowds are delirious massed choirs, roaring out their anthems, Sospan Fach and Cwm y Rhondda. When the Barbars took the lead, the crowd sang the old hymn, Bread of Heaven.

Chore day today. Made what has become the customary futile try to use the nearest laundromat, which seems fatally crippled by boiler trouble. Carol meanwhile defrosted the fridge, for what she hopes will be the last time. Next, groceries from Safeway.

Detail: kids here don't have watches. Was asked the time by a schoolgirl yesterday at Hayward Gallery, as several times before.

Add to last Sunday: still another blown lightbulb, this time in living room overhead.

Feb. 1 -- 4 weeks from today, we leave. Concentrates the mind; after dismal start of feeling groggy this morning, I spent good time on the play. Several ideas came, and a bit more shape.

Saw Jumpers last night, slick and hilarious. Michael Hordern is splendid, plays with all stops out in mugging and eccentric gesture. Diana Rigg a knockout as his showgal wife. Second half not as strong as first, and the end really trails off into two endings, but even a Stoppard play with problems is better than anyone else's perfection.

Carol just back from haircut, looks a bit unfamiliar with shorter cut and higher combing. Also on appearances, funny letter from Jean this morning about their astonishment over my beard.

Yesterday was sunny and crisp, so we walked to embassy to pick up tickets for Parlmt. Walked on towards Picadilly, had lunch at Red Lion pub.
Feb. 2 -- Hayden book contract came today, and we celebrated with lunch at Pizza Resistance. Lovely to have contract in hand, with $1800 advance to greet us when we get home. (book diary entry on next page)

We've been getting things done fairly crisply. Carol is arranging visits to Guardian and Br. Museum Newspaper Library. We nearly have newspaper clipping under control again. And this morn I retyped, into full form, first scene of play.

Went to Foyle's yesterday afternoon to buy copy of Willie Rough. New record waiting for #14 bus: half an hour. Next to last episode of War and Peace on BBC last night; superlative performance by Anthony Hopkins as Pierre, brilliant in his timing and gesture. He's touted as the next Burton, but he's better in this role than Burton would be.

After lunch today, went to Natural History Museum. My favorite building in area, with great cluttered architecture which reveals something new every time. Inside proves just as whimsical, great vaulted interior like a jolly railroad station. Stone monkeys climb the arching ornamentation. 2 elephants and sundry rhinos and hippos in middle of main gallery to greet you on entrance. Place teeming with schoolkids, who with their perpetually exasperated teachers are one of London's great floating shows. "Stand still, Jennifer. Come here, Susan." Instructress explaining square little spiny anteater to class as we walked past: "See, he has stickers on his tum for protection..."

Dim note in excellent day: letter from Grandma saying she may have to go to dr. before her scheduled checkup.
Feb. 4 -- Foggy day, quite soupy when I went out for morning papers. About 10:30, we walked to Hyde Park and around the Serpentine. The cliche temptation always is to say these muted days are Constable scenes, but it's right.

Among fishermen at the Serpentine, we saw a large green beach umbrella fixed to a bench, under it two boys with their fur hoods up.

Worked at chores yesterday, finally got all clippings sorted and off the day bed. Don W. called, said plans to go to Three Sisters at Greenwich theatre are out because all tickets sold out. Instead, we set date to meet for dinner in Shho. Last night we went to Island of the Mighty, which Carol suggested with some hesitation, and which I hadn't really thought we'd go to. Turned out we liked it pretty well. It did run over three hours, and needed cutting -- but not necessarily shortening. That is, Arden's material was good, and what needed cutting should have been replaced by more development of play's central themes -- especially Arthur, who figures very little in entire first act, and Gwnvr., who shows up late in play. First act has good story in twin bros. Balin and Balan, but could have been better by drastic tightening. Otherwise, the epic is impressively good. Strong grizzled performance by Patrick Allen as Arthur, with overtones of Burton in his voice and solidity. Poet Aneurin's songs were best of the music, more memorable rhythms which should have been used for Merlin and Taliesin as well. One reason for play's length is good politics but poor drama: dwelling on common folks as they turned up in the action. Play was much
Feb. 4 cont. -- stronger when Arthur was onstage.

Scene from the Serpentine the other day: two swans skimming top of water, feet walking on the water as they flapped in half-flight.

Carol yesterday saw a blue Rolls Royce, vast and expensive, with learner's L on it and girl being taught driving by father.

Feb. 6 -- Yesterday went to Br. Museum Newspaper Library in Colindale. Archaic, but good service. That is, "rapid copying" takes 2 days, and photos and microfilming up to a couple of months. Recent issues of Times and Observer, but that's all; everything else doesn't come until bound, so most recent is year or more old. Cafeteria was hilarious; 15 minutes late opening in afternoon, two befuddled women working at cross-purposes behind counter, sounds of crashing dishes and uproar. On the credit side, we got in promptly on temp. ticket, and order slips for volumes were handled very promptly.

BBC's Nationwide last night had feature on Cornwall men who have restored US WWII military wrecks and now dress up in GI uniforms and roar around the countryside in convoy on weekends. A couple weeks back, a feature showed a minister whose hobby is acting out cowboy fantasies -- horseback, lariat, and all -- with a friend on his weekends.

Carol got thru the washing without problm this morn, and food shopping went easily. gloom and doom letter from Ann N. about flu and Jan. malaise in Seattle. I feel so pert I'm guilty. Working fairly well on play in mornings.
Feb. 7 -- Excellent session with John Cole, ass't editor of The Guardian, this afternoon. (Notes in British press file, under News enterprises.)

Watched too much TV last night (on top of 3 hours staring at Parliament) and had to go back to bed this morn to get rid of headache. No work on play today, damn it, but did finish letter to Mark Wyman and write the Nelsons.

Yesterday we arrived at House of Commons at 2:15 for 2:30 start. Tickets from embassy took us through to room outside chamber, where naturally we lined up and sat down. Police let us in to see speaker's procession, sat us down again, then just after 2:30 were directed along bewildering route which brought us to members' gallery.

Speaker's procession was highly traditional. First, a gent looking like 18th century butler stiffly leading way; next, bearer of huge gold mace; next, the speaker, in long wig, with man carrying his coat tails; trailed by two men, perhaps one of them a chaplain. Most of processional wore knee britches and cutaways. Came down great vaulted hall, turned right into Commons amid mob of school-kids and onlookers like us.

Commons is squarish chamber, long medium green benches on either side looking not very distinguished. Front benchers, Wilson among them, like to brace their feet up against table in the middle. Mikes hang down on long wires, like constant driving rain. Shirley Castle wore pink sweater and high boots, a woman on Tory side had blue hair. Labor had more battered workingmen's faces, Tories had sleeker professional-looking men. Press gallery more than filled for PM's question time; Carol counted at least 101 reporters then, which thinned down to half dozen at most in dregs of ensuing debate.
Feb. 7 -- Could see Andrew Alexander of Daily Mail, who writes brightest parlour column, sitting through it all.

Commons not as archaic as Lords, but still pretty archaic. Philip Whitehead introduced bill for 1st reading, which meant going to bar of House, being recognized by Speaker, ceremoniously trudging length of House to hand bill to clerk.

Anthony Crosland impressive in opening housing debate, good speaker with damning figures about housing. Geoffrey Rippon, fat and indolent, ignored the issues in response.

Feb. 9--Went to Kensington library yesterday afternoon. Carol worked on travel books for rest of our trip, I looked up my list of Britishisms in Chambers Twentieth Century Dictionary.

Last night saw final episode -- #20 -- of War and Peace. On Nationwide, another potty cleric, this one a young guy who does imitations of trains and motorcycles.

Today was sunny, so we went to Kensington Gardens to London Museum, for exhibition of The Dutch in London. Good span of Dutch influence, from architecture and printing to finance and glasswork. Walked to King's Head for lunch; both read this afternoon.

Much clatter overhead by Paloma; Carol wonders how one kitchen can be cleaned three days every week.

Street scenes: man in burnoose the other day, today an elegant old woman in immense flowered hat like turn-of-century illn.
Feb. 11 -- Another fine Sunday; weather has been remarkable. Walked around Serpentine, had lunch at Pizza Resistance. A Margherita each -- Carol prefers hers with artichoke Hearts, mine with mushrooms and anchovies -- has become a favorite. Soccer players in Hyde Park today, their bright yellow and red uniforms against dull brown of leafless trees.

Yesterday was squally and cold. We both read, then clipped papers.

Friday night, saw Macbeth at Nat'l Theatre. John Shrapnel filled in for Anthony Hopkins, who reportedly dropped out because of exhaustion. Play's direction by Michael Blakemore, who also did The Front Page, was immensely better than the acting. Shrapnel was no more than adequate as Macbeth, not really showing how a weak man could kill time and again. Diana Rigg had strong moments -- in 1st appearance, when she plots Duncan's death, then in banquet scene -- but otherwise seemed over-stylized. Dennis Quilley was solid Banquo. Fine bits in direction. Witches ritually murdered dolls, and threw items in kettle by consulting book of witchcraft. One disappears through trap door in fine vanishing act. In banquet scene, neither of us saw Banquo take place at table, so slickly was it done. Battle scenes done in slow motion, very effective equivalent of TV-movie freeze frames; but Macbeth-Macduff duel didn't go well.

At interval, man next to us pointed out Olivier in audience, apparently on hand to see Shrapnel take over as Macbeth.

2½ weeks to go here. Somehow, I'm beginning to feel more ready to leave. Much to be done yet -- details of leaving, more work on play if I can manage it, sorting clippings,
Feb. 11 cont. -- things still to be seen and done in city. Carol said today she wouldn't mind if Zurich trip fell through, as we have much to see in Britain. I agree. But both seem to feel we ought to go ahead with Zurich if all falls into place, as a chance we'll rarely have, and probably will enjoy considerably once we're there.

Went with Carol to Harrod's yesterday morn. In meat dept, one of great sights in the city with its tile scenes and lavish displays, was big display of fish making rosettes around big crab in middle, with lemons in his claws.

Early in our stay here, BBC Nationwide did feature on old Welshman who makes and sells a modern snake oil. His son, a garage owner, is called Evans the Garage, and the old man is Evans the Oil.

Feb. 13 -- We're keeping busy. Yesterday I read Tunstall's book while Carol read John Whale's. Today Carol went to Guardian, talked with news editor Jean Stead and the librarian. Meanwhile I worked in at the UK Press Gazette, looking at recent back issues. Funny offices at Gazette, just off Fleet St. but wrapped around huge old elevator cage, on third floor with The Hindu of Madras office on floor below. Cramped, gloomy office, with me shifting chairs as staff members came and went. Librarian, named I think Jean Caron, was pleasant gal who came here from Winnipeg 5 months ago. Carol met me, and we went to British Museum to pick up our reader's tickets. We now have ticket numbers for life, we solemnly were told. Also, another Doig had received a ticket just before we did.

To meet Wintersgills in Soho tonight.
Feb. 14 -- Great evening with Wintersgills last night. As we walked down Greek St. to meet them at Madame Mourer's, Don hailed us from pub doorway. Restaurant was closed, so we had drinks and talked. Eventually went few doors down street to Istanbul restnt, where Don and Mary went on 1st date. We were the only customers, and shish kebab was good. As always with Don, we had too much and too many varieties of booze, but survived in good shape. Drove back here, and they had drink before going home. Mary seemed especially glad to get out, after illness of Don's mother. We enjoy her more each time we see her. Don showing some tensions he says probably are middle-age strains: some discontent with job, but not happy unless he's working. Would like to land Br. Museum pr job, he says. Told us he thinks next editor of Guardian will be not John Cole, but Peter Preston, now night ed.

This is 1st day of gas strike -- and 2nd day of cold snap. Polaks came down last night and we all learned how to shut off furnace if pressure drops. Dollar was devalued by 10% yesterday, hitting Hans' finances fairly hard as US-employed exec living abroad. Leonie was funny as she recited woes Hans had just told her, while he tried to brush them off in front of us. Lovely people.

Typed notes on John Whale book this morn; getting a lot done so far this week.

Yarned with W'gills last night about lang. differences, and a funny one came up. I told them about meeting the Bill Rankines at play, then said "when we saw Willie Rough"; Mary at 1st thought I meant we'd seen Bill drunk, since "rough" is Welsh slang for it. And she said when she was teaching she learned to ask "any questions?" instead of "any queries?" because students used "queery" for homosexual.
Feb. 16—Considerable happenings since last entry. Letter from Grandma today saying Wally had heart attack. And night before last, we dropped plans to go to Switzerland and Austria, in favor of longer in UK and Ireland.

Afternoon of Wed. the 14th, went to the Science Museum. Discovered gallery of planes on top floor; also looked over collection of early typewriters, some of which had keys which struck down or from the side. Great place, awash in school kids. Amid the planes they were drawing everywhere, including stretched in aisles. One tiny Negro boy was drawing that way, wearing stocking cap and gloves.

Sat down when we got home to calculate cost of European trip, and found we're not keen to go. Winter here hasn't been hard, so original reason of getting away doesn't hold up. Carol has been easing away from trip for sometime, I thought it over and agreed.

Same day, industrial action by gas workers began, and day before that, coldest weather of winter arrived. Even so, it hasn't been bad. Have had coal fires in fireplace the past few nights. Store near Waitrose's where I'd been buying coalite didn't have any, explained he had to take 200 bags per consignment and hadn't wanted the storage problem because he thought winter was over. Went to central supplier, Pugh's, who'll provide only 500 lb loads, and got name of other supplier None close; hiked far west on Fulham Rd. this afternoon to get two 26-lb. bags to bring home by taxi. Coal fires have been an experience; I keep muttering as I lay a fire "Coal wasn't meant to be piled..."

Yesterday I went to Br. Museum Newspaper Library again, this time with typewriter. Different man on duty at reading room desk,
Feb. 16 cont. — looked down his nose at me like Wilfred Hyde-White when I asked for typing space. After muttering dubiously, he took me back for a look. Two researchers were typing in room about 10 feet by 20; desk man still dubious, finally allowed that we could set aside some reserve ticketed books on a reading rack and I could go ahead. After a bit I went down to cafeteria, had tea and a stale cold underbuttered bun. One nice thing about working here is that by keeping normal US eating hours we can always beat the later British.

—Other fascinations of Newspaper Library: soft tiled floor in part of reading room, on which my hiking boots shrieked. Typing room laid out so reader looks into afternoon sun as he tries to read newspaper volumes on rack. Among items I looked up was Fonetic Nuz of 1849, fascinating. And for all foibles of the library, marvelous saving grace is exceedingly prompt service by cart-pushers from stacks.

Today, we walked to Kensington Library, to return journalism books and get more. Came home by Pewter Centre, great favorite of Carol's. Carol yesterday discovered xerography machine in nearby polytechnic school, at half price of other places, and simplified copying problems a lot.

—General note: no fireplace implements here, so I use big soup ladle.

—Have gathered some clippings on AL Rowe since his "discovery" of Shakespeare's Dark Lady; occurs to me eccentrics are more palatable in some historical distance.
Feb. 17 -- Listened to BBC radio's Pick of Week last night. Woman composer recalled her eccentric grandmother, who hired doctor for the family on annual salary, deducting from it whenever anyone took sick. Naturally the doc pooh-poohed any illness as a case of nerves or something. And a dialect expert talked about tape recording people. They'll say of their own valley: "Owh, peeople heeyer tawlk plehn an' semple, awl oonderstandable, but ye wanna gow ohver thuh hill; by jo'ye, thair quair ohver thair!"

Feb. 18 -- Another sunny Sunday, much warmer than rest of past week. Walked to Kensington Gardens. 2 men were sailing model yachts in races across a pond.

Last night had farewell drink with Hans and Leonie, who left today for skiing vacation near Gstaad. Fine, funny people. Hans was especially affable with unusual prospect of time off, told us he's sure English taste buds have atrophied after generations of the food here.

After that, Carol and I went to the Kings Head for supper and play. Food was good, very respectable steaks. Revival, the play, was good too, with much the same cast as we'd seen there in Let's Murder Vivaldi. The two plays are similar in relying on witty language and the leads -- Kevin Stoney, Diana Fairfax and Diane Mercer -- have a good style for it. Stoney especially good last night as the Ibsen-obsessed veteran actor. King's Head was absolutely crammed: back room theatre fills to the seams at the same time the front bar gets absolutely jammed with standing drinkers. Must wedge your way out, and once back in fresh air you feel you've been in a smokehouse.

Ten more days in London, and much to be done. Tonight we sit down and schedule.
Feb. 21 -- Good session today with Alec Newman of National Council for Training of Journalists. Talked with us nearly 2 hours, very frank.

Last night saw The Misanthrope at Old Vic. Excellent. Alec McCowen fine in title role, but Diana Rigg had best line of play, when she spurned his proposal to leave Paris because it'd be "just you and me and all that countryside." New translation was done for this play, and it was a good one, putting it into modern setting. Second-stringer Gawn Grainger took part of Oronte when Anthony Hopkins left the Nat'l Theatre on dr' orders, and he made most of his chance last night with bravado performance.

I spent yesterday in Br. Museum reading room. Vast enterprise, which seems to lurch along just ahead of flood of new material. Main reading room has immense dome, like being inside St. Paul's, I suppose; painted light blue with gold stripes on the dome ribs; the with centerpiece of windows, this makes it all look like a fantastic daddy longlegs looming over the library floor. Reading room is round, with 3 tiers of shelves all around; readers tables like spokes from the center, waist-high general catalogue tables with two shelves each are like hub fittings in middle. Catalogue entries (mostly by author) are pasted in large albums -- 2 columns per page, space left for later entries apparently (that is, left-hand columns are filled first, later entries are in right hand column). On finding entry, you make out a slip giving shelf-mark (long call number, such as 012211. d. 1/13), author title, date of edition, your name, letter & no. of your seat, and date you want the book. Took more than 1½ hours to get books in morning, about an hour in the afternoon.
Feb. 21 cont. -- When slip is filled in, you deposit it in tray, at what looks like a cashier's window at the centre desk. The book will be fetched and brought to your seat. You return it to a different window in centre desk, marked with the alphabetical section your name falls into; you're then given the carbon of your slip.

Most general catalogue entries are only up to 1965, some to '67. Books acquired since then are catalogued in General Catalogue Accessions card file, near enquiry desk. Also near there is subject index; mostly 5-year matching volumes, from early 19th century to 1950s. Entries since then on microfilm cards.

All in all, cumbersome, but it's likely a miracle it works at all. Service is as prompt as they can make it, librarians seemed more humane than at other libraries here. Guards at door diligent about checking entry cards, unintelligible in giving directions.

Took a break in the Tea and Coffee Room in basement of museum; squalid, smoky, and overcrowded, as bad in its way as at the Newspaper Library.

Had lunch across st. from Museum , in the Museum Tavern. Sat at end of bar, and as men began to come in for pints and lunch, what must have been loan shark's pickup happened next to me. Young Welshman behind the bar had hit a 33-1 horse over weekend; huge man came in, had pint, made chat with the Welsh kid and the bartender. When bartender went down the bar, man told kid to wait until bartender was out of way; little later, told him to give him drink and give him the money with his change. Instead, kid watched chance and shoved money across bar with his body as
Feb. 21 cont. — shield. Bartender knew something was up, and was trying to watch unobtrusively. Man pocketed money successfully.

Carol stayed home and did chores; also saw off our TV at end of its rental. I miss it, but we'll use radio more.

A week tomorrow, we're to leave town. Lot to be done.

Hall light bulb blew out again yesterday.

Feb. 24 — Lovely day; bright and crisp. We went to Raw Deal for vegetarian lunch, walked home via Paddington to buy tickets to Cardiff.

Finished revising Smithsonian article. Relief to have it done; was appalled to read it over a few days ago and see how flat my writing was last spring.

Riding bus to lunch, saw man on Oxford St. carrying placard on pole: Less Lust by Less Protein: Meat Fish Bird ... and Sitting. Have Courage. Buy a booklet 5 p.

Yesterday both of us spent time in Br. Museum. I looked up articles on journalism from the 19th c., Carol more recent books. Waiting for books, went up to Dutton's bookstore near U. of London and easily found the paperbacks we'd looked vainly for in several stores. Later, had smoked salmon sandwiches at Museum Tavern. Carol left for home after 2, I worked another hour and went to Printing and Kindred Trades Federation hq. on Doughty St. to buy paperback on Br. newspaper industry.

Thursday Carol went to Windsor to look at places to stay when her folks come. She also wandered across river to Eton. I'd been worried about headache she'd had for couple days, probably brought on by reading; she's
Feb. 24 cont. -- shaken it okay. I stayed home and began revising Smith'n article. It went well, and got a lot done. In afternoon, went to King's Road to look for books, and to pick up info for Clint about steam engine shop a few blocks from us. That night, Chris McNeil (?) of the Guardian came to talk about job prospects in US. Heavily dark bearded Scot from Highlands; said he doesn't want to walk through same door on way to job as sub-editor rest of his life.

Feb. 25 -- Sunday, and sunshine again. Walked through Hyde Park. On way back, 6 horses were waiting at stop light, in traffic lane, to cross from Hyde Park to Kensington Gdns. Worked on chores today. Packed box of books this morning, cleaned out accumulated paperwork and clipped and sorted this afternoon. Still considerable to do tomorrow if I want to slip in more time at Br. Museum on Tues.

Last night saw A Private Matter, with Alastair Sim. He was good, voice roller-coastering and his gestures winning. Play was a bit better than so-so; lacked action, and much of it took place with the four characters sitting around, one talking and 3 listening.
Prof. William R. Hunt, chairman, Department of History, University of Alaska


Wife Irmí is of German origin. Two, probably 3 children.

Book collector, reader, strong "library man". Broad interests, likes people, books, pub-crawling.

Graduated from UW Law School, then took PhD in history under Costigan.

Great personal friend of Bob Monroe.
#1 -- detail of jeweler's shop, Harrington Rd., South Kensington.
#2 -- detail of ironwork fence against Natural History museum
#3 -- statue at Queen's Gate of Kensington Gardens
#4 -- London mailbox
#5-15 -- Lord Mayor's parade, shot in front of St. Paul's
#16 -- Parliament from Serpentine bridge, Hyde Park
#17 -- street sign
#18-19 -- decorative tiles on Michelin bldg.
#20 -- wall decoration, Glebe Place, Chelsea.

#1 and #2 -- nursery school sign, Glebe Pl.
#3 -- plaque on Thomas Carlyle house
#4 -- gas lamp on Albert Bridge
#5 -- Albert Bridge, looking south toward Battersea Park
#6 -- Bodleian Library, Oxford
#7 -- Hertford College, Oxford
#6 -- Clarendon Building, Oxford
#7-8 -- Christ Church College, Oxford
#9 -- Ann and donnish stranger nr Christ Ch.
#10 -- Carol nr Christ Church
#11 -- Christ Church Weddow rules
#12 -- Minster Lovell cemetery
#13-20 -- ruins of Minster Lovell Manor, Oxfordshire
roll no. 6
#1 -- Hampstead Heath
#2, 3, 4 -- town of Hampstead
#5 -- Tower Bridge from Bermondsey Wall
     (south bank of Thames, in dockland)
#6 -- swans on Thames
#7 -- countryside outside Battle
#8, 9 -- houses in Battle
#10 -- weathervane (Battle)
#11 -- Battle Abbey
#12, 13 -- Battle Abbey tower
#14 -- church from Battle Abbey wall
#15 -- ruin at Battle Abbey
#16 -- palm tree inside Battle Abbey, at spot
     where the Normans done in brave Harold
     in 1066.
#17-20 -- inside old abbey at Battle

roll no. 7
#1 -- from old abbey window (Battle)
#2 -- ditto
#3 -- old abbey weathervane
#4 -- sheep next to Battle Abbey
#5 -- old abbey, girls' school beyond
#6 -- Pilgrims Rest tea shop, Battle
#7 -- Bodiam Castle
#8 -- " " across moat
#9, 10, 11 -- from Bodiam Castle tower
#12 -- inner courtyard, Bodiam Castle
#13 -- castle gate
#14-15 -- ??
#16 -- Canterbury churchyard from tower
#17 -- windmill from Canterbury Cath. tower
#18 -- Bell Harry, main tower of Canterbury
#19 -- Canterbury Cathedral
#20 -- war memorial outside cathedral gate
roll no. 8

#1 -- tipsy door of The King's School Shop, opposite King's School, Canterbury
#2 -- East end of Cathedral from gardens inside Canterbury city wall
#3 -- Canterbury city wall
#4 -- Canterbury Cathedral through arch, from gardens within city wall
#5 -- west towers from of Cathedral from King's School: architectural variety
#6-7 -- Canterbury Cathedral cloisters
#8 -- detail of west tower, Canterbury Cath.
#9-13(?) -- horses across Serpentine in Hyde Park

#10 -- our bedroom at 52 Egerton Crescent
#11 -- " kitchen
#12 -- " kitchen
#14 -- near Serpentine boathouse, Hyde Park
#17 -- living room at Egerton Cresct.
#18 -- Pembrokeshire, Wales: town of Fishguard from above Lower Fishguard
#19 -- Lower Fishguard
#20 -- coastline near Fishguard

roll no. 9 -- Wales and Ireland

#1 -- from Dinas Head, towards Newport
#2 -- " " "
#3 -- Dinas Head
#4-5 -- IRELAND: Healy Pass, County Kerry
#6 -- Killarney; view from Castlerosse Hotel
#7 -- peat cuttings on road to Camp, Dingle Peninsula
#8 -- #10 -- sheep on mt road, Dingle Pen.
#11 -- Conair Pass
#12 -- " 
#13 -- stone hedgerows on Mt. Eagle
#14 -- sheep and Great Blasket Island
#15 -- near Slea Head, Dingle Peninsula
#16 -- from Slea Head
#17 -- near Clogher Head
#18 -- ruins near Balleyferriter, Mt. Eagle in background
#19 -- from Valentia Island (Bray Head) toward Bolus Head

Roll # 10 -- IRELAND
Bay
#1-2 Skellig Islands, from above St. Finans
#3 -- old mill near Lake Feeagh, Co Mayo
#4 -- Lake Feeagh
#5 -- Achill Island
#6 -- Carol and Aileen Curry, Achill I.
#7 -- Aileen Curry & Ivan at dead village of Slievemore, Achill I.
#8-13 -- dead village of Slievemore
#14 -- Lough Conn and Mt. Nephin, Co. Mayo
#15-17 -- Yeats grave, Co. Sligo
#18 -- Dublin waterfront; Guinness ship Lady Grania being loaded for Liverpool run
#19 -- Dublin waterfront, adjacent street
#20 -- Sign at Moss St., Dublin waterfront
Roll # 11 -- IRELAND and SCOTLAND

#1 -- Trinity College's oldest building
#2-3 Trinity College from entranceway
#4 -- Bank of Ireland (formerly Irish Parlm't)
#5 -- Mansion House, residence of Dublin Lord Mayor
#6 -- wedding party in St. Stephens Green, Dublin, on blustery Marsh Saturday.
#7 -- Dublin's high TV masts; public housing
#8 -- Henry Moore statue, tribute to Yeats, in St. Stephens Green
#9 -- EDINBURGH: from castle battlement, to Scott Memorial, National Gallery and North British Hotel
#10 -- E'burgh skyline from Botanic Gardens
#11 -- from Museum of Modern Art
#12-13 -- countryside n. of Marybank, enroute to Ullapool
#12 -- Firth of Forth Bridge from Calton Hill, E'burgh
#15 -- Mountain, road to Ullapool
#16 -- Loch Droma, " " "
#17 -- Ullapool
#18-20 -- unloading herring, Ullapool dock

Roll #12, SCOTLAND
#1--Ferry Iona, from Lewis Island in Hebrides, docked at Ullapool
#2--view from Ullapool, east along Loch Broom
#3 -- gulls at Ullapool harbor
#4 -- herring boats at Ullapool; green one is the Heritage of Camdenstown
#5 -- Loch Drum from Lecknalm
#6 -- Snow-covered Mt. Chralaig, enroute to Kyle of Lochalsh
#7 -- ISLE OF SKY: Mtns west of Sound of Raasay, from Sconser
#8 -- Ferry Lochalsh, being repainted in Portree Harbor
#9 -- Beaumont Crescent, Portree; our bed & breakfast house with blue car in front

#10-11 -- Portree harbor boats

#12 -- Hebrides ferry at Uig

#13 -- Mt. Quirang, n. end of Skye

#14 -- farmhouse and Mt. Quirang, n. end of Skye

#15 -- Landscape from n. end of Skye, with Hebrides (Lewis I.?) on far horizon

#16 -- village of Staffin, under Meall nan Suireamach mtn.

#17 -- Wester Ross, from across Sound of Raasay

#18 -- lost lamb, Skye

#19 -- The Storr mtn, near Portree

#20 -- ""

ROLL NO. 13

#1 -- Isle of Skye; Loch Portree from window of our bed-and-breakfast house

#2 -- sea cliff at Port Ma Long, from nr. Bracadale

#3 -- n. end of Skye, looking e. to Beinn Edra

#4 -- "", Mt. Quirang near Stenscholl

#5 -- Uig harbor

#6 -- Uig; houses built at top of fields instead of along waterfront

#7 -- Windsor: sunset from Mullers' room

#8 -- Mullers at Windsor Castle, at dusk

#9-10 -- Stonehenge; 11-12, Salisbury Cath.

#13 -- Frome Wesleyan Methodist Church

#14-15 -- " churchyard

#16-17 -- " church buildings

#18 -- John Wesley statue, Bristol

#19 -- Mullers & Charles Wesley, Bristol
London on Sunday article in ALOFT:

-- Panorama from top of Post Office Bldg.
-- Services or afternoon vespers at St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey
-- Petticoat Lane Market in East End open only on Sundays; foods and misc.
-- Speakers' Corner at Marble Arch for soapboxers.
-- Barge restaurant: The Barque and Bite
-- LaPopote in Chelsea; French, with Sunday luncheon for L1.75

Chineese restaurant recmmed by Polato.

17 Water St., near Leicester Sq.

Shoemaker: Alfred Heel Baft,

12 Beer St., near Leicester Sq.

Functional clothing, 9 Alfred Pl., W.C. -
light wt. camping jacket, "alpko" coat etc., £10-12.

Tweed jackets: Dunn & Co., Piccadilly

Restaurant: Caversole, Kings Road

Leather repair: Gloucester Rd. & Cromwell

Coal: Ross, 16 Gloucester Rd., near Wandsworth

Hotel recmmed by Carol Frey: Royal Scot
Find and price for Clint: Olivier soundtrack of Richard III, 1956 Schwann, Victor Recording (3 records)

Possible London Apt., suggested by Holiday House:
Sloane Garden 28, London SW 1; ask for either apt. #3 or #9; walkup flat.

Fred Olsen suggestion for farm in Ireland:
Ed & Aileen Curry
"Brooklands"
Sligo Road
Ballina, Co. Mayo

Olsen suggestion for car rental: Compare Godfrey-Davis prices with Hertz, take the better.

London International Press Centre, in Shoe Lane off Fleet St.

Thomson Foundation Editorial Study Centre, Cardiff

Montagu Hotel, Montagu Pl., London SW - recorded by Gordon Quick

Guidebook: The London Spy, 914.21, ed. Robert Allan & Quentin Gericham
<table>
<thead>
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<th>Things to Do</th>
<th>Day Trips</th>
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<td>London</td>
<td>Greenwich</td>
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<td>(any weather)</td>
<td>Highgate</td>
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(good weather)

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<td>Brick Lane Mkt</td>
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<td>Leeds?</td>
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<td>dinner, Frey's Beanery</td>
<td>Lake District?</td>
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<td>Post Office tower</td>
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Ballet -- Nureyev?
Symphony
Plays: Midsummer nt. (Jan 3)
Long Day's
Krapp
Behind Fridge (Sec C)
Macbeth
D'Oyly Carte
Sidney Nolan paintings: Tate, to Dec. 24; Marlborough Fine Art (6 Albemarle St., W1), Nov. 30-Dec. 30
Impressionists in London: Hayward Gallery
The Dutch in London: Kens. Palace to Feb 25

Letters:
- Ainsley
- Schneider
- Prestbo
- Ralph Johnson
- Ben
- Mark

Pics to take: sculpted brick heads, Cadgn Sq.
Mon/12
- Theatre tickets
- Rent
- Adopt
- Standard

Tues/13
- Laundry
- Bars 
- Boys
- Museum
- 8pm

Wed/14
- Perry
- Sur
- Article
- Papers?

Thurs/15
- Newspaper Library

Fri/16
- Buy books
- Library

Sat/17
- Head, 6/145
- Clip papers

Mon/19
- Sale Murphy
- Smith
- Buy books
- Write letters
- Eat's calls

Tues/20
- Laundry
- Food
- Old Vic 7:30
- Bo Museum?
- TV repair

Wed/21
- Ben
- Net, 11

Thurs/22

Fri/23

Sat/24
- Beach a Book of London. Talks.
- 16th. 26th. (5th. 16th. 26th. [Mexico])
- T&F, a Book of London.
- Mexico, 16th.
- Mexico of London.
Mailed home Feb. 28 -
7 folders of clippings
personal letters
theatre programs
travel guides

2d box - 2 blouses
2 shirts
1 dress
1 suit
1 sportshirt
1 tri
1 pump
garter & cheese shades

Tweed jacket to Ann
pocket of How Can We clips to Ann

Books Mailed, Feb. 27: Jumpers. The Front Page
Industrial Archaeology in Britain (R.A. Buchanan).
Biggest Aspidistra in World (Peter Black).
History and Dev't of Typewriters (Sci Mus).
Pressure on Press (Chas Wintour).
In Bluebeard's Castle (Geo Steiner).
Here's England (McKenney).
French Lt. Woman
Anniversaries cited:

Coleridge's 200th birthday
Mahler -- 60th anniversary of death
Alice in W'land -- 100th anniversary of publication
BBC's Nationwide -- 20th anniversary "Top of the Pops"
Royal Coven, Edinburgh -- 150th anniversary
Bertrand Russell's centenary (check this)
Read piece in The Listener about global village. Didn't it really start with US export of movies, followed by TV? Earlier traces from print, such as James Swan finding carving of Barnum's Jumbo in Qn Charlotte Islands, copied from newspaper pic. This diffusion of pics hasn been going on only 50-60 years; can't begin to know its consequences, any more than judging, say, christianity at age 50.
My case of shock (see diary, Nov. 10):
the lines of coincidence which intersected
at my chin the instant I was struck. If
we hadn't been late leaving the flat ... if
we hadn't paused to look at a doorknocker
a few minutes before ... if I hadn't been
growing beard, which grows thickest precisely
where the clump hit me ... if it had been
an inch higher, would have knocked out teeth
... 4 inches higher, would have broken
glasses into my eye.

I remember seeing the flying white object
come into my vision about 3 feet away, on
straight line from the flow of traffic.
When it hit, I grunted "uhhh" and put my
hand to chin; quickly asked Carol if it was
bleeding. We couldn't find the wad; it must
have been clay-like.

Possible lead to write about it some-
time: The bullet hit my chin ...
My mind knew almost at once that it wasn't
a bullet, but the body, perhaps because
shock was triggered from the spot it hit,
reacted as if it was.
British as she is spoke:

lollipop man -- crossing mad guard
mod cons -- Modern conveniences
drawing pins -- thumb tacks
way out -- exit
sleeping rough -- sleeping in streets
dossers -- homeless who doss in sts
pop papers -- blue collar tabloids
posh papers -- The Times & etc.
glacier -- pronounced glass-yer
Pc -- police constable
flyover -- overpass
roundabout -- traffic circle
lay-by -- area to pull off road
poultier -- poultry seller
fruiterer -- fruit seller
gaol -- jail
loudhailer -- bullhorns
chuntering on -- chattering? (to mutter, grumble Ch)

from the Daily Mail, Oct. 25, '72: He had served ten years of his 18-year sentence. He came out sleeker and chubbier than when he went in...

misadventure - a coroner's verdict can be "death by misadventure"

whacked -- tired, played out, exhausted (Ch)
tec -- detective
blacking -- on strike against
costermonger -- fruit seller (Ch) corresponding
friee -- sentimentally pretty (Ch)
yet -- to examine thoroughly (Ch)
raddled

bump -- laundry paper, papers, q/el document (f) (Ch)
mug up on -- study up on & (Ch)
woody -- wood or sheep? roughly cut portion, lump
dogbody -- je ne sais quoi, general drudge (Ch)
chemist - druggist
metal bar - shoe repair shop
locomotive - truck
beg - re-arrange & in new unexplored way
a freight business - difficult task - fraught & fraught
a clever idea - too clever
zebra crossing - pedestrian crossing
hypermarket - self-service store bigger than supermarket
wonky - unsound - shaky, flimsy, wobbly
strain - back wall of stage - upholstery for curtains
painter - vellor
poker-faced - stupidly solemn & moodless
piece of cord - wallop -蒙stindice put to as serious use
a marvelous mix - in good condition
shoddy - paint - to maroon; to get hold of dishonestly
outhouse - hell to dry things or melt
stoppy - swag - cannons
busker - hat
scrounger - Liverpool
skull - no good - broken, not working
nesh - too nesh for a Morgan (Cecil): tender
Weeke - Woolworth's
stuffing into a 5-course banquet
van - mobile home
Many readers re-echoed Angela Bell's bitter experience in Ascot when she tripped over a kerb, laddered her tights and lay there with a grazed and bloody knee when someone came up and asked: "Have you hurt yourself?"

-MC, Paradise, a New Barnet
cash
gobstopper
slavery
math
crime
tariff
job
tinkering
out of a barrel
hiring off
squeezing
lead - jail
merry strikes
flattened
hogmanay
real buddy - boogie
muttonhead (drumming figure standing motionless on sidelines of history)
police
shasenach
spatchcock
Lewis column & Permutts
multi-talents: Rushton
Miller, Crossman, Jenkins
Foreign Press

Call-ad rates:
home & foreign news & front p.
Feb. 28 -- 2 pm, and we're nearly packed to leave tomorrow. Mailed 3 boxes home this morning. After Monday's mess with gal in post office, this morning we had young clerk; steered us through welter of customs forms, postages, receipts so efficiently I could have hugged him. Then to other chores: return rented Erika (E. German) typewriter, cashed a check, got haircut. Carol has been winnowing travel files so we'll have what we want but not too much.

Rail strike today, and radio is reporting traffic chaos. Said the West End came to stop at one point. When we went to post office at 9, this area was like weekend, very few cars or pedestrians either. Nothing new on gas strike; mild temp today may be easing possibility of cuts to homes. Yesterday I crossed picket line to go to Br. Museum Reading Room, the 1st national strike of civil servants. Since we've been here, there also have been brief strikes by milkmen and garbagemen, one-day train drivers' strike, taxi drivers VAT protest, and newspaper strike. As far as we can see -- which isn't very far into run of them -- life over here -- life goes on much as ever through it all.

After phoning yesterday morn to be sure Br. Museum would be open, I went to take notes on jlsm histories from 1850s and 1870s, and on pair of books about book dedications. Reading Room was functioning in spite of strike (not much militance there; about 2 dozen pickets at front gate when I arrived at 10, and gone within the hour), tho a bit harried. One of my fellow readers was bent white bearded ancient, poring over -- invtibly -- the Times Literary Supplement. Had lunch again at Museum Tavern, repeating the great
Feb. 28 cont -- smoked salmon sandwich (livened by sprinkling of red pepper) I had there with Carol. Impressive place, doomed if Br. Museum builds extension. High back to bar, about 40' long, dark wood with pillars and ornamentation between the many mirrors. Old red velvet drapes at the cut glass windows, with mock pillars between windows. Wooden chandeliers like legs of desk chair upside down, each with 5 red shades. 15' ceilings. A lot of character, and apparently a lot of regulars, working class types.

Pleasant letter today from Sonia Price, saying they're sorry we won't make it to Xurich; from sounds of their schedule, with her flying to US to stay with Nelson's dad after operation, maybe is just as well we didn't visit them. Brief panic yesterday when letter came from her saying they were so glad we're coming, and telling us about reservations. Closer look showed it had been written on Feb. 6 -- took 20 days to get here.

Note about S. Kensington station. Virtually every time I walk past, someone either is asking directions or puzzling it out on his own. Station is at end of long finger of a block, and stepping out a person is confronted with 4 traffic islands, separated by sts. going in 4 directions (and 2 more just around corner) none of them at right angles. It's astonishing, like opening a door to find a maze there.

A bit too tired to be thinking back over London, as I should be doing. Maybe what I've got into the diary already is the truest impression anyway.
Feb. 28 cont -- Among items in apartment when we moved in was a book of Colloquial Arabic; sprinkle of francs in cupboard; and red warning lantern. Moving out, we're adding to the heritage a map of Canterbury, maple syrup, roll of draught excluder.

March 2 -- Cardiff. Arrived y'day a bit before noon on train from Paddington. Good train trip, smooth and quick (2½ hrs). Seat mate to Swindon was chemical engineer from Milwaukee; had attended Oxford and Aspen Institute, gave useful advice about places to visit in Ireland. Raining hard when we arrived. Used the umbrella for the 1st time in months, and walked to Tourist Info. Booked room there, went to lunch in Castle Arcade at snack place where country music played incessantly (Sts of Laredo, Gentle on My Mind). Then back to station for taxi to take luggage to bed and breakfast place. Big rambling room which reminds us of Miss Smythe; tho better kept. Run by Mrs. Heron, former hotel keeper who is tidy and efficient. On wall of breakfast room are her father's pic when he was capt of Pontypridd rugby team in 1890s, and the six intnat'l caps he got for playing for Wales. Also huge malevolent 1kg black cat in room. This is called Coniston House; at 11 Dyfrig St., it's on quiet dead end next to Bute Park, a fine location.

Learned at tourist office we accidentally had arrived on Welsh nat'l day, St. David's Day, and there'd be program of music at Capitol Theatre. After futilely looking for theatre, we phoned and reserved tickets. Spent the afternoon at Nat'l Museum of Wales. Incredible collection of French Impresnts: Monets, Manets, Pissaro, de Vlaminck, all
March 2 cont -- collected by sisters Gwendoline and Margaret Davies, heiresses of coal and railway fortune. (They also were renowned for art and music at their estate of Gregynog, 10 mi. from Llandinan.) Museum also had fine show of children's art, notable for vivid colors and local awareness. No fantasies of astronauts or skyscrapers here. Also in museum is good material on Roman times in Wales.

Museum itself is part of handsome civic complex, broad park with Victorian gray bldgs around. Statue of Lloyd George in front of museum, shaking his fist. Cardiff itself much different feel from London. No Georgian that we've seen, but distinctive stone Victorian houses all along Cathedral Drive. 3-story duplexes, twin sharp peaked gables facing street, with decorative crowning piece and rather crenellated tiling along ridgepole. Bay windows in both halves of duplex, and bold stone patterns up corners of houses; very handsome street. Downtown Cardiff has several arcades, undoubtedly because of rain. So far, terrifically friendly city: cab driver, Tourist info women, Mrs. Heron, stranger who told us right bus stop.

After museum, looked inside the Castle which dominates downtown. Along one side are 5 towers, each of distinctly different architecture. Inside is huge green, with smaller castle on hill with moat around. In the wall towers -- the architectural grabbag, on I think the west wall -- are U of Wales drama and music schools. And peacocks on the green to boot.

Next, supper of steak and chips at the Criterion, next to madly bonging St. James Church. And then on to the music, one of the great spots of our trip. Festival Concert
March 2 cont -- began at 7:30. We left abt 10:45, and there still seemed to be about 45 minutes left. Music was glorious. The Capitol, a movie theater, is enormous and acoustics aren't ideal; but from moment the 100 or so men of Morriston Orpheus Choir filed in and sang God Save the Queen in softly and subtly, the music was spellbinding. Our favorites; Dy Cor Plant Tonyrefail, children's chorus directed by Raymond Williams, which sang intricate pieces without flaw; The Hennessys, young quartet of harp and various kinds of guitars, who sang one strong song about the slow death of the Rhonnda Valley; Cory Band, with arrangements and conducting by former colonel who led band of HM's Welsh Guard; and the massed power of the Morriston Choir. In the Choir were faces straight from coal mines, watching the leonine choirmaster as if life depended upon it. Some were openly in ecstasy as they sang.

And, today. Great courtesy from Tom Hopkinson at University College; Neville Kros at Thomson Foundation; and Peter Rodfornd and Russell Evans at Technical College. An impressive day -- plus lunch at expense of Lord Thomson.
March 4, Fishguard -- Just moved into the Abergwaun (pronounced abergoyn) Hotel, on main square of town. Landlady has provided rambling room with 3 beds, and eccentric table from the lounge to type on, and a shower stall in the corner. Not elegant, but not bad. Spent last night in Fishguard Bay Hotel, in neighboring town of Goodwick. Biggest hotel in Pembroke-shire, and nice, but too far from downtown Fishguard. Cabbie who nabbed us at station touted the place, and when I looked at room and learned moderate price of L2.50 for bed and breakfast, we stayed. Undoubtedly will encounter a lot of shills from here on, and we'll have to be more alert, even though this time worked out well.

Grey day, but not raining and not cold. Fishguard Harbor seems to be long cove, where ferry to Rosslare docks. Weather permitting, we'll try some walking the shore tomorrow.

Full day yesterday. Lay in bed and mulled plans -- whether to rent car in Cardiff for several days, get on train for Fishguard, or what. Decided, in our sort of mutually fumbling but satisfactory way, to rent car for one day, and catch 5:57 pm train. Got yellow Cortina from Hertz and left Mrs. Heron's about ten. Drove on out Cathedral Road in search of Llandaff and its cathedral. By intuition and some luck, we found it easily enough. Wonderful Epstein sculpture arching over altar inside cathedral. Next, compensating for scarcity of road signs by intuition in general direction, we steered straight to the Welsh Folk Museum at St. Fagan's. Buildings have been moved in and restored as at Sturbridge. Spent most time at tannery, talking with attendant there. A Pembroke man, he gave us some travel tips for here; said he prefers Swansea over Cardiff because it's more...
March 4 cont -- Welsh speaking, and the shop folks don't sneer at his Welsh accent. Said ten of the attendants were going by bus to Sussex, to see a working tannery, and forecast they'd spend goodly amount of time in a good pub nearby. Told us the pub in St. Fagan's, not being modernized into tourist trap, was a singular early experiment by Earl of Plymouth. When Wales was temperance minded, the Earl built the pub with a front which looked like a chapel, and therefore respectable.

Folk Museum is nicely done, with several kinds of dwellings (and a pavilion for cockfighting) reproduced. In the earliest houses, livestock lived in one end.

From St. Fagan's, we set out to make loop northward, in general direction of Rhondda. Stopped for lunch -- amid sheeting rain -- in Tonyrefail. Walked in pub, where we were looked at with some surprise; apparently not many red beards come in. It was strictly drinks and darts, but bartender steered us to fish and chips shop across the street. We went over and wedged ourselves into crowded back room. Food was good, and Carol led the way in happy experiment of sprinkling vinegar all over the chips. Drove on across high hills near Hirwaun, fog and rain closing in below us. Headed east through Merthyr Tidfil and then Ebbw Vale, to see the great steel works. Saw mountains of coal tailings in several places. Also, in little towns steeply terraced along sharp hills, collieries with the big spoked wheels atop machinery. Then south back to Cardiff. Navigated well through the city, parked, restored ourselves with tea and scones at the Bungalow on High Street. Long room, crammed at tea time, and memorably stout tea with fine triangular scones. Apparently Sat. is shopping day; Cardiff sidewalks jammed with people.
March 4 cont -- Bought morning's papers and went back to parked car to kill hour or so to train time. With 45 minutes to go, we decided to go to station and then return car. At once bogged in traffic, and took nearly 15 minutes to get 2-3 blocks to station. Together with slow pace at Hertz office, made it touch and go to get the train. We managed, and sat down a bit frayed. Discovered we were in 1st class coach, but decided we'd pay difference rather than move luggage again. No one checked our tickets. Changed trains at Swansea. Floor of train was filthy, as was Cardiff station, and Carol cleaned bottoms of bags this morning. But trains ran on time, and it's pleasant enough way to travel. Arrived at Fishguard Habbour few min. before ten.

Notes on Cardiff: John Courage Breweries has slogan Take Courage; can add to that the slogan of the Brains chain of pubs here in Wales -- It's Brains You Want.

Night: Rain finally stopped a little before 5, and we walked down to fishing quay and cove. Town truly sits on high ridge, 4-500 feet above shore.

At dinner tonight here in hotel, waitress said "thank you" at every motion. At one point she took away three dishes, with three successive thank yous.

March 6 -- Still at the Abergwaun; no rental car avbl when we tried this morning. Man at local garage even tried phoning around in Haverfordwest, a bigger town 15 mi. from here, but no luck. So we decided simply to stay put, and begin using local buses. Already had given up idea of going north to Snowdonia upon learning there'd be snow there, so we're content to see more of this area. Clouds and sun alternated today, but cold wind most of the time. Walked for an hour of so southeast
March 6 cont. -- of town this morning, thru rolling hills with fine views of coastline. Came back for lunch as usual in pub downstairs -- sandwiches, halves of bitter, then small pot of coffee with accompanying pitcher of hot milk. Pub is comfy enough place, with fairly sharp Chelsea type girl behind bar who seems a considerable draw for local boys. Bar habits seem a bit morose, at least compared with WSS. Guys come in alone, have a pint, say nothing to anybody else, leave. Lively exception the 1st couple days was pair of Germans on holiday, who apparently did nothing but drink and pursue the local girls.

At 2:45, caught the local bus to St. Davids. Fine ride of an hour, through pretty countryside. Good patterns of country, with small fields bounded by hedgerows. Virtually everything of stone -- houses, milk can platforms, some odd barns with rounded tops (like quonsets). Even the hedgerows, which look like earth matted with grass, have thick stone spine. We saw some being built, and they are dry stone walls thickly chinked with sod, and a neat heavy topping of dirt, so grass can get a start. Hundreds of miles of these, long crawls of them across all the fields. And more stone atop the highest hills, which have great rock outcroppings looking like castles pounded flat.

Interesting cathedral in St. Davids. Sits down in a dip by little river Alun. Built of local purplish stone (especially very purple west front reconstructed in 19th c.), it has an akimbo feeling inside. Floor perceptibly runs downhill from altar, and the lines of arched pillars on each side lean out. Fine organ, which was being practiced on while we were there, and big ruins of bishop's palace next to cathedral.
March 6 cont. -- Took the same bus home at 5:45, and watching sunset and changing light on hills, we were glad the car rental had fallen through. Bus itself an interesting artery of life; besides passengers, carries school children home, picks up occasional crate of milk bottles.

Went to pub for warming brandy before dinner, and elderly couple from Isle of Jersey came in with dog. A truckdriver said in surprise he'd never seen one like it, and asked what it was. Reply was that it's a pug; but with its bulging eyes and the odd percolating sound it made puffing around the room, I decided it looked more like some big insect. Turned out its name is Lassie, and it badly wanted water after day of car. Barmaid filled an ashtray with water, and Lassie drank it nonstop and looked for more. The man looked at it, said regretfully "You'll be tiddling all night, won't you?" and got another ashtray full.

Yesterday: weather uncertain, but we donned rain gear and headed east along coast, beyond Lower Fishguard. Good views back to Goodwick and Fishguard. Rained harder, and we came back for lunch. Sun broke out mid-afternoon, and we walked the other direction, thru Goodwick and up hill from gardens of Fishguard Bay Hotel. At old coastal fortifications on bluff top, two dirty-faced boys stared at us while their dogs yapped at us.

Interesting contrast in towns: St. Davids today was so dead we couldn't even get cup of tea, and only one pub in sight; Fishguard is full of pubs, and when we went down to the one below after dinner last night, it was full of young people. A booming business here, and this morning someone had driven into and smashed flat the road sign to Cardigan in the square outside our window.
March 7, Fishguard -- Sunshine today, and we used it to hike coast from Dinas Head back to Fishguard. Caught local bus at ten; helpful driver advised us to get off at Kiel Head, strike the coast at Cwm-yr-eglwys (roughly Coom-ee-ruggless) on east side of Dinas Island. With ordnance survey map, followed path without problem entire route. Coast has endless coves and headlands, like a jigsaw puzzle, and walking pretty steadily it took us until 3 to get back to Fishguard.

Dinas Island -- actually with low swale rather than water between it and mainland -- is big headland highest at sea end and slanting back to mainland. Good black fields -- but with lots of rock -- farmed on it, and sheep grazing in turnip fields. Odd piebald faces on some of sheep, chalky white like clown's face; yearling wethers with long tails. Eight wire fence along part of cliff to keep them in, but wool on brambles shows they come and go much as they please.

No sea stacks as along Wash. or Ore., but some rocks close to shore. Mostly tilted strata like ships heeled over. On the one big sea stack we saw were white and black birds like penguins with long wings -- puffins? Path hugs bluff tops all the way, zigzagging in and out of fields over countless stiles. Only other people we met were one elderly couple strolling a few hundred yards. Much of bluff sides a deep rust color, from matted cover of dead ferns. A grand coast, farmed right up to the edge and with handsome patterns of hedgerows and farmsteads inland. Pembroke is much more prosperous than expected; a plump land of sheep and dairies.

Back for tea time, we tried Beryl's, suggested the other day by the garage man.
March 7, Fishguard — Great lonely hearts drama being played out there, with no attention paid to us. Weepy woman and baldish plump middle-aged man had table in corner. Dialogue straight from soap operas: I never thought this could happen to me. I wish I could be sure you loved me. I want you, but I don't want the responsibility. Why can't you be there when I need you? ... We hated to leave without knowing how it came out. Next, bought the Times, Guardian, and Daily Mail (after the luscious scones and tea at Beryl's revived us) for reading in bed back at room, and then hot baths.

Eating tip here at Abergwaun Hotel: top item of 3 on nightly menu is day's specialty. The others, chicken and plaice, apparently are cooked up from freezer upon order, and not as good. Pastry here is terrific: mince pie, rhubarb sponge. And breakfasts a good hearty egg-bacon-sausage-tomato-toast and tea.

Giant truck rumbled through town square today, and everybody stopped and stared to see if he'd clear all the buildings.

A random: British coinage is ungainly. The ½pence is too small to fish out of purse, the penny isn't good for much, and the two pence is too large, as is the ten pence piece. Nothing between the ten pence and the fifty pence coin—that is, no equivalent to a half dollar -- so for many small purchases you get a cascade of ten pence and two pence pieces. In London I once broke a pound note for some little buy, and got in change nine ten pence and some twos, a hefty and bulgy bunch. And the currency has nothing between one pound and five -- no equivalent of $5 bill.

Random travel tip for this coast: bus travel is good, all that's needed is schedule pamphlet bought at local newsagent.
March 7, Fishguard cont. -- Some of it must be my imagination, but it seems to start to look like Ireland here. People are squarer of face and much ruddier than in London area. Lots of Welsh spoken, and even local English has heavy overlay of accent which we sometimes can barely penetrate. Men in flat caps, but women dressed much as anywhere else -- and young people have long hair and minis. In the downstairs pub, the Strawbs' song "you won't get me out of the union ... till the day I die" is popular.

March 10, Bantry -- Astonished by news of the bomb blasts in London two days ago. Both went off at places we've walked past. Proximity is weird; this is what happens in Belfast all the time, but it's more impressive just because we've been where it happened.

Surprisingly, since we've come to Ireland we've spent the nights in US-style hotel rooms -- showers, double beds, big dining rooms. White's, in Wexford, was immense place; 100 rooms, with 3 or 4 bars, including a huge dance hall called The Barn. Local Rugby club had a "social" scheduled there last night, so we weren't sorry to miss being there. Now we're in the Westlodge, about a mile west of Bantry on high land overlooking hills and bay. I woke up this morning with a very sore nose, consequence of our hike the other day, I suppose. Feeling better now, and we'll plan the day after a bit.

To catch up: our last night in Fishguard, the 7th, we ate at The Bistro, just past the far end of the square from our hotel. Food was great; Carol had scampi, I had kidney flambe which came in huge bed of rice. Dinner with bottle of Yugoslav reisling for under L5. Youngish owner of the hotel above, who doubles as chef, came out and talked with us
March 10, Bantry cont. -- quite awhile. He regrets to see motoway coming closer, which will bring more people into Pembroke instead of the regular vacationers who've discovered it in the past. Told us about retired US captn of aircraft carrier who'd passed through with dormobile last summer. He had six kids, and as he and his wife roared thru Europe on this plunge-into-retirement jaunt, they'd shed a kid in each country, as the kids opted to stay behind as au pair or something. By the time they hit Fishguard, they were down to final two kids.

Thursday morning was bright and clear again, so after packing we walked to end of quay at Lower Fishguard. Had lunch at Beryl's, rolls and a strong clear Welsh soup called cawl (cawl) soup, leeks with several other vegetables. A farewell half of bitter in the Abergwaun bar, and Mrs. George the taxi showed up on stroke of 12:45 as asked. Took us to ferry dock, where we couldn't find a ticket window open. Carol finally roused someone from tea by pounding on window. Next, no directions how to get aboard, so we veered around -- with baggage on cart with hideously screeching wheels -- until we found a gangway. Ship left 45 minutes late. It was the Caledonian Princess, not a bad ship but in need of paint and sprucing up. Motley bunch of passengers: a morose priest, an immense Irishman who was a dead ringer for the young Brendan Behan, families with several kids. Docked at Rosslare just before six; went thru customs without opening bag or even showing our passports. Two tiny trains, a northbound and a south, met the ferry out on the long breakwater; we got on the southbound into Wexford by humping the baggage in a long U around to other side of tracks.
March 10, Bantry cont. -- Mrs. George the taxi had recommended White's Hotel in Wexford as a "nice homely place", so when train pulled in, we took taxi there. Turned out to be massive modern addition onto small old hotel; never did learn to find our way around the place easily. Checked in and went out to look for restaurant. Walked the length of downtown Wexford, discovered the town looks like one of the world's armpits. And no eating place, altho endless pubs. Back to hotel grill, Carol saying she was almost bent double with hunger.

Yesterday morn, Carol arranged car rental, with much aggravation provided by hotel switchboard, while I bought stamps, gathered travel stuff. Car was to be delivered by 11:30. When call came from front desk, I went down. Woman from Boland's agency said car was across the street. Went with her, and across the street turned out to mean back by rail station. Filled out 3 long forms, was told she couldn't accept check; drove me to Bank of Ireland. Desk official there reluctant to give me more than L30 on bank card, but cashie looked around, told me "bang away" and make it two checks for L30 each. Paid the car woman in cash outside -- she didn't seem to intend moving the car until she had $ -- and back to hotel for Carol and luggage. Car is Ford Escort, not as good as the Cortina we last had but pretty good. No seat belts, which unnerves us a bit.

Carol suggested we navigate a bit west to miss Cork; since this morn's paper tells of monumental traffic jam there last evening, this was a brilliant idea. Countryside quickly improved after leaving the scrubby coast around Wexford (Waterford, where we had lunch,
March 10, Bantry cont. -- wasn't much better.)

Even main roads here are narrow 2 lanes. Drove all afternoon, got to Bantry a little after six. Last hour or so thru impressive hill country of rock outcroppings, leading to huge bay here.

So far, Ireland is fine, altho just a bit out of kilter. Hotel rooms which at 1st glance look like Holiday Inn turn out to have radio controls just where you rest your pillow against headboard, or john paper behind you to the left; dining room here has what must be intended as intimate lighting, but is merely dim. In eating places we get tea but no spoons, or waitress standing by alertly without having provided a menu. On the other hand, the laundromat in Wexford was better by far than the neighborhood ones in London.

Also: breakfast at White's yesterday, we were surrounded by morose single businessmen, some apparently the worse from the night before. Gent behind Carol looked as if he were slowly dying over his boiled egg.

March 11, Killarney — Left Bantry y'day morn, and drove here by way of Healy Pass, across the Caha Mtns. Countryside of endless rock, where nothing moves except sheep working at scant grass. Sheep seem to do okay, but we saw some grazing cattle which were only hide and bones. Healy Pass snakes up to point where you look back over long valley to Bantry Bay. Road was started in potato famine as makework, abandoned when fatalities ran high. We stopped at past, had lunch of milk and fig bars as wind rocked the car.

Country less harsh coming down to Killarney. With my nose misbehaving, decided we should have comfort and central heating again, and
March 11, Killarney cont. -- chose the Castle-Rosse, with a terrific view of the lakes and mountains.

Before dinner last night, went in town to mail letter and have a drink. Chose the other big hotel, the Three Lakes, and found ourselves amid wedding reception. Guys were getting stiff at bar, surrounded by dark pints of Guinness. Drunken singing started, with a wife plucking forlornly at husband's sleeve to get him out of there. Bars everywhere here, tho we have trouble finding places to eat lunch.

Weather gorgeous again today, and despite my early morning gogginess from sleep or allergy, we decided to drive around. Woman who runs this hotel recommended Dingle Peninsula instead of Ring of Kerry, and we decided to do it. Chose back road across peninsula to Camp, which took us across $\text{Conair Pass}$, more remarkable landscape of rock, tufted grass, sheep, & high worn hills. Went around peninsula clockwise to town of Dingle, which was bigger than we expected. Found a backroom place for lunch of soup and cheese sandwiches, got a bit of blarney with lunch from woman who runs it and paid tourist price for the grub. Dingle is on big harbor with narrow channel to sea. Sunny Sunday, everyone was out, and driving all day was constant dodging of black-suited men on bikes, kids in Sunday duds, cows, sheep, an occasional dog, and Irish drivers who like the middle of the road. In one of her shifts Carol came around corner into two nuns and several dozen schoolgirls walking the road.

Having come down day's second pass -- the Conair -- into Dingle, lunch lady said we must have been afraid, it's quite high there.
March 11, Killarney cont. — Have seen peat cuttings throughout this area, sliced banks out in the hills. Bar-cafe in Kenmare where we had sandwich yesterday had peat fire in fireplace, which was throwing good heat, but seemed even smokier than soft coal.

After Dingle, drove loop around end of the peninsula, to Slea Head. Spectacular scenery from road above high sea cliffs. Stone fences snake all the way to top of Mt. Eagle there. Off Slea Head are Blasket Islands. Irish speaking community lived there, 2 miles offshore, until 1953-54; ten families from Gt. Blasket and a few from the smaller islands moved ashore then, unable to make a living at fishing any more. Must have been an incredible life out there.

March 13, Cahirciveen — Mile or so outside town at Valentia View farmhouse, neatly kept place with great view to the west, over the bay to Valentia I. Have been driving the Ring of Kerry today; got as far as "resort" town of Waterville, found it looked so bleak and closed we backtracked to here. Spent a good day. Left Killarney about 10, pulled off main road to have look at Rossbeigh Strand, and found ourselves a 2-hour hike. Still hazy today, as yesterday, and colors are muted. No driftwood on the long beach of the Strand, but we saw many shells new to us. Dune grass similar to Oregon spits, but much more tousled; also, dunes break into high banks at shore level instead of gradual decline.

Had late lunch after hike — breakfast began at 9 this morn at Linden House — at The Tower hotel in Glenbeigh. Tour busload of Americans there, eating the enormous
March 13, Cahirciveen cont. -- lunch the hotel puts on: couple kinds of potatoes, cabbage, soup, peas, bag main dish. We got by nicely on soup, sandwiches, and halves of Guinness.

Went off main road to drive around Valentia Island, which had some of the poorest farms we've seen yet. Still some places with bare stone walls and thatched roof, and extension of house serving as barn. But again, great scenery -- giant headlands rearing above surf, fields running right to cliff edge. And as we drove back road to Ballyskelligs on way to Waterville, could see the Skellig Islands like huge schooners under sail, far offshore. Hard to imagine such remote pinnacles as a chosen seedbed of christianity in early history here.

Yesterday: left Castlerosse Hotel just before noon, after going into town to cash check and get mail. Relieved to find the mail catching up with us okay. Decided to find a farmhouse for the night before heading to Muckross Park, so chose a big manor a few miles out of town. Were given a tremendous bedroom -- I paced it to 21 feet by 30 -- with beds and scarcely any furniture, and fine view of countryside. I think both of us had a slight qualm, but we left suitcase and headed for park. After the meals at the Castlerosse, we were ready for light lunch, and so had bananas, jelly doughnuts, and pint of milk we bought in town. Found the park trail -- not marked as such, and apparently is the path for the horse-drawn jaunting carts which lug tourists around -- and began strolling. Day was hazy -- fog had closed Dublin airport -- but still pretty. Lakes of Killarney are very clear water. Wild rhododendron bushes everywhere, plus pines,
March 13, Cahirciveen cont. -- some palms and occasional bamboo. Met a caretaker clearing roadside, and he showed us where fire had knifed through the park all the way to the lake a few years ago. Like everyone else we've met, he was totally friendly. Said rhods would start to bloom in fortnight, be really out through April; said they bloom in white, pink and purple, all way to tops of mountains. 

We walked across bridge to Dinis Island for more lake views, then back to car.

Back to room at farmhouse, we found endless flies giving out dying buzzes, and more coming in gaps in window sashes all the time. Room had been sprayed that morning, and we couldn't see an end to the flies, so regrettably we backed out of the place. Went to Linden House in Killarney, where we'd booked dinner. Got a decent room, a good dinner and breakfast -- for total of L4.70, which is the bargain of the trip so far. May stay there again tomorrow night before we leave Killarney.

Both doing fine with the traveling so far, though we'll undoubtedly be happy to get in one place again. My nose is behaving better; soreness has stopped, and Fedrazil pills dry it up fairly well. Letter from Carol's folks today saying Lucie has a bit of rash again; think we're beginning to get feeling they may not make it over here, and we're wishing Frank at least can do it. Wait and see.

Killarney, March 15 -- Back at Linden House, holed up for a writing day amid good food and warmth. Maybe too much warmth; enormous radiator is beneath the work space I'm using. At least there seems some option of regulating heat a bit.

Stay at Valentia View farmhouse was chilly, but fun. Efficiently run by Mrs. Sugrue --
March 15, Killarney cont. -- pronounced "Shugruh", she said -- who like many of these guest house women manages an endless family of kids as well good care for guests. Husbands are entirely in background. Sugrues have 8 dairy cows, and she admits they couldn't get by on farming alone. Said English tourists slackened this past year, but she gets an annual bunch of June fishermen. Said English are good guests, tho stiff at first; Yanks are more like Irish in being at ease in a hurry; and Germans want to know every precise detail of accommodations in their queries.

Left the Sugrues (bed and breakfast, and a pot of tea and biscuits the evening we arrived, was total of L2.80) about 8:30 y'day morn, cont'd clockwise drive of Ring of Kerry. Stopped to see Daniel O'Connel museum. Aprtly O'Ccs wealthy uncle plucked him out of miserable beginnings and gave him education abroad; O'C inherited sizable manor house from uncle. Were shown around reverentially by caretaker, who showed us The Liberator's mementoes with immense pride. Told him I come from Meagher County, and he chuckled happily and said his name is Maher. A Tipperary man, he had a very thick accent, and would begin answers to me with "Indeed, mister..." Carol noted that in paintings and engravings O'C was shown as giant of man, apparently 6'6" or so, and asked caretaker. He replied that indeed he had been a big man, nearly 6 feet tall -- 5'11". Poignant to see mementoes of esteem for O'C, items such as a dreadful table, with legs of carved into wolfhounds and other Irish themes, which the caretaker said it took 2 men 4 yrs to carve from solid oak. Also striking how remote O'Cs place was in early 19th century; transport was coach and horse to Killarney,
March 15, Killarney cont. -- a helluva long journey in those days.

Next turned off onto side road to see an ancient Staige Fort, couple of miles back in hills. Round dry-stone fort, 12 feet wide at bottom narrowing to about 7 at top, not over 15 or 20 feet high. Inside are only stairs up to battle stations, and two cave-like rooms in walls. 2500 years old, and looking out at hills of stark stone, you could feel not much had changed. Walls actually are better workmanship than the stone fences and houses people are still using here.

Went on to Sneem; near there is forestry project, which looks impressive until you realize the trees are planted too close together, will fight each other for nutrition and sunlight. Will they thin the plantings later, or what?

Arrived back here at Linden House before 1. Had lunch of milk, from bananas and apple pastry, had baths, read until strolling uptown for half of Guinness before dinner. 1st change of govt yesterday in 16 years as Cosgrave took over, and papers weren't pub'g because of dispute over rumored takeover of Dublin Irish Independent chain. We went out before breakfast and managed to find Irish Times and Cork Examiner. Carol is doing laundry. Around me here at the room, workmen are noising away outside and the guest house help occasionally break into song.

Leftovers: Mrs. Sugrue had clear musical brogue; turned out she is from Co Clare, north of here. Kerry accent is much thicker, harder for us to catch.

Woman who runs this guest house was putting a couple of kids to bed as we went out at 6 for Guinness.
March 16, Killarney -- Leaving this morning, heading toward County Mayo. Weather still is hazy but dry.

I stayed in room yesterday, writing. Copied some of the play into notebook, wrote letter to ALOFT, tinkered with 3 poem ideas I'm calling Irish Questions. Lots of material came out in morning of thinking and scrawling, but no finished material.

Carol did chores around me, and we went for lunch at summit of Agadoe, hill with grand view over the lakes and mountains. About 4:30, walked downtown for Guinness in bar of Grand Hotel, a small but tidy place we like. Then we decided to walk up hill to Great Southern Hotel, center for tour buses, and have another half. Found sprinkling of the tour bussers in bar -- all Americans from the East Coast. A couple were named Sullivan, and a hefty car salesman type kept calling one of the women "cuz" (for cousin). Sulky younger woman came in, sat by fire with 7-up drink looking as if she were back home in Jersey City. We wondered what notion of a place these people take back.

Another gent who showed up in the bar: an immense Negro in flat cap and shamrock.

As we went out, hotel bellboys sorting thru immense piles of suitcases. As Carol said, this tour business is the moving of people from one unreality to another.

Notes on this area: we get porridge for breakfast, thinner than oatmeal but good. And instead of toast, what's called "brown bread" -- tan bread made of whole wheat flour. Also have seen big gas heaters; nearly waist high, they run on hefty tanks of bottled gas about 2½ feet high.
March 16, Killarney cont. -- At breakfast this morning, we were happily downing our porridge while all around us the Irish were happily downing their corn flakes.

Last night here we had high tea instead of dinner: no soup or salad. Carol had picked salmon earlier in day when she talked to the landlady, and it was delicious. Next to us was elderly Irish couple who got swiss steak or something, and were pretty badly out of joint about it.

March 17, Galway -- At yet another eccentric Irish hotel, the Salthill. Pulled in late yesterday afternoon, frazzled after 6-hour drive from Killarney. Prices aren't bad here, and food is good, but there little odd jogs everywhere. The door handles are all about shoulder high, except for front door to lobby, which is about nose high. Door key comes attached to block of wood about 1½" by 3", which doesn't fit any pocket ever made. Unusual for the hotels we've been in, the room does have plenty of lights, but switch for main light is hidden behind closet curtain. Bathroom has vent hole in roof, immense rough patch where sink light goes into wall wiring, and no door handles, just a slide catch on inside. Also no clothes hooks. At dinner, we discovered the dining room catches full flood of headlights from every car which comes in. Biggest revelation of all was when band began blaring at 11:30, directly under our room. Went on to 1, informal drunken singing went on for about an hour beyond that.

In midst of all this Carol is nursing cold, and somehow keeping her cool. Trip from Killarney has been one collision after another with Irish way of life. Arrived at Tarbert to
March 17, Galway cont. -- take ferry across mouth of Shannon, no ferry or sign of life. Only a tattered 1971 schedule. Hunted up pair of workmen in tin shed -- "Ah, tis in the dry dock for overhaul." So, east along Shannon to Limerick. No road signs there, and street sign in Gaelic only. After one frustrated pass thru town which sent us heading toward Dublin, we calculated route by position of bridges on river. No road signs verifying for us until we were several miles out of town, even tho it's main route to Shannon airport. Galway was another scramble, with us circling far around to get here to Salthill because a route sign was loose and pointing nonsensically. Made couple of passes through town last night looking for seafood restaurant, gave up in bafflement.

We seem to be in good spirits, even after the late-night music which made this room like sleeping on a bass drum head. Called the Curry farm at Ballina last night (discovering it's prnced "Bal-luh-NAW") and said we'd be there on Monday, after seeing Connemara country west of here.

Randoms: in Tarbert we pulled to one side on main street as low buoy with steam shovel crept thru town. Were opposite post office, and in front of us the truck stopped because of car parked on one side and tractor with wagon on other. The directing crew made no move to pull tractor ahead out of way, but got woman from post office to move her car.

---Postman on motor bike at Tarbert had old WWI aviator goggles, trouser legs pinned putee like with big safety pins.

---Still see endless crows; Killarney was full of them, huge and raucous in every tree.
March 17 Galway cont — Stopped for lunch y'day at roadside bar and restaurant not far out of Tarbert. Only the bar was open, and the only other couple there were eating sandwiches with tremendous Irish wolfhound, almost size of small pony, hovered over every bite. Odd, I thought, but it's their dog. Turned out it wasn't theirs, but the proprietor's; eventually the beast was made to go lie down. It was immense bar, and at one end, near the wistful wolfhound, was baby in playpen. Before we left he was let out, and crawled length of barroom at great speed.

—Hit the ham sandwich syndrome there again. Could get only ham sandwiches for lunch our first days in the country, and yesterday the bar maid offered them first. When we looked dubious, she offered "mutton?" which made me even more dubious, and finally came out with offer of cheese, which we almost always would prefer.

—At dinner here in hotel, young man with toney English accent was talking loudly about riding and driving to girls with French or Spanish accent. Sounded like boor from Wodehouse novel; eventually the booming talk quit, and I looked around to discover he was part of hotel staff.

—Meanwhile, next to us was 60ish woman eating alone, with book at her side. Read desultorily thru dinner; but got really engrossed over coffee. Book was The Case of the Foot-Loose Doll, and her breathing got faster and faster as she neared end of book. She was still at table when we left, nearly panting her way into final pages.
March 19, Ballina -- Only two days since last diary entry, but it seems a lot more. Try to recap:

Left Galway Sat. Morning, St. Patrick's Day, driving out through Joyce Country to Clifden. Impressive scenery, with rounded mountains looming. Green marble country, and we looked around excellent Connemara Handicrafts shop (between Clifden and Letterfrack), at rock crafts and other wares. Much of country between Lough Corrib and the coast is very scantily populated; I suppose unlike the County Kerry area, there's no way to rely on some fishing to help eke out a farm living. Clifden was closed tight as a drum when we got there; no lunch or room to stay or anything else. Since Carol was feeling bleak with her cold, we headed on for Westport. Scenery got even better, especially, along the fjord-like Killary Harbour, with mountains rising from water's edge. Found Westport a sizable and substantial town, and we got lunch at Grand Central Hotel's big drafty dining room before searching for room. Jury's, a big modern hotel, was full; bed and breakfast places not yet open for season, except for one which didn't have its central heating on yet. After well over hour of ricocheting around in search, finally went back to Grand Central. Turned out to be efficiently run hotel. Settled in lounge for a while by coal fire, watching Leinster defeat Munster in finals of Railway Cup hurling competition. Hurling is incredible mix of soccer, football and baseball; what seemed to us a terrifically fast and energetic game was poohpoohed by commentator as dull as ditch water.

Before dinner -- a big and good mixed grill served as everything is in the Grand Central
March 19, Ballina cont. -- by one waitress galloping back and forth to kitchen -- had Guinness in the hotel bar. As I fetched them from bar, an Irishman on either side began talking to me, and they seemed mildly upset when I took Carol's drink back and sat down with her. In next minute or so, I saw why. Sixtyish couple came in, he went to bar for drinks, Irishmen started in on him, he stood and talked for awhile, then took his wife her drink, abandoned her and went back to the bar to keep on talking to them.

Since St. Patrick's holiday slightly upset mailing schedule, had a hunch I should call G'ma. Did so, and got news from her about Alma. G'ma seemed in good spirits despite it all, and obviously pleased I called.

Y'day morn, left hotel with sinking feeling everything would be shut tight for Sunday. Instead, found a gas station open at once, the chemist's where Carol bought immense supply of kleenex and I got Sunday Times and Observer. Was raining slightly, and at gas station I called to well-dressed man in doorway to see if he'd fill it up. He laughed and said he had a man who did it on rainy days, and sure enough, out came an old attendant who must run the place while owner goes to church.

We liked Westport, with its stone fence and bridges across little river running thru town. Lovely site, on huge Clew Bay with countless little islands offshore. Drove west along shore to Louisburgh, to see the Killary Harbour region again. Good scenic drive between Mweelrea Mountains on one side and Sheffry Hills on other, much stone showing thru and little flecks of snowbanks near the summits. Drove on to Lake Corrib and the village of Cong; no place there for lunch or to stay, and it was drizzling, so we bought
March 19, Ballina cont. -- bottle of milk to go with cookies and fruit for lunch. Headed up back road along west side of Lough Mask to Castlebar. Had blindly picked Breaffy House Hotel because its listing sounded most modern turned out to be fine place with modern wings jutting from three sides of old gray stone mansion. Got the last room avbl, waiting for it until occupants checked out after late lunch. Gin and tonic in lounge meanwhile revived Carol. We had showers under erratic showerhead, read Sunday papers, had huge meal of poached salmon -- and felt better all around.

I wrote letters this morn, while Carol strolled the Breaffy grounds. Drove north to Lough Conn, unable to resist the bridge at village of Pontoon, which of course is called Pontoon Bridge. Crossed, came up east side of Conn by backroads to Ballina. Turned out to be market day; national bank holiday because St. Pat's fell on St., but only banks are closed. Borrowed johns in hotel, went to post office. Postal clerk went for postal restante mail; held it, asked me where we expected mail from. Since our mail could come from countless places, I looked blank, then said from Killarney, our last address, or the US. Looking at postmark and apparently misreading, she asked me who we knew in New York. That floored me, and I began reaching for all the identification I could think of. Finally she asked what our London address was and that convinced her we're who we say we are. Appreciated her concern, but utterly no logic in her questions to establish us.

-- Stopped in Castlebar for bottle of milk, found that supermarkets don't carry it; must go to a grocery.
March 21, Sligo — March day with the wind blustering outside, but bright sunshine. We're holed up in Jurys, a modern hotel, for a warm place to fight Carol's cold. Spent past two nights at farm of Ed and Aileen Curry; a great visit, but a bit chilly for the state of Carol's health. Much talk with Currys to learn local things, and big trip yesterday to Achill I., with Aileen along; a lot of this entry will be impressionistic bits.

Found the Currys very friendly. Aileen is quite a talker, and apparently she deliberately keeps herself out of the sitting room at night so she won't dominate talk with guests. Ed is an interested listener and questioner. Our 1st night, he talked with us a couple of hours, Carol went to bed, and I stayed up late out of curiosity to see how long he'd talk. He was yawning and not too far from falling asleep in chair, but still hanging tough when I called a halt for bed.

Next morning, Aileen was talking to us after breakfast, and said how she envied us the Achill trip on such a bright lovely day. Carol was quicker on the upbeat than I was, and invited her along. It never occurred to me anybody on a farm could simply take a day off to sightsee. But she hemmed very briefly, went to ask Ed, and was ready to go without having paused to do the dishes, I think.

We went by back roads Ed had outlined for us (see end of entry for route), great for scenery. First across peat bogs, then up into hills, with small farms sparsely sprinkled, on through big planted forest, great views of trees, valleys and mtns; then winding south to L. Feeagh (FEE-ock) past a dark stone mill standing all by itself, but occupied. Aileen was near swooning with
March 21, Sligo cont. -- delight at the scenery all the way, alternating rapt staring with talk in response to our questions. Stopped for lunch at small hotel -- Moynish House -- in Mulraney, where Aileen had 1st of her day's 3 Guinness stouts; apparently a day off is a great occasion indeed for her. As we were leaving after stout and cheese sandwiches, Aileen suggested we ask the woman whether she could have dinner for us on our way back. She agreed, a good idea all around: we provided some scarce business, Aileen was happy for having done fellow proprietress a favor, and the dinner of pork chops was good. Scenery is out over Clew Bay from the little hotel is excellent; modest place, but a good stop.

On to Achill Island, driving full length of it to Keem Bay (preced I think "kem"). Road to bay goes high above surf, mist was lowering from mountain tops above. Stopped at hotel bar in Dooagh for john break and Guinness, which must cancel each other out, and Aileen got info about some unusual houses Ed had told her we all should see. Highlight of bar was one regular sitting drinking stout with his earflaps down and buttoned under his chin.

Headed next toward the promised houses at Dugort, taking 1st turn north out of Keel. A little way down road, saw cemetery ahead, then looking closer saw remains of houses on bottom slope of Slievemore close by cemetery. Parked and walked up, and it was remains of village, maybe 40-50 houses, tiny stone places with peaked ends but roofs gone, as usual in Ireland. (Ed told me a vacant house escapes the rates -- taxes -- if it has no roof.) Entire houses were not much bigger than a modern bedroom, with maybe a window or two, about 18" square. Impressive construction,
March 21, Sligo cont. -- with the walls 2 thicknesses of stone, and the entire structure a striking pattern in gray. Nearly all dry wall, saw only a few with some sort of cement. Doorways were great patterns. Each side had alternating rows of short stout stones and long long ones laid full length of them, like a short log resting on fulcrums at either end. 

Village was strung along both sides of old path, much more regularly placed than most Irish village layouts. Fields extended up and down slope from the houses, old stone fences still visible, as are waves of earth which mean land once was tilled in furrows. Square stone enclosures farther down slope, perhaps livestock pens. Eerie to be there, as if coming upon ancient civilization, with the only sound the sheep eating grass. Aileen at once thought it a village deserted in the famine, but I think it's too well preserved to be so old. We asked the woman at the neighboring farm, and she told us it was cattle sheds, which it pretty plainly wasn't. Asked Hope Clapham when we met her in Dugort, and she said it was where villagers of Dooagh lived before they moved to ocean's edge. This likely isn't full story either, but is more believable; I noticed that Dooagh is im—probably close to Keel, so much so that we thought we were in one when we were in the other. 1936 book I found today in Sligo county library says it was Slievemore village, which the people moved from in winter because of storms on Slievemore mtn. That sounds fanciful too, because village isn't that far up the slope, and climate isn't that harsh, but the cold of living in those stone houses might bear this version out.
March 21, Sligo cont. -- From the dead village we went on to Dugort, where there's long line of houses set end to end (rather than side by side), very uncharacteristic set of rowhouses. Big hotel in middle of row now, and as we looked around, saw old woman come out with shopping basket a few doors away. Aileen and I asked her if she could tell us about the community. Turned out to be Englishwoman, Hope Clapham, probably about 80, had lived there since 1934. Said her father had owned the set of houses. It's the remnant of a Protestant colony, offspring of a Rev. Nagle who helped local folk during the great famine -- at the price, one version goes, of their converting from Catholicism. Mrs. C's father was a naturalist, and loved the island for its birds -- which included golden eagles. (She told us of somewhere on North Mayo coast where a few red winged phalaropes still nest.) Mrs. C remains crustily English, in both talk and manner, and by name-dropping let us know she's acquainted with gentility. Also was trying to size up to see if Aileen was Church of Ireland like her, or not; as we were getting in car, she couldn't restrain any longer and asked outright. While she had sherry with us in hotel bar, she told us of painters who've lived on Achill, and of the MP who lived eccentrically on Capt. Boycott's old place (Aileen said the MP liked to shock folks by proclaiming himself a communist). Told us too she'd lost 2 bros in WWI and a son in Japanese prison camp -- all at age 26.

Left Dugort to make our 6 p.m. dinner at Mulraney, and from there went back to Ballina along back roads, thru Pontoon. Nearing dark, and country turned pastels -- light blue mtns, darker shade of bogs and heather.
March 21, Sligo cont. — After getting back to house about 8:30, talked for nearly 2 hours with Ed, who’d fixed meals for their two old boarders while Aileen was with us. Carol told him about our college system, I talked about Montana having and ranching.

The Currys: infinitely goodhearted couple, perhaps neither with very acute business sense. Have been taking in guests years, get plenty now after mention in Frommer guide. One of their boarders is J. Wilson, 84-yr-old research chemist experimenting with growing bamboo in peat bogs for pulp. With very keen and precise English manner, and forceful personality, he awes the Irish Currys. As we met him briefly at breakfast, Aileen came with his tray; he said "I'll eat in the kitchen, where it's warm," and she obediently pivoted back to kitchen. He's stayed for long stretches at a time for a pound for bed-breakfast-dinner, simply because when he 1st arrived he asked Aileen if the pound included evening meal, she timidly said yes, and the deal never has been changed. She screwed up courage recently to ask if because of inflation he could make it a bit more, and after much calculation he boosted it 10%. For this, he gets his precise meals —breakfast ½ grapefruit, so many prunes, 1 egg, dark bread etc., dinner vegetables and fish — plus care from professional nurse Aileen when he's ill. Aileen was British navy nurse in WWII, and spent couple years in Australia; nursed in US couple years afterwards, including stint in Toms River, N.J. She is pure Irish treacle, kindly, sentimental, optimistic, the whole gamut. Ed is only son of prosperous land buyer, who bought the 50-acre farm. He has a classic Irish face, slightly fighterish, with small
March 21, Sligo cont. -- mouth, and neatly goes about his farming in tie and sweater.

Notes from talking with Currys: ditch-like furrows separated by broad mounds, which I'd wondered about, are way of growing potatoes. --Peat is cut, left on bankside to dry, then piled in mounds for air to pass thru and dry further. It burns quickly and cleanly, leaving white ash. Households have an allotment in a bog, distributed by govt. years ago. On the market it is getting expensive, and is one reason Currys converted to diesel oil central heating.

--What I had thought were turnips are sugar beets, which are being tried as crop which won't play out the soil as potatoes do, since the small Irish farms don't have enough land for rotation.

--Ed said sheep we see grazing at random on slopes likely are being grazed on land owned in chunks by many families, not public land.

General notes: Aileen summing up her admiration for Wilson's precise mind said "he won't use one word like we do when we mean another."

-- In talking about her small niece, she said "she's not two hands higher than a duck."

--She also said she thinks the great Irish quality is ability to get by, sort of like Robinson Crusoe; it may be slapdash, but they manage. Said she admires the neat fences of Ulster, but they're not the mode of the sociable southern Irish, and which would we rather have, neat fences or friendly cups of tea?

--Dinner at Moynish hotel in Mulraney, when we commented how good it looked, the woman said "Hunger is good sauce."
March 21, Sligo cont. -- Hope Clapham describing the local flowers to us said "the fuschias are a positive pest, uprooting the walls and everything."

--When we 1st talked with Mrs. Clapham standing near our car, Aileen after a bit asked if she could come inside the hotel, take a sherry, talk with us. Mrs. C demurred the sherry, but said she'd sit and talk. Inside, Aileen again urged a sherry, and lo and behold Mrs. C had one very happily. Interesting technique for a researcher to remember.

--Ballina is striking area for its variety: long Killala Bay coming in from ocean thru the fields, plus river flowing thru town to meet bay. Striking that there are farms right down to shore, while small freighters come up the bay to the quay in town, bringing starch for glucose mill started by the govt. Aileen added that her grandmother left from that quay for Pittsburgh in hard times. Notable peak in area is Nephlin, which mounds up very prominently.

--As we drive, we see dogs on top of the stone fences looking at us.

--One ultimate of Irish driving showed up on return from Achill I., near Pontoon, where Carol came upon driver stopped dangerously on curve, abreast of huge lay-by where a fleet could have parked.

--Also, we've encountered some road work, and I distrust the Irish flagmen, who seem entirely too emotive about their job; get the feeling that they may send one lane of traffic or the other careening thru merely because the other fellas have been going thru long enough.

--See country men in boots almost to knees all the time, whether or not there's any muck near; even see them in town.
Notes on Achill Island and Slievemore village from The Islands of Ireland, by Thomas H. Mason (B.T. Batsford Ltd, London, 1936)

Ch 7, Achill Island, p. 39: "Old Slievemore Village is an interesting survival in Ireland of the ancient practice of summer booley migration which is still common in the Alps, where householders migrate to the uplands when the snow has melted in order to graze their animals on higher pastures. Here the village is deserted in the winter, not by reason of snow, which seldom falls, but on account of the winter gales which rage furiously on the mountain-side."

p. 34 -- mentions migration from Achill to harvests in England, "not employed directly by the English farmers, but by the firms who buy the crops, and they are shifted from place to place. They are chiefly employed in potato-digging, and numbers of girls, who are paid six pence an hour for their work, supplement the labours of the men."
March 21, Sligo cont. -- Ireland seems to thrive on lack of facts. Legend is all. The tourist material is full of dubious info, and as we found in asking around about deserted Slievemore village, you get plenty of versions. --As we walked from Tourist Info office here in Sligo this morn, approached two tykes on trikes. The smaller, couple yrs old, had tipped over, so the older one -- 3 or 4 -- looked up at us and said: "Can you help this man?" --Leftover note from Westport. As we ate breakfast in Grand Central hotel, there was elderly couple at another table, family of 5 or so at another. 9 a.m. news came on, and total silence -- spoons in mid-air -- to hear account of Co Donegal bombing.

March 22, Sligo -- Drove up from Ballina y'day along bay shore to Inniscrone, then along coast road. High plateaus, almost mesas, near Sligo; Ben Bulben, famed from Yeats poem, is one. Farms go far up slopes. Sligo itself is interesting town, with uncharacteristic buildings such as red brick post office. Town is on long bay, with big river running thru. Seems a business center; so much so that we found a cafe, the Ritz, which provided us a good cheap meal as early as 5:45.

After checking into Jury's, modern hotel on edge of town, I typed in diary while Carol rested cold. After 3, went downtown to see Yeats museum. It has more on rest of family than on W.B. (father John B. was painter, as was brother Jack B.) Most interesting display is the broadsides Jack B. did in 1902-3, big handsome posterlike pages with his woodcut Illns of old Irish balladsx and poems. Each broadside has 3 or more woodcuts on its single sheet, handcoloured. They were printed by
Sligo, March 22 cont. -- London firm, and sold for 12s 6d a year. Museum also has mementoes of 1916 martyrs and other nationalists. After looking around and pausing in library to see what we could find on Achill I., drove 5 mi to Drumcliffe to take pic of Yeats grave, for its famous inscription: "Cast a cold eye/on life, on death/ Horseman, pass by"

Museum also had big pic of T.F. Meagher, even though he was from Waterford, not Sligo. Very flowery and inaccurate caption, including final line: "He was a poet, orator and writer of distinction."

--Noted in post-election news that this Irish Cabinet is 1st without member from Connaught. Ed Curry explained that Connaught is the old western province (Ireland's other 3 were Ulster, Munster and Leinster). Aileen said Cromwell drove many Irish westward across Shannon -- "to hell or to Connaught". (prncd CON-not)

--Mail from everybody caught up with us y'day in Ballina, inc the P-Hall statement sent by Ann. Shows the book earned about $1200 in royalties up to Dec. 31. We don't have figures with us to calculate the sales; maybe it's not too bad, but surely isn't what it should have been with proper pub'n date. Eternal author's lament, I suppose.

March 23, Dublin -- At Mrs. O'Connor's on Pembroke Park. After driving from Sligo y'day, were steered here by Tourist Info office. Spic and span place; I have grave doubts about the heat if weather turns cold, but it's fine -- and cheap, L2.50 bed and breakfast -- as long as sunny weather holds.

After moving in, drove to Phoenix Park in the afternoon. Urban park of nearly 3 square miles, it has affliction I never imagined: it's almost too big. Vast stretches of road thru it while
March 23, Dublin cont. -- most of the visitors stick to the small portion called People's Park near main entrance. But that much open space is civic treasure, and we enjoyed walking. People's Park teeming with young mothers and kids.

Had dinner at The Olde Hob, recommended by landlady. Good place with young clientele. We had kebabs, which startled me because in malaise after day's driving and Dublin traffic I hadn't noticed it would come with curry sauce. Pushed the hottest portions to one side and rest of meal was good. Came home and I went to bed on theory I might be coming down with cold. Carol strolled neighborhood, saw the American embassy with its moat and impossible-to-reach windows.

This morn was my turn to do laundry, then we turned in the rented car to Boland's on Pearse St. Logged 1400 miles the past 2 wks. Then we walked on toward O'Connell St. Detour ed at the River Liffey to go watch freighters being loaded. Dublin waterfront is terrific, simply ships pulled alongside seawall twenty feet from the street, and you can stand very close and watch. Ships we spotted turned out to be carriers of Guinness stout (and the firm Harp lager) -- the Lady Grania and Lady Patricia, both of Liverpool. They were being loaded with big metal containers, which fork lift driver told us each contain 14 barrels of Guinness, total of 600 gallons, 3 tons wt. Trucks -- lowbuoys -- pull in with six of these containers, are unloaded and take away six empties. Carol said she'd like to have one of the containers in her backyard, fork lift driver agreed; "You wouldn't dry from dry rot if you had." Crew loading the ships -- crane men, fork lift men, men setting the
March 23, Dublin cont. -- lift hooks, all wore suits and ties.

After walking on downtown and having light lunch at Cafe Ritz, checked post office for mail, sent back Aileen Curry's scarf which she left in our car, and began north half of walking tour from Tourist Info booklet.

Made a good tour on fine sunny day. Dublin is comfortable city, with a lot of scruffiness but a lot of appeal. Followed the tour route to Parnell Square, went into Municipal Gallery of Modern Art there. Highlights: Harry Clarke's stained glass window with panels ill'd quotes from Shaw, O'Casey, Joyce, and several other Irish writers; Jack B. Yeats work, the more modern with vivid colors and often a ghostly horse to be discerned, the earlier more realistic in manner of the excellent work we saw in his Broadsheets at Sligo museum; W.J. Leech's marvelously composed work, 3 especially fine pictures of regal women.

Walked on down O'Connel St., caught bus toward home; stopped at Burlington Hotel, immense faceless sleep factory nearby, for Guinness, at highest price we've paid yet.

-- Henry St. off O'Connell is closed off into pedn mall great pellmell of folks walking thru, very fine. Off it runs Moore St., with stalls of flowers and fruit.

--Outside Dublin post office is unique concession: socialist selling books and poster of men who were in the 1916 Easter rebellion at the site. Incredible that 57 years later an everyday piece of business still feeds on that.

--As we arrived in town and parked on Abbey St., Evening Herald scooters with boxes mounted behind began racing out with early edition.
March 24, Dublin -- Stray items while waiting for Carol's hair to dry:

-- In Co Sligo, drove behind milk truck; a high flatbed, from which a man would lean over with a long hook and lift up the full milk cans set at roadside.

-- Saw many bags of nitrate fertilizer in Co Kerry, apparently pouring the stuff to that pallid soil in effort to make it fertile.

-- In Co Mayo and Sligo, people were handsome again, as in Co. Kerry. But also saw as we drove to Sligo several men on bikes, with faces straight out of The Informer, Victor McLaglen in multiple.

-- Facts are scarce in Ireland. Ask to try find out one, and you get 6 myths, a couple of ballads, and a clog dance.

-- Driving here: many right angle turns across bridges, and also many bridges themselves are not straight, but rather curved.

-- Heard on Killarney street on sunny day: "Famous weather."

-- Starting on Achill trip, after we crept out of Currys' dangerous blind entrance onto road, Aileen crossed herself.

March 25, Dublin -- Sunday, holed up in room to write and read the papers. Blustery March day. Y'day did more walking to see city, starting route at Trinity College. The old library, where Book of Kells is kept, is magnificent high gallery of dark wood. Barrel ceiling, 45-50' high; two storeys of books along sides of long central gallery, each storey consisting of high-ceilinged alcoves of book shelf, with 20-foot ladders which slide on pipes in top of alcove. An astounding room, with the long lines of white busts -- one at each alcove -- punctuating the deep dark wood.
Dublin, March 25, cont. -- Had lunch in common at Trinity. College has big stone buildings with high ceilings, a spaciousness far beyond student total of 4000. From there we walked up Dawson St. and into St. Stephen's Green, where wedding party was being photographed in chill March wind. Followed walking tour route to Dublin Castle, closed for day. Wind and sprinkles of rain sent us home mid-afternoon. Later tried in vain to find out about tickets for Phila. String Quartet at US embassy. I went downstairs to phone, could get only 3 digits into 5 digit number before phone would break into buzz. Mrs. O'Connor heard me, and I told her I was having trouble dialing the embassy. "Ah, the number isn't listed," she said positively. Well, no, I said, I have the number which I found in the phone book. "Ah, they'll be closed on Saturday," she said just as positively. Well, maybe, but my real trouble is getting the number dialled. "Can you not walk around there?" I finally agreed anything would be simpler, and we walked around but had no luck. Had drink at New Jury's hotel, walked on to Dawson st. area to see if Soup Bowl restaurant was open. Found it would open at 8, we went on to Berni's across from Trinity College. Had steak and chips there amid most stupendous array of drunks I've seen in long time. Prizes were: young man in black velvet suit at bar, who got into laughing jag which went on until he gasped for breath; 2 student types, male, who got wider-eyed as they ate and drank; and 2 30ish women, one hardly able to walk, the other barely able to navigate the both of them. Drunker one looked like female Peter Lorre. She nodded over meal, poking chips into her mouth with couple stabs of fork, getting her elbow into the plate at
March 25, Dublin cont. -- another point. For some reason, the pair sat at table catercorner, one on inside chair and other on outside chair on other side of table. Best bit was when the drunker was nodding low enough it seemed she might take a header into her plate, and the other reached across, put her palm against the drunker's nose, and pushed her upright again. All this was between 6:30 and 7:30; lord knows what Saturday night is like later on.

American couple from Palatine, Ill, in room next to us. Look like typical tour group folks, but disprove the stereotype entirely. Apprntly newly retired or close to it, they're walking the city, taking life here in fine fettle and generally behaving like ideal visitors.

Stray items:
--sign in Dublin pub advertises "Pub Grub".
--Imaginative pub names here in Dublin. Near the 4 Inns of Court is The Legal Eagle; along the waterfront is The Twangman.
--Signs on Molesworth St. window, just off Dawson; The Irish Correspondence College, Specialists in Postal Tuition. Another grand bit of language is that bookies here all label themselves Turf Accountants.

--Traveling around country these past 2 weeks we conclude the best source of amenities is exactly the reverse of US jaunting: head for a big hotel, for the best food in town, avbl johns, mid-morning coffee, quiet drink, any # of things we'd never approach a US small town hotel for.

--Sligo area: rougher hills, with high plateaus and rock faces. More rugged than Ballina, an hr's drive away. Liked the area, and wished there was no Ulster situation so we could have gone on north into Co Donegal.
March 25, Dublin cont. -- Leftover note from Fishguard, Wales: Thursday was market day, with people flocking into big market hall behind town hall.

--Formula of J. Wilson, the Currys' sporadic boarder who is experimenting with bamboo in peat bogs. Would prepare and fertilize land in 1st year, then grave sheep on it the next 2, which starts process of earthworms working and changing peat to humus. Would take 13 years to produce marketable bamboo crop. His crop ests. are 5 tons/acre/annum, or 1 ton of bleached hardwood pulp, worth £70/ton, every 5 years. (Bamboo would be cropped for pulp every 5 years, once underway.) He began in 1961, hopes to have expertl yield in '75.

--Curry's farmhouse a mile outside Ballina: odd white elephant of place, with 12' ceilings tremendous hall nearly full length of bldg with rooms off either side. Currys said it was hell to paint and maintain, and it must have been impossible to heat with peat fires. But unlike US farm folks who from day one would have looked ahead to rebuilding the place with lower ceilings, or more likely building a new house alongside, Currys have done a minimum to make it manageable, and will go right on living in it instead of breaking necks to afford another.

March 27, Dublin -- Cloudy day, tho apparently not cold. As soon as bank opens so I can cash check, Carol will do laundry and I'll go to Nat'l Library; will meet for lunch in Trinity College library long room.

Highlight of y'day was free stout at Guinness brewery. Got there about 12:15, and the projectionist who shows promo film was on lunch hour. Bartender began plying us with free half pints; had 3 each and wrote beery
Dublin, March 27 cont. -- Guinness postcards to Rodens, Nelsons, Baldwins. Guinness is a work of art as it darkens from bottom up in the glass, and the merchandising is terrific. Film we saw was a substitute for the usual; we were glad, because it was promo film showing pubkeepers how the stout is marketed. Slick.

Started day by going to St. Stephen's Green. Watched the ducks and geese -- much combat to establish the pecking order -- from fine little area of stonework which commemorates Yeats, a small theater-like area of many different levels. Then went to the main Bank of Ireland to see old Irish parlmt rooms. Only one preserved is House of Lords, room with rich dark wood, panels of plaster design covering the ceiling, tremendous chandelier of Waterford cut glass, enormous tapestries along two walls done by French Huguenots. Attendant in natty blue blazer outfit showed us around. The building is enormous, squatting on its corner across from Trinity like some huge govt bldg in Wash., DC. In entrance halls of Bank, great fireplaces heaped with coal were ablaze, while in parking lot outside top-hatted attndt was in charge.

Next went to Trinity commons for cup of coffee. Discovered from lecture schedule on bulletin board that student ranks are senior sophister, junior sophister, senior freshman, junior freshmen, and Kings Inns. Walked on to Guinness brewery along the river, then caught bus towards downtown for lunch at The Harp in Guinness building. We'd liked the Harp pub the night before, which Guinness has done beautifully: copper-paneled ceiling, dark wood, velvet booths, old horse pics on wall. Desperately crammed some lunch down onto our trio of free half-pints; I had revived pretty
Dublin, March 27, cont. -- until I noticed the couple next to us, apparently downtown business types on average lunch hour, finishing off meal of various fried foods and chips with dessert, coffee, and then respectively a Scotch and soda and a half of Guinness.

Checked the post office, came home to room. Later clipped papers and crammed clippings into envelope to mail home, then wrapped package of books to be mailed. We were waiting to go to Soup Bowl for 8 pm dinner; read about it in Observer travel article, and since Dublin isn't bursting with good restnts, decided to try it. Got there and discovered we were in for meal which wiped out every bit of our cash -- L8. Food wasn't that good and probably it was our most costly meal since leaving Seattle. I suppose if we get tourist trapped only occasionally, we're doing well.

Dublin, March 27 -- Night. Final throes of packing. Debated this morn whether to take train to Larne and ferry across, or fly to Glasgow. Deciding on least cumbersome, we'll fly. That decision made, bombs began going off in Ulster, after several "quiet" days. 4 in Belfast, 4 in Londonderry. Bomb scares tied up downtown Dublin today. We were on way to post office about 2:45, rounded corner to O'Connell Bridge to find all traffic blocked off, including pedestrians. Carol asked policeman, he said it might be clear in hour or so. Coming back into crowd, she said, "well, mm it's drinking time." Little old lady amid it all said sadly, "that's the trouble -- tisn't." Indeed, it was closing time for pubs, 2:30-3:30. Decided to take bus home, took us nearly an hour. Long
Dublin, March 27 cont -- queues at every stop, and traffic such a mess busses were being sent back to garage.

During the day, Carol was asked to leave the Jan pack at front door when she went in Aer Lingus office, and was very perfunctorily searched when she came to meet me at Nat'l Library. Security seems just impossible against determined bombers; past few days, we could have strewn small bombs throughout public bldgs as we went around with pack.

As Carol did laundry and chores, I spent half day at Nat'l Library, looking up material about T.F. Meagher and deserted village of Slievemore on Achill I. As I entered, saw sign saying application for reader's ticket had to be made 4-5 pm Mon-Wed, and other unhandy hours other days. Expecting trouble, I went to Reading Room, asked gent at desk if I could use library just today. He said regretfully, "Ah, no." Told him quickly I'd be in town only this day, and he said promptly, "Well, sign that book there." Signed a big ledger -- signature only, not even address -- and that was all needed; no ID, no ticket. Library system similar to Br. Museum: catalog entries in big ledger volumes, pasted in 2 cols per page. One set of vols for general subjects, other for authors. Service wonderfully prompt, because library is small and not all that many scholars on hand; got books I ordered within 5 or 10 mins. Run with Irish good humor; whenever I'd take an incomplete slip to counter to ask how to complete it correctly, librarian would say "that's all right," seize it from me, and they'd fetch on basis of incomplete slip.
Dublin, March 27 cont -- Note on Trinity College library, from its guide pamphlet; has the problem aptly caused here in Britain by lack of $, problem of endlessly falling behind and not being able to get everything into single workable system. For instance, Trinity has 4 kinds of author catalogues: Catalogue of Printed Books (up to 1873); Accessions Catalogue (1873-1963, volumes with entry slips pasted in); author catalogue on cards, 1964-; and computer printed catalogue, 1970-. Library uses Dewey system, while Nat'l Library uses entries similar to Br. Museum.

-- Movie Sometimes a Great Notion here is titled Never Give An Inch, tho I think the Stamper family motto was never give a inch.

-- Carol saw sign on store for paints and wallpapers, advtsing "paints -oils -distempers".

-- Mrs. O'Connor just stuck her head in the room and said she's leaving flask of coffee and some brown bread in dining room for us, since we're leaving before breakfast. She instructs us in her no-nonsense way that they lock the dining room at night, so key will be behind the swan on the radiator.

March 29, Edinburgh -- Arrived about 3:45 on train from Glasgow (43 min. trip, non-stop). City has been spectacular, a new vista every few steps. Carol has glowed ever since we alit, and I can see why. Remarkable separation of the old and new towns by ravine of gardens provides outlooks with marvelous sense of proportion.

This will be hurried entry to take advantage of good weather; more later. On yesterday's trip: unsettling start when we
March 29, Edinburgh — got to Store St. bus station in downtown Dublin and found that the next bus wouldn't be for 45 minutes — leave at 8:15, and our flight was 9:05. But baggage man assured me it was the bus for the Glasgow flight, and we made it in good time, all right. Aer Lingus and the Dublin airport both pleasantly low-key, and moved us without fuss or tension. Ireland fields brilliant green patterns below us. 40 min. flight to Glasgow. At customs, were waved to front by young customs man, who chatted with us without ever opening our bags or more than flicking a glance at our extended passports. Talked about Carol's sabbatical, gibed us a bit about whether we're really working; apparently he picks off the most interesting looking passengers and finds out what they're up to.

Glasgow in impressive setting, with high hills around and the Clyde flowing through. But the city is dark and glowering. It got short shrift from us, deservedly or not I don't know. At bus station after ride from airport we were hectored by guys wanting to carry bags or plop us into a taxi, and we finally retreated into waiting room to gather our wits. Decided to store bags in train stn lockers in case we decided to go on to Edinb. Got a taxi to Queen St. station; handed the driver a pound note, and he stood looking at it in puzzlement. Dawned on me it was Irish; counting thru all the 5 pounds or so we had, every bit of it was Irish, and I headed off to ticket counter to try exchange a note. I managed to do so and paid the cabbie, then promptly had to change a ten-pence piece (only British one I had, gotten in change from cabbie) into 2 fives for luggage locker.
March 29, Edinburgh -- Doing that at the same ticket counter, I learned that the cashiers will change Irish currency into British, but not Irish coinage. Found the same true at Bank of Scotland a few minutes later. Also discovered there's Scottish currency, printed by the Bank. So, to the muddled American the currency situation roughly is: you can use British money in Ireland, but not Irish money in Britain, and if you go to have it changed, you'll be able to change the Irish currency at par but not the Irish coinage; meanwhile, in other constituent parts of the U.K., Scotland has a currency of its own, but Wales (so far as we discovered) doesn't. Lovely.

In Glasgow, decided to see the Museum of Transport, out of uninviting list of attractions which a little desperately included Glasgow Airport and the Clyde Tunnel as civic sights. Turned out to be great choice, old tram factory full of train engines, trams, cars, buses, bicycles, motorcycles. Lovely tea room, with decorative windowglass, displays of works plates from old locomotives, case of model trains, even locomotive carpet motif. Favorites in museum were pair of engines from Caledonian Railway, painted Caledonian blue. These and several other engines would have been sweating, dirty belching beasts in their day, but in retired splendor and all painted up, they're gorgeous.

Deciding to travel on from Glasgow, caught the 3 pm train, were gabbed at by Edinb. gent in semi-decipherable accent most of way, and settled in here at Mrs. Butter's guesthouse at 5 Upper Gilmore Place. More later, after we go out and take advantage of sunshine, which may be shortlived.
March 31, Edinburgh -- Our 3d morning here, and to steal a phrase Clive James used last Sun. in the Observer, it's done everything but rain frogs. Yesterday squalls alternated with bright sun, comfortable warmth with biting wind. The wind has carved us up pretty thoroughly the past few days; takes the energy out of us in a hurry, bothers my nose, makes Carol feel pooped much sooner than she'd like. Also, I've gone onto anti-acid pills after too much coffee in Dublin, and Carol still doesn't have her full energy back after long bout with her cold. Minor complaints, but they do drag at us a bit. Plan to hole up tomorrow, and maybe Monday as well, in warm modern hotel to recuperate and catch up on writing.

Yesterday, walked from our room to the Botanic Gardens on other side of town. Went through Nat'l Gallery of Modern Art there, not a great collection but some interesting pieces. I liked a work by Jack B. Yeats best of all, I think. View from knoll where the museum sits is splendid -- Edinburgh skyline from Arthur's Seat to west of the castle. One of day's highlights: one of museum attndts mistook me for an Englishmen. Apparently all non-Scots accents must sound the same to him. Rode bus back uptown -- just missing nasty squall, as we had while in the art gallery -- and had lunch at MacVitties snack bar. I set out to put our coats in cloakroom, and after a couple of futile passes and puzzling assurances from waitresses that it indeed is in the men's john, I figured out they simply meant some coathooks there, with no attendant. Gave up on that, stashed coats on stool next to us. Was relieved to hear local women next to us denouncing weather as unusual and awful.
March 31, Edinburgh -- Rest of afternoon, we shopped a bit for pair of trousers for me (finding only unbelted, flare legged types), picked up mail, hiked up Calton Hill for view down Princes St., and strolled through Nat'l Gallery, which has older art treasures.

Carol said the last time she was here Calton Hill was scruffy, and it still is -- no lawn, some spiky gorse on slope, odd contrast with beautifully manicured Botanic Garden we'd been in that morning. View similar to San Francisco's from Coit Tower, including an island about where Alcatraz would be, and the Forth Bridge not far west of where Golden Gate would be.

Mail produced letter from Carol's folks saying Frank has bought two LeSabres, a '69 and '71, and we can have our choice of which to buy. We're unanimous on the '69, since the '71 has a 4-barrel hog carburetor and takes hi-test. Also sounded as if last details of their trip are underway, and we began to feel the pangs in our checking account.

National Gallery had some good old painting plus interesting drawings by David Willkie, roughs for his paintings. I liked his sketch work better than finished paintings, actually; he had fine, keen compositions which show up best in black and white.

After a nap -- we've both been worn down by wind by mid-afternoon -- went to Caledonian Hotel for drink and supper. Hotel is understaffed this time of year, and we struggled a bit to get anything accomplished. Then went to play at Royal Lyceum -- The Country Wife, by Prospect Theatre Company. Pretty good bawdy version of Wycherley's old play, with Anna Calder-Marshall excellent as simple-minded country wife. Her scene of
March 31, Edinburgh -- writing letters to admirer were first-rate, fine timing of pauses and inspired bursts as she mangled language and sentiment. And in 2d act, actor playing Horner, the admirer, has scene where he pushes her into bedroom to hide as others arrive, and she holds door as she tries to get out. Last night it was done very vigorously, and the doorknob came off in his hand, breaking up the cast.

Thursday catching up: our 1st full day here, we headed for the castle, and views are wonderful. Castle itself looks so intriguing partly because of variety of stone textures -- all dark, but subtly different, like some natural palimpsest of the centuries.

Have been eating most meals at Farm House, which has a cafe near us and one downtown on Hanover St. Good food, cheap, with good Spanish sauterne; can get full meal and wine for about Ll.30, for both of us.

Horse-drawn milk wagon drew up to front door this morn.

April 1, Edinburgh -- Now at Georgian Hotel on Dean Terrace, where we moved this morn to have writing space and warm place to spend the day. Work space has been fine, warmth has been lacking. Wind is less today, but sharp cold front has moved in, and this top floor room has been chilly. We're doing okay -- I'm even feeling a bit acclimated -- but considering that our last modern room for the night was in Sligo, it's time we get in for a warm night with private bath for Carol to wash her hair. Maybe Aviemore tomorrow.

The Georgian is nice, well-run place. Gent in charge is handsome, with mustache, neat tie and suit; good sense of style. Had lunch here yesterday after coming over to look at the
April 1, Edinburgh -- place on recomdtn of Tourist Bureau gal, then lunch again today. The bar does a teeming business, especially today (Sunday) when all bars except hotels are closed. Bar here opened at 12:30, and by 12:32 I had counted ten persons who entered. No. 10 stopped, spotting friend up the street, and yelled "You're 2 minutes late." Had a half of Guinness after lunch, and the bar is a scene; nearly all men, with wonderful variety of faces, and above it all on high stool by bar sat man in kilt, reading Sunday paper and sipping his pint. The owner says sometimes there's a queue outside by opening time, and that tonight it'll be absolutely frantic from about 8:30 until 10 closing time.

Contrary to expectations, the city was not drawn and shuttered for Sunday, but fairly busy; Carol did laundry, and found laundromat packed.

Yesterday morn did chores such as finding this room and arranging car rental. Carol did phoning, and emerged from booth at one point to tell me she'd just been turned down because they won't rent to writers. I spent futile 20 minutes trying to phone a new hotel, which turned out to be not open yet. Afternoon, went briefly to museum to see centenary exhbtn of Evening News. Museum is grim outside, but inside is marvelous 3-storey hall, with light pipe-like columns soaring up into rounded arches. Beautiful feeling of old arcade. At bottom of each column is round cluster of radiator, going all the way around like a great gear on the thin shaft of column.

Liked Mrs. Butter's b&b place for the 4 days we were there -- very tidy, and good food -- but room was chilly, so we made this move.
April 1, Edinburgh -- Randoms: cabs here are black Austins as in London, but with driver's name lettered in gold in about 1-inch letters near door handles (middle of front door).

--Cabbie who brought us to the Georgian this morn said of the bitter wind: "It's a lazy wind, goes right through instead of around you."

--Both here and in Dublin, taxis ordered for a certain time have arrived early; 10 min. early in Dublin, for heaven's sake.

--Dublin mail boxes are old British red boxes painted green, with the embossed crest of Edward VII still visible under the paint.

April 4, Aviemore -- Wind howling outside, as it did all night here. Wondered at times if it would break the window. We're in ski chalet, comfy place with bunk beds; holed up here on theory winter housing should be warm enough in this weather, and it worked.

Left Edinburgh a little after 9 yesterday. Beautiful sunny day, and changing scenery every few miles, from prosperous farms to some bleak rock to the mountains and valleys here.

After the Georgian Hotel on Sunday, we set out to find warmer place on Monday, and settled on Esso Motor Hotel. Rented screaming red Opel Kadett from Carnie's, a hectic peremptory place which has good rates. Both had long welcome showers at the Esso, which from rm 308 offers great view to hills west of Edinburgh. Carol booked some Esso resvtns form when her folks come. Monday night after supper at Farm House, we drove around to see city under high piles of clouds and the sunset Literally views from everywhere; drive thru Holyrood Park gives good view the length of the city, but doesn't give an idea of how
April 4, Aviemore cont -- high and dominant the castle is.

Last night, we went to rec center here and played ping pong for an hour, then watched the curling matches. Carol pointed out priorities: curling rink and bar have immense space, ping pong and skating are tucked away in little corners.

Many families here; at Post House, which must go all out for such trade, we were only ones at supper last night without 2 of 3 kids.

At the Georgian, learned what the double drinks are we've been seeing: about half a wine glass of whiskey, with pint of ale, beer or stout. Gent at the Georgian suggests the weather, which is seldom really good, contribs to all the drinking.

Heavy rain of night wiped out skiff of snow on ridge up from Aviemore. Skiing is miserable, not enough snow to cover rocks, and this morn the little dry skiing hill near our chalet is covered with folks.

--Arthur's Seat, the hill overlooking Edinburgh: after days of wind, concluded it might be so named because Arthur froze off that portion of his anatomy there.

April 4, Inverness -- In the Cummings Hotel, at about £6 for bed and breakfast, after trying in vain to find cheap and warm lodgings. B & b houses here expect you won't be around during the day, and turn on heat only in evening, gal at Tourist Info told us. The only new hotel in town, the Caledonian, is very expensive. The Cummings, which seems to be #2, at least is warm and comfortable. But accmdts apparently are going to be a problem up here.

After leaving Aviemore, stopped at Landmark visitors center, privately run place. Seem to trying to do decent job; some good historical
April 4, Inverness cont. -- displays, and interesting 3-screen slide show of Highland history.

Much of scenery is startlingly like Mont. hills, with tint of purple from heather instd of sage. Some interesting river valleys on today's route, many sheep. Country still more prosperous than s. Ireland, though I expect it'll get poorer the farther we get into Highlands.

Arrived at Inverness at lunchtime; didn't leave Aviemore until 10:30 as I finished letter to Nelsons, caught up on diary. Stomach pills have been robbing me of some energy, so catch up on writing when I feel like it. Also, driving is tough; drivers are reckless, and 3 times in past 2 days we've encountered stopped vehicles in treacherous spots.

After lunch, went to Culloden to battle site. Saw film nf about the Jacobite revolt, with considerable history and a lot of alibi-ing for the Scots' dismal defeat at Culloden. Next went into old stone house at info center, and attendant, tall old figure in kilt, began talking to us. Swore that the kilt really is warm, and told us it has 6 or 7 yards of material. Proceeded to stand up and measure hand over hand around edge of his kilt -- clenched fist with extended thumb serving as 6 inches, a measure new to me but sensible -- and came out with about 2½' around the bottom edge. Glorious gent with spectacular purple nose, told us he'd already had 4 double scotches for the day (it was abt 3:30); had been London bobbie for 26 yrs, incldg WWII. Now lives not far from battle site, says he thinks the real site was a bit farther NW than the historic site because accounts of
April 4, Inverness cont. -- battle mention bog, and the bog is NW, while the historic site is driest land in area. Asked him what to see in Highlands, and he plotted week's trip for us, which looks good, especially his advise to use Ullapool as place to stay. He tinkered a bit looking up Campbells in clan books for me, boasted wryly that his clan, Douglas, was renowned for betraying Wallace to the English. Complete with gray scottie who liked Carol, he was brightener of a cold day.

Weather at least has been warmer, tho wind has been off and on. Cold rain as we left Cullodden. This evening was good enough we walked around town after supper, discovered the city is better than 1st impression, with broad and fast R. Ness flowing thru, handsome suspension footbridge across.

Had drink in hotel bar before supper, and as I stood waiting for drinks, heard man behind me tell his 2 companions "I've been going thru a difficult period" -- pause -- "from 1946 to the present."

--Leftover from Edinburgh: in military museum at castle, saw stuffed model of Bob, dog who was regimental pet of 1st British Scots Fusilier Guards 1853-60. In Crimean he was noted for chasing spent cannonballs during battles.

--Also Edinburgh impression: seeing museum displays of work by Scots engineers such as Watt and Heriot, the bridges, the general cool intelligence of the city, you see how Britain became the power it did. Scots producing the machines of the steam age, Welsh the coal, Irish the cheap labor, the money of London got from overseas empire -- powerful combination indeed.
April 5, Inverness -- Changeable morning again, with sun one minute, clouds the next. At breakfast here in the Cummings, waitress asked where we're from, adding that she'd been to US -- to Montana, to visit uncle in Miles City! Now we're waiting for stores and library to open, then on to Ullapool. Odd how set in patterns a person gets. Last night over drink, we pondered how to make a Highlands loop and still find warm lodgings. Looked bleak because there aren't many towns NW of here, and I kept tracing counterclockwise pattern the Culloden guide made out for us. Suddenly Carol suggested making the loop the other direction, which would give us base in Ullapool hotels, and it all fit.

--Further note on the Culloden guide, whose name was Douglas: his job is to man desk and keep count of visitors, and as people would duck in through the small door of the cottage, he'd greet them with booming: "Not so cold!" Since it was damn near arctic outside, this greeting would flummox the newcomers.

--Watched BBC interview with Hussein in Aviemore TV lounge the other night. Interviewer Lord Chalfont asked what the legendarily fearsome drill sergeants at Sandhurst had called Hussein during his cadet stint there. Hussein replied with grin: "Officer cadet King Hussein." He also joked that during ambush of his motorcade, two of his aides piled on top of him, doing him more harm than assassins managed.

--We're having trouble with Scottish tourist info, which is strong on lovely pics and lean on useful prose. Hard to grasp what an area's highlights are. Wales info was the best, and Ireland provided good pamphlets for areas, but we're going to resort to library this morn.
April 6, Beauly (prncd bew-li) -- In the Priory Hotel, and a big roman-nosed American kid is singing country songs in the bar down the hall from us. Just finished I Walk the Line, before that Little Old Winedrinker Me. As long as he's gonna sing the stuff I've been willing him to do Wichita Lineman, but no luck yet.

Remarkable day and half since last diary entry. Have been to Ullapool and back, thru countless squalls of rain, sleet, snow. But to begin --

Left Inverness for Ullapool after 11y'day after chores of buying toiletries, visiting public library to look at travel books. Hit squalls soon, and they've been coming ever since. Countryside has been uncannily like Montana, much like hills on drive to Helena for instance, especially with skift of snow.

Arrived at Ullapool early afternoon and began searching for new Mercury Motor Inn listed in accdts guide. On outskirts, we found it -- several months from completion. Next, to Royal Hotel, supposed to be other place in town with central heating; were shown dingy room with tiny electric heater. Headed for the Caledonian, got room with bath in new wing which proved warm enough. Wind kept slamming into Loch Broom from the Atlantic.

Ullapool was like Alaska or Norway -- fishing town on flat ledge underneath high heather (and snow) clad slopes. Very neat town, squarely laid out, white-painted houses Carol read that the pretty waterfront streets date from late 1700s. Herring fishing port, and men were loading trucks with flats of iced herring, under clouds of gulls. An open, simple town, the life simple and hard,
April 6, Beauly -- the weather and landscape stark. Long Loch Broom with the mountains on either side a terrific sight.

Took a few pics of herring loading, had tea in flyspecky little cafe which could have been in any small town in the world. Back at hotel, went in bar for a drink, two young men sitting by coal fireplace. Idle conversation got them talking, and they turned out to be barman from London, Ontario -- knockabout who'd worked on paper in Hope, BC, did some N. Sea oil rig work, bartended at Aviemore before this job -- and porter (bellboy) from Glasgow, with usual puzzling Glaswegian accent. Spent a pleasant hour with them, talked some hocky with the Canadian.

Weather continued so vigorously vile it was laughable, and we would catch ourselves, in midst of gale of sleet, talking about how we'd change our plans if the weather got bad. This morning, turned on BBC 4 news, heard weather report of more gales, snow in north, road trouble at what had seemed to us very tame Drumochter Pass s. of Aviemore, and concluded we'd better back out to Beauly instead of risking remote coastal loops we'd planned.

First, went down to water to watch (from warmth of Opel) the ferry from Lewis I. Newly begun, it makes run from Ullapool to Stornaway in 3½ hrs, as against old 6½ hr voyage from way down coast at Maïllad. Powerful scene of ferry against the brown-purple mountains, with expanse of white-capped loch in front of it as far as could be seen; foreground of the herring fleet, with its brown wood and black paint; anchored out a ways was the modern Heritage, impressive fisher in dark green; over it all the white bulk of the ferry superstructure, and gales sweeping past.
April 6, Beauly -- Watched loading and unloading of ferry, went back to check out of hotel. As we paid up, most violent squall yet came. Watched astonished as another guest, apparently British tank officer, loaded his luggage amid near-hurricane, rain and sleet sweeping parallel to ground as he made 4 or 5 trips out with luggage, got utterly sopping. We waited about 3 minutes, squall let up as always, and loaded without trouble.

Note about Ullapool harbor: newish saltbox building houses various fishing co. offices, and on 2nd floor each has window bay angled out several feet, affording view of docks.

On road back out from Ullapool, hit slushy roads, snow on roadside; once over highest pt near Glescaunoch Reservoir, roads improved, tho weather relentlessly kept on. From any objective outlook, Ullapool should have been regrettable jaunt for us, the caging gales and all -- yet we were so impressed with the scenes and have developed a sneaking admiration for such fiercely unruly weather, we treasure the trip.

Came back by way of Strathpeffer and Dingwall for variety's sake, took room here in Priory Hotel which we noticed on our way thru yesterday. Turns out to be new small hotel, good service.

After checking in, drove the misnamed Black Isle, peninsula jutting northwest from here to Moray Firth. Had lunch in car watching small ferry putter from N. Kessock to Inverness; driving on, at far end of Isle we came to village of Cromarty (CR6-merty), and happened to spot Nat'l Trust cottage of Hugh Miller, famous Scot geologist. Gray-haired woman who is custodian likes to talk, and
April 6, Beauly -- we talked with her quite a while. (As we had with Mr. Douglas at Culloden; these Nat'l Trust custodians are great sources of local lore.) Originally from Thurso, in the far north county of Caithness, said when she was growing up they'd bucketed their water from spring \( \frac{1}{2} \) mi away, and they'd used what she called a rake frame to prevent sway and spillage -- as I understood it, a flat frame which fit down onto the 2 buckets being carried and held them steady as you walked. Pointed out items on cottage hearth, called a griddle a "girdle". Asked her if it was the firth outside which saw much WWII action, she said yes, Cromarty Firth was a big naval base. (Douglas told us convoys for Murmansk formed up there) Said she lived in Easter Ross then, one day her husband heard strange motors and prophesied they were enemy planes. After a bit she went out to take in wash when she thought it was raining, found that what was falling was soot, from smoking tanker bombed in Moray Firth. She said Lord Haw Haw had that incident and many others right in broadcasts they heard. Her husband worked on famed Culrossie farm, where prize cattle were fed eggs and cod liver oil, and Haw Haw once mentioned even those details, in propagandizing that cattle were being feasted while common folk in Britain starved. Said she had 8500 visitors to the cottage last yr, amazing number for such out of way place. Cromarty is handsome, with buildings of native red limestone. Big headland across the mouth of the firth, and from Cromarty we could see construction works where North Sea oil rig is abuilding, complete with moored passenger liner apparently as quarters for workers. One of the fine coastal spots anywhere, and we probably pray in vain for its beauty to last.
April 6, Beauly cont. -- The Miller cottage has some of finest fossils I've ever seen, found by Miller near Cromarty; leaves so perfectly imprinted as if pressed between stone pages of book, ammonites emerging from rock face like carved jewelry.

--Listening to BBC 4 Scottish news tonight out of Aberdeen, heard anchorman recite usual mix of wind, rain, sleet, snow we've been having, added that tomorrow there might be thunder as well. After this horrific forecast, he looked ahead to Sun and Mon, and calmly said "similar".

April 8, Portree -- Snow coming down in fat flakes, and we'll wait it out here at Mrs. Kemp's b & b house on waterfront. Immense headlands at mouth of bay disappeared into storm half an hr ago, but fishing boats 150 yds out are still visible.

About a month ago I called G'ma from Ireland to check in, and she told me Alm was leaving Bud. Last night I made another call, and she told me Joyce is leaving Wally. Carol and I are dumfounded.

On principle that I couldn't do anything about the weird events in Montana this winter even if I were there, I'm doing what I can to put them out of mind. On that basis, back to our trip --

Splendid afternoon y'day here on Skye, maybe our most scenic yet. This rough April has left the mtns with covering of snow, and it makes these 2-and 3000 foot places look as grand as vastly higher ranges. Also clouds were blowing around the peaks in huge array, and panorama would change very minute or so. We were almost giddy with scenery, taking more pics than we have in a week or 2.

Belated start X∞ y'day morn from Beauly,
April 8, Portree -- when the young hotel staff overslept. Took back road to Loch Ness at Drumadochit; Ness is immense, pretty lake, very high ridges on both sides. Had to decide between Skye and Ft. William, and we chose on basis that since the weather wasn't utterly atrocious we'd regard it as good, and headed west at Invermoriston for Skye. Great scenery on the route, rounded peaks rising with fresh snow cover.

Had lunch at Kyle of Lochalsh, then took the 5-min ferry ride across. Came on up to Portree biggest town on island. 1st impression of Skye not great, as highest peaks are not along the route. Found Portree a tidy town, main section on ledge above water, then an L-shaped pair of streets down here at harbor level. We came down here thinking b&b might be quieter than hotel, since school spring vacatn is bringing out people, and asking around fnd Mrs. Kemp's house. Magnificent view out our window to harbor, with spectrum of fishing boats at anchor and beyond the pair of high headlands which form narrow mouth of this harbor. Walked around town, then since weather was pretty good decided to do some of loop to north end of Isle. Arriving at Uig, saw the ferry arriving from Outer Hebrides islands of Harris and Lewis. Watched as it unloaded cars by bringing up elevator loads of 4 mini-cars at a time. Decided to go on and make loop back to Portree via end of island and Staffin, and the really spectacular scenery began. To the west across the water we could see snowy peaks of Hebrides lost in storm; more peaks along the Scottish mainland to north, gleaming in bright sun between little squalls; and the long line of high ground here on Skye, some of it rearing into sharp peaks, some into big
April 8, Portree -- rounded knolls. Spotted all across countryside against backdrops of mts or blue ocean are whitewashed farmhouses. Usual style is two storey, with chimney at both ends, and 3 dormers. Very neat places, with ornamental spikes up from ridgepole as in Wales.

Driving on to Portree, came to several miles of roadwork, luckily shut down for Saturady. Across much of this boggy moor the crew is apparently digging trench for roadbed, scooping out peat and dumping in bedrock; bottom for roadbed looked 10 feet deep or so, an enormous job.

Most vivid scenery was at The Storr, a peak where the clouds were swirling, and where a stone pinnacle called The Old Man of Storr sticks up like a finger.

Just now, snow has let up, and headlands reappeared as if veils were being lifted. Carol has rushed up for camera.

Last night, had good dinner at Portree Hotel recmd by Mrs. Kemp, then drink at Royal Hotel, the modern place in town. 2 girls in bar there asked bartender about disco scheduled in town, he told them to go down to the square and follow the noise. Came back here to read in heated lounge (our bedroom has no heat of any kind, a first), in came honeymooners from Nottingham who are the other occupants, talked with them thru their layers of British reserve.

We've liked Skye immensely, and last night decided to stay another day and night.

Stray items: Woman caretaker at Hugh Williams cottage in Cromarty had almost Irish accent, but had never been in Ireland in her life; simply Gaelic influence of her upbringing in Thurso. Also, she said prnctn is "gallic" instead of "gaelic", tho I think
April 8, Portree -- the Gaelic Irish don't agree. While we talked with her, she mentioned that the presdt of Nat'il Trust for Scotland recently had dropped in on her at her cottage "over by" -- nearby, across the street.

-- Since about Aviemore, have seen trucks which are butcher shops on wheels, making stops at small towns.

-- Difference in perspective, remembered from Devon coast early in our trip. We were starting up coast path, with fine view down to beach marred only by flock of trailers, parked randomly and painted rather pasty pastels. A few yards up we met elderly English couple, chatted about view, and he urged us to look over edge at fine view there -- the same cluster of trailers, which we realized to him was a nice spectrum of pleasant pastels and slightly exotic symbol of new affluent leisure.

-- At Ullapool, as we left amid gale, the palm tree outside the Caledonian Hotel whipped almost as if in hurricane. Somewhere along the road, we encountered roadside cafe with round sign saying "Teas" along roadside, which was spinning on its axis so rapidly we could scarcely read it.
April 10, on road from Portree to Kyleakin —

A rainy socked in day on least interesting stretch of Skye road, so I'm attempting the diary in front seat of speeding Opel.

Spent 3 fine days on Skye, which has great variety of scenery, from coves to mountains. Stayed at Mrs. Kemp's b&b, on dead-end Beaumont Crescent on waterfront; pleasant, cheap, and the quietest place we've been for a long while. Also welcomed the hot water bottles she put in beds each night, and the evening tea she serves between 9 and 9:30.

To recap: Sunday we went to west side of island, to Dunvegan. Turned out to be very dull little town. We'd wondered whether we were right in coming to Portree, largest town on Skye, and we definitely were. Nowhere else offers much accommodation this time of year, and Portree has magnificent site with views of Cuillin Hills one way and peak of The Storr the other, with the harbor out the 3rd way. Did see good scenery south of Dunvegan, the great sea cliffs of Port na Long looming up, and found a scenic back road between Portree and Bracadale. It should be driven by starting at Portree, for views along deep, sparsely populated valley toward Port na Long cliffs looming at end, then loop south to Sligachan & for great views of Cuillin Hills. With snow of last few days, they looked almost like Tetons, even tho they're so much smaller.

After return to Portree from Dunvegan, Carol had afternoon nap and I walked down to northern headland at mouth of Portree bay. Mts in view in 3 directions, plus harbor with fishing boats, plus town of Portree with its highpeakd houses.
April 10 cont. -- Yesterday (Mon) we again drove to north end of island for views we liked so well our 1st day. Again could see snowy peaks of Hebrides. Went down coast on west side -- stopping at Uig to check ferry schedules to Hebrides, finding a visit would take an overnight stay -- and on to Glendale, beyond Dunvegan, to see black house cottage museum and restored mill. Then did remainder of Sligachan loop described on previous page.

April 12, Edinburgh -- In the Esso motor hotel for 2 days, to catch up on mail and diary. On Tuesday the 10th, we ended up driving much longer than expected, because our expected site, Ft. William, turned out to be so grubby; then that night we took a b&b room in Stirling where traffic roared past all night. Not much sleep for either of us. Came on to Edinburgh y'day morn, I took it easy in afternoon to fight headache, and feel okay this morn.

Much diary to catch up on, back to Skye: --Black house cottage we saw at Glendale on Monday had rafters bound with rope; not a nail in the place. Cooking pot hung over open hearth fire by chains from rafters. Further on, in the village of Glendale, found the old mill restored by the same man, Peter McAskill (?). As with the cottage museum, it wasn't open for season, but again we were told to go in and look around. Man shoveling peat there stopped and guided us around, showed us the perforated drying plates which make floor of loft where oats are dried for grinding. Implements in mill include a one-piece shovel carved from wood, very light and well crafted; also an old hand plow, used by man without horses; looks like terrible work.
April 12, Edinburgh cont. -- Man showing us around called the oats "corn". The mill is impressive, with stone walls 2' thick; stood unused for 60 yrs before restoration, without real harm.

--On the Glendale trip, also saw boat harvesting seaweed on Loch Dunvegan. Two men with long poles were in rowboat, apparently had gathered large floating bed of seaweed, the large boat had come to fork into hold with hydraulic shovel. Mrs. Kemp in Portree said she thought seaweed would be used for dulce.

--Tues. night had drink in Portree Hotel, man came in, with loud grin proclaimed a toast in Gaelic with his drink. Barmaid said "You'd think you were in China ..." Interesting set of hotels in Portree. The Portree was old well-kept place, where we ate all three nights. Good big meals for 35 pence. Dining room had tremendously high ceiling, and the acoustics sent every slight noise -- such as waitress hollering orders down the dumbwaiter -- ricocheting around. The Royal, newest place in town, had 3 bars; we had drink in lounge, it was so filled with tough looking character we wondered what the imaxxi public bar could be like. Cuillin Hills hotel was the posh place, very English and sedate, with views out across bay to Cuillin (Coolin) Hills. Also the Pier Hotel down on waterfront, which seemed such a hangout of local fishermen we never went in.

--Remarkable how unspoiled Skye still is. Town didn't even have laundromat, tho one is abuilding, nor any modern motels. Royal Hotel is the only modern mar in old style, and it doesn't intrude much. No restaurant open ther only the hotels and fish n chips truck in town square. No separate bars in town
April 12, Edinburgh cont. -- either, only those in hotels. Out in the country, the white washed houses make handsome landscape. Houses are set back from roads at least couple hundred yards, at top of fields; some small towns laid out same way, houses strung along hillside for considerable distance; the Irish could never stand such a lack of close neighboring.

--People on Skye had bright ruddy faces.

--Newspapers arrived early afternoon in Portree; must come by train to Kyle of Lochalsh, over by ferry, then by bus. On Sunday, papers arrive between 2 and 3 with the bus; a car parked in the square becomes the newsagent's stall.

--Driving out of Portree one day, turned at intersection for Bracadale road, found car stalled in middle. It was a boy learning to drive, his father in passenger's seat. Killed the car thoroughly, and traffic piled up around him; felt sorry for what must have been terrific embarrassment.

--Not all Skye houses whitewashed; a few are speckled, with seams of stone houses whitewashed but centers of stones showing thru. Also on n. end of isle saw a bright blue house speculated there's a man who spites his neighbors.

--Saw biggest peat fields yet on Skye, dozens of acres cut and drying.

--Still had trouble with local pronuncions, learned in general that on Skye 1st syllable should be accented: POR-tree, for ex.

--Palindrome from the Highlands: town of Glenelg.

--Leaving Skye, stopped at Kyleakin to find Tom Hopkinson's student who started the West Highlands Free Press a year ago, but he had
April 12, Edinburgh cont. -- gone to mainland for day, tying hasp of office door with a piece of twine, no lock of any sort.

--Mail from everyone waiting for us when we got here, including 5 letters from G'ma.

April 13, Edinburgh -- Spent y'day holed up at Esso Motor Hotel writing letters; at noon we'll move back to Mrs. Butter's b & b. Both feel better to have been warm and showered, and to have baggage somewhat repacked.

Randoms: on our way from Ft. William to Stirling, took funny little ferry across at Ballaculish. Had cabin and engine at one end, like WWII landing craft, and once we'd driven on -- a load was about 9 cars -- the entire deck rotated like a turntable, and left us facing the opposite end to drive off.

--Highlands maps we bought at Aviemore have great term for small back roads: "indifferent track".

--Another bit of language I like: Carnie's, our car hire firm here, is also a body and fender shop, which here is called a panel beaters.

--Ft. Wm to Stirling drive, Grampian Mts impressive, long classic slopes like huge mounds dumped there. Surprisingly, some of that area was the emptiest country we saw on our entire trip.

--Clan history: if there had been more profit in Scots history, maybe we'd see clans as a lot like the mafia -- intense blood loyalties, high living by chieftains at top, lower folks serving as fighting fodder.

--On BBC 4 y'day morning, heard news item about problems with church organs due to dry winter. Vergers leave heat on in churches, but not enough humidity to keep organs from drying
April 13, Edinburgh cont. -- out; they stick on some notes, or even play some notes by themselves. Organ fixers can't keep up with pre-Easter demands, and interviewee on BBC said vergers should slosh water on floor around organs to provide some humidity. A funny measure of a dry winter, but apparently an accurate one.

-- Also heard on BBC 4 a Glaswegian recount the local saying of depreciation: "You'll die facing the monument." Dates from old days when criminals were hanged publicly facing Nelson's monument in Glasgow.

April 16, Edinburgh -- Fly to London tomorrow afternoon. Today is local E'burgh day off simply called Spring Holiday, so we have spent time on chores: wrapped packages to mail home, Carol ironed. Luckily museums are open, and we went to Nat'l Library to see its David Livingstone exhibition, then around the corner to lunch in tea room of Royal Scottish Museum. One of our fellow boarders, prof'l man of some sort, says E'burgh now has 16 holidays a year.

Yesterday (Sunday): warmest day we've had in months, and we went to Royal Botanical Gardens. Lovely gardens, not sculpted into geometry as with some English gardens. Many varieties of rhododendrons in bloom, inc. several from China we'd never seen. Fine greenhouses, surprisingly not so fedid as Seattle's. And good lunch at tea room near Modern Art Museum, a pick-it-yourself salad the waitress puts together from a wheeled cart.

Warm sun so welcome we shed coats and sat watching people. Favorites were a grandpa in flat cap and his pretty granddaughter, maybe 9, in her crinkly plastic red coat. Seemed
April 16, Edinburgh cont -- to enjoy each other greatly, hand-in-hand all the way. Grandpa was a fine provider of adventure, at one point chatting with the uniformed guard in a plant house about a mutual friend, at another finding a little lost boy and setting him straight. A long way across the generations, from that flat cap and old burr, to the girl in plastic whose tongue will be tuned by tv and modern schools, but it was fun to see them beautifully joined for a spring day. Final note: grandpa wore working man's suit, but with big tie hanging out over top of his sweater.

Afternoon, we went to Royal Scottish Acdmy arts exhibition. Architecture displays very dispiriting, faceless modern boxes everywhere. One of most grievous is modern Museum of Scottish Antiquities, which will be built on corner of Chambers St. amid handsome old blocks of Greyfriars area. Having walked from botanic gardens to downtown, we did the paintings galleries by walking from one settee to the next, no dawdling between. Last night ate a few blocks from here in n'hood place with good food and terrible waitress, one of many very dumb girls we've encountered here in Scotland, in contrast to anywhere else on this trip. Has us a bit puzzled. After meal, walked down to Wladomann Caledonian for drink. Walked past lesser hotel near there where bouncer was bouncing a young dude from room teeming with Sunday drinkers.

On Sat. the 14th, we walked thru the Meadows and out to U. of Edinburgh. Found its the science campus, and is totally motley in dim architecture. Later went down Royal Mile to city-rum Museum of Childhood, intriguing displays with sharp captions by curator
April 16, Edinburgh cont. -- Patrick Murray, who also wrote and illustrated fine little guidebook. Some examples from museum: a Juvenile Paint Box, French made, c. 1880, labelled "couleurs sans danger". Caption translates: "which means you can eat them." Some funny banks, inc a soccer bank which had figure whose leg you pulled back and let go to kick coin through goal slot, and a Tammany bank (by T & E Stevens Co, Cromwell, Conn.) which was a plutocratic figure that would put a coin in its pocket. Curator's comments rightly pooh-pooed as awful stuff the samplers and other fretwork kids used to do. Praised US toy skill, especially with cast iron; had displays also of US toy which was set of interlocking wooden acrobats, made by Crandalls firm. Among our favorites were exquisite tiny German towns. Also were taken with info about peevers. Peevers is Scots word for hopscotch, prob'ly from the French word pierre, for stone. The word peevers means the stone used as well as the game itself, and Museum has pair of wonderful peevers made by stonemasons for favorite kids. Look like small hockey puck, aptly marble, about 3" across, date from 1880-1900; fine patterns of birds and leaves chiselled around kids names, Annie on one and Sarah on the other. Surely must have been a kid's prize possession.

Randoms: Walking to U. of E'burgh along Causeway, spotted a public laundry. Looked in attdnt explained the E'burgh Corp. runs 10 of them. That one is about the oldest, and a favorite: long rows of wash tubs, with a sort of oven door you put clothes in and turn on the steam. Clothes then hung on pipe racks which slide out of wall from drying room.
April 16, Edinburgh cont -- All this avbl for three bob -- 15 pence.

--Walking thru Meadows on fine warm Sat. morn, passed a set of 16 tennis courts, not a soul on them. Later saw more vacant courts at U. and elsewhere.

--Another note for Jean: Royal Scottish Academy permanent exhibits include letter from Dylan Thomas to Hector MacIver in 1949, complaining about living in Oxfordshire: "Our pub is cold, and wild with dominoes."

--New book about Evelyn Waugh's WWII career, by fellow officer John St. John. Last name, in high British style, is prncd "sin-jun." Waugh's diaries running in Observer mag, and y'day's included intro note about friction between Waugh's snooty officer group and crew of ship transporting them; one of Waugh's group kept calling the captain on the bridge "the old bugger on the roof."

--Have heard on BBC 4 again in wake of raids of supposed IRA helpers the straightfaced euphemism for holding people without bail or charges: "helping police with their inquiries!"

--Among Royal Scottish Library exhibits seen today were John Hanning Speke's corrected proofs of Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile. BBC series Search for the Nile has been replaying recently.

--Have had meals or dessert several times at The Quernstone, few blocks from Mrs. Butters. Incredibly inefficient, but endlessly entertaining, and with good homemade ice cream. It's combination candy shop-ice cream fountain-cafe, and does all three haphazardly. Usually has six or 7 people working, but all traffic has to pass from behind counter thru about a 2 foot passage. Supplies endlessly
April 16, Edinburgh cont -- move to and from front of shop and downstairs storage at back. Ice cream is brought up in gallon buckets, spoon-and-knifed into small metal containers in display freezer, remainder taken back down, to come up again in few minutes. Dishes are washed side by side with too-small cooking area. Boxes stacked everywhere; towers of ice cream cone boxes at head of back stairs. Waitresses reach across each other behind counter; in five foot radius, one will be selling candy and collecting money, one will be making milk shake, another will be reaching across her to spoon ice cream into dish. Front of store has several dozen kinds of hard candy in oldstyle candy jars. A fine loony place, one of Edinburgh's musts.

--Friday night saw movie The Triple Echo, with Glenda Jackson, and Sat. saw double bill of plays by Glasgow writer C.P. Taylor. "Allergy" very funny, about 3 inept revoltries holed up amid beer cans in shack up near Ullapool. The new play "Next Year in Tel Aviv" had good ironic moments about characters nearly paralyzed by self-analysis, but seemed incomplete. Good acting thruout at Traverse.

--On Friday, we filled out forms at American Express in effort to recoup on missing travs checks. Were told we can be repaid, but with proviso that if the checks are ever cashed we must repay American Express. Best of a bad deal, I suppose.

--Futilely shopped for short raincoat for me on Sham Sat. Downtown a absolutely jammed, worse than Oxford St at Christmas.
April 18, Windsor -- 4:45, and Carol just left to drive her folks around area a bit. They arrived about half hour late, held up in US by some BOAC labor dispute. Didn't like the seating or service on BOAC, and of course showed up suffering from jet lag and lack of sleep, but in pretty good shape. Frank already is noticing the endless British quirks, such as doors which open wrong way, locks which can be opened with piece of cardboard; he should have a field day over here. He began to get a bit peeved at usual delay in renting Hertz car, but I got him to go off and visit with Carol and did the waiting. All in all, whatever they thought, we considered it a miraculously smooth airport jaunt.

Started this morn by catching a bus which showed up 7 minutes early, sauntering up as it pulled into Windsor, reading number in disbelief, and hurriedly hopped on. Well down the line, driver noticed one of his regulars wasn't at stop; he waited through two green lights as she left her house a block away and ran to bus.

This afternoon, four of us went up to Windsor Castle to walk around; chapel is about all that's open, as queen is in residence. As Carol and I ate last night at Berni's, black limousines swept past, and read this morn there'd been dinner for the Soviet ambassador. Windsor is jammed with tourists; tour groups going through castle in Spanish, French and German that we could recognize. Also, movie or tv scene was being filmed on side street when Carol and I went out in search of bottle of milk.

Easy trip down from Edinburgh y'day; only problem was being charged a pound extra by BEA for our 3rd bag.
April 18, Windsor cont. -- Randoms to catch up on:

--Edinburgh poste restante clerk quickly got to recognize me on sight, a good small town feeling.

--Strange run of people at Mrs. Butters' B&B place: nurse's aid who worked nights and her gawky son; funereal Englishman who we thought maybe is disbarred lawyer turned bill collector; last stay there, little old lady from Rochester, NY, who was going to drive around England by herself. We were the only couple in our full 8 days there.

--Always asked one of 2 questions in Scotland: "Are you on holiday?" or "Are you American or Canadian?"

--Tuesday morn, as I went down to mail packages home, also shopped fruitlessly some more for short raincoat. Going home, stopped at Goldberg's a few blocks away, at once spotted just what I wanted on the rack.

--Saw movie Junior Bonner on Monday night; pretty good rodeo show, though Sam Peckinpah's camera style gets awful self-conscious.

--Someplace in Edinburgh, we heard again what has been the anthem of our trip: the Strawb's You Wont Get Me Out of the Union...

--Museum of Childhood's artwork about children includes couple of very menacing portraits of kids by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

--Over ice cream in shared booth at the Quernstone, talked with sityish woman who was convinced decimisation was causing all the British labor trouble.

--In camping store window, saw our small Optimus stove for L9.50, more than twice what we paid.

--At Esso motor hotel in E'burgh, we were forever being offered room service meals by bell boy. Either mistakenly knocked on our
April 18, Windsor cont. -- door with meals, got us while reading papers in lobby, or phoned, total of 4 times in 3 days.

---Restaurant feature, 1st noticed at Olde Hob in Dublin and noticed again in E'burgh, is the waitress table, where waitresses gather and gab between serving.

--- Sign of used car dealer in E'burgh: Pre-owned car specialists.

With arrival of Frank and Lucie, our trip ends and another begins, really. Read back just through diary since leaving London six weeks ago last night, and what a trip it's been. Carol and I have enjoyed each other immensely; spending all our time together didn't pall, thank god. She is noble, and I round our 8th anniversary loving and admiring her more than ever.

April 22 -- Bristol. The days do go. From the 1st night at Windsor, went next to Bath, then the past two nights here at Esso Motor Hotel outside Bristol. Tomorrow, north toward Edinburgh.

Faring pretty well traveling together, tho meal times are proving a nuisance. Frank is fairly often at odds with English meals, either because of the food or the quantity. Other morn at Villa Magdala in Bath, which provides the best breakfasts we've had at any b&b place, he took a look at English bacon and declared it wasn't for him, briefly tried the sausage and gave up on it. This morn he sampled the bacon here, without much success. Easter weekend has aggravated the food quandary, because what few middling cafes there are have shut down. We careen from meal to meal, Frank leery of the food, me uncomfortable with spending so much time sitting
April 22, Bristol cont. -- around tables.

Luckily there are plenty of things going right. Carol and I have been driving in fine style, for one. And the folks have enjoyed the Methodist sites. Lucie was thrilled when we went to Frome and found her mother's and aunt's baptisms recorded in Methodist church there. She had downplayed doing much about looking up family stuff there, but Carol got us all there, then I pressed the minister and his family until we were allowed to look at the church record books. Minister was thoroughly friendly but on crutches after accident, and 1st said he couldn't come to church. When he gave us keys to look around inside, I rummaged and found records back to 1878, but not the earlier ones needed. When his wife came to see how we were doing, I asked her about the records, and eventually we got the minister there with key to the safe. Lucie was delighted when we flipped pages to 1868 and she saw the family entry.

Y'day in Bristol, we went to John Wesley's 1st church in Bath, and were shown around handsomely by ass't warden. Frank and Lucie liked the tour, and Frank is telling these English Methodists they live in the town named after Bishop Asbury as proudly as if he'd spent his whole life in Asbury Park, instead of the past 6 weeks.

Things people are impressed with: most striking thing to Lucie in 1st glimpses of England was how clean and shiny the windows of houses are. Frank has seemed most impressed by the plumbing and engineering of the Roman baths at Bath.

Driving to Bath, came through lovely countryside, esp. around Longparish. Hampshire is red brick house country.
April 22, Bristol cont. -- In Salisbury, we went to cathedral and found BBC TV set up for Good Friday telecast. Impressive job of lighting and handling acoustics. Cathedral is splendid; indeed, over-splendid, because its famous spire is higher than its structure and foundations should be supporting. Thankfully the four of us get along with each other much better than usual in such quartets, but I came up against bit of etiquette last night which baffled me. Carol let us out at front door, and since parking lot was full because of big party here, said she'd meet us inside in the rooms when she managed to park. We got out of car, I came into lobby, look back to see Frank and Lucie standing on front step waiting for Carol. Chilly and damp night, I thought what the hell and began browsing paperback stand. Minute or two, they came in, I brightly say Shall we wait for her in the room? Lobby was full of overflow from bar, precisely the kind of crowd they haven't seemed to like, but we all keep on standing in lobby. Frank finally says Gee, she must have gone a long ways to park the car. I say Yes, she said she'd catch up with us in the rooms. Silence, we go on standing there. Eventually Carol saunters in, surprised to see us standing around there. Very mysterious, these East Coasters.
April 26, York -- Just back from after supper stroll around city. Found the cathedral, which is superbly lit and looks great from distance, is heavily scaffolded and buttressed. Old city wall has walkway on top; good views at River Ouse. We're staying in Royal Station hotel, huge Victorian pile by train station; newly repainted and refurnished inside, really very good.

Left Edinburgh this morn, after past 3 nights at Esso motor hotel. Did various tourist things with folks, the castle, royal mile, botanic gardens. I took Tuesday to try trace records of my grandfather. Took some stabbing around in Register Office, records center for Scotland, but eventually got to 1871 census page for his family; from the census material and an old map, could tell the family lived on teeming Glasgow st., with 13 families, total of 80 persons, in the same tenement. Didn't know when or where he was born, so had to triangulate by finding a Peter Doig and a David Doig with same parents in the birth registers. Finally did, plus a Mary Malcolm Doig whom I dimly remember Dad mentioning as an aunt who became a missionary.

Register House records center is like inside of silo, with floors of records around the circular walls, in concentric rings. Good service, and painstaking record keeping; the office has records of birth, marriage and death for all of Scotland since 1855 indexed, and unindexed before that.

---Randoms: scenic country today, coming across from Westmoreland through the Dales. Endless stone fences, rolling green hills, at one point a canal with blue canal boat.

---This morning we detoured south of Glasgow to see New Lanark, one of Robert Owens'
April 26, York cont. -- communes. Sits down in deep wooded valley at falls of the Clyde. Buildings still intact, though some are un-roofed and decaying; 5-storey factory, the 4-storey row houses for Owens' enthusiasts, all built of gray stone block. What seems to be a canal still has water in it, and a flume carries a stream under it at one point, probably for water power when built. A great old semi-ruin, a Stonehenge of the Industrial Revolution as it's been described. Only business there now is small metal extraction company, and its junk is strewn throughout town, including broken fuselage of jet fighter.

---Another classic place name just outside York: Nether Poppleton.

---Lucie the other day was recalling sayings from her childhood. Her mother, to encourage them when it kept raining, would say: "Maybe this is the clearing-up shower." And from Frank's family came the hopeful weather forecast: "If you can see a patch of blue big enough for a pair of Dutchman's trousers, it'll be a clear day."

---Other language: BBC reporter of Inverness folk festival said a lot of people came to enjoy them ongoings.

---Somebody once asked Lucie's brothers Ralph and John: "Are you twins or brothers?"
April 28, Chipping Campden -- Saved a boy's life yesterday on driving here; have wondered since how the body is able to race ahead of thought in split-second situations. We were on edge of Cotswolds, in line of cars, and came to small hill with narrow bridge at top and a slight turn. Met a small truck from other direction, and just over brow of hill saw kids along roadside. A blond boy, maybe 4 yrs old, ran across the road from right to left. I swerved the Cortina to the right, which gave him time for another step or two, then hit brakes hard coming out of swerve, and steering back right into possible skid. When I saw we would clear him, I speeded up again, to prevent getting hit from behind by following car. It all worked, and I said in surprise as we went past "Saved his life."

Trying to put it all together, it's astonishing how many things worked right to save that boy being hit. Only the combination of swerving and braking would have worked; braking alone would have skidded us into him, swerving alone could have sent us off the road out of control. The swerve broke our speed a bit, the hard screech of brakes and skid-steering slowed us enough while keeping us on our own side, unhit from behind. The driver behind me must have been fantastically alert to stay clear of us; the boy luckily ran as hard as he could after the slightest moment of freezing; and oncoming traffic was far enough away to allow space for it all to happen. It is one of those instants which stay in the memory in freeze-frame.

Drove here y'day from York, via Lpworth to see the Wesley family home. Were shown around the Wesley manse by warden with fine Northern accent, full of oo's (as in "Coom in here"). I liked pair of old mugs he
April 28, Chipping Campden cont — showed us which have porcelain spiders, lizards and frogs inside. I asked him if that was the Yorkshire sense of humor, he grinned and tilted an eyebrow.

We're in Seymour House Hotel, old stone place full of odd angles and quirks which has Frank's frequent attention. This morn we walked around town, this afternoon drove to Nat'l Trust Hidcote Manor Gardens and then to Stratford. Stratford was crammed, gave up on going through Ann Hathaway's cottage. Stopped down the road a couple of miles at Welford on Avon for tea and scones, found a fine old tea room absolutely empty. Carol and I are happily -- and a bit guiltily -- digging into scones and clotted cream and jam as we did in Devon last fall.

While Lucie took a bath this late afternoon, Frank, Carol and I went up the street to Campden Pottery Shop, where I bought Carol a small owl last Dec. Odd shrieks coming out of back room, woman reassured us it was just a parrot. I asked if it said anything intelligible. She said yes, what most startles people is that it emphatically says: "To hell with Wilson!"

Chipping Campden is classic old town, no modern buildings of any sort intruding on ancient High Street. Single long street of tan stone buildings with slate roofs, old (1627) market still standing slap in middle of town. Woolstaplers Museum has a mad attic collection of items, from big collection of mantraps to old dental tools; great place for two hours of browsing. My favorite is scene inside glass cover, of two frogs having a duel with swords as two seconds look on. Frog figures are about life-size, but stand on hind legs like humans; the winning duelist has just run thru his opponent, who is falling backwards, eyes
April 28, Chipping Campden cont. -- stricken, as seconds watch in horror and fascination. A marvelously terrible little scene, the ideal macabre mantel item.

Had lunch y'day in Epworth at Red Lion Inn, the only place available. Ate in the bar, and had good sandwiches, which Carol and I knew can be had in pubs but folks haven't wanted any part of them. No milk available, so I ordered cider; Frank asked whether it was hard or soft, we gave some muddled answer, and all four of us got some. Nice ironic touch right there in John Wesley's home town.

Watergate case has been running big in papers the past week or more. Can imagine Jean and John right now.

Randoms: Driving to Epworth y'day, found appalling truck traffic, and a constant roaring flow on the little roads. A motorway is being built, but meanwhile you can almost feel the little towns being shaken to bits. Carol pointed out this area around Chipping Campden and the Cotswolds generally has survived pretty much intact, without the truck plague, even so close to London.

--At Epworth, stopped at public johns. The women's had open window and door, so every word was amplified out -- like shouting down a rainbarrel, Frank said. We sat in car and laughed as Lucie jabbered to Carol in loud voice which could be heard all over the neighborhood.

--In nearby Moreton-in-March, you are about equidistant from two little towns: due west is Bourton-on-the-Hill, due east is Barton-on-the-Heath.

--As I walked for papers this morn, passed butcher shop with large old yellow-white dog on the step, hopefully examining everyone coming out.
London, April 30—Carol has taken folks to Regent St. to shop, and I shudder to think of the traffic she'll hit. I've gone through the mail which was waiting here for us, and all is pretty good, except for one more twist in the damned travelers checks mess. We had asked Ian Brown to send his letter from Am. Express to their man here in London, whom we're to see: letter from Brown cheerily says he sent that stuff to the manager of the Sheperds Bush Grn branch. Have tried twice to get the branch on the phone; even if I do, it'll mean a trip out there to pick up the paperwork. Incredible tangle.

We drove through hard rain all the way from Minster Lovell, and that and lack of sleep in last night in the Old Swan have left me pooped. Just downed an apple turnover and 2 glasses of milk, hoping to revive, but with out much luck.

May 1—Decent night's sleep last night, and feel much more vigorous. Carol is on phone making travel arrangements, folks are at Westminster Abbey. They're very pleased with Dolphin Sq., which is spick and span, with plenty of room and facilities. Happy choice by Carol.

Chore day looming -- letters, haircut, theatre tickets -- but I'm looking forward to walking around the city this afternoon to do some of the things. Meanwhile, a bunch of randoms:

--Two really different sets of perceptions now, between folks and us. Other day in Oxford I heard Frank say, Hey, look at that! and turned around expecting to have some spire or architectural treasure pointed out. Instead, he was looking at one of the windshields with built-in rows of tint which have fascinated him ever since he got here.
May 1, London cont. -- By same token, Lucie was deeply interested, even concerned, about a quiet waitress in Chipping Campden, thinking her very downcast and depressed. To us, she simply had a right to her privacy, a right to be quiet.

--Traveling with the folks has made me think a lot about perceptions and expectations, day to day. Frank, who knew a fair amount of rough upbringing, thought the 6-hr flight in an unsatisfactory plane seat was onerous; both he and Lucie, after yearsm of air-conditioning have been uncomfortable in typically English quarters. We spend a lot of time eating and looking for places to eat. It's all a far cry from our ancestors who took sailing ships across the Atlantic. I hope I don't begrudge the folks their attitudes about comfort, because they've worked hard on their way to them. I think I'm more concerned about wondering if I'll feel the same eventually, regarding a flight across thousands of miles as rough, unused to fresh air and changes in temperature. Probably the folks simply have a lot of the feelings Carol and I had when we arrived last October; it is revealing to me to see them in somebody else.

--Watergate affair rolls on; Nixon's speech was last night. Papers here are on strike for May Day, and I couldn't find a Herald Trib this morning.

--Windrush River past Minster Lovell is ridiculously pretty stream; lovely curves and bends, here still water, there a long slow eddy, farther on a set of rapids. Banks are cheeseholed, apparently holes made by water rats. Birds were manic all our time in the Cotswolds; after dinner in Chipping Campden, we stood listening in the street for about
May 1, London cont. -- 5 minutes as a bird gave us a fantastic array of songs.

--Frank looks at all the buildings with his craftsman's eye. At the Old Swan, in the particularly ancient rooms there, Lucie kidded him that he'd be telling Harry Eelman about all these places when he got home. He stoutly denied it, but I give him no more than 10 minutes with Harry before he starts.

--Mail was waiting for us here; letters from Jean and Linda describing reactions to Watergate, letters from Grandma continuing on-again off-again reports about Wally and Joyce.

--Ate dinner here in Dolphin Sq. restnt last night, and while omelettes were excellent, our waiter apparently had been hitting the bottle and kept misplacing parts of the meal. Thought I'd fall out of the chair from ennui before he finally finished with us, and then as we were leaving, he pointedly asked Frank: "Have you been well taken care of, sir?" Since 12½% service already had been added to bill, this was highway robbery; Frank carried it off beautifully by handing the guy a 5-pence piece.

May 6, Rotterdam -- Diary has lagged, but can't be helped; days blur past. Catching up:

Y'day we drove to island of Over-flakkee (flaw-KAY), where Frank's grandmother lived until she emigrated to US at age 18. Her town of Goedereede (hoo-duh-RAY-dah) turns out to have old village center intact; lovely little place, with canal and high black-and-white mooring pilings in town square. Wonderful textures in the brick streets and houses, tile roofs, some clap-
May 6, Rotterdam cont. -- board barns. Carol found the place a photog's dream. A 1706 church still is in use, undoubtedly the one Frank's granny attended, but my stabs around neighborhood turned up info there's no pastor living in town any more, only a circuit rider on Sunday, so we couldn't look up baptismal records.

Had tea in Golden Lion Hotel, immensely high ceilings, delicate panels of stained glass in big front windows.

Saw people wearing wooden shoes in the villages; not everybody, but quite a few. Even saw men riding bikes wearing them.

Friday (May 4) had low point of the trip, when we arrived in Delft to find our VVV-made reservations in the Hotel Wilhelmina were grim. Folks' room with shower turned out to be metal shower stall only, no bathroom, beds were hard; rooms clean, but not well kept up. Frank was very unhappy, Lucie was gamely saying it's ok for one night, Carol had touch of bad stomach and the monthlies and didn't feel enthused either. Dinner didn't help much; for second night in row, Carol and I came up with student-frequented place which has pretty good food at moderate prices, for second night in row Frank came in, sat down, and said we must be in wrong end of town. We tell him we're in the center of downtown Delft, just as we were in center of downtown Amsterdam the night before, and this is how things are. I've had good veal meals both those times, and a good meal of baked flat fish here at this motel last night; also liked the ham and cheese (both cold) which were most of breakfast at the Delft hotel y'day morning.

Anyway, back to low point. Carol flatly
May 6 cont. -- told Frank there simply aren't US-style places in a city such as Delft (confirmed by accommodations guide we bought y'day, which shows Wilhelmina as best-rated in town), and y'day morn I told him he'd had secretaries making arrangements for him too long and this is how the rest of the world lives. Surprisingly he agreed, and now that we managed these rooms at the Skyway Motel (R'dam airport) and made reservations at another of the chain's motels near A'dam for next 3 nights, housing crisis seems solved.

Luckily the Delft hotel woes were preceded by visit to Keukenhoff gardens near Lisse, vast display of flowers which entranced the folks. They also like the commercial fields of tulips we drive past; the red fields really are an unforgettable red, almost incandescent; color seems too deep", too vivid, to belong on spectrum.

Visited Alkmaar cheese market n. of Amsterdam on morn of May 4. A good show, which properly draws tourists by the scads. Market is in part of town square; area about 50 yds square is fenced off on 3 sides, the 4th is tremendous old town hall with 5-tiered clock tower. Workers in white pants and shirt and flat straw hats (colored blue, green, yellow, red and orange) carry cheese on wooden carriers about 8' long, bowed like rockers of rocking horse, with cheese resting on boards between the 2 rockers. Men wear suspender-like shoulder harnesses, with loops of rope on end; loop is slipped over handles of carrier, and man at each end, pr of men carry enormous load of cheese.

During display for buyers, cheese is laid out in neat stacks on canvas in open-air market. Some is like large grapefruit, others
May 6 cont. -- the size of curling stones. They are shades of yellow, up to near-orange. Buyers cut samples from cheeses and nibble expertly. Two-wheel wooden carts, which apparently have brought cheese to market, stand around. Tourists click madly; more than once had Carol and I given thanks for Kodak stock.

Alkmaar town square is of dark purplish red bricks, about 2" wide and 10" wide, much smaller than usual bricks. An oompah wagon plays wildly during cheese sale, one figurine conducting while two others hit bells at appropriate moments in the music. The oompahing stopped only for the town hall clock, which marked 11 by playing jolly tunes for the next ten minutes. The market square has background of canal, with two counter-weighted bridges across.

On May 3, before flying BEA to A'dam, we visited Leonie Polak for an hour. She was funny and vivacious, and Frank and Lucie seemed charmed with her. Masterstroke came as we were leaving, and Leonie told Lucie she was exactly as Carol had described her, so chic and soignee. Lucie fairly melted away with pleasure.

Learned Hans and Leonie sold their house very promptly, for L48,500, a profit of L17,000 in under 2 years. Agent was asking 49,500, a Chase Manhattan man and wife who are friends with the American family next door liked the house but wanted the price down a couple thou. Hans refused, went off to Paris. The man called Leonie, said they'd go to 48,500, and he'd send her immense bouquet. Leonie had liked them from the first. She phoned Hans, beginning with Dutch and French proverbs for a bird in the hand etc; Hans said, "all right, all right; what are you up to?" Leonie said she thought they were the
May 6 cont. -- right couple for the house, Hans agreed with a chuckle, and the deal was made. A $2500 bouquet of flowers for Leonie, in effect.

Polaks plan to buy small house near Geneva with their profit, and at last Leonie's Swiss senate clock face will find a home. Takes 4 men to lift it, but she has had it moved with them 4 or 5 times. Said she bought it at rummage sale for equiv of about a pound. Took it home while Hans was away, close to Christmas, propped it in living room, turned off all lights except those playing on the clock face. Hans arrived, cried "What is that!?" She told him it was Christmas present for the whole family, and has hung onto it despite his grumping opposition ever since. Lovely funny people. Lucie was startled when Carol and I exchanged kisses and hugs with Leonie arriving and leaving; explained to her we'd spent the winter keeping straight the Polaks' effusiveness, which meant at least shaking hands if we hadn't seen them for a couple of days, with British friends' reserve, which meant Donald Wintersgill didn't shake hands upon seeing us for 1st time in ten years.

On May 2, we finally solved or resolved the case of the missing trav checks. While at Dolphin Square, I called Bank of Ireland branch at Sheppards Bush to have them pass along to Am Express the correspondence Ian Brown initiated for us. Manager there hemmed and hawed, unable to lay hands on the file, and his secretary was out sick. I phoned Am Express, learned they had file showing the checks were sent them by the branch bank, with note that they were abandoned on counter by suspicious couple. Bank had provided ludicrous descriptions of us,
May 6 cont. -- making Carol 5'9" with curly hair, me 45-50 yrs old xx and totally bald. On morning of 3d we went to Am Express office, were given voucher which was promptly turned into $330 in checks, and it was over. Got from the helpful Am Express gent a photocopy of the B. of I's cover note it sent with checks, intend to use it to mortify the branch bank manager and clear ourselves with Ian Brown.

Night of May 1, the 4 of us went to The Day After the Fair. Pretty good play based on Thos. Hardy story, Deborah Kerr excellently professional. Because of May Day strikes, had trouble getting home until we figured out to walk west along Picadilly to intercept incoming cabs.

--Randoms: Have liked many things about the Dutch, but dislike the endless gouging for money we've been hit with at every turn. I suppose the qualities of thrift and industry which have made this a going nation in spite of its environs xx inevitably mean a close eye for a nickel, but it gets damn outrageous. I thought the Scots a bit shifty for charging parking at public landmarks; the Dutch get you every angle. Examples: at airport, no baggage carts allowed inside terminal; instead, porters are there to handle you for a fee. Had to buy map of Rotterdam from govt tourist office VVV to get to last night's motel, was charged eqvt of $1.15. Toilet attendants have their palm out; one tapped Lucie on shoulder for her money at lunch today. At art museum in The Hague today, no titles on the pictures; must buy catalogue to know what you're looking at. In Delft we parked car like everybody else on the street, came back to find parking ticket, quite
May 6 cont. — possibly slapped on because car was recognized as tourist-rented Hertz. Carol sighed the other day and said "The British can't compete, can they?" I agreed; they're too friendly and decent. At Villa Magdala in Bath, owner refused to let me write check for flat £7 pounds to cover tip with bill, saying 80 pence was plenty.

—Dutch rooms make me think I was unfair to the Irish. Rooms nearly as quirky here, and in fact probably are less well lit. Here at Euromotel E-9, bathroom is splendidly lit, with 3 lights, but rest of room is wan, with 2 wall lights with tiny wattage and bed lights which shine weakly down on the top of your head. Frank was dumfounded that last night's rooms had no ledge at bottom of shower to keep water from pouring into bathroom; said it if someone had told him that he wouldn't have believed it. Tonight's is better stall, with slightly recessed floor to hold water in, but no rod for shower curtain, so the water will still pour out.

—On the bright side of the Dutch, Carol and I have liked the young people we've encountered. Very casual and friendly, and strikingly good-looking. Perhaps because the very pretty girls wear the briefest mini-skirts I've ever seen and the boys are long-haired and lanky, I have the feeling everyone under 30 is either coming from or on the way to a roll in the hay.

—Older people are friendly too, for that matter; trying to find some church caretaker for Frank at Goedereede, I was helped by housewives who hadn't a snitch of English but listened to my fumblings. Frank wanted to mail a letter, was led to post box by passing man on bicycle.
May 7, Amsterdam -- More randoms: I've just had breakfast early to have some time typing. Two busloads from American Express here; a polyglot of American accents. Breakfast is the usual: buffet with several kinds of bread, cold ham, cheese; something new this morning is salami. Looks like another lean breakfast for Frank, who isn't supposed to eat much ham or cheese.

--Spent y'day forenoon in The Hague, and had lunch at Cafe-Restaurant 'T Goude Hooft (The Good Host?), street address Groenmarkt 13; it's near the Stadt House, and block or so from the Dutch parlmt buildings. Great place, which Carol said felt very Swiss or German. Huge timbered interior, stained glass windows, wrought iron chandeliers; newspaper table, with a top shelf of pigeon-holes for different papers, where men were coming to drink coffee and read. Food was excellent, and service good from a Negro waiter.

--Dutch toilets: bowl has large flat ledge about six inches down from top, dropping off to hole at front of bowl. So, the results are high and dry on the ledge until you press the flush lever; then water roars onto ledge, sweeping everything to front of bowl -- in fact, threatening to hurl it all out at you.

--Delft has fine old town square, an immense church with steeple at one end, a grand bulking town hall at the other. At dusk, with city's spires against clouds and the street lights glowing, it's a lovely sight.

--Notice posted in our Skyway Motel room at Rotterdam airport: "For using drinks on your room they are available at the reception desk."
May 7, Amsterdam cont. -- More randoms: at Alkmaar cheese market, one of tunes played by tower clock was Three Blind Mice.

-- Scheveningen, the seaside resort just outside the Hague, had some of the look and feel of all such resorts, a bit dowdy from having an off-season, a bit frantic with neon. On beach there was complex of small glass rooms for sunbathers.

-- For the record, our accommodations so far in Holland: night of May 3, Esso Motor Hotel in Amsterdam, which turned out to cost $32/room; Hotel Wilhelmina in Delft; the Skyway at Rotterdam Airport, with views across canal to hothouses, grazing goats and cows, ducks and swans; and now the Eurohotel E-9, of the same chain as the Skyway. Much traffic noise here from E-9 motorway 100 yds away, and also some engine noise from barges on water right behind the motel. Last night at dinner Frank told us how much they appreciated our handling the trip details, said at his age all that would drive him up the wall. I probably haven't understood well enough how hard traveling can be when you're 70 and have ailments; I suppose I'm still regarding Frank as he was when I met him, 62 and a strong executive with vigorous opinions. Anyway, both Frank and Lucie have borne up pretty well, will have memories from this trip, and 3 weeks worth is about the right length.

-- On the 5th, Frank traded in the Opel Kadett X11 rented at Amsterdam airport for a bigger model at Rotterdam airport. The original had bad shocks, and bottomed and banged every slight bump. Service at Hertz at A'dam airport was one of 1st surprises over here. At Heathrow, harrin desk man had gone for our car himself, pulled it up at curb for us. At A'dam, we were given keys
May 7, Amsterdam cont. -- with license number, directed to a full lot where we had to search out the car for ourselves. Lucky there were enough of us for one to watch bags while other looked; would be helluva job searching through jumble of several dozen cars carrying all your baggage.

--Arriving at airport, were confronted with beefy passport inspector, in big booth with chest high counter. You put passport up there, he took it down behind counter, banged a stamp on it and handed it back. What the height of the counter contributes to the process, I can't fathom.

--A'dam traffic when we went into city for dinner the 1st night was horrifying; besides cars, entire separate jumble of bikes and mopeds whizzing along on your right.

--As in Bristol, have had inept maps here. Map of country showing all roads is only bit less than life-size, a terrific snarl to try handle in a car seat.

--No TV in any room here yet, though there's always a TV lounge somewhere. There is piped radio in rooms, with good music.

--Have seen no real slums in our driving, only a few abandoned buildings. Country is neat and prosperous looking.

--Carol's description of how flat it is here: there's nothing higher than a tulip anywhere.

--When I cashed trav checks in Alkmaar, found the bank staff wearing whatever they damn pleased, from micro-skirts to blue jeans; men had whatever hair lengths or beards they chose, too.
May 8, Amsterdam -- Sightseeing day. Began by taking sightseer boat near downtown, not far from Rokin st. Good tour through canals and harbor for an hour. Young guide spied for us in English, German, French. Pointed out 3 stylish types of facades on fine old houses -- bell-shaped, neck-and-shoulders, and stepped. Also said the hoist-beams so characteristic on fronts of houses were used for lifting supplies into attic for storage, and now are used to hoist furniture in places with old narrow stairs. The beams are simply stout protruding square chunks, with pulley fixed on end.

Amsterdam from the canals is a fine old city, with much of the old architecture still intact. The private homes are more impressive than the public buildings, which aren't awfully distinguished. Guide pointed out that in old days big staircases, with stairs down both sides, were mark of wealth, because people were taxed on amount of area their stairs took up in front of house.

After boat, we went to flea market; much to our surprise, both Frank and Lucie named it last night as a place they especially wanted to see. It's a big market, strictly second-hand stuff. Good place to look at faces, though American tourists don't seem to be the favorite customers.

Next, went to one of Carol's choices, the Anne Frank house. It is moving to see what a caging, terrifying existence it must have been to live hidden away like that. Besides the original rooms where the Franks and others huddled, good displays telling how the diary came to prominence.

--Note on flea market: among 2d-hand p'backs was Western titled Chip Van de Flying-U-Ranch.
May 8, Amsterdam cont. -- Yesterday, drove east of Amsterdam to Flevoland, to see the newest Dutch polder abuilding. Impressed us all with scope and care of the project. Rode for miles on new road atop dike, from bridge at Muiderberg northeast to Lelystad, a new town. Blocks of modern apartments there, with ramp for pedestrians and bikes leading over road to town's shopping center. Apartments look better than a lot of modern, but still rather packaged. Had excellent coffee and apple pastry in coffee shop atop shopping center by the ramp. For all the care and planning, noticed the ramp is about a foot lower than shopping center roof, and mothers were having to lift baby carriages up and down the step.

The new polder is covered with a high swamp grass, teeming with birds. Saw several pheasant, oystercatcher, what I guessed was a phalarope, and countless ducks and gulls. Driving onto already reclaimed land, saw that new farms have similar big barns made out of apparently prefab concrete squares, and tidy brown brick houses. Long lines of trees planted along all the roads, and some forest plantations. Nearly all farmland in grain, with some pasture.

Drove across polder to near Biddinghuizen, to see the demonstration farm called Flevohof. Brand new, a great attraction: the Dutch are terrific at running a place like this in pleasant low-key. For instance, big exhibition was breaking up in main hall areas. Where Americans would keep everybody out during the moving and British would shoo you into lines, Dutch just let you wander through, mingling with the workmen. Another nice piece of tolerance is that Dutch wear whatever they
Amsterdam, May 8, cont. — please. Crowds of school kids there, and they had on every style, including 2 girls in track suits. One group of kids had been given cucumbers from the demonstration gardens, and they were gnawing on cukes big as duckpins. (Have noticed the Dutch tolerance about dress several times: clerks in stores and banks apparently dress as they please, and girl guide on today's boat tour was casually dressed. Strikes me that in a lot of ways — tolerance of any behavior, wide open sex, individual dress — the Dutch are like what the U.S. could be if we had no race problem and were smaller geographically.)

Driving back to A'dam, stopped by village of Spakenburg, 25 miles from city, where the older women still wear a traditional costume of long skirts, white aprons, and starched sort of bodices extending out past the shoulders. See them riding bikes in that costume, and some with wooden shoes besides.

— On drive up to Lelyveld, saw fishing boat near shore, crewman playing jet of water on nets to clean them.

— Just read Carol's travel notes, saw she had good description of A'dam's whirligig of traffic. There are about 3 times as many distractions and/or threats as we're used to, what with floods of bicycles, the trams with unbudgeable rights-of-way, and narrow one-way canal streets.

— Driving home today, Carol noted the skill of A'dam bicyclists; pretty girl in traffic had pulled to halt and was sitting there balanced, both feet still on pedals, instead of one down on ground to hold her up. Carol also includes the note that amid it all today we once had to dodge a motorized wheelchair.
Travel note from Mary Wintersgill: her relative Miss O'Dwyer runs Imperial Hotel at Lisdoonvarna, Co Clare; tell her we know "John's daughter Mary." Another relative is Mrs. James McInerny, Woodlands, Ennis, Co. Clare.

Chris McNeil on Scotland: good drive is up from Skye, along Great Glen and the Caledonian Canal, Loch Ness to Inverness.
May 18, Ann Arbor -- Finishing a lovely stay with the Holdens. 1st time we've seen them since Ocean Grove in '68. They are thriving, both teaching at 200% effort. Remarkable contrast in jobs, and in what each of them prefers. With Ro in intense ghetto-and-drug scene in Ypsilanti and Tom in quiet, rural Milan, Tom describes a typical day: Ro comes home and says, a kid pulled a knife on me today; I say that's nice, I played the Brandenberg Concerto in class.

Find I still enjoy Tom hugely, the one college friend I treasure more and more. And Ro is a delight. They seem to have settled into the way of life they want. Tom is calm and thoughtful, says he's happy in Milan, while Ro's energy goes into her school by the megaton.

Reunions with the Holdens still are the funniest moments we have. Y'day morn Tom and I were watching the Today show, with Bradford Cook of SEC the latest Nixon man to quit, and Tom came up with the perfect alibi for such a guy: he should clutch his forehead, look dazed, and murmur: "Where am I?"

Watergate hearings began y'day morn, and Carol and I watched in fascination, all morn and part of afternoon. Impressed with tough, adroit questioning by the senators, especially the blunt, smashing questions of Talmadge.

Looking back at last ten days since we landed at JFK: meetings with editors are covered in book diary. Spent busy days with Carol's folks, the apartment making for much more crowded living than the house had. I went to public library couple of half days to think about the meetings with editors.
May 18 cont. -- Add from Holdens: they bought their house in March, and were describing how it feels to be home owners. Said all went well until they were signing final papers, and Tom noticed a written-in figure at the bottom of the contract. He asked, what's this 23? Lawyer explained it was 2003—the year they'll have paid off their 30-yr mortgage.

May 26, Galter Bay, Wyo. -- This morn walked along west edge of Heron Lake, to where the neck between the lake and Half Moon Bay floods over the trail. Couple inches of wet snow on everything, forest is lovely. Saw beaver swimming across lake. Felt wonderful to both of us to be walking again in forest air. The mountains disappear and reappear as snow squalls swirl down.

Spending two nights in cabin here, to rest from driving and to let me try gird a bit for WSS. Feel some dread about the hm visit, because of the family marital messes. But will do what we can to cheer up Grandma.

Review of our trip since Ann Arbor:

May 24 -- spent night in Rawlins, a blizzard of neon along main roads. Wyoming towns are incredibly junky, especially against backdrop of marvelous landscape.

May 23 --Spent night in Central City, Neb., after visiting Barry and Evelyn Packard at Nebraska Christian High School there. Weird visit; we coincided for supper with a karate expert named Dudley who was there to talk to Barry's classes. Nominally his job is talking on motor boat safety for state game commission, but when he feels on safe fundamentalist ground he tells tales about being mercenary soldier. Kill a Commie for Christ philosophy; impossible to tell how much is his own story
May 26, Colter Bay cont. -- and how much he's sopped up somewhere, but he's full of tales of working for Trujillo and Batista. Admits they weren't model citizens, but they were on side of U.S. The kids lapped up his displays of how to disarm gunman or knife wielder; most of it looked to me like quick ticket to getting shot or knifed. Anyway, Dudley provided an evening of horror stories, Barry gradually thawed to point where we thought he's not a bad guy, and Evelyn seems fine.

May 22 -- Spent night with the Millers in Des Moines. Max took us to country club for dinner of thick slabs of prime rib, and next morn we did wash as Maryjane fed us breakfast. Learned Patti has interesting job as enforcement agent who checks on companies during power cuts. Also learned Patti and Maryjane are collectors too, and basement is like a museum. Fine hosts, and Iowa was lovely and green, much more rolling than I had imagined.

May 21 -- Night with the Jarretts, in their immense house designed by Al. Spiffy place, but day before we arrived various appliances rolled over and died: as I count it, the clothes drier quit, a pipe in bedroom wall sprung leak, and something went wrong in kitchen. Al grilled us steaks the size of platters, we drank, ate and talked until late. Next morn a terrific rain storm broke loose. We drove on to Des Moines by taking interstate to Kansas City, then north, a right angle which kept us on fast roads.

May 20 -- The Wymans in Normal. They've bought immense old frame house, which will need endless work. Eva told Carol they could have bought a similar house in good repair for $9000 more, but Mark doesn't think a professor should live that high. Carol
May 26, Colter Bay cont. -- gritted her teeth. Mark is the world's nicest guy, so self-effacing he's still deeply grateful to have his job, even though he has more talent than should be spent on ISU. Meanwhile, Danny the former boy terror has turned into a self-possessed lad, almost serene.

Next noon, had lunch with Dave Felts in Decatur. He looks good, still totally alert at 73. Carol remarked that he was obviously delighted we had come by. Had his usual fund of wry funny stories. Asked him if he was working in Decatur during the strike, he said yes, every morn he fearlessly crossed the picket line right behind Ed Lindsay -- 6'4" and an ax handle wide at shoulders.

May 18-19 with the Baldwins. Found them all looking good, with both Mark and Claudia having shed baby fat and shaping up as handsome teen-agers. Claudia ruthlessly lost 35 pounds last year, Ben says having her around is like living with preachy reformed drunk. Jean has hair cut short like Carol's, and looks great. Ben is resigning edit. dept. chairmanship, apparently for real this time because the word is being let out. He kept saying that even so, he'd be busy simply because he knows so much about the school. Dawned on us he's hooked on the power, and instead of chucking it cold turkey and plunging into teaching, he'll keep on with much of his killing pace.

Missed seeing Ainsley because he was in Chicago working, but talked on phone. He suggested we have lunch with Mac McCleary, and we did. Mac drives both of us to distraction with habit of looking everywhere but at us, but he is a fair talent and decent guy. Learned he got $2500 advance for his book on childbirth.
Colter Bay cont. — So our friends prosper to various degrees. We trade invitations, but go our separate ways. A trip of this sort amounts to somewhat too much visiting, as I knew it likely would, but it's a way to keep in touch.

Note on Decatur: southern Illinois seemed as flat and dull as ever, and Carol agreed. Decatur hadn't changed much, except for new Ambassador Hotel where Dave took us to lunch. Herald-Review will have a new building, and Lindsay-Schaub (inc. the edit writers) will stay in the old one.

We went for another walk this afternoon, this time down east side of Heron Pond and back up west side of Swan Lake. Birds so active it was eerie, swifts in clouds swooping over water. Snow squall hit us on way back, big wet flakes icing our coats at once. Both of us feel effects of the two short hikes, dismayed at how far out of shape we are.

June 3, Ellensburg — 2 hrs. from Seattle, after all the miles. Brilliant clear morn. For whatever reason — simply the amount of travel behind us — y'day's drive from WSS seemed easy. Revived ourselves with fine drinks and steaks at Highway Grill, and felt okay.

WSS stay, as usual, went better than I expected. Grandma is more vigorous than last August; went around with us at a pretty good clip, and didn't tire much. Seems to be adjusted to the sadness of the winter, even though they have changed her life considerably, especially in no longer having Alma for transportation or Bud to spend time with.

We spruced up her yard, mowing lawn with power mower I despise and clipping dead branches from rose bushes. Car got initiated to Mont.
June 3 cont. -- to Carol's dismay, the night we put rose bush in back seat to take to Lucases, and brought back two huge rhubarb plants in return.

To my regret, didn't get to talk to Wally alone; must be hell trying to hold a marriage together in gossip-ridden small town. Cert'ly G'ma hears, from Florence McAfee or someone, most every development, almost before Wally. Florence, who is a great neighbor to G'ma, is terrific gossip. She came over night before we left, and we thought she'd rake through everyone in town -- including in eventual total each of her own four sons -- before she left.

For Carol and me, such vices outweigh the virtues of small towns. The reverse for G'ma; the gossip is entertainment and hobby for her, while the small town generosity helps her immensely. Her deep freeze, for instance, is full of pork and venison given her by Lucases; Florence provides her rides uptown if needed; and Willard Vinton from next door brought her fish twice while we were there. Also, younger members of the senior citizens' club pick her up for meetings. Had qualms, after seeing Baldwins with Mrs Jean's mother living with them, about G'ma staying alone; visit has reassured me that for now, it's absolutely the right thing. She is stronger for being on her own, and the help she gets provides the lines of companionship she needs. It ain't ideal, but it still looks the best we can contrive.
June 17 -- Beginning to get the house under control. Isabel left in a swirl of exotic items and boxes about 4:30 on the 15th, we'd been edging in the back door for a couple of hours. She left the place clean and in pretty good order; except for small mysterious details such as the measuring cup which looks as if it has been ray-gunned, the house-sitting seems to have worked well. Especially for next-door neighbor Frank Headrick, roused from widowerhood by having Isabel next door.

For the record, our homes away from home since we arrived back:

June 3 thru 7, the Rodens
June 8 thru 13, the Millers, while Linda and kids were at Pacific Beach
June 14, the Nelsons.

June 18 -- George Dedderer died today. Unfair as hell; only a few years retired, seemingly in vigorous health. He was found in his car at side of road, an apparent heart attack. As Carol said, at least a clean way to go. He had become a good adjunct friend to us, through our close friendship with Jean and John, and his death hurts. Carol came out to tell me the news while I was planting vegetables. As I brooded, I listened to the voice of Roberta Campbell next door, with all the years ahead of her. We're driving the Rodens to airport tonight, for 12:10 flight. Carol just came back with load of perishables from their fridge.

Other news: called Bob Boynton today, to have him see about my late advance check from Hayden.

Carol and I attacked the mound of stuff stored in the old coal bin this morning, and got clothes hung. Walked around Green Lake after lunch. Felt good until phone call about George, feeling at home again and enjoying Seattle immensely.
June 21 -- The days go, and the diary doesn't. Busy week: straightening house (still not done), planting vegetables in several spots, doing some work on book. Carol has just read last 3 chapters, made comments which *explain* clarify a lot for me.

Have been exercising some every day; handball twice this week, I walk around Green Lake, walked Shilshole marina y'day afternoon. Carol began coming down with cold last night.

Office is surging out of control as we unpack and sort. Must spend day or so getting things into files.

Phone call out of the blue this morn from Chevron mag, answering my Spokane Expo query of yr½ ago with $250 assignment. Rereading the Faulkner-Cowley Letters, in which Cowley mentions "beefing" an article by slicing it up for sale to several magazines. Could be a story I can beef a few places, come Sept.

Putting in long full days, but they feel good. Three spectacular days of weather; hot downtown, but lovely here. Small tradition this week of coming back from handball and flopping on back lawn with rum and tonic.

June 22 -- Hayden advance check came today; $1800 to tide us through summer. (see book diary)

Isabel Thompson and Frank Headrick came by for drink this evening. Carol had called Isabel to tell her she still had stuff here -- a kayak paddle, a file drawer of letters which went back at least to 1955, and a pestle-and-mortar big as a bowling ball. We watch and wonder what Isabel makes of pairing with Frank; hope Frank is not in for rude letdown at some point.

Bought boards and bricks for more shelves today. Chance of getting them up and study in fair shape on Monday or Tuesday.

We walked around Green Lake after fish n chips lunch from Spuds. Hot again today, and throngs of people at the lake.
July 5 -- Busy week so far, but I'm not as far along in work on the book as I'd hoped. Took off y'day for the 4th (we had lunch at Pier 70 Chowder House, then walked in xxx arboretum); day before, lost nearly half day when I couldn't find my glasses after I got to UW. Came home and looked everywhere, finally discovered they'd fallen out of car at Shoreline when I dropped Carol that morning.

Spent hour or so this morn at Seattle Times. Late last week I mailed in the Robinson Jeffers piece left over from Cascades' death, almost instantly was called by John Haigh to say they'll take it. Wanted some illustration, and today I took down volume of Jeffers' selected letters for them to make copy of photo of Robinson and Una in Seattle. Also refashioned the lead; Haigh wanted fuller identification of Jeffers higher in the story, and had wedged a long combersome explanatory phrase onto crisp opening sentence. I whittled it into two reasonable sentences; lot of tin ears on the Times. Also it's the duldest newspaper office I've ever been around; very quiet, very orderly, very dull. Talked for awhile with Larry Rumley, whose book section has just been flung back into the Sunday magazine without anybody consulting him. Means he now can't cover any breaking news, but must work 4 weeks ahead on everything. John Haigh, the new assistant on the magazine, I met for the 1st time; Larry Anderson is away on vacation. Haigh is tall, thin, shy, graying; pleasant, in the mild way Times people seem to be pleasant.

Have played handball twice this week, and we're getting into shape a bit. Each have lost a pound or two.

Ann C. was just here to see if I'll cut down the doors for the new rug; Frank Headrick is swamped with work, Pete is rebuilding a car engine, a third candidate is away for a month. With trepidation, I said I'll try; the front door xxx sill looms as a problem maybe beyond my carpentering skill.
July 9 -- Y'day hiked Dungeness Spit with Cindy R. and her friends, Sue Emmet of Yorkshire and Kay Armstrong of Belfast. We did the entire spit, all the way to the lighthouse -- probably total of 12 or 14 mile hike. The Britons sunburned and windburned considerably.

As soon as we stepped inside the door after getting home last night, phone rang; Lois Smith inviting us to Woodway to see sunset from their house. We went, and saw their vast house with magnificent view directly across to Kingston. Found Doug remarkably relaxed; says his job isn't very tough here, and he's enjoying life. Was flabbergasted when he took me to their bedroom to show me the romantic view.

Tired much of today; possibly combination of hard Saturday spent cleaning the garage and y'day's hike.

July 16 -- Considerable good news the past few days. Invite to speak at Iowa State, for $500; Clint phoned other night to say he'd heard our names on KXA, on report about public library display of books on people's right to know; and pewter statuette in the American Revolution series came -- courtesy of Frank and Lucie -- and proved to be great work.

Watergate hearings continue, and I watch most of them in spite of all the other work to be done. The book is proceeding okay, though query letters are suffering.

Weather gorgeous the past ten days or so. Had Amy Mates here for charcoaled salmon steaks Sat. night, went to Nelsons Sun. night for hamburgers in their back yard.

We're playing handball nearly every weekday. Finding our few extra pounds are stubborn; each have lost one or two, have four or five to go.

Called Grandma last night, learned Joyce has left Wally again.
July 26 -- Big House Beautiful push around here; we painted living room on the weekend, y'day carpet men laid new wall to wall gold carpet, Frank Headrick came over and trimmed the front door to fit. I stayed in study as much as possible and got 1800 words or so roughed out for Streets piece. Still a bit depressed about progress. Both of us feel compelled to watch or listen to Watergate, as one of major news stories of our lives, and it consumes the day. I work around it, and probably am progressing okay, but the schedule is a bit debilitating.

Tuesday was Carol's birthday, and we went to dinner at Trader Vic's. Last night Ann and Marsh came to dinner, bearing wine to go with salmon steaks. They no sooner got in the door than Laird drizzled on the new rug, to Ann's chagrin.

Still playing handball about 4 afternoons a week, and yet neither of us can shed the few extra pounds we want. Too much food the couple times a week we do eat big, I guess.

Lovely weather, and as we went to campus today I thought how dumb it is to tinker away at the book instead of ploughing hard at it to free time for hiking. Maybe that can be an incentive.

Aug. 3 -- Still working on Streets piece; have done nearly all top of page biogs for the selections in between time, and took last Monday to do outline for Chevron Expo article and assorted chores. Streets piece is fairly well roughed out, needs about 2 days concentrated work.

Wed. night we went to UW to hear Peter Beggles. Supposed lecture was really easy money; he sat cross-legged on table singing songs he's written and then reading from novel in progress. Not a word about how he works -- and his songs were mostly punk, while his singing was 100% punk.

Big news of week is word from P-Hall that News is going into reprint. Wrote Bill Oliver today to get figures on 1st printing and this next printing.
Aug. 4 -- Walked around Green Lake y'day afternoon, after day looked so unpromising we ditched idea of hiking at Ebey's Landing or Point No Point. Turned out to be day of miniature hydoplane racing, and the remote controlled models were zooming around course with their gigantic buzzing. Near the pits we met Amy Mates, accused her of being speed-noise freak, which she denied in thoroughly English style. Talked a bit about her trip to Britain in about ten days. We went on a bit, watched a race, encountered Fred Ehrlich of NW and Latham House, who now is dentist in Lynnwood. This is second time Fred and I have met accidentally here in Seattle -- once before when he spotted me on UW campus as he was driving by.

Linda and Clint came up for drinks last night; much good talk, Clint much interested in our gift sculpture and glassware from Grandma. We seem to be collecting in spite of ourselves.

Aug. 30 -- Just made book diary entry, noting finish of How Can We ms last Friday, the 24th. Now to another period of planning and querying.

Monday the 27th Carol and I drove to Douglas Fir campground near Mount Baker, perhaps our favorite campground anywhere. Expected to find it full, but only 3 sites were taken when we arrived. Weather dogged us the three days. Monday after setting up tent we drove on to Baker and Artist Point for lunch; found fog and clouds streaming past us, visibility almost nil. Settled for walk up the Nooksack from the campground. Saw wasps nest, and on way back I was stung by something unseen but probably wasp or hornet, on knuckle of little finger on right hand. Burned like hell, but held it in river water and put salve on it as soon as we returned to car, and the pain eased okay. Had drink and dinner that night at the Chandelier, ski lodge near the campground, and found a Schlitz beer commercial-filming crew on hand. Fairly obnoxious bunch, but food was surprisingly good.
Aug. 30 cont -- On Tuesday the mountains still were socked in, so went to ranger station to ask advice abt low level hike. Not much available in area, but we did the hike up the Nooksack Cirque trail, beneath Mt. Shuksan. At end, where trail quits and you have to continue on sand bard, clouds shifted and we had peekx at Shuksan. About 1 mile hike, total. Decided to try one more day, so rented motel room in Glacier and spent rest of day reading. That night had incredibly slow and bad spaghetti dinner in one of Glacier's 2 cafes -- the only one open anywhere around. Carol was bemused by local patterns, which has one place closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays, another place some other days; can't count or any place being open 2 days in row, apparently. Y'day morn it still was clouds far down the mountainsides, so we gave up and headed for Skagit wildfowl refuge. Walked out from hq, not seeing much except a heron far off, and then drove to west end of refuge, to go out to island hump for lunch. Boggy going much of way, each of us dropping in up to shin a time or two. Lovely site when we got there, though. Estuary like Japanese art, many muted shades of tan and yellow, with green fields of cauliflower beyond. Spotted the sternwheeler workboat W.T. Preston at work in mouth of the Skagit. The spot is one of the good places in this Northwest world Carol and I have perimtered for ourselves.

Sept. 10 -- Grandma is here. Arrived the 6th, goes home the 12th. The trip seems to have made her more tired than she'll admit. One of the 1st days she was here we picked blackberries in the alley; she occasionally was short of breath, but I kept a careful eye on her and she got by okay. Came back looking like casualty at Iwo Jima, both legs bleeding from blackberry stickers. Today she went out with me while I did some chores, and had to walk pretty slowly. Guess some days are worse than others like all of us. Anyway, she still gets by and is lucid, and maybe not much more can be expected. Still mighty impressive. As end of her trip nears, I have moments of that dark feeling -- awareness that this may be last time I see her alive.
Sept. 10 cont. -- Linda and Clint and kids were here for dinner last night, and Dave, Nellie, Wally and Dan the night before. Looking forward to calm tonight, and relative calm tomorrow night when Jean and John come.

Since last diary entry: Carol and I hiked around L. Union on Labor Day. Lovely day, and a good time. A flight of Canada geese came low and fast over the U. Bridge as we crossed it. After hike, had lunch at Rodens.

Tuesday the 4th we began on Iowa St. speech; took 3 straight days of hard work. I have my doubts about how well we've done; seems somewhat dull to me. We'll see.

Afternoon of the 6th, we wrote query letters to 3 editors about reporting anthology. Next day Carol coincidentally came home with 2 requests from editors to review ms proposals for $50 each; Harcourt Brace letter also asked if we're interested in doing an intro to journalism book.

Did some work on Jick before Labor Day; much more to do. Wondering how to go ahead with it and Half-Life as well.

Sept. 12 -- Forgot notable news last entry: night of the 6th (rather, 2 a.m. morn of the 7th) car crashed through barrier on curve outside our house. It was a kid from the Young family, Tobacco Road family down the block from here. I woke up when I heard a couple of high speed passes he made, then I could hear him coming straight down 150th and knew he couldn't make the corner. Skidded and broke barrier, taking out middle post of it and tearing up 1 or 5 feet of hedge. I immediately called sheriff's office, prowl car was here in a few minutes. We've always been leery about that corner, since the bedroom is so close to it.

Grandma left this morn. Wally and Dan, supposed to pick her up here at 6, came instead at 7:30, after their alarm failed to go off. Carol said being 1 1/2 hr late this morn makes up for other evening when they showed up at 4:30 for what we thought was to be a 6 p.m. dinner.
Sept. 17 -- First day of classes for Carol after 15 months away. She seems eager to get back.

The 14th and 15th, we went to Mora campground and hiked Rialto Beach. Stupendous weather, warmer than we've ever seen before on the beach. Carol turned her ankle on the handball court the day before we went, so we trimmed back plans for long hikes. I wrapped her ankle before she put on boots, and she got by fine for as much as we did. Rialto is one of the world's lovely spots -- the sea stacks offshore, the forest crowding down to the beach, fantasies of silvered driftwood. This time we saw fine variety of birds: belted kingfishers, oystercatchers, tiny white-with-black-spot sandpipers which must have been sandlings, snipe, a large blue heron, and of course cormorants posing with wings extended. Saturday morning I walked the boulders to the 1st cove south of Cape Johnson, the x cove where we like to camp at a high bank with panoramic view. Counted at least six seals sunning on rocks 100 yds out in water; surprisingly silver, like big beached fish. Tide began coming in, and washed two seals off their low rocks; higher rocks were available, but they didn't bother climbing back up. The afternoon before, we watched a seal riding the waves just offshore near Ellen B Creek.

All this plus salmon steak for lunch at Slathar's the 1st day, crab sandwich at 3 Crabs for dinner the second, and smoked salmon for lunch on the beach. Both came back content and relaxed.

Y'day went to tennis at Seattle Center with Rodens. Tom Okker beat John Alexander of Australia for tourney title, then Okker and Tom Gorman won the doubles over Frew Macmillan of S. Africa and Bob Carmichael of Australia. Some fine rallies, especially in doubles. In singles, Okker once showed disgust when a shot rolled over top of net onto his side by soccer-kicking the ball into the stands.
Sept. 23 -- Delivered our speech at Iowa State the night of the 21st. Jack Shelley and the other faculty types seemed pleased, so we're content. We thought they didn't work us very hard for our money there. Sue Menne, the advertising prof who intro'd us, didn't wait long enough afterward to see if there would be any questions from audience, and closed down the evening too soon. So we had no off-the-cuff, and little contact with students.

Until the speech, we were dogged by little catastrophes. Our flight from Denver was more than hour late, on a schedule which didn't allow us much leeway. When we arrived and quickly changed for dinner, we couldn't get from Memorial Union door to Jack's car because of downpour. Waited it out, then on way to dinner Jack switched lanes and had a fender-bender. His wife Katherine, a bit shrewish at best, began giving him hell. Jack is very calm, and merely pulled over and traded names with the other driver, whose car wasn't really hurt. Next, dinner was slow arriving. But the speech, thank goodness, went okay.

Ames and Iowa State turned out to be pleasant. Big campus, green wooded heart. Worst drawback was campanile which plays every 15 minutes, all night. Rich and Donna Vetter, Chuck and Hazel Roese's family, came to the speech and invited us for breakfast. We liked them a lot, were interested in Rich's animal feeding research, including notion of recycling manure into feed. Later in morn, Sue Menne drove us to airport.

By accident, this week is about the earningest ever of all time for us. There's Carol's Shoreline pay; $500 for the speech; Seattle Times today ran my R. Jeffers article; I go to Spokane these next two days on $250 Chevron Expo assignment; and Carol on plane back read a Harcourt Brace ms for $50.

Footnote: speech was fun, but not easy money. We spent about 5 days apiece total on it, which made it about $50 a day.
Oct. 5 -- Rain really began today, after several cool but nice days. Beginning to feel like winter.

Carol has spent week grading papers. I did laundry this morn, discovered I'd forgotten the hamper in the bathroom. From that debacle, I went to Pac. Natural Gas to buy furnace filter. Found that though I've always walked in, told them the furnace is a Lennox G10 and have been cut a filter the right size, this time everything had changed. They kept asking me a Lennox G10 what, which to me is like asking a Buick LeSabre what. Finally ended up on their phone with a Lennox distributor, who was full of questions about the furnace, was it overhead or underfeed or something. Finally after trying to get info from him about length of filter I needed, the gas folks told me they don't cut to length any more anyway, I'd have to buy an $8 box of filter roll. Another mark in the annals of progress.

Past few days have been feeling that I'm in over my head at the moment. Called Ed Cutler Tues. about Matter of Facts, he still seems to want it. Told him I'd try get a sample chapter and some other stuff to him mid-Nov. Ever since the words were out of my mouth, both research and writing have been looming huge. I feel some pressure which I'm going to have to talk myself into handling properly. Right now Cutler is impressed with me, and I should do a snappy job on deadline to keep it that way -- and have the best chance for a contract. Also considerable tax break for us if I can get advance $ from Scribner's yet this year instead of next. But Half-Life keeps playing around the edges of my mind, and I'd like to get back to Jick as well. Must convince myself that both those will be the better for stewing in the back of my mind, while I whale into Facts.

Had coffee with Peggy O'Coyne at Shoreline Library when I returned some Spokane materials to her this morn. Very savvy about eastern Wash., and a hard-working researcher.

Jan and Margaret to come up from Ore. this weekend; Jan phoned this morn to say they'll be here in the morn instead of tonight.
Oct. 11 -- Due at Mark and Lou Damborg's within the hour, for dinner and Phila String Quartet. Nixon is to name veep at 6 p.m. Likely will do as sterling a job as he did before. I learned of Agnew's resigna

tion at UW library on Wed., when Bob Monroe leaned into my ear to whisper congrats on the Robinson Jeffers piece, and as sort of afterthought said Agnew had quit.

Carol had happened to flip on the AP wire just to see what was happening, and found the story running. John Roden heard about it from a Canadian stockbroker he was calling.

So-so week on the Facts chapter, though I don't yet feel badly behind on it. First couple days of week I lacked energy, maybe because of allergy. Better on Wed., and ever since. Have gone through several books filling a notebook. Must be careful not to make this chapter merely McLuhan-arid-water, and so I'm avoiding looking through his Understanding Media at least until I get writing underway. My angle is different than his, but I don't want to get close enough there's any hint of duplication.

Checking copies on Expo story came in during week, and everybody likes it -- pr men and Carol as well, which makes me think the story is a deft straddle.

Oct. 23 -- Another Rip Van Winkle episode for the Doigs, our third one. In June, '71, we came out of Enchanted Valley to find the Pentagon Papers furore; in summer '72 we came out of the mountains in B.C. to find the Eagleton story; this time, we picked up a Monday Oregonian and some car radio stories to catch up on Saturday's scuttling of Cox, Richardson and Ruckelshaus. Carol just came home from Shoreline, where Jean told her the telegraph lines still are so jammed she hasn't managed to send messages supporting impeachment. I just watched Richardson's news conference, which did Nixon no good, it seemed.

As to the trip, it relaxed both of us, which was needed. Drove to Lake Quinault Lodge Sat. morn, came back y'day midafternoon. Stayed in new wing of cabins, which are nice but oddly Mediterranean in furnishings.
Oct. 23 cont. -- Lots of people at lodge, but as usual hardly any of them seemed to go outside. We walked the Big Tree Grove loop on Sat., Sun went to Third Beach and Ruby Beach, then y'day morn to Falls Creek. Watched a downy woodpecker at close range in Big Tree; he was working on soaked snag, and made odd muffled thumping. On way to Falls Creek, we were joined by personable husky. He started from lodge with us, I gruffly sent him back. 100 yds up the trail, we hear a stampede behind us, he rushes past, stops in trail in front of us, and looked pleased with his ploy. We were rather a disappointment to him, strolling and stopping often to look at mushrooms and other growth. We also discovered the fun of watching drops fall from the big trees; since they come down a couple of hundred feet, you can see them home down on you and still have time to move your head aside.

Stopped by Nelsons on way home to pick up papers Ann had graded for Carol, ended up taking them to Ivar's fish bar for supper as reward.

Oct. 29 -- Dinner at Daheim's, with Fred and Rosemary Olson, last Sat. night (27th). Oddly, or perhaps not oddly because of Dave's conservative politics, not one mention of Watergate etc. all night. Much talk about writing. Mary says she's certain she and Dave set record this summer when they were rejected by same editor on same day. I felt like grizzled wizard with pair of contracts behind me.

Checkup at Group Health on Fri. Dr. marveled at my low blood pressure, all seems fine. Came home to find Carol orbiting after Nixon's press conference attacking the media.

Thurs. the 25th, went to Jacques Brel is Alive etc. at Rep with Linda and Clint. Good show, with Leon Bibb exceptional and Eve Roberts' singing really great. Linda had been down sick; at Grp Health the next afternoon, I overheard nurse phoning to tell her she had urinary tract infection.
Nov. 13 -- Diaries have gone too drain badly as I pressed to finish sample chapter of Matter of Facts the past few weeks. Leave for Mrs. Thórson's in few minutes to pick up last of the retyped version. Randoms from last couple of weeks: Rodens came for dinner on Nov. 8, John's birthday, and we all went to The New Land at the Harvard Exit, John doesn't like his birthdays -- this was his 53d. MM

Sunday night, Nov. 11, saw Linda, and confusedly agreed -- or half-agreed -- to be guardians of Fran and Gabe. Prospect of children, even on a long shot, baffles us, but friends are friends.

Since last diary entry, news has shifted from Watergate to energy crisis. Had hopes ten days ago Nixon might be flushed into resigning, but prospect has dimmed a bit now.

Nov. 17 -- Mailed sample Facts ch., annotated tbl of contents and cover letter to Ed Cutler at Scribner's on Wed., the 14. Carol read it over, joshed that I was doing everything but send Ed a telegram saying "I know you're a sucker for anecdotes and I'm sending you a whole bunch of them." I said maybe indeed I am telegraphing the whole ploy.

Thursday the 15th, went to County Courthouse for morning session of Marsh's Ralph Williams libel trial. Judge Ward Roney's courtroom, modern and bright. Ann already was there, Marsh was at lawyers' table. Dull session with Williams' lawyer Jenning's Felix leading W. through history of his career, and the st. atty general action against him. Marsh's partner Evan schwab (?) objected 3 times on relevancy, was upheld twice. Beside jury a huge blowup of the offending ad is pinned up: caption, under cartoon of W. walking to southbound freeway ramp, says something like: There have always been pros and cons in the car business. Now that the cons are gone, come see the Evergreen Toyota pros." Evergreen settled with W. the day before for $5000, to Marsh's astonishment. Judge Roney, with sharp white mustache, looks surprisingly like frontier judge. Funniest moment was when Felix
asked W. long question, ending with "why?" Marsh's side objected, there was discussion, and then judge asked court reporter to read back last question. Reporter, young rather impish guy, looked back at tape, then with slight shrug proclaimed; "Why?" Judge bristled, said let's have the whole question before that etc. Afterward had lunch with Ann and Marsh at the Deli; Marsh obviously finds the trial exciting, and I hope it makes up for some of the overwork he's done at the firm.

Have been reading Robin Winks' anthology The Historian as Detective, and realizing what an abysmal job the UW did in failing to teach us much about historical techniques or historiography. I note that somewhere Winks or one of his contributors says the more naive (and everyday) a diary, the better. I should try for the next few weeks to put down some ordinary details. So: yesterday I went to laundromat in the morning, tinkered in yard in the afternoon pulling up dead vegetable plants and pulling weeds by raspberry patch. Carol had 3pm apptmt with Alex Edelstein at UW School of Commcns, then stopped at AFT social at The Ribber on her way home.

Forgot earlier: lunched with Bill Chamberlin in UW undergrad cafeteria on Wed., when I took books back. Bill says he's enjoying PhD work so far. Said Ames told him Ames' book on the Nat'l Intelligencer beat out Swanberg's Luce for Kappa Tau Alpha prize, but Swanberg beat out him and another nominee for the Pulitzer. Surprises me that he would have been nomtd, as my glance at the book didn't impress me as much more than standard monograph.

Oh, yes: Edelstein asked Carol y'day if I'd be interested in teaching. I'm still not tempted, as long as writing keeps functioning.
Nov. 22 -- Thanksgiving. We're just back from walk at Shilshole. Olympics beautifully framed between fog below and light clouds above, the snowy peaks bright in the morning sun. Fog coming and going, chilly day walking. We went in Windjammer for coffee, talked, concluded we like several aspects of gas shortage, especially 50 mph driving. Ann and Marsh surprisingly said the same last night when they were here.

Carol seems relaxed, happy to have 4 days off. In a last-minute arrangement, we're going to Rodens at 4 for turkey dinner.

Glancing back at diary I see I forgot to mention mailing revise of How Can We Live to Boynton on about Nov. 9. B provided many suggestions on end-of-chapter questions, which helped a lot, and I bolstered the sources a bit. Still more of that to be done, perhaps. Tried to call B on Mon this week, he'd gone to Phila for Thanksgiving.

Monday the 19th we went to Rep with Rodens, saw That Championship Season. Excellently done; all the cast was fine (five men), with Clayton Corzatte exceptional as the drunken Tom and David Sabin just as good as Phil.

Have been doing chores -- car lube, phoning TV and furnace men -- and trying to doodle notebooks into better order. Also reading a lot. Past week I've read Ved Mehta's John Is Easy to Please and The Big Nail, by Theon Wright, plus short stories, some magazines.

Ten years ago today, JFK was shot. Carol and I talked about it. She was at work at Together. Said she bet she knew where I was, at work at Decatur paper. Told her she's not quite right, because like a good journalist I was having lunch in a saloon when the news broke. We were in Rango's -- Ralph Johnson and I think Doug McCormick, maybe somebody else besides when Bill Rango turned on the TV. We hustled back to the wire room, found Amherst Smith, the wire editor who disliked Kennedy, making a wisecrack of some sort. I think Ralph Johnson, with his wonderfully short fuse,
stalked out of the room. Had an editorial conference later, Ralph and some of the rest of us (maybe) wanting to break tradition and run pic of JFK with edits. Dave Felts said no; pointed out people will have been inundated with news by time any edits appeared, we should proceed gravely but without breaking edit page traditions. Looking back, I think Dave was a good steadying influence. In the aftermath, I can recall writing Carol to say I'd changed my mind and would come to Evanston for Thanksgiving, feeling so drained and depressed I wanted to get away for awhile. Also seen to recall seeing the shooting of Oswald by Ruby on TV of my landlady next door. Also, afternoon of JFK shooting the Herald Review people put out an extra -- as edit writers we mostly watched and planned ahead on edit page for days to come -- and the extra was rather a botch, especially a long sidebar saying JFK was the 3d assorted President, going on at great length and detail and completely omitting James Garfield. Instant history indeed.

Nov. 25-- Yesterday Carol and I hiked the shore at Ft. Flagler. Rodens were to come with us, but Jean called to say John felt rocky. Turned out to be a fine day. Wonderful beginning when we rounded point of beach at Ft. Flagler light, I started up the dike because tide was coming in, and poked my head up to see a snowy owl on a post about 30 yds away. We hunched under the bank sneaking looks at him with fieldglasses for several minutes; gorgeous bird, and the 1st we'd ever seen. At last he flew off, but when we were returning we spotted him again, this time at greater distance. Also saw on the hike dozens of bufflehead ducks, a blue heron who kept a considerable distance in front of us, and several surf scoters. On our way back, found a white-winged scoter sitting in the sand. It didn't move as we approached; I put on gloves and moved it a bit to see if it had been shot, but no blood on sand. It apparently was simply old or sick, and we could do nothing for it.
Nov. 25 cont. -- Also saw one freighter, the Hoehg Minerva, go past. We hiked to west point of island, looking across to Pt. Townsend, ate bag lunch there, and hiked back. Olympic Mts., shining with snow, in and out of sun and clouds all day. After Ft. Flagler, we drove to Pt. Townsend, visited what used to be the art gallery but now is mostly bookstore, drove around looking at houses. Found many places have been painted up; laughed to see the huge place Steinbruck once owned and we looked at with the Millers is being painted, but it's taken so long the first section painted now is peeling while the last one still isn't done.

On Thanksgiving, a fine turkey dinner at Rodens. One of Jean's traditions is sauerkraut with the meal, so we joshed about that. Enjoyed seeing the girls, for the 1st time since fall quarter began. Lisa is training like a fiend for crew, Cindy has her hair cut shorter and looks prettier and older.

Next day, the 23d, I went back to work on Jick. The 1st act, which seems to be 3 main scenes, is nearly roughed out; ideas for 2d act still wobbly, though.

Current reading: read 1st 50 pp or so of Wouk's The Winds of War, skimmed in and out of rest. Vast scope and detail, but characters seem flat. May look at it again sometime. Now on California's Utopian Colonies, by Robert V. Hine.

Dec. 3 -- 8 or 10 varied thrushes have been picking through fallen leaves in back yard, gorgeous in their head stripes and patterned wings.

Just called Bob Boynton to check on How Can We, all seems okay. Carol just left for dental checkup with Fred Ehrlich. She's been in immense job of reading English notebooks, nearly 50 of them.

Y'day we spoke at UW SDX meeting called to discuss plans for journalism review. Other speakers: Cliff Rowe of Times, Art France of channel 9, Don Pemper of UW faculty, Bryan Johnson of KOMO radio. France gave what he said was not a maumauing speech, but pretty much sounded like it. Johnson followed by saying he
wasn't afraid of France, but the Doigs scared the hell out of him. I couldn't find the point behind his orotund tones, but maybe it was a notion that the media job is the aberrant, conflict. Lesson for the day: never trust anyone who earns his living with his voice. Carol was in later smaller section with him, and she said they got along fine, Johnson admitting they had no real disagreement. I was in smaller session with Cliff Rowe; Larry Anderson and Don Brazier of Times also sat it in. Apparently no one from P-I came, though the Times had several. My hunch out of it all is that a SDX chapter doesn't have continuity or sophistication to do a journalism review.

Had lacklustre week at typewriter last week. Made a wan start on Half-Life. Wrote some Christmas cards. Phoned Harcourt Brace editor about reporting anthology idea, found he wants sizable sample to run through mill. Went to UW on Friday, looked up some historical research pieces which might go in Matter of Facts, also some references for possible anthology topics, which seems a better and better idea. Current reading: John Keats' biography of Dorothy Parker, which is pretty poor.

Dec. 10 -- Y8day went with Ann and Marsh to Pilchuck Tree Farm near Arlington to cut their Christmas tree. Fine weather this weekend. Saturday was bright, and we walked at Shilshole in the morning and went to the Wharf for lunch. Saw goldeneye duck, several scoters and a red-shafted flicker at Shilshole.

Carol was finishing her marathon of grading on Friday, and that night we went to Clark's restaurant at N8gate and then to see Paper Moon.

Spent a fairly quiet week, doing chores while Carol graded. Also made a start on lead for Half-Life.

Looking back through letters and rummaging memory for Half-Life has set me to thinking about the way we live -- although probably as usual to no great conclusions. I can see some sound decisions: living here in the NW for one, and turning down the jobs at New Mexico St. and Indiana. Carol still likes Shoreline job, though there's the prospect of more state control and a salary
bird because of inflation. As to my writing, it's a mixed verdict. Have done some good work, but I still write slowly and painfully. Perhaps a good job on Half-Life -- or Matter of Facts -- would justify the years. Am trying to find structure for Half-Life which will carry reader along, and may have done it in device of birthday reports.

Not musing very deeply today. More chores looming, and Frank and Lucie arrive tomorrow night. Likely won't get much real work done until Jan.

Dec. 14 -- Frank and Lucie arrived night of the 11th, during southwest gale of terrific rain and winds to 75 mph. Their plane landed okay, but we Carol and I had a hellish drive down freeway to the airport.

Carol has taken the folks shopping during the days, and to visit Ann N. y'day while I went to UW library. Last night Carol and I went to party at FRed and Rosemary Olsen's; others there were Dave and Mary Daheim and Amy Mates. Much good talk, from Amy's WWII stories of Northern Ireland to Mary's droll humor.

It's rained a good part of every day since the folks arrived, and bids to keep on.

I've slogged away at Half-Life beginning all week; at last have opening page in fairly decent order. Trying to have elegaic touches without being mushy. Also have compiled notes on my past and Dad's, surprisingly strenuous exercise in memory.

Dec. 21 -- Frank and Lucie left y'day; we took them and the Nelsons to airport at the same time, then had lunch at Pier 70. Tomorrow we fly to Montana. I'm dreading the trip somewhat, as I suppose I always do. This time Bud is in a Helena nursing home, which likely will mean a couple of visits there; it'll be hard, because he's hard for us to understand. But I hope to tape G'ma and maybe Cliff Shearer for Half-Life info. Letter came from Anna Beetam telling me some facts about early days of the Doigs in Mont., very useful.
Carol went to dentist this morn for two replacement fillings, and against her will was shot full of painkiller, so we're both a bit strung out, from that and the holiday visiting. When Frank and Lucie are here, we get along okay — just an occasional argument about politics or something — but they both talk much more than we're used to, and it is wearing. Lucie has changed a lot since I've known her, apparently the skin ailment coupled with her dislike of aging being the causes. When I first met her she was quieter and more thoughtful.

Things done while the Mullers were here: dinner at Rodens on Sat., church and lunch with Doug Smith family on Sun., Smiths here for dinner on Mon. Linda and Clint came by on Sat. afternoon.

Phone call the other night from Frank Zoretich, who says he's living here and free lancing at the moment.

Call today from Chevron; Helen Bignell said they have to change travel emphasis of the mag, so she offered me $100 to rewrite my Expo piece, leaving out all travel info. Said I would.
Dec. 29 -- Probably the last entry for '73, and much catching up to do. Am beginning this to background of Welsh record I gave Carol, the huge voice of Ivor Emmanuel filling the house with Men of Harlech.

The Montana trip: shaky start when plane was 1½ hrs late leaving morn of the 22d. NW had to unload some of the mail and take on additional fuel for the flight. Landed at Spokane in fog, then at Missoula the plane made a long pass at landing before giving up because of fog. I was scared during the Missoula situation. Fog was thick as a lake, and as we circled the spines of mtn ranges kept sneaking out of the clouds. It's a classic crash situation if there's an error in altitude and I almost cheered when the pilot gave up. Buses were waiting at Helena airport to take the Missoula passengers.

Wally and Grandma were waiting for us. Roads weren't bad, but it was a relief having Wally drive in his cool professional style. Deep Creek Canyon was picture postcard pretty with snow, and even better when we came back, with fresh snow thick on all the branches.

Grandma was in pretty good fettle. Arrival in Helena was a bit messy; Sherry wasn't home, and G'ma began fretting about her, since Bud hadn't seen her for a week. We visited Bud in his rest home, then caught Sherry at home.

Went through G'ma's photos, jotting down names so I'll know who's who after she's gone. She held up well -- in fact, was eager to look through the pics, and kept going when I wanted to quit for the day. I brought home several shots of my parents.

Big visting day was the 23d. The Doigs came after church -- Gordon and Sherry, Jay and Linda, and Volga. Talked a bit about their hog raising. They've been selling grain or hogs according to vagaries of market. They have 6000 acres farmed, planting 3000 each year -- 2000 winter wheat, 1000 barley. At the moment they had 700 hogs, which they were about to sell to Hy-Grade in Tacoma. Jay is much as ever, withdrawn. Gordon is maturing strongly, the successor to Angus in the family. He looks more and more like his older brother
Duane, and has an aura of competence. At about 30, he's just been made director of WSS bank. He and Sherry are attractive intelligent people, and both Carol and I would like to see them more than we have in the past.

As the Doigs were going out the door, Mrs. Russell came in. They'd been visiting family in the Midwest, and cut some of it short because of gas shortage. As she went out door, Wally came in, and stayed for supper.

Dan has been hauling hay all fall -- some 3000 tons by now. He's been earning $20/load, from 420-500 bales per load on the semi. Truck is owned by Moler's son-in-law. Wally points out that govt aid -- because area is drought disaster area -- has resulted in loads contracted for only 3 or 4 miles, where ranchers would haul it themselves if there wasn't federal $.

Hay has been selling for about $70 a ton in the valley; Burt Hurwitz sold 700 tons at $65. Next day Chuck Lucas and Patti stopped by for a minute, and Chuck has sold 300 ton. Says now the price of calves is down and he'd like to buy some, but wishes he hadn't sold quite so much hay. Also said price of baling twine has become a worry; it's going up around 300%, now about $20/bale of twine and suppliers won't quote a really firm price. Chuck is eyeing plastic twine which sells for $7 a bale in Canada, but there's a $3/bale duty on it; thinks he may have the Hutterites bring him some on one of their trips. (A bale of twine ties about 400 bales of hay, Chuck said; incredible that it may cost 50¢/bale for the amount of string to go around a single bale of hay.)

On the 24th, we stopped by Joyce's briefly to see her. She seemed fine and stable; I can't comprehend what happened to her and Wally. Christmas day I rode uptown with Wally when he went for cigarettes, and we ended up talking for nearly an hour -- mostly him talking and me listening. He says each time he and Joyce attempt to make up, Jim Tew comes back into the picture and he has incredible hold on Joyce.
Dec. 29 cont. -- The Christmas list: We gave G'ma an assortment of tea and cheese, a jigsaw puzzle, and two small wall plaques made by Roberta Campbell. I gave Carol two records -- the Eroica and the Welsh singing -- and a vegetable cookbook; she gave me Pendleton shirt-jacket and R. Williams' The Country and the City. We're to finish our shopping by ordering from L.L. Bean. Frank and Lucie gave us electric blankets, which I am trying to give a fair trial, without notable success so far.

Since we've been back, went to Rep (Three Men on a Horse; nicely acted) with John and Jean and y'day went hiking on Dungeness Spit with Ann McCartney and her father Frank. Frank turns out to be stubby little guy who walks logs and pokes through kelp happily as a kid; has hiked a lot of the NW, and seems a good guy. We hiked all the way to lighthouse -- beautiful day, but with wind -- and were all tired. Birds seen: scoters, western grebes, mallards and bufflehead ducks, cormorants, a blue heron. One ship went past -- the Sanko Lines logship Asia Gold.

With gas supply becoming iffier, we're been keeping track of mileage and thinking about tactics. '69 Buick has been getting 15 mph; with its big tank, we can go more than 300 miles without worrying about closed stations. With me working at home and Carol only a mile from the college, we're not badly off. We think we'll wait for situation to settle down before considering small car; if we decide to buy a house, as we're considering because of inflation rate, we'll need all available money, too. Habits are changing; we now fill cars before weekend, try to keep them above half full because some stations are limiting sales to 10 gallons.

The 27th, Thurs., I rewrote the Chevron article to take out all explicit references to travel; $100 fee will be arriving for that. Helen Bignell called just before we went to Mont. to see if I could do it; sounded as if they're in awful mess changing emphasis of magazine in mid-schedule.