

Helen Fogg Journal - 1926

May 31, 1926 – Paris

A most hideous day from whatever point of view it is taken. Last night we decided we must get back to England, so we promptly said that the 11 o'clock train was the one for us to take. But the Papal Palace had to be seen at any cost, although to us it is not a beautiful or in any way an inspiring place. A large group of people were waiting for a guide who appeared at 9 o'clock sharp and with a thump of his cane called us all to attention. And then we began to walk, stopping occasionally to crane our necks at a niche in the walls where there had once been a statue, to look at ceilings which had once been covered with marvelous frescoes, and to gaze at the reproductions of tombs the originals having long since been moved elsewhere. I did feel a certain thrill standing in the window overlooking the courtyard, where the popes gave the benedictions to the masses of people below. When I could disengage myself from the now yawning sightseers, I could imagine the pope and all his attendants sweeping through the vast rooms, and I made them alive for a few moments with life and color. It is a vast place, but it is no wonder when you think of the numbers of retainers necessary for the palace of a pope. There were many who simply tasted the food and the wine that he was going to drink. It was 10:15 when we finally emerged, and then we got lost trying to find the way back to the hotel. I was feeling cross because it seems ridiculous to rush away so quickly when it had taken such a time to get there. I'm sure I'm not a proper tourist and I'd be in a temper all the time on a set tour. Finally we got back, paid our bill and then to the station in time for the train which was full but not in the desperately bursting state of the one from Tours to Bordeaux. Got in a compartment with a man and wife, and a single, very peaceful man. The woman reminded me of a – a perfect type of Parisian that sat at the foot of the guillotine knitting and counting the heads of the aristocrats as they fell. While she slept we had peace but alas she awoke, to let a scrawny nervous kitten out of a basket, and to request that the door be closed. We had a time with her all the way from Avignon on to Paris, and the only bright spot in the journey was at Dijon where her husband got out to get her some wine and strawberries and she thought the train was going without him. Such a wail as came from this old terneagant. It did my heart good and when she rushed around with the kitten in her arms shrieking "oh Lala ou est Papa" my joy was complete. Arrived at Paris at 10:30 and came to the hotel again. Now for England.

June 1, 1926 – Paris

Had to spend the day here for Cally to get a French and British visa. Wandered along the Seine this morning looking in the box stalls for an old Rabelais but not

finding one. Went in to Notre Dame just in time to see the end of what I think was some great celebration. All the lights were blazing, the organ thundering and cardinal Dubois coming down the aisle preceded by other dignitaries in purple robes . People were kissing the Cardinals ring, and altogether it was a very colorful and impressive scene . Went from here to Saint Chapelle where the glass was so magnificent as to be beyond description. Spent the afternoon In getting packed and having tea at Runifelneajer's. Dinner at Michard's and when I came back, there was William.

June 2 – London

A most hideous day spent in getting from Paris to London by train and boat. The air is so much more comfortable in every way that it is almost worth the risk which is quite negligible anyway. Cally left the hotel early to go to the French Prefecture of Police to complete the process of getting her visa or permit to leave the country. I was left to pay the bill and come with the luggage to the train. When I arrived at the station the Porter looked doubtful at Cally's too huge suitcases, to say nothing of mine and my hat box and sundry coats. It was too much to take into the compartment he said, but I said firmly "C'est pour Demi". Upon that I went through and was established in a compartment and then stationed myself to watch for Cally. The hour wore on and I felt that all was not going as it should at the Prefecture of Police. At 10 I gave one last despairing look and saw that she was not inside. At that hideous moment it came over me that I didn't have the keys to her suitcase so that if I were asked to open them in the customs it might be very awkward. This situation was going to call for all the fortitude supplemented by all the wiles of which I might be capable. I read "Punel" and then being in a passably jovial state of mind went to sleep. It seemed as though we got to Calais in an incredibly short time. I gave one look at the bags whereupon a large Englishman whose luggage was labeled Sir William Weatherlow said "you'll want a porter." That seemed to obvious for further comment so he leaned out the window, secured a porter, and passed the suitcases out to him. It was raining by this time and the thousands of people splashed through mud and puddles to the boat. When I got on all the chairs were taken but it was still not crowded enough so that I could find my Porter. He put the bags in a corner and I sat on them. It wasn't a minute too soon for the confusion that followed beggars description. Porters couldn't get through the crowd with bags so they just dumped them anywhere with the results that scores of people were in a nervous state lest they never see it again. Sir William came along to see whether I was all right. He had a valet with him. I shall take something of that sort if I ever have to take that jaunt again. In a half hour a few restless spirits started carrying their suitcases upstairs, bumping over people in

general and making a nuisance of themselves. Some of the weaker lads followed suit and what with a mob trying to get landing tickets, no one's life or property was safe. I got stuck by the doorway and couldn't either get a landing ticket or back again to the bags. Sir William appeared on the outskirts and said if I could hand him my ticket he would get the card. This he did and told me not to try to move until the crowd thinned. Fortunately they put up the gangplank to the corner where I was stationed. Two other chivalrous men helped me with Cally's suitcases which no single mortal can lift unaided. I approach the English customs with a calmness of despair which increased as I saw the Contents of suitcases being cruelly examined and spilled over everything. I thought that now if ever my luck would turn. My porter had the four bags temptingly on the stand, and behind them was a customs man. He gave me the list to read and ask if I had anything to declare. I truthfully answered no, for we hadn't bought a thing. He looks doubtful and though my heart had sunk to my feet I smiled sweetly at him and he said all right, go along. "Nor England did I know till then what love I bore to thee!" With the thought of a good tea I walked on air to the Pullman to find it full. Not only that, but all the first class seats were taken and I had lost my Porter. At that moment Sir W appeared again. I think he must have followed me all the time and said that the Porter would turn up. At that moment I saw him starting along to the second section of the train and I went in pursuit. He finally found a seat for me in a compartment with two other English women and three Frenchmen who turned out to be members of an orchestra which was coming over to give a concert at Albert Hall. They were very drool and set out to amuse us. Two of them came from Bordeaux and asked me if I knew it, and the wonderful "vine". If my French had been equal to it I'd have told them that Bordeaux could boast of the most absolute idiots in it's porters and railway man, of any place in France. After I saw my bags put in the van. I got a cup of tea and bun and leaned against the station to compose myself. Sir W appeared again and asked if there were anything more to do for me. There seemed to be nothing. I was filled with the exultation that must follow a combat when as much depends on the favor of the gods as on one's own efforts. We left over an hour behind schedule and I had the satisfaction of seeing an unceremoniously disagreeable looking man and family left behind. There simply wasn't room on the train. Ellen was at Victoria to meet us. We went and had dinner and then back to the next train to meet Cally. She had had a hideous time at the Prefecture and all but missed the 12 o'clock train too. Thus ended a perfect day.

June 3, 1926 – London

A day of dashing and tearing about. Bought a riding habit and boots for we intend to go down into Somerset and ride. To Covent Garden tonight to hear the Twilight

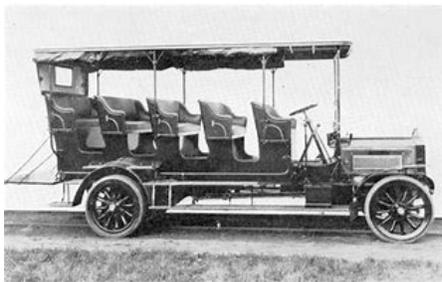
of the Gods. I thought it a stirring opera rather badly done. I looked up at Lady Ludlow's box where Helena and I had sat in state. She was there - a lovely looking old lady with white hair.

June 4, 1926 – Bath

In some ways I am disappointed in Bath. It is what you would call a fine city both in its location by the Avon between sloping hills and in the loveliness of its parks but somehow I thought it would retain more traces of the past either in its buildings or in its spirit. I found it difficult to imagine any of the great literary people who have been there, walking its streets. I don't quite see what they would do there. After we arrived we walked about the town but failed to get any particular illusion from it. A band seems to constantly to be playing in the park and there are many invalids here to take the waters.

June 5, 1926 - Bath and Wells

This morning we visited the Roman baths at Bath, but after the Roman ruins and relics which we saw in the south of France, they seem rather dull and stupid. We also went to the Grand Pump Room where Beau Nash ruled the world of fashion, where Evelena danced, and countless heroines of fiction have met with seemly adventures - on the whole it rather bored me. The fine old Chippendale seats are interspersed with a kind of kitchen chair so that their effect is quite spoiled. It seemed like a dull enough place stripped of all its splendor. At 1 o'clock we took



charabanc

a charabanc to come out here, and if Bath is disappointing, Wells makes up for it one thousand times over. Of all the towns in England I'm sure this is the one I'd like to live in, and in the window where I'm sitting now I'm sure I could write if ever. It is in a house in the Vicars Close and Cally and Ellen have a room in a house across the street. My window is far superior because it has the original stone framework instead of modern wooden frames. It is the most peaceful street with its two rows of gray stone houses each with a little green lawn and garden in front. It is connected with the cathedral by a chain gate or arch over the road and was built by Bishop Ralph in 1348. From the outside the cathedral leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. It is absolutely perfect set in the midst of a green lawn with stately old streets with high gray walls running by the sides. And all the buildings connected with the cathedral are perfect and have never gone through a period of destruction. The deanery is a charming

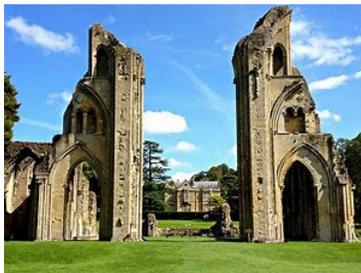
old and gray stone house with a courtyard surrounded by high walls with bright flowers growing by it. But the grounds and gardens of the Bishops Palace are the loveliest things of all. This is the only fortified Bishops Palace in England. It has a moat where swans swim now, a drawbridge and the most perfectly mellowed brick wall imaginable. The trees, the lawns and gardens were all marvelous. The view of the west end of the cathedral from the garden was especially lovely.

June 6, 1926 – Wells

Got up early this morning and went out for a walk into the country. It was a perfect morning with the haze on the hills, and the sun shining. Thousands of birds were singing and the air was sweet with hawthorn. All the farmers tip their hats and said good morning and I met one youth driving a milk cart and playing a harmonica. Back in the Vicar's Close at 9 o'clock for breakfast, and then we were off and away for Cheddar on bicycles. We engaged them at Fears Garage and Mrs. Fear had remarked the night before that she didn't know as she had any out sizes when I inquired whether she had anything big enough for me. There was a tall affair standing by the wall with the seat pulled up to its full height. That was the outsize and it fitted very well. It was a glorious country that we went through getting more and more hilly as we got near to the Mendip Hills. Finally it resolved itself into walking up the hills and coasting down the other side. We were in a constant state of nerves with scores of motorcycles whizzing by us on the way to some kind of meet. Arrived at Cheddar without mishap and made for the cave. A charabanc drew up at the same time and a small party of something like 100 gathered in a merry mood at the opening while a cheery guide said "just a moment, until we get a few more for the cave." We waited and then tried to lag behind so that it would seem a little less like an excursion to Coney Island. The cave was lighted by electricity and we all swarmed along looking at the stalactites and stalagmites and at their reflection in a pool which the guide told us it was called the Alpine Village. He pointed out the church spire and so on which I think were the fabrication of his own imagination. He pulled us around into corners and switch the lights on and off so that we could get the different colors in the rocks. Solomon's Temple was really quite impressive with pillars of red and gold and white they are still investigating the cave tourists aren't allowed in more than a quarter of a mile. When we came out we made for a lunch place and I feel that our choice of places was none to fortunate. We asked for lemonade and a vile greenish yellow drink was rought to us which I drank because I was so thirsty. The lunch was nothing much and after it we started out for the gorge. Ellen peddled away up while Cally and I walked wearily on. We only went about halfway and then Cally and I decided to climb up the side of the cliff. We got nearly to the top and then had to coast down in the

midst of a whirl of stones and dirt. On the way back the oil in our bicycle dried up and the miserable pedals stuck at every turn. Ellen got tired and irritated and therefore peddled up every hill straining every nerve while Cally and I walked on behind. When we got to the top she said in triumph, I wasn't even conscious that it was a hill. Back to Wells and sat down on a bench in front of the Cathedral. We were sitting quite peacefully when who should come tripping across the green with a waterproof and umbrella but the red haired theological student who lives in my house. He planted himself before us and began babbling about goodness knows what. He reminded me of the insidious Mr. Slope in Barchester Towers. He was a perfect fool and a big despicable one at that. He could've seen that we were all laughing at him if he had had any sense but he stood before us for 3/4 of an hour until it was our dinner time and we had to go so he came too.

June 7, 1926 - Dulverton, Somerset



Glastonbury

Started out an hour later than scheduled in a marvelous gray Ford hired from Mrs. Fear and driven by her son in a very natty black uniform. Captain J. Fleming Clark (the red haired man) was dashing about in and out of his room trying to run into us. I quite ignored him but when safely in the Ford I favored him with a wave of the hand to which he responded from his window. We stopped at Glastonbury and the ruins were so silent and peaceful in the sunlight with the green grass sprinkled with little white daisies. I didn't think the Abbey ruins as beautiful as those of Melrose or Dryburgh but they were tremendously solemn and impressive. I loved it and was trying to remember lines from the Passing of Arthur. Some bones supposed to be those of Arthur and Guinevere had been found there. From here we rattled on to Taunton where we spent an hour by the clock in Lloyd bank trying to extract some money. My letter of credit threw them all into a state and each man was called from his cubby hole to give his opinion on the matter. And then when Cally got out her checks drawn on an Italian bank there was general consternation. A man got out a huge album and looked up the credentials of this bank and squinted at the checks to locate a head in a five pointed star which a booklet said should be there. After all this



Dulverton

performance our eyes lighted on a sign saying "We cash checks on the bank commercial Italiano." We showed it to him in triumph and he was a bit nonplussed. I don't think he had ever noticed it before. On from there to Dulverton, the country becoming wilder and more beautiful as we came. Arrived here in time for lunch.

This is the most picturesque little place set in the midst of hills that are dotted with sheep and red cows that are very nice at a distance. This even is a delightfully quiet pretty place, the only other people here are two spinsters from Bath. We got three horses and started out under Ellen's guidance to find the moors which she assured us were just over the hill. We rode and rode and finally ended back in Dulverton without so much as a sign of them. We had ridden through fields, opening and closing scores of gates. It was marvelous riding and marvelous scenery and if the horses have been good it would have been perfect.

June 10, 1926 – Dulverton

Yesterday we found the moors and I never dreamed they would be so marvelous. We went by Winsford Village, a most picturesque spot, where I think I'd like to stay if I were ever in this section again, at the Royal Oak. Then we came back here by Winsford Hill which is the moor. It was a brown as far as you could see with the white ribbon of road winding along in the middle. There was a cold wind



blowing and the gray clouds were racing along almost on top of our heads. Our horses picked up spirit when they got there and capered along at rather a respectable rate. Went for a walk in the afternoon. Today we went directly to the moors and galloped over it for miles. It was freezing cold with occasional showers of hail and then the sun would come out for a

few moments. It was the most marvelous thing to ride over these vast stretches of brown with a side of the country for miles and miles on every side. It was such an ageless, solemn place. Just the kind of place that Thomas Hardy describes as Eydon Heath (see *The Return of the Native*) for a description of the moor.

June 11, 1926 – Lynmouth

Off and away for a ride on horseback at 7:30. We had thought to get a bus for Minehead at 10 o'clock and from there to Lynmouth. We cut our ride short and when we got back to Dulverton found that the bus had gone yesterday. Therefore we did our packing and started at 10 in an automobile. I think the people at the Green were very sorry to see us go. We were the first Americans they had ever had and all that had kept them from utter solitude for three days. We came directly across the moor from Dulverton to Lynmouth and part of the way in a shower which was a mixture of hail and rain. The moor was marvelous, wild and dark looking with no sign of life but the shaggy little Exmoor ponies and sheep. It looked wet and boggy too and altogether formidable and unfriendly. I could have

wept when I saw Lynmouth again. It has been utterly spoiled by scores of cheap little inns and tea rooms to say nothing of postcard stands and more varieties of china and earthenware than were ever here in my day. We came up to the Tors in a desperately hungry state, got into our riding habits and directly after lunch went up to Lynton to get our horses. We decided to ride to the Doone Valley and the man at the stable said we could never find the way alone over at the moors, and that of course we didn't want to go by the road. We decided that we had better have a groom go with us to show us the way. He seemed to be a half witted lout with a bowler hat that rested neatly upon his ears. Before I sensed what he was doing we were being lead over the road which we could perfectly well have found by ourselves. My horse was quite a spritely old charger with a flair for following the staghounds. We trotted briskly over the hard road harassed from behind by charabanc of all sizes and degrees of obnoxiousness. We rode out to the Doone Valley and it was perfectly beautiful with all shades of green, brown, and purple. Had a glorious tea at the farmhouse when we came out and then home through Claire and over Canterbury Hill. I think that must be the most marvelous spot in all England with the sea on one side and the moors and fields on the other. We were able to get off the road here and canter on the heather. My horse was all pinged up at that and simply thundered along with the bit between his teeth.

June 12, 1926 – Lynmouth

One of the most perfect days we have had. Eight hours on horseback. We had the horses brought down to us this morning and we went directly up Canterbury Hill to the moors and galloped about for an hour or so. Then back to Lynmouth and up to Lynton and out through the Valley of Rocks along the coast road to Hunters Inn. By the time we got there we were simply ravenous and the last mile down the steep rocky road had seemed interminable. I quite like Hunters Inn, it is such a business like place with its cold ham and tongue and boiled vegetables. The lunch really was delicious and the apple tart with clotted cream was the best I have ever eaten. Back again to Lynton in time for tea and now, thank heaven I can go to bed. I am burned to a cinder and very sleepy.



June 13, 1926 - Cheese Wring, Cornwall

We are in a Temperance Hotel in the midst of a Cornish moor with strange stone monuments and relics of a vanish people around about us. How we got here and why is a long tale. The trippers at Lynmouth were more than we could bear and



Temperance Hotel

with an eye to get into a quiet place in Cornwall where we could ride, we opened Ellen's Holiday Haunts and read through the list of towns and hit upon Liskeard because it seemed to be near moors and where there were moors we decided there must be houses. We hired a car and left Lynmouth At 9 o'clock and started out on the Clovelly Road and stopped in there for lunch. To my surprise they were

only about a half a dozen tourists there, so we saw it under favorable conditions. That is, if we disregarded persistent showers of rain that made the little cobblestones so slippery as to endanger life and limb. When we left Clovelly the country became wild, with few trees and no houses. We passed through several little villages that possessed great attractions and we felt more and more pinged up for Liskeard. All of a sudden we came upon a row of modern houses in a dismal setting, and the chauffeur stopped. So this was Liskeard. We looked at each other in dismay. It was the most utterly, absolutely depressing, distasteful, dismal place in all England. This was bad enough but we were not yet really in the town. We tore on around a few more curves and came to a half grown city of granite, brick, mansard roofs, and box hedges pruned to resemble nothing under heaven. We went to the Stag Inn to inquire about horses. A disreputable looking place it was with a front that might conceal anything. We sent the boy to the door and they said they could get horses. We didn't want to get involved with them so we went back up the street to Webb's, a dismal gray building of massive granite blocks with something approaching Doric columns on the porch. We went into a dark hall into a darker room filled with chairs, sofas, tables, china, and in the dark recesses there may have been anything else. A non communal maid could tell us nothing. We consulted Holiday Haunts again to no avail and finally the maid said that a man out in the backyard could tell us something. He did seem more human than any of the other creatures we had encountered, and after a while it dawned on him what we wanted. He suggested the Cheese Wring Hotel which was right on the moors and whose owner was the possessor of a cob. We asked him what kind of a place it was and he said "oh a pub, not a smart hotel like this," nodding at the Webb whose gloomy walls tower above us. We grasp at this last straw and went out to tell our man that we wanted to go to Cheese Wring 6 miles away. We came over the moors which had grey stone piles and monuments scattered about, and drew up at the Cheese Wring Hotel. I had pictured a merry little place but it was as formidable as the Webb only on a smaller scale. The door was locked which didn't reassure us much but we knocked and waited and finally a bleary looking man evidently just from



his cups peered cautiously out the door. I addressed him with a briskly confident air as much as to say "I'm sure you have just what we want." "I've got a cob, yes, but I don't know of any others round about here." We looked at each other feeling too desperate to much care. He told us to come over to the Temperance Hotel to see Miss Cullen. We came, feeling that our chauffeur might mutiny at any minute and dash off with our bags leaving us stranded on this forsaken moor. Miss Cullen is a thin woman with a manner like Mrs. McQuester. She suggested that Mrs. Tink around the corner might have something that we could ride. We went around and interviewed Mrs. Tink, a rosy cheek woman who told us that their pony was on the moor and that they wouldn't know where to find it. And as for the saddle, "it's quite falling apart". She suggested one Mr. Bickle and when we said "what name?" She said, "just mind pickle only spell it with a B. This Mr. Bickle lived up by the Cheese Wring. A small boy offered to show us the way and we finally arrived in the midst of a quarry where there was one long gray house with many doors. Mr. Bickle was the second. I had gone on ahead when suddenly I heard a wail from Ellen "Oh Foggie!" and I turned around to see her being pursued by a goose with its neck stretched out and his mouth wide open. There was no time to be rescuing her from a goose so I kept on and knocked at Mr. Bickle's door. A little girl came to the door and then called her father. He was not in his cups but in his supper a good part of it remaining on his mustache, and even with the most careful scrutiny I couldn't make out what it was. He was a large man with shirt open at the neck, red cheeks, a huge mustache, and a scar on his chin which I imagine came from being hit with a pickaxe. He had a cob, yes indeed, but he didn't know of any others around. "Ah," we thought, "Here are two" and immediately decided to take Mr. Bickle's. Or rather, we didn't decide immediately and in the meantime a shower of rain came up and he invited us to come in out of the wet. There seemed to be a considerable family huddled in the back kitchen but we were ushered into the front room where he had been eating his supper. He became quite sympathetic and merry and rambled on about a Captain Mills who had once ridden his cob but was later killed on Dartmoor in a hunt. He seemed surprised that we hadn't heard of it. He took us out to see this little beast which can go at a rate of 6 miles an hour when he is on him, but no guarantee can be made when one that he doesn't know is on him. When we asked about the charge he beamed kindly on us and said that he didn't want to stand in the way of our ride by charging too much. He was a lamb. Then we came back to the hotel to interview this Gerry man again and this time he said his cob was on the moor and even if she weren't he would be using him! In spite of this rebuff we decided to stay here and came back to the Temperance and signified as much to Miss Cullen. "Oh, but I can't take you," says she. "I'm full up." That was simply too much, but on second thought she remembered she did have a room and another bed could be put in it. We took it. A taciturn man was in

the kitchen dining royally on greens and fruit cake. "You can take the bags up, Mr. Chubbs," said she and he allowed he could. By this time the fog was sweeping across the moors and a dismal rain was falling. We called for tea but first investigated the toilet facilities which plunged us deeper into depression. I stood by the back door and waved Ellen out of sight and wondered would she ever return. The tea wasn't bad and after it was over we got out Muirhead and in a half an hour had decided to go to all places in England between Pengrass and Southampton including the Channel Islands and the Isle of Wight. But now we are going to stay here. The spell of the place is beginning to work and this is really Cornwall and a part of it that I bet my last dollar that few have seen. We have become devoted to Miss Cullen. She came in after our supper and told us the gossip of the place. She has no love for Mr. Gerry. He went by the window and she said, "there he goes. I have had a good drop of whiskey in her today." She has an old copper hunting horn which only Dolly, the helper, has the strength of being able to blow. Sometimes she goes out and blows it and then runs and hides and watches Mr. Gerry come out with his spyglass thinking it is the hunt. She got Dolly to go in the dining room and blow it for us and it was a good rousing blast in between giggles and protests that, "I couldn't possibly blow it now." There are some marvelous old copper kettles, measuring jugs for whiskey, and some fine old china. Evidently Miss Cullen has no need to sell any of it. However, she has taken a great fancy to us and has just come in to say that the Deeds, Dolly's family, have a pony that we can have. She has also brought us a book written by a man who spent two days in this hotel. She said, "He didn't tell us what he was up to at all." Heaven knows what she thinks we may be up to. This man speaks in glowing terms of the fascination of this spot and says that it's spell will work up on you if you don't turn and scuttle back to the lowlands at once. I must've met that was my first reaction, to get away from this. It is a wild, strange place, but all the people are interested in us now and giving suggestions about ponies roundabout. They remind me strongly of the people in Labrador, and when I heard the name Chubbs I felt right at home. If I get into conversations with this man I may ask him if he has any relatives in Labrador.

June 15, 1926 - Cheese Wring, Cornwall

We have had two most perfect days, and the thought of leaving has thrown us into a spasm of nostalgia. Yesterday morning we spent in pursuit of a third pony and in the waiting at the blacksmiths at Upton Cross while Thomas, the Deede pony was shod. I think we went to every farm in a radius of I don't know how many miles to find anything on four legs that would go. Ellen started first and went to the Knight farm but with no success. Then I visited the Lampree's and the Snowden's and then we all went to the blacksmith and from Upton Cross we walked to all the

surrounding farms and wore out our legs and tempers, and saw nothing of the moors. We returned to the Temperance for lunch and after that ceremony was over Ellen had a nap and Cally and I set forth on Ginger and Thomas respectively, to go across the moor up to the Cheese Wring. The sun was bright, and a cold wind was blowing the clouds along just over our heads. On our right we could look down and away from miles over Devon and Somerset all marked off like a giant checker board with the green hedges. On other side there were the wild moors stretching



away on hill to the farthest and highest ridge known as Brown Willy. Herds of cows and wild looking ponies were sometimes outlined against the skyline, and the grey stone engine houses and smokestacks dotted about can be transferred with a very slight stretch of the imagination into old ruins . Cally stayed down below and held the prancing steeds while I went up the hill to the Cheese Wring. From a distance there are piles of huge boulders not particularly impressive, but go up the hill and as you get nearer and nearer and hear the wind whistling by them so that it sounds like the chanting of voices, and they are enough to make anyone stand still and think. There is one pile rather isolated from the three which form a kind of a circle right on the top of the hill. No one knows what this was originally, whether a fort or temple or combination of both, but they have been aging there for tens of thousands of years, long before the Romans were thought of. A century is as nothing standing there in the circle of the remains of a race that lived at the dawn of the world. I can't express how I felt. Shut in there with even the path by which I had come up hidden. I seemed cut off from the rest of the world and even my own identity seemed to be merged with that of a vanished race and there was nothing but the sky and these weird monuments, in the world. If I didn't get from that spot I might even cease to exist. I might be spirited away into the air or into the earth by the millions of strange men that I fancied were watching me. I turned around and around and couldn't see the path down, and thousands of hands holding bronze spears were guarding and keeping me prisoner in an enchanted spot. I heard voices of other visitors climbing the hill and the spell was broken. My bronze men then vanished and the path was there where it had not been a few moments before. A small boy was scratching his initials on one of the boulders and his father, a clergyman, was taking his picture as he clambered over and up the temple of men who had lived and died before even the God whom he worshiped was dreamed or spoken of. I went down to hold the ponies while Cally went up. When she came down I could see that she had not seen what I had seen. She began comparing it with Stonehenge. We rode back over the moor and then Ellen and I went along the road to St. Cleer past Minions and the strange stone with a crude attempt at carving

which marks the graves of the Celtic king Minion date 807 A.D. At Saint Cleer we saw Saint Cleer's well with the crude Stone Cross beside it. I have yet to discover what the legend in connection with the well is. None of the natives seem to know and is not given in any book that I have seen as yet. After supper we walked over the Moors up to the Cheese Wring's again to watch the sunset. The wind was whistling past the pile of rock with greater force than in the afternoon blowing Smokey looking clouds directly over our head. I couldn't recapture my feelings of the afternoon, probably because I wasn't alone. We watched the moor darken until the green had changed to a grayish brown with the darker gray of the old stone engine houses. The mist softened all the outlines and finally the sun went down a fiery red into a mass of gray clouds. Four shaggy ponies came up on the side of the hill and galloped away with their manes flying in the wind when they saw us. The pools in the moor caught the light of the sun so that we could see them like golden pools dotted over the brown expanse of moor. This morning we got a third horse, one belonging to the sister of the milk boy who lives a mile and a quarter beyond Upton's cross. The question of getting the beast seem to be a serious one until it was suggested that I ride home in the trap with the milk boy and then ride the horse back. Cally and Ellen on Gidge and Thomas tried to follow but were soon left behind as the milk boy and I sped recklessly down the long hill in the trap. They finally gave out and sat by the side of the road to wait for me to come back. This horse that I was to ride was only three years old and very sketchily broken. From the tales I had heard of his pranks, I expected to go streaming over the moors in a wild chase. The milk boy's father said "we have a nice quiet horse if this one is too skittish for you." I looked the skittish beast in the eye and decided that I'd risk it. He was the queerest animal. I had to whack him repeatedly with a large oak cane whereupon he broke into a trot calculated to dislodge ones vitals. Every now and then he wheeled in a complete circle for apparently no reason whatever. In this somewhat halting fashion I came back to the lane where Cally and Ellen were waiting. Now that we had a horse apiece we felt that we ought to do something quite desperate. We thought of Dagmary Pool but that was 8 miles away by the road and a native assured us that we've never find the way across the moor, especially if a fog came up. Anyway by this time all three animals were dozing off and it was nearly dinner time. Between kicks and whacks we managed to get them up Caradon Hill where we had the most marvelous view of the country from miles around. But it was such an exhausting work making the horses go. The only thing I could find to rejoice over was the fact that I didn't have the "nice quiet horse." What must he have been! I walked down the hill until the nettles stung my ankles to such an extent that I had to ride. A horse had become extremely distasteful to me. We had spent so many hours in pursuit of them and then when we finally got them they were such hopeless animals. Back to the Temperance for lunch where

we were magnificently received by beef pie, boiled potatoes, greens, macaroni, fruit, clotted cream, and saffron cakes. Miss Cullin is a drool sort. The meals get better as her liking for you increases and evidently her motto is not to put the best foot forward and encourage you to come, for certainly no one could have been less hospitable than she on that first Sunday afternoon. While we were thus feasting in the parlor, a wayward couple stopped for lunch and they were shut up in the huge barren back dining room with a bit of cold roast beef. And from experience we know that Ms. Cullens cold roast beef is not all that that can be under some management. After lunch I slept while Cally and Ellen went off for a ride on the moor on Ginger and Thomas. For tea we were invited over to the cottage of one Nancy Smith an artist from London who has come down for the summer. She has one of the little stone cottages with a living room and kitchen downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. She had the paper taken off the walls and then had them painted a buff color. With her own bright colored furniture in it it makes the most adorable place to live and Cally and Ellen and I are simply wild to rent one for next summer. They all belong to the Prince of Wales, and the rent comes to only \$50 a year. We all agree that we could do great things if we were to live here for a summer. There is material enough to last for articles and stories, for a lifetime. After tea we started out in a Ford for Dogmary Pool. I should have preferred walking to it across the moors but there was not time and I didn't know the way. However, it was lovely enough by the road with a clear little stream running beside it with the hills and grazing sheep and cows beyond. The sun was at just the right angle so that the light was perfect and the fluffy clouds over the hilltops were touched with gold. We left our Ford at the foot of the hill and then walked up a



rocky lane to the top of Dagmary Pool that lies perfectly still in a scene which is curiously empty and still. There are no trees, no craigs, as in the pool which Tennyson describes as the one where Sir Bedivere threw Excalibur. There are only the bare sloping moors on every side. No streams run in or out of the pool. Nothing moves. On a ridge of the moor the figure of a man was outlined against the sky as he bent over and straightened up again. He was probably gathering peat. It was a mysterious place and not at all "dreary" as some books describe it. But to think of it as the place where an arm clothed in white reached up to receive Excalibur, is a little difficult. It is too small, and although the natives assure you it is bottomless, it looks too shallow. To connect Arthur with such a place, well, I don't see how it could be done. Tintagel is another thing and I shall always regret not having gone there.

June 16, 1926 – London

This morning we left Cheese Wring on the bus waving to Miss Cullen and Dolly who stood in the door of the Temperance to see us off. We were all desolate at leaving and on the way to London on the train made plans for what we shall have in our cottage next summer. Directly we arrived here we went to a theater agency and got tickets for the Opera tonight: Jeritza in “Thais”. She was the most ravishingly beautiful thing I’ve ever seen, a perfect actress and what a voice! I was tremendously thrilled, but she didn’t have half the applause that was lavished on the fat, stupid, Gunearas who had sung in the “Twilight of the Gods” a week or two before.



June 18, 1926 London to Glasgow

This morning came too soon in fact it didn’t seem as though I’ve been to sleep at all for what with a trunk, hat box, two suitcases and a box of books to pack I wasn’t in bed until daylight began to appear. Breakfast early and then we got our luggage down at nine and got into a conversation with Mr. Edgewater who had come forth in one of the most alarming looking golf suits I’ve ever seen. Huge light brown checks, with golf socks and tie to match. It so fascinated me that I was unable to think of anything else and it was getting late. Finally I said “We must have taxis at once“. An ineffectual porter went out and returned with one and then piled C and E’s luggage on it. Their train for Dover left at 11 and mine for Glasgow at 10. Not another taxi was to be seen and even Mr. E in his violent suit was unable to attract one. It was nearly 9:30 and I was getting beside myself. In desperation we finally got Cally’s luggage off the taxi and mine put on and then I started for Euston resigned to missing the train. However I got there at 20 minutes of 10 which was none too soon as people were swarming onto the train. Got my luggage into the van and then found a seat in a compartment with only seven already in it. They all had the doggedly cheerful expression of the Briton who had known he is going to be uncomfortable but takes it with equanimity. There was one sandy haired, hard bitten looking little man who was undoubtedly a Scot. It turned out that he was from Dundee. Beside him were two droll English women and next them in the corner a slight little man with a mourning band on his arm engaged in reading “The Life and Times of the Bishop of Ullathorne” On my side there were two very typical Englishmen with baggy trousers, slouch hats and golf bags. They had friends in other sections of the train who constantly appeared at the door to say the conditions in their compartment were even more appalling owing to large numbers of children. All morning we sat tightly wedged, unable to sleep or read or

anything else and I could only get a seat in the third setting for lunch. At Rugby and Carlisle there was a sifting out of people and from then on it was fairly comfortable. While the rest of the people in our compartment we're having tea the little man reading "Bishop" and I got into conversation beginning with the topic of the coal shortage which is the subject that everyone talks on now. From that we branched on to literature, art, travel, and goodness knows what else. He was at Gallipoli during the war and has traveled extensively in the East. I showed great enthusiasm for England and Scotland whereupon he began telling me stories and legends connected with the border country that we were going through. I told him that I was going to be in Glasgow for a few days. Then he said in the casual, rather embarrassed way that seems characteristic of the Englishman when he is giving an invitation, "It's rather extraordinary on the train this way, but I'd like to have you see a bit of our country. Spend a night or two you know". I didn't know whether it was an invitation or not so I said nothing and he said, "Is it a possibility?" Then hastily, "My sister would be delighted and I'm sure you wouldn't be lonely for there are three of us, my sister, brother and I. My mother is an invalid." I didn't know what to say so I said yes with characteristic bravery or fool hardiness. I don't know which. But he looked like the sort of person you know would be all right, a combination of Robert Louis Stevenson and Kirsopp Lake. And then an ordinary or dangerous person doesn't take "The Life and Times of the Bishop of Ullathorne" to while away the time on a railway journey. He said it was a very quiet spot in the country, "But," said he "I'm sure you will enjoy it, and it will be something for us to look forward to." He wrote down the name, C. E. Cranstoun, Corehouse, Lanarck, and I gave him mine. He got off at Carstons to take the train for Lanack from there. As we got into Glasgow the day grew darker and gloomier and we were an hour late. I had trouble in getting my luggage out of the van, and then there was no sign of anyone to meet me. I left the trunk and suitcase and then took a taxi for Regent Moray Street. Willie was at the door but his mother and father had gone to meet me. There was some confusion about my wire, too unimportant to go into detail about here. Nurse Thompson came in and she and Willy stationed themselves in the window to watch. Soon Mr. and Mrs. S. Turned up and all was well. We had tea, and now I'm at nurse Thompson's and so to bed.

June 20, 1926 – Glasgow

To church this morning with Mrs. S and I was much impressed with the service. The church itself was about as ugly as anything could well be, but the elders sitting up front, and the minister had a look of the old type of Dissenters or Covenanters, and so they interested me. The sermon was very able, better than I've ever heard at Westminster Abbey. A walk this afternoon through the botanical gardens with Mrs.

S. and Willy. Their interest in the plants and flowers was remarkable, but I was fighting boredom all the time. The Scotch don't seem to have the English knack for gardens, and they were stiff and common place. Back home through one of the principle streets, a row of hideously ugly buildings and then through Kelvin grove Park where a band was playing. I had to admire everything until I was worn out, and to listen to long accounts of things that I didn't want to hear from Mrs. S. The art gallery is the most atrocious thing of all, brown sandstone, and it would be a fitting companion piece to the Albert memorial in London. It makes you want to scream. After tea we took a train for Rouken Glen, a lovely spot once a private estate, but now given to the citizens of Glasgow as Mrs. S told me.

June 21, 1926 Glasgow

Took the train for Gorack this morning and then changed into the boat to go down the Firth of Clyde to the Kyles of Bute. The day was unsettled and the bright intervals which the weather forecast talks about, were few, and between the most drenching showers I've ever seen. It was a lovely sail, and I had always wanted to see the west coast of Scotland. I'd like to go down further by the Hebrides sometime. It is very grand with the hills and rocky coast. Had the sun been out it would have been more beautiful. As it was, we saw them between swirling black clouds and mist. We got off at Tighnabruaich and had lunch there and then made a call on old Mrs. Greenshields who was in bed. She was a dear little thing in a frilly lace cap and steel rimmed spectacles and a broad Scotch accent. Took the boat back at 3 o'clock and then the train at six. I had sent a letter to Mr. C. E. Cranstoun on the early morning mail saying that I'd go to Corehouse on Tuesday. When I got back tonight there was a telegram from his sister saying "delighted to see you tomorrow."

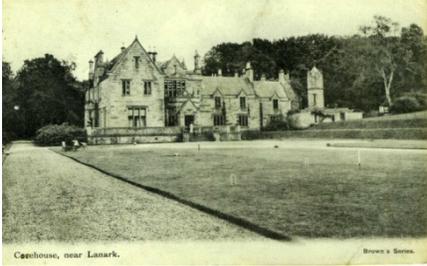
June 22 1926 Corehouse, Lanark



Corehouse

Spent the morning in "doing" the sites of Glasgow. Oh what a city! All the ugliness that human beings can devise seems to be centered here. Ugliness, dirt, etc. First we went to Saint George's square the principal one of the city, and it almost seems beautiful by contrast. There are a good many statues in passable taste, and the cenotaph is really very nice, much like the one in Whitehall only it is broader and less tall. At half past we were allowed to have a look at the municipal buildings. A guide took us around and we looked at the marble and alabaster staircase which isn't bad if you like that sort of thing, and then chancel rooms, reception rooms,

and ballroom. They are building an annex and it is in very good taste. Then we went up to the Cathedral which is modern and of the inevitable brownish stone. The windows were garish and there were too many of them. However, I kept murmuring “Isn’t this lovely” until it got to be as automatic as the ticking of the clock. Then we walked around through the city and I went to Cooks to get money which was finally doled out to me regretfully by a suspicious looking clerk. A late lunch and then I went over to nurse Thompson’s and packed and got dressed to



come here. This sounds very calm as I write it down now, but it was most tremendously exciting not knowing what I was going to, and now that I am here it is even more exciting. It was all I could do to keep from bursting into exclamations at once over it and ignore the municipal buildings and cathedral entirely. I had to change trains at Carsons and from

there to Lanark my excitement increased and I could feel my face getting redder and redder. I alighted at Lanark and went along the platform where I was met by a chauffeur who said “is this Miss Fogg?” I was in a daze and followed him to a car and then he whisked me off and away through the town of Lanark which is modern and ugly out into the country. After 2 miles we came to a gate with a lodge by it. A woman opened the gate and dropped me a courtesy. I was simply in a state by this time and then we drove and drove through the most magnificent park with great trees that must have been there for centuries. It was too glorious to be true and thought, I’ve fallen upon the most wonderful adventure I’ve had yet. Finally we drew up in front of the house, a huge stone one set in the midst of a wide lawn with



the coat of arms: “Thou shalt want ere I want” over the front door. I simply gasped it was such a glorious spot. The front door opened and Colonel Cranstoun appeared in a worn and threadbare suit, heavy shoes and his pipe. He is such a droll figure. “Weren’t you adventurous to come!” he exclaimed. “I am

so glad to see you. Here, Peggy,” he called into his sister. “Here is Miss Fogg”. Miss Cranston is also droll, very frumpy but with a charm about her that makes you forget her queer clothes. She was most tremendously cordial and acted as though I were the one person in the world who she was waiting to see. It was most awfully merry and I took to her at once just as I had taken to Colonel C. I was taken to the dining room at once and plied was tea, bread and butter and jam, oatcakes and fruitcake. All this while they were talking merrily and I kept liking them more and more. Just as I was struggling with a piece of fruit cake someone

came in and Colonel C said “this is my brother George.” I looked around to see a startled looking man in an equally rough suit who nodded gruffly at me and then came over to sit facing me along with Colonel C. After a bit he thawed and was really tremendously witty. I think he was a little shy at first, and on his guard before this strange girl that had dropped down in their midst. I had scarcely finished my tea when Colonel C. jumped up and said that I must come for a walk to see the falls of the Clyde. Mr. George said that he could come too and then go up to feed his chickens. We started out and walked on the most heavenly path along the river until we came to the first falls. They are very, very beautiful. Not tremendously large, but very graceful. It seems to me that I had never seen such a lovely spot. Mr. George left us here and Colonel C. and I continued on talking about everything under the sun from literature to politics. He is most entertaining but very learned with all. He went to Christ Church at Oxford. I had to pinch myself every now and then to make sure I wasn’t dreaming. It was such a glorious spot and I couldn’t get over my astonishment at falling into it in this amazing way. We climbed up to the second falls and then on a high rock right in the bend of the river was the ruin of an old castle dating from the 14th century. Colonel C. said that the fairies were supposed to dance in a little open space by it’s walls. I can’t half give an impression of the beauty and romance of this place, the falls of the river, the glorious trees, wildflowers and everything. It is more beautiful than anything I had imagined. And as for Colonel C., he is a character if there ever was one. We walked up to where they were building a dam in preparation to turning the river into a tunnel to supply power for an electric light plant. Next year there will be no falls. It simply seems a criminal thing to do. Coming back by the carriage road we met the laborers and farmers on their way home. They all saluted Colonel C. and he would inquire after their wives and children. It was all so peaceful and well ordered, going on just as it has done for generations. Somehow we got on the subject of Brownings and I felt I was getting beyond my depth, never having read anything that I could make any sense out of excepting “Rabbi Ben Ezra,” and a few others. From that we got to trees and then I was lost completely. Colonel C. has the most astounding learning of the most diversified kind, but he is absolutely natural and unassuming in spite of it. We got in at 7:45 and I went up to my room to change for dinner and found that the maid had unpacked my suitcase. I regretted having put all my best things in my trunk, so that they’d be fresh for the Armitage. Dinner was a merry meal. Miss C had changed from one antique looking black dress to another, and the two brothers appeared in dark blue suits of a droll cut. Mr. George in particular looked as though he had stepped out of one of Jane Austen’s novels. After dinner Miss C and I went to the library and in about 10 minutes we were joined by the two men and we had coffee. Before they arrived however, she told me quite a good deal. Colonel C. had been at Gallipoli where he received the

DSD (Distinguished Service Decoration) and was mentioned in dispatches, and he

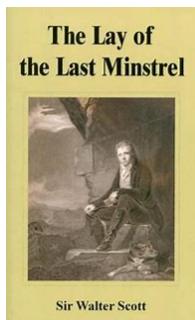


also has the Croix de Guerre. “He is a born soldier” she said. Heavens, to look at him you wouldn’t think he knew one end of a gun from another and besides that he is so very slight and round shouldered. Mr. George was also at Gallipoli but he has no decorations. Miss C said that they were frightfully hard-pressed

during the war because there were no men to keep the place going. They sold their horses, dogs, and automobile and nearly starved to death. She said that she wish they had a car now, “For”, she added, “it is much a long way to get to the village, to church, and we are Roman Catholics.” I was more and more interested. They are descendants of men who gave up everything and who fought valiantly for Bonnie Prince Charlie. it does seem so marvelously romantic. She showed me some miniatures of the whole Stuart family which Charles had given to whatever grandfather of theirs it was who fought for him. After coffee Colonel C. said that he’d like to show me around some more if I wasn’t too tired. It was the most glorious evening with scores of rabbits hopping about the lawn and hundreds of birds singing, while in the distance there was the sound of the falls. We went through the loveliest path to the old ruin of the dovecot which is all covered with ivy and has two curious little stone lions in front of it. There is some connection between then and Prince Charlie, and the superstition is that they must never be moved or disaster will come to Corehouse. From here we walked to the old garden, then to the rock garden and then to an avenue of glorious beeches that have been planted by some ancestor for no apparent reason since it doesn’t lead anywhere. The walks are too enchanting for words and you are constantly coming to little glens with a merry little brook running under little arched stone bridges. We came in after 10 but it was still quite light out. We came into the library where we talked until 11. I could have stayed up all night but Miss C lead me off to bed. There are no electric lights so we each came up with our own candle. And now I haven’t described the house at all except to say that it is of stone and very large. The library is a most marvelous room, filled from floor to ceiling with all the books in their original calf bindings, which have been in the family for generations and must be worth a fortune. Curious old French encyclopedias with marvelous engravings, the old sets of Fielding’s, Smollet, Congreve, Swift, in fact of everyone. I’ve never seen anything like it. The rugs too, are marvelous. Colonel C is an authority on oriental rugs and has brought back a great many from the east. In the hall, dining room, and drawing room, there are many, many paintings and some of them must be very valuable. There is a Titian, two Rubens, and others. My room has a four poster canopy bed with curtains at the side and back so that I shall feel like Queen Elizabeth when I get into it. The windows look out on the lawn and Colonel C assures me that when I look out in the morning I’ll see dozens of rabbits there.

They eat the grass so that they never have to mow it. I've never been more thrilled than now, the place is so like a storybook and the people are so very charming. They are all simply wrapped up in Corehouse but they have such a wide interest besides. I forgot to say in connection with the library that they have a copy of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" which Walter Scott gave to their grandfather, and the Lord Cranston in the poem is an ancestor of theirs. Scott used to visit often at Corehouse and Colonel C showed me the glen with a little brook, or burn, as he called it, which was a favorite spot of his.

June 23, 1926 Corehouse, Lanark



I came intending to stay only one night but when Miss C asked me if I couldn't possibly stay tonight, I found little difficulty in accepting. This has been a perfect day, absolutely perfect, and to think if I hadn't come to Glasgow I should never have come here nor should I have come had I not gone into that compartment on the train. It is amazing when one considers luck and I believe I'm one of the luckiest persons that ever lived. This morning I came down as the gong sounded and met Mr. George in the hall with his old suit on and a basket of eggs. He had just been out feeding his chickens.

He and I went into the dining room where the serving table had the tea, porridge, bacon and eggs, waiting to be taken. Just at that moment Colonel C. was coming across the lawn from his__

*This journal is the first of two 1926 journals written by
Helen Fogg of Norwell, MA.
The second journal is missing.*