

Helen Fogg's 1946 journal - South Pacific and Europe

January 7, 1946 - Fort Kam

This marks the sixth day of waiting for air transportation. We are as good as in jail, unable to leave the post. But this is perhaps the best of being in a state of traveled with a bunch of women. Once we land at Hamilton Field will be more or less on our individual on, and I shall resort to any expedient – even to crossing the continent via Texas – to avoid becoming one of a group under a leader.

And perhaps this is the last time I'll sit down to the attempt of recording some memories. Why, oh why didn't I jot something every single night throughout the past two years? I recall the various abortive attempts, but they were so discouraging. They mention rain so many of them. That was in September and October 1944 when I was at the 8th General. And how it did rain and how deep and sticky was the mud and how the drops dripped all of that infernal grass roof.

But actually the memories should go back to the "President Johnson" and our sweaty, laborious progress across the Pacific to Eopiora Santos - that cabin with the nine occupants, each one with her own idiosyncrasies, e.g. 1) standing before the mirror which was over the one wash basin, curling the eyelashes, 2) setting up the ironing board to press clothes just as everyone was trying to dress for dinner. Then there was Mary Cunningham with all her cosmetics all over the place, and Sarah entombed in the lowest berth beneath Mary and myself. And not forgetting the bathroom between our cabin and the next with the shower not working and the floor all a wash from the toilet, and oddments of clothing which we had managed to wash, strung up on lines. The most all pervading memory, however, is of the heat and the sweating while everyone was crowded at the entrance to the mess waiting for the evening meal. The water fountains work at that time of day and we drank and filled our canteens.

Looking back on it now, it seems queer that the days past as quickly as they did. We were up for breakfast, and then just pasted the time sitting uncomfortably in little spots of shade on the top deck or in sitting in the men's reading room or writing letters. Sometimes we just watched the troops on the deck below – especially the Negroes who alone seemed to have any life to them, as they roll the

dice or play cards. And the deck became dirtier and more cluttered with orange peels as the days wore on. We made spasmodic attempts at calisthenics on the top deck, but they soon wore out.

The nights were beautiful – no lights showing, but a gorgeous Pacific Moon, millions of stars, and masses of clouds or something one never can forget. There was one ghostly night when we were in fog – all muffled up in it.

SS Argentina, August 13, 1946

Embarkation at 11:30 with Lillie Peck. Sailed at one. Elderly Scottish women on deck singing “Rolling Home“ as we pulled away from the deck. My suitcase with all clothes not in the cabin. Steward, Eddie – very drunk – assured me



it would be found but I and the baggage master are both of the opinion that it has gone in the hold. A really horrific situation since I had transferred things from overnight case into it. Lillie Peck has loaned me two blouses – one white and one pink which I shall alternate. Seats assigned for meals - long tables. Lillie and I at first sitting.

August 14

Roughish day. Our table in the dining saloon - very curious combinations. A Jesuit priest in route to Spain for a year of study. Opposite Lily a southern girl going to England as an exchange teacher – home economics. Next me a couple which is hard to place. The woman going to Paris but the husband waiting in Belgium for fear of landing in jail because he didn't return to France for military service. By all odds the most baffling is the man at the end of the table who got into altercations with the steward because he was late for lunch and the steward was trying to hurry him. Man indignant because he had stood in line for one hour to wash his hands. Much impressed by such phenomenal fastidiousness. .

August 15

This voyage is indescribable. To sit on the deck and watch the passengers is like looking at a kaleidoscope. Literally there is every nationality and every type, from the Danish person going home after more than 20 years, to the well-to-do French. Conversation this morning is all in the space of two hours with the following nationalities: Greek, Dutch, French, Czechoslovakian, Austrian, Scotch and English. The mystery man at the end of our table is Russian. Quite surprisingly the Jesuit began talking to him in that language which caused him to relax slightly. He does everything with exhausting intensity from drinking a glass of water to looking at the sunset. Lillie says he looks like one of the figures on the Russian building at the Worlds Fair.

Wish I could find some returning refugee who has heard of the USC. My Dutch friend is the most interested. He once attended the Unitarian church at Provincetown.

August 16

“This is the first time I have laughed in six years,” The Spanish wife of the Greek, Gilbert Mechalan (born in Constantinople).

Southampton, August 21

If nothing else comes of this trip, this day alone has made it worthwhile. Last evening in a frenzy, finished the first article for LH. Hardly had a chance to look at the coastal lights of England. Up early this morning to see us being pushed into the dock by tugs may end by the usual thorny handed British tug-men.

On the dock was the Bobby and the familiar man with attaché cases who rush on board as soon as the gangway goes down.

A few people meeting the ship were lined up on the dock. Very thin and no rosy cheeks.

As soon as South Hampton passengers were ashore we got landing cards and were off for the day. Lillie and I took taxi at the dock and drove first to the post office where we posted all the letters written on the ship. It was the most wonderful

sensation when I actually set foot on the ground. As we got into the city, marks of the bombardment were more and more evident. It has been well cleaned up but as many houses and buildings were gone - walls standing - butterfly bushes growing in cellars. To the Dolphin Hotel where I called Cally on the telephone. She has developed a strong English accent and it was hard to make her sound like Cally.

We went on into the town on foot. The looks of the people hit you – so thin, pale and shabby – passed a little market where miserable, wizened little peaches were a shilling each, and melon 10 a piece. Dreadful clothes at high prices. Woolworths just kind of a box like place. At Boots where I bought some Petrologer, there was no paper to wrap it in. Could have had plain mineral oil if I had brought a bottle to put it in.

Looked in several places for eating - long queues. Decided to go back to Dolphin for lunch. Everything about the place completely shabby, and the people again just struck me. Pale waiters served on the run - thick, cold white China. Not a scoop of food left on the plates. Had a lunch of soup, lamb, boiled potatoes, greens, cheese and bread, for three shillings.

Hired a car and set forth for the new forest. Driver had been six years in the army. Just discharged three months ago. Drove through Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, Sway, Hinton Admiral, and over Horneley Heath. A perfect day with bright sunshine - Wild ponies congregated under the bridges – heather bracken – the beeches. The country side – thank heaven - is unchanged. Tried two places for tea – “The Cat and the Fiddle” and the “East Close Hotel” at Hinton Admiral, but both were closed. But as we drove along, spotted a “Tea with Horses” place – a small house with tables and chairs on the lawn. We ask our driver to join us, so we three sat in the sun with good strong English tea, a plate of bread and butter, of scones and a kind of muffin with raisins. All tasted exactly alike. There was some jam too. We had a second pot of tea and hot water. It was just lovely. Bought a bunch of postcards there and another at Lyndhurst. Very lucky, because it was early closing day in Southampton and we would have gotten nothing there.

Tried for a paper at W H Smith, but all the London ones had been sold. Then to the dock post office for stamps, just as all of the workers were streaming out on foot and bicycles. A grim looking lot of men. Back to the ship for dinner.

Impossible to convey any sense of this day but I'll never forget it.

Paris - August 22

Le Havre a dreadful mess - just what I expected to see. Amazing how they have cleaned the docks up sufficiently to use. Luggage examined on open dock – hate to think of what it must be like in the rain. Loaded luggage on two trucks on the dock – passengers walked either way up to street to wait for the buses for the station. Line formed, but bus drove to spot and stopped by the end of the line, so it was a case of the last being first, much to the annoyance of the first. Whole of city just a mess of piled stones and bricks and gutted buildings. Smell of dust in the railway station.

No dining car on the train. A man walked up and down with a cart selling “sandwiches“ consisting of black French bread with some kind of turned meat, and glasses of wine. Had two such sandwiches, and some wine in Lillie’s folding cup. This, after seeing them “wash” the glasses by swishing them in a pan of cold water.

Train left La Havre at two and arrived at Paris at 6:15. Was met at station by Mme. Tempy and Mr. Cary Who drove me to Hotel Cayley - Bld. Raspail and Rue de Bac Where Lillie had stayed before. We have elegant rooms with bath.

August 25 – Sunday – Paris

The second anniversary of the liberation. Lillie left early for Brussels – international conference settlement workers - and I made ready to go to the Place de l’Hotel de Ville to see the ceremonies. Walked there the whole length of the Rue de Rivoli from the Place de la Concorde. Hotel de Ville magnificent with flags and red velvet hangings behind the tribunal, or whatever they call the place where the dignitaries stood. Thousands of people park in the Square – the shoes, the bread, the barbed wire insignia in the lapels. Sun came out – the whole scene luminous, clear, incredibly beautiful. Arrival of guests from the peace conference with ruffles and flourishes, and twice the singing of the Marseille. Impossible to

see any details – such as Molotov leaving the stand - from where I was. Could just observe the crowd which was extraordinarily quiet – no signs of enthusiasm, even for the Marseille which was played in double quick time. An impressive crowd. Noticed the shoes – old, ill fitting, wooden soles, raffia, sandals, slippers and sneakers. Wizen rolls of black bread. Under the arm and sticking out from sacks. Also noticed the insignia of barb wire which had been explained to me the day before. The wearer had been in concentration camp. Too exhausted to go see the dancing in the streets this evening.

August 26

Made a tour on foot of all the regular tourist streets – Rue de Rivoli, Avenue de l'Opera, Rue St. Honore, Boulder des Capusines, etc. Many shops closed for the August vacations. Window displays of shoes, handbags, scarves, handkerchiefs, some lingerie, and masses of costume jewelry. These shops completely empty of buyers. These selling merchandise on tables on the sidewalk do a more thriving business In that people are at least looking at the stuff. If you are buying. What ready-made clothes there are, are at fabulous prices.

August 31 - Paris

Mlle. Seligman and mother and sister, Maggie Salcedo, and illustrator. Her daughter (age 17) studying to be a leather worker. Address: 67 Rue de Ranelagh. Mlle. S - publishers readers in English, French, German and Italian. Mostly English and French. Also translated.

Dinner at Brasserie

Lillie and I think it's about time we made a record of our experiences in restaurants. Tonight at the B.L our menu as follows:

- Potage (8f) - watery potato with a few noodles, good and plenty of it.
- Chancroute garni (55f on the menu) Totaled – with addition of a little ham, 220f)
- Rillettes au saucisson (8f) when it came it proved to be one slice of something like head cheese and that was all
- One glass of red wine

- One glass beer
- Two ices @ (25f)
- Cover charge (10f)

The total of all this was 359 francs. Had to give tickets for the bread.

We are getting to know everyone in this neighborhood – by sight, anyway – since we have become habitués of “Aux Damp Magots”. Pity neither one of us can draw.

The Brassiere an experiment - usually go to “Restaurant de Saints Peres” - funny man, either Australian or American across from us with French lady with large rose on the front of hat. His hair was thin - long strands combed over huge bald area. Glasses. Difficulty with his French but what a time he was having. Looked around constantly to see if anyone was watching him. Ended up with thumbs in some holes of his vest.

Conversation with Mlle. Saigman this afternoon.

- Shoes – she was wearing a pair of men’s shoes with wooden soles for which she had paid Fr.700. One coupon per year good for a particular make of shoe, only valid for the month in which you were born. When you get the coupon you may not be able to get shoes in your size.
- Clothes - simply not procurable. Nothing to make slips of – use anything, even old aprons.
- Mlle. S - nurse during first war behind lines. Opened center where she had nurse and social worker. Job in Paris with league of the Red Cross Societies. Money earned she put in this little center. Part of a group of small rural centers. As mother’s income shrank she left Red Cross Societies and worked on various boards. A very competent administrator. Lost job in this war. Had taken another to south when Germans came. Later came back to Paris to save the records. Was dismissed on grounds of being a Jew. Family has been French for 400 years. Now a publishers reader. Got job translating during the war. Have been published in English but her name does not appear.

September 1, Sunday – Paris

Morning - “Aux Deux Magots”

Have sneaked out of the hotel for a coffee here. A very drizzly damp morning and I am chilly even in my winter suit (ARC uniform). Like this place even better in the morning than evening. We are all inside owing to the chill. Solitary old women are having their coffee and men in twos and threes have met by appointment for sociability. Have read this Sunday editions of both Herald Tribune and the Daily Mail. I am now on my second coffee - will be sorry when it's finished. Shall then drop into the church across the way - where an old ragged beggar is standing inside the porch. I could easily live in Paris and become a habitue of Aux Deux Margot's and other humble cafes. Rather fancy there are some chess players among the clientele.



September 2 – Paris

Scheffler, Joseph – International Brigade

Food parcels,

- Colis partants - food for trip back to country and for first few days.
- Colis Sana - for hospitals, refugee feels he is not forgotten.
- Colis standard - Food for families who cannot be given money.

More help needed – volunteered

- Joseph shuffler Dash concentration camp in 1934. Organizer in trade unions. Nazis took him during first days. Worker – mechanic in Krupz works - International Brigade. In 1934 released – amnesty. Went to Luxembourg - knew that all amnesty releases would be imprisoned again. Was only for propaganda. 1935 - to the Soor and then Luxembourg again. In August 1936 - to Spain and after end of war to Luxenberg again. In 1939 back to France sent to concentration camp – Vernet. Organization taking care of anti-fascist Germans in Paris. Offered to help the USC. Worked with French resistance in office of Paris commandant. Not in good health. Climate here is better for him. Sister in Austria – no family in Paris.

Small room in big warehouse. Shelves and compartments made of packing boxes. Cans stacked in the compartments – sorted according to what they are.

His helper - tall - finally chiseled features, clear blue eyes. Smog tied with a string around the waist. Beret. Although in poor health he works hard. Loses no time and no motion. Can well imagine him as highly skilled and very intelligent mechanic. Intelligent in the ways of life also. Thoughts when amongst all this food?

Cases in hospital

- Leo Grunbaum - l'Hospital Tenon - A courageous young man who, in spite of his illness, worked for the resistance. Took part as actively in the battles of the liberation as his comrades who were in good health. In great need of care – pulmonary tuberculosis. Completely without resources. Absolutely lacking in clothes.
- Juan Fernandez
- Ernest Sabatiene
- Evelyn Berry, English, with husband, Garcia Mariano, Spanish and child Malcolm. Garcia, who fought with the Republican army in Spain, fled to France in 1939 and was interred there at the outbreak of the war, was sent by the Germans to the Isle of Jersey for forced labor. It was there that he met his present wife. Living at Montrouge until he could find lodging elsewhere. Housing for those of low income is almost nonexistent in Paris. He is working at present at the Renault factory for 25franc an hour, or approximately Fr.4400 a month - \$34.20. At current prices a loaf of bread costs ___ franc, an egg 17 franc, a pair of men's shoes ___ franc. 4400 francs a month does not go far.

Case to see at home?

Rosita and Juan Barrio:

Roseta and her six-year-old son live in a small apartment with a friend of Rosita's. Husbands of both women were gassed at Dachau. Since she is a Spaniard it has been impossible for Roseta to obtain a French Carte de Travoille without which she cannot legally be given work in France. She makes what she can by taking in sewing, but her earnings as compared with the cost of food are negligible. Rosita, whose father was in commerce, lived fairly comfortably before the war. When the Civil War broke out in Spain she offered her services to the Republican government and worked for three years in the Ministry of Public Instruction. When

Franco came to power in 1939 she and her husband a commissioner in the Republican army, fled to France where they hoped to find friendship and liberty. Instead they were imprisoned in concentration camps and small jails and for two years lived in filth and confinement. Rosita's child was born in Normandy, where she had been sent by the Office International Pour Enfant, sixteen days before the Germans over around the country. She fled before the Germans on foot with her child, and was finally interred once more in a concentration camp in France. Later she was able to join her husband in a small town in the occupied area. He was then working with the French resistance and she helped him. She was ultimately arrested by the Gestapo and imprisoned for the duration of the war at La Roquette, a women's prison near Paris. Her husband was arrested later and sent to Dachau where he was killed. The little boy a seven-year-old at the time, was cared for by a friend. It is touching to see his attachment for his mother. He never wants to leave her side, so happy is he to be with her once more after those horrible years of separation.

Reception – September 2

Man with both arms amputated carrying away a parcel of food – balanced between head and stump of left arm. Afternoon - Cafe de Flore - A more affluent clientele then Aux Deux Magots. Evening for dinner – Restaurant Le Gozlin. Completely lined with mirrors. Tables against wall on each side. Solitary old woman whom I've seen at Deux Magot in the afternoon. Another habitue of DM - long haired man who drew old ladies picture on the paper table cover. Very strange looking man – queer shaped head and grotesque features. Couple just married at table near door facing me.



Paris – September 3

Morning – coffee at the Café de Flore because the Deux Magot is closed – not for the whole day I hope. Have almost finished a letter to Mr. B. Some people here busy over manuscripts and letters. Cellophane bags of potato chips on the tables. Tried them yesterday afternoon so will have no more of them – absolutely tasteless

Grubaum - Pulminaire after three operations. Has undergone fourth because he wants to return to his own country in good health. Born in 1910 in Krakovite.

Profession – cabinet maker. Self education. Came to France as political refugee in 1938. Had been in International Brigade. In French Camp 1940 – Vernet. Tubercular at this time. Arrested – fled from the camp in March 1944 after four years. Joined Resistance immediately. Took part in battles in Saone. Receives allowance monthly – sometimes clothing and sometimes food.

Fernandez - German camp. Doesn't want to go on vacation. Afraid his friends in hospital will miss him.

Paris – September 4

Afternoon – reception

Juan Fernandez whom I didn't see yesterday at l'hospital came into the office. Talk to him but had great difficulty in understanding.

Went home with Heinrich Opyland. Tomorrow will get his case history at the office for details which I didn't catch or which weren't included in our conversation. Now I will just jot down random impressions and recollections. The article on him must be good.

We went by underground - he carrying heavy parcel of food, and I his briefcase and coat. Mrs. Arnold had only had chance to whisper a little information – he is tubercular, a German refugee, scenario writer. Man of considerable cultivation – well educated, very sensitive. Anxious to get back to his mother in Freiburg who has been alone during war. His sister in Bridgeport Connecticut married to a Jew. Brother, his wife, and boy have just returned to Paris from Mexico where they immigrated before or during the war.

Heinrich left Germany when the Nazis forced him to break his contract for a scenario, to write for them. Went first to England but couldn't make a go of things because of depressed state of motion picture industry. Came to France. At beginning of the war was interred by the French. Later joined French forces. Married in 1942 a French girl whose parents had vineyards in the Midi. They stayed for a while with them but it was harder to hide in the country so returned to Paris and lived in a deep basement with no windows. Both he and his wife worked with the resistance – operated a clandestine printing press and distributed papers.

To have been found by the Gestapo would have meant death on several accounts. Couldn't get ration tickets. Friend in the resistance supplied them with the ticket for one child and on those rations they both lived. We're reduced to skeletons.

And now – how to describe the visit. He and his wife live in one tiny room in a tumble down house in Passy - One of the most exclusive and wealthy districts. You go in a courtyard into a dark vestibule and up a flight of uneven, rickety stairs, in complete blackness. The room is roughly 9 x 12', without water, gas, electricity or heat. A stain on the ceiling shows where the water drips through onto the bed when it rains. For light, they have a kerosene lamp, for cooking, a single kerosene burner. Besides the bed, there are two chairs, a small table, and something like a dresser with two drawers. There seemed to be a pile of junk between the foot of the bed and the wall. Their clothes supplied by the USC were hanging by the door. Shelves had some cans of food which they have not eaten – they are saving them to take to his mother. “We shall eat them all together”

His greatest and only treasure is a flute which belongs to one of his friends in the resistance who was captured and killed. It is a “recorder“ like the ones the children played at Shady Hill. “Would you like to see the flute?“ I would. And then “would you like me to play something for you? Something of Mozart or Bach? He played little snatches of themes. He had taught himself while living in hiding. The music of Mozart, Beethoven and Bach had been his solace, and playing them on the flute had kept his spirit in the darkness of his basement room. A French tune learned from his wife. And now? “We live in a kind of no man's land“ Because he is of German birth his chances of having a scenario excepted in France are slight – practically nonexistent – but he has begun to work on one. He spoke of the difficulty with no trace of bitterness against the French. He understands why they feel as they do about the Germans.

In repose his face is ill and weighed with suffering. When he speaks, however, it positively glows in the most extraordinary manner. I stayed for an hour. Both he and his wife seemed genuinely glad to have me. There was no constraint at all. He made an effort to speak slowly and distinctly – as a result I understood perfectly. Would have liked to take notes because there was so much, and since it was in a

foreign language, it's hard to recall and reproduce everything. And they both said that while I have an accent, they understood me perfectly.

Yes! One more thing "it is the Unitarians who have saved us – we are alive and can continue to live because of them."

Met his wife in the resistance. She of good family - has never worked - has no training. Husband needs much prayer. He and wife Lucienne were particularly distinguished in the work of the resistance. Deserving of the maximum assistance. Medicine, extra food. Doctors statement that his health is very bad. Very needy.

Paris - Sunday - September 8

Evening – at Deux Magots - Lillie went off to Chateau Thierry and I resisted all pleas to accompany. Felt that something good would come of this day if I worked. And so I did. I came here this morning and wrote until 12:30. Sunday morning is evidently the working time. Others were writing as long as I, and even after I came back from lunch the same boy at the table next to me was still at it. After lunch I wrote some more, and went back to the hotel to type up what I had done. Finished typing article number five on Oberlander, and now number four on Grunbaum is in the typewriter. I must not linger here very long because I want to finish it tonight plus a letter to L'Hommedieu and personal additions to mother, Ruth, and Cally. It is discouraging that it takes me so long to do anything, but I have to work them over and over. When they are finally done no one would imagine the effort that has gone into them. No use wondering in writing hear what, if anything, is happening to them.

Last evening Joe took Lillie and I to dinner in the blackest of the black category where the waiter even refused to let Joe see the menu, and where butter disguised in a mustard jar was put right on the table. The restaurant – Baron Agneau - in the Montmartre district. All bright red plush, but only four other tables occupied all the time we were there. And what a meal it was - regular prewar Paris – with hors d'oeuvres as follows: mushrooms, stuffed eggs, celery root, anchovies, sardines, radishes, pate-de-foir-gras, and tomatoes. I had a full plate of this assortment then the most delectable brook trout followed by Lavicot verts. There was wine with this and bread and butter. We ended up with a strawberry Melba and coffee. What

it all cost, I can't imagine. He has grown very old and deaf. Felt that medical mission had been a great success. All kinds of Czeck honors were piled on them, The Order of the Lion, and membership in the Miners Union being only two. After dinner we strolled side streets behind the opera to the Madeleine, Place de la Concorde, across the river and back to the Caryo via the Boul. St. Germaine. Buildings magnificent – all flood lighting. View of Notre Dame from the bridge very beautiful. In fact, everything is beautiful. Somehow I never realized it so much before.

Yesterday afternoon got my ticket to Prague. No sleeper available so I shall set up for 36 hours in a first class Carrie. Lord! Leave here at 7:10 the evening of the 12th, and arrive probably at 9:20 the morning of the 14th which is Saturday. Will probably sleep for two solid days thereafter.

On Thursday I went to the Military Permit office to get my permit for passage through occupied territory. What confusion, and what a mess of exhausted looking Czechs and Germans all trying to get somewhere. We were herded here and there, and shoved around by a grim young man who bellowed at us as if we were feeble minded. In my case, he wasn't so very far from wrong. My permit – I think – takes me through the French zone. I will actually have it in my hand – God willing – tomorrow afternoon at five.

Gosh – I just thought of something else in the Oberlander's room – a map of Europe on the wall by the bed. He explained that they followed the progress of the war on it. They could see the armies coming closer and closer to Paris – they waited and waited and finally they arrived! It would have been nice to get that into the article, but I just can't rewrite it again. I'm going to show both to Mrs. Arnold tomorrow.

Here is my second café. Will now relax and drink it and then go back to that typewriter.

Monday – September 9

All shops and everything like the Louvre are closed on Monday. Odd that I didn't discover that before, and that I should have chosen this particular day to go and look at some art. Walked endlessly along the Seine and to Notre Dame. Went for my military permit and discovered it to be valid for the Orient Express while my ticket was for the Galesburg! Back to American Express to get ticket changed. All very comical and exhausting. For account see letter F4 to Mr. Brooks.

Paris - Tuesday - September 10

All day conference of the deleques from French projects, at the office. Dr. Emerson here from Boston – also Mr. Cahill who told me they were pleased in Boston with articles one and two sent to Mr. L'Homedien. Mr. and Mrs. Noel Field, Dr. Lathrop from Prague also present. Notes on same in another book. Will try to write up same.

Paris – Wednesday – September 11

A very wasted day. To the office this morning with the hope of getting some more material and of talking to Mr. Cary. Both were foiled by the presence of so many delegates as to fill the place. No chair or quiet spot anywhere. Showed articles four and five to Mr. Cary. He liked four better than five. Shall be eager to know what Boston thaisks. Have had so little help or cooperation from the Paris office it's a wonder I have accomplished anything. I am now anxious to get away.

Lily has caught a terrific cold which I hope I do not catch. Can never stand the trip to Prague if I do. Tea at the Seligman's this afternoon. Ursula and husband there. Lillie is as good as gold but so confoundingly dull. I shall be glad to be off on my own.

Bought five metals this afternoon. Can be used as paperweight. Shell give as Christmas presents to Mr. Brooks, uncle Robert, Mr. Friedman.

September 13-15 - journey to Prague

Prague – Sunday – September 15

See letter 6 to Mr. Brooks.

Prague – Monday – September 16

Went this morning to the headquarters of the medical teaching mission at the University with Dr. Cohen and Mrs. Lathrop and while the packers were packing up the belongings of the doctors for shipment to the states, I read the summary reports of the doctors which are confidential. Their comments on Czech medical personnel, practice, and equipment.

Afterwards Mazi L. and I went to Karlora where I met with Dr. Karel Haspl, Minister of the Unitarian church here. Notes on this conversation in “Lutece” under this date.

Prague - Saturday - September 21

Afternoon – Kavarna Slavia – sitting in one of the big windows watching the crowds at the tram stop being buffeted by gales of wind. Have had lunch with the Lathrop’s and now I am enjoying my solitary coffee in the hum of this place.

Regret that for the past few days I’ve been making notes in the Luteca instead of this.

Went to the famous Prague Sample Fair this morning with the Lathrop’s, and what an experience. Started early to avoid the rush but thousands were there ahead of us. It was a horribly damp, windy morning, and I, nearly frozen, in a suit without a topcoat. The ground was muddy and full of puddles. We passed from equipment galore – plows, harrows, seeders, rakes etc. and I was beginning to despair of ever getting into the shelter of the building. Then passed booths of stoves, hand washing machines, motors and the Lord knows what. And the Dutch exhibit of fruits, vegetables, and flowers was lovely – Romanian costumes - watches from Switzerland, sports goods from Norway, glass, toys, bags, feather dusters - everything one could dream of in a jumbled nightmare of things. A gigantic picture of Stalin lowered over the Russian exhibit which consisted mainly of pictures of giant machinery. However there was one automobile up on a pedestal around

which wound a constant stream of people. Furs, tooled leather and pottery from the French colonies, perfumes and drawings of clothes from France – the list is endless – and what a crush of people. After three hours Dr. Lathrop unannounced that he was convinced that a great deal is being manufactured in Europe. But we were not done. Out again into the dank wind and past booths filled with Slovakian embroidery, and then to a “Kavarna” – the dirtiest spot I’ve seen, not excepting that cafeteria where I ate one night. We all had a cup of coffee. Around us were people spilling soup. And then to another building where we could look up four storey’s and see an endless line of people inching along, looking just like the ants in those glass ant houses. We couldn’t even get near an elevator, and since it was noon decided to give up seeing the exhibit of glass which was somewhere aloft. Had to fight our way aboard a #3 train. That we got aboard at all, a miracle. Lunch at the Esplanade.

Prague – Sunday – September 22

Afternoon – at the Kavarna Slavia. Had dinner with the Lathrop’s at the Ambassador Hotel. Walked to Saint Jacobs church – the epitome of Baroque – rose, yellow and green marble – bewildering profusion of paintings, statues covered with gold leaf, cupid’s, flowers and festoons. Not an inch of space that has not something in it, if only the heads of cupid’s. Walked to the Town Square and sat on the curb by the statue to challenge us. Glorious warm sunshine – such a relief after yesterday’s damn chill.

Wrote a letter this morning to the Paris office. Try to complete the article on Olesovice, But I am not satisfied. Great danger of being over emotional when writing of children. Must now go back and work on it some more, but it’s so lovely here. I am sitting in a corner window – sunshine streaming in. Can look at the river, the crowds of people walking, and the cathedral and palaces on the hill.



Brno - Friday – September 27

Left Prague at 8:25 – arrived Brno at 1:10. Were met at the station by Dr. Smutnik of the local National Committee, and Dr. Sekt and Dr. Mikota of the Unitarian church. Dr. Lathrop’s visit and hence mine has taken on something of an official

“freedom of the city” affair and we have such a round of festivities planned for us as if we were royalty. Walked to Grand Hotel where I have a room the size of a salon, and a tiled bathroom nearby as large. After getting our bags upstairs we went to down to where a delegation from the church was lined up – two ladies with a bunch of roses each. Dr. Smutnik read of a formal, prepared, speech of welcome - Mrs. Lathrop and I received the roses – and then Dr. L replied. Once that was over we went into lunch – wine, beer, more wine (Moravian). A magnificent lunch - thin slices of rare, cold roast beef with a delicious sauce, followed by soup, goose, potatoes, tomato and cucumber salad, cake and coffee. Finished at 3:30. Dr. L waited for newspaper reporters while Mrs. L and I walked around. Out of 43,000 buildings in Brno, 24,000 were damaged or destroyed by the American bombardment. Everywhere the work of rebuilding and cleaning up is going on.

Dinner at six - the opera – Madame Butterfly, at 7:30. After the opera to Dr. Sekot’s apartment where his wife had prepared a collation – tea and cake again. Back to hotel at midnight.

Anti-Russian feeling very strong in Brno – due partly to behavior of Russian troops which were from Asiatic Russia. 10,000 women raped in Brno.

Dr. Smutnik - three years at Dachau – worked in the fields. Every day the guards shot somebody, just for the fun of it. Favorite trick to knock a prisoners hat off, throw it to the side, tell him to go and get it and then shoot him for leaving the line.

At the opera, met Dr. Podlaka – chief of surgery at Masaryk University and his son who is studying medicine. Son would like to be a psychiatrist the father says that is “not medicine.” Dr. P was five years at Muthausen, which, as Dr Smutnik says, was worse than Dachau.

Opera house lovely. Every seat taken. We in a large box next to the stage. Very good performance. I enjoyed every minute of it. It was sung in Czech.

This hotel immaculately clean – most of the waiters and personnel speak English.

Brno - Saturday – September 28

Started sightseeing this morning after being received by the chairman of the National Committee at the new Town Hall. Were shown all over the place and into the old cloisters – being restored. Then to Spilberk - an ancient castle high on a hill which successfully resisted the Swedish army. Used as a prison by the Nazis. Underground dungeons had been prepared for gas chambers but never used because liberation came in time. Execution room – now. Perhaps the most revolting aspect was the chapel. Altar had been removed and an obscene eagle made of stone taken from a Jewish synagogue was in its place. Mein Kampf placed where Bible would be on a stand. On front of stand was cross of the German variety with the swastika in the center. Chapel will be left like this. From the top parapets we could see the old battlefield of Austerlitz.

Then went to another prison where, under the picture of Saint Wenceslaus, thousands of Czechs were executed. Three gallows stood up at the right.

Back to the hotel for lunch with Dr. Smutnik. Had an hours rest and then out with Dr. Mikota to the monastery where we saw rows of mummified monks – a kind of chandelier made of skulls and bones.

Then to Maranyk Hospital to see Dr. Podlaha who was out after waiting all morning for us. Just about dead by this time.

In evening – dinner at hotel for the patriarchs of Moscow and all Russia who came here to install the Bishop of Brno. Sat between Dr. and Mrs. Smutnik. Speeches and toasts. Across the table were three members of the National Committee – a communist, a Nat'l Socialist, and a Social Democrat. Group of singers sang Russian, Czech, and Slovak songs in the most hunting manner. Perfectly beautiful. Sometimes they sang before the toast and sometimes not.

Wish I could have known who everyone was. It's the same thing everywhere in Czechoslovakia. Names are impossible to catch and it's also impossible to follow who everyone is unless a notebook is kept in the hand all the time.

Brno - Sunday - September 29

At church at 9 o'clock – Czechoslovak service first followed by the Unitarian at which Dr. Lathrop gave the sermon with Dr. Mikota translating. This was preceded by a speech of welcome in which all of us were thanked by name by the speaker. Got out of church at 12.

Then to Town Hall where there was official dinner for us - eighteen present including the president of the National Committee. This lasted until four.

Following this, a quick visit to the American Institute. At 7 o'clock, to the meeting at which Dr. Lathrop answered questions. Back at the hotel we had some sausages and beer, and laughed and laughed over our experiences.

Prague - Monday – September 30

Back to Prague on 120 train after first visiting Dr. Newmann, rector of Masaryk University. He, a charming little man, who is suffering from ulcers as a result of his imprisonment - two years – during the occupation. Received us in his office which was the office of the Gestapo head. It was in this room that the model gallows (now in Spillbeck) with the skeleton with diamond eyes, stood during the days of Gestapo.

Prague – Wednesday – October 2

Meeting with young people's group – Unitarian church

March to Prague – Wednesday – October 2

Meeting with young people's group – Unitarian church

Marseille - Medicine and kindergarten. Friends gave milk. Start in direction of medicine clinic in medical teaching mission to CS.

Lisbon – assistance in immigration

Italy – study of starvation

Meeting with Alliance - asked me to tell about South Pacific. Dr. Harpl translated for me. He must have done a beautiful job because the women laughed and laughed.

Prague – Thursday – October 3

Interview with Professor Dr. M. F. Nenivist, head of the dental clinic – Prague University. “ When I was a student I did most of my studying in the coffee houses“ “We were so happy with the USC medical teaching mission. We were completely cut off for seven years. We listened secretly to the radio. We heard references to penicillin, but we did not know what it was. We had no literature – nothing. We did not know what was going on in medicine and the rest of the world.“ “Dr. Walker and I talked and talked, and always about teeth. You would not realize how much there is to say about teeth.“ “And now we shall keep in touch by writing – they will send us books. You’re scientists have done so much with biochemistry – we are so interested.“ “After the war it seems such a long wait to get in touch again. I suppose we expected planes to come at once to drop books down to us.“ “I should like so much to go to America but if the opportunity should come I should feel obliged to send one of our younger man – one of my assistance. You understand – it is right for the younger men to have that opportunity. I read more in English than in Czech- the American magazines and books in English. I told that to my friends in Switzerland when I was there a short while ago. They looked at me as if they did not believe me, as if they thought I had to say that. There is no other country in Europe where there is so much to read in American and English books.“ “I wish you had seen our country before the war – to see how nice it was. I’ve visited every country in the holidays and when I came back, I always said – this is the best.“ “This clinic was a German clinic during the occupation. When I came back I found it in terrible condition. Only four of our 25 dentist chairs remained. The others were broken. It was dirty. I think that during the last year the Germans knew the war was lost they did not want to leave things in good condition for the Czechs.”

Story of Dr. Podlaha-Mauthauser. Worked as a common labor. One of the SS men needed an operation. It became known that P was a surgeon Ordered to operate – told that he would be killed if the patient died. Fortunately he lived. From then on Dr. P’s situation somewhat better. Although Dr. N a close friend, he did not recognize Dr. P when he came out of the concentration camp.

“We wish to live, as strong, live and make a new world.“

“We want to live a creative life in order to build a new world.“

Words are from hymn written by Dr. Norbert F Capek. Young people have taken it as their motto.

Hospitals – 15 years till death. Separate hospital for children. One sister in charge – others on each floor.

3000 people – divided into small sections to preserve sense of family. Has come to be fine type of organization.

Origin – parts of Prague– Decided to build central ____?

Paris – October 4 - Friday

Came within five minutes of missing the bus to airport this a.m. owing to error made by man at Cedok who told me to be at Czech air lines office at 7:35. He should have said 6:35. Was saved only by the fact of being 20 minutes early for what I thought was the hour! When I pulled up in taxi, passengers were already boarding the bus. They shoved me and my baggage aboard and weighed it at the airport. A slightly bumpy trip, and through clouds all the time so nothing could be seen of landscape below. Took off at 8:30 from Prague – arrived Le Bourget at 11:15 Paris time.

Went to hotel Cayre where no rooms available. Left baggage there and had lunch at Restaurant de Saint Peres where the plump waitress gave me effusive welcome and a napkin. Had a coffee at Café de la Paris and then to American Express where I bought a ticket to Toulouse on tonight’s train. Then to USC where I had a most cordial reception. Went out to a small café and had two glasses of beer with Bill Cary and regaled him with adventures in Prague.

Wanted to go to Deux Magots but had to reckon on getting a taxi to get myself and baggage to Gare Paris - Austerlitz before six. I am writing this in the restaurant of same.

Toulouse - Saturday - October 5

Very uncomfortable night on train. Breakfast this a.m. with Persis Miller – bath and a nap. Afternoon, letter to Mr. B. Dinner at apartment of Spanish refugee family. Two other guests - Hessians - White Russians who were refugees in Belgium after first war. To Switzerland and then Toulouse in this war. Have a visa

for year's visit in USA where they have a daughter. Dinner followed by an evening of Catalan songs, poetry, dancing, and a play, which lasted from 9:30 to 1:15. Complete exhaustion.

Toulouse - Sunday – October 6

Slept almost all day.

Toulouse - Monday, October 7

Finished article on a medical mission this morning and after lunch put it into the post office after a weary, foot sore search for same. And now I can begin to look at Toulouse. Persis Miller and I eat our meals at the café de pere Leon. Food oily and have a Lee flavored with garlic – flies and smells. Café is the last of a row of five as you walk along the Esquirol from the Grand Hotel.

Got two packs of French cigarettes on a tourists ration card given me by Dr. Lathrop. Slight consternation on the part of the woman in the “Tabac” when she observed that I had a man's card, but she finally gave me the cigarettes.

P Miller – USC wrote to relief – professional and political organizations – Union Republicans – political – representatives of present government and the left Republicans.

Esqueria Republican de Caroline - not strong in support of government. Another Catalan organization of which all members fought in Marquis – support present government. Two socialist parties of same name. Spanish workers Socialist Party. One the Negrin group. Anarchist Party no longer really a party. Represents Communist Party. United Socialist party of Catalonia – supports government. Both kind of socialists in the government.

Meillon - Wednesday – October 9

Les Iris Hotel - I am the sole guest in this painfully clean, very little hotel. The wife of the Patron is away. From my window I look down on a garden and in the distance loom the Pyrenees. Spent the morning talking to Juan Lopez of the 33rd division of Spanish Querrillas. Notes of this conversation – as much of it as I can catch – are in “Lubece”. Had a good nap this p.m. and then back to the rest house for more conversations with the Spaniards.

Impression of the women – all eyes. Faces gaunt – finely drawn - all planes. Wedding rings on third finger but too large even so. Matilda wearing only suit - husband thin and ill in Nieves – child two years old – M was liaison in the Resistance.

Some of the women making over the clothes they had received from USC. Darning handkerchiefs, sewing straps on slips.

Meillon - Thursday - October 10

More of Lopez story. Jose Garcia's – five years in Mauthausen – skin and bones - has gained only 4 pounds in a month and a half. Went with me to little tobacco shop for cigarettes. Could buy only tobacco by the package.

St. Goin - Friday - October 11

I am staying at small – and sinister – lun in Grus just over the line from St. Goin. One of the worst of the internment camps was here in Grus. What this land has been the scene of I do not know, but certainly something. Peasants with hard, inscrutable faces – berets – twirling their little glasses of cognac, etc. Joined the company. Two hunters from Bordeaux – one in large Basque beret.

St. Goin - Saturday - October 12

The fete of Christopher Columbus.

Two Byroh's in the little inn with Mm. Fannies and Marie who came to help me carry my bags back to the Maison where I spent the night. One of the hunters was there and a Spaniard so we all toasted Columbus and had a positively riotous time.

At 9:15 we set out for the movies in Olaron in the “Caniconette” which squeaked and puffed its way along. The moon was full – the scene incredibly beautiful – the plain with the poplar trees and the Pyrenees as clear as could be. Hardly anyone at the movies “The Frisco Kid” with James Cagney in French! Couldn't catch a word. Home shortly after midnight to a “gouter” of coffee, bread and butter.

Sunday, October 13 – Toulouse

The whole day taken in the trip by train from St. Goin to Toulouse. First from Orloran to Pau where I had a wait of two and three-quarter hours. Strolled around

the city – a health resort place with the Boulevard de Pyrenees lined with large hotels. Had lunch and several cafés. Train was crowded so I went into the first class intending to pay the supplement but was never found! Rode all the way in great luxury on my third class ticket which pleased me no end.

Monday, October 14 - Toulouse

Spent the day in the office going over cases and reports.

Tuesday, October 15 Toulouse

Visit with Dolores Bellido to the Marin family living in two basement rooms.

Oct 16 Vakovie Hospital - Salon Tuberculosis

- First bed – captain in FF1 much fighting against the Germans. One and a half years in the Vakovie TB from hardships endured in Maquis.
- Second – Comarade a Major – sabotage of the Mines. TB but kept on fighting in spite of illness.
- Third – Agent Liaison – very dangerous hiding in dampness etc
- Fourth - annihilated a German Camión. Companida killed but with a grenade he fought alone. Rain – lying in mud, etc.
- Fifth – captain commanding a group. Attacked a camion with his group.
- Sixth – member of Maquis
- Seventh - 55 – in spite of his age is in the Maquis.
- Eight - Maquis gainst the Germans.
- Ninth - Maquis

Need to be in dryer climate away from the dust, smoke, fog of Toulouse.

Second Ward – heart cases

Prisoner of Germans. Eye paralyzed because of blow to head. Stalag 17 - five years in the camp. Fracture of skull.

Third Ward – surgical

Spanish volunteer and work for nothing and spare time.

Fourth Ward – general medicine

Do you poured tod third Ward – surgical

Spanish volunteer and work for nothing and spare time.

Fourth Ward – general medicine

Deportee - Mauthausen, Dachau, Prison Gestapo in France.

Lack things like digitalis etc. for making up prescriptions.

October 17 Thursday Toulouse

(Herald Tribune reporter)

Office March 1945 – Spaniards – Central European's – Jewish organization – took care of Jews. Quakers. USC. Quakers now opening workshop.

April 1946 - mills and office expanded.

Staff of 13 –1 white Russian, Spaniards, French.

Clothing and food from US C and churches. Money and clothing JARC. Medical supplies - food and clothing from Mexico, Argentina, Uruguay.

Almost all medical supplies from South America. Most pressing problem is health.

Lived here illegally during occupation – hadn't proper food etc. TV on the increase.

Clothing – 6000 individuals

Food – monthly to TB and ulcer 600 parcels a month Dash will be donated to this month

Dispensary – February 1946 - Skin, GYN, children's diseases - 2000 visits in September.

Spaniards extremely grateful – worked for nothing after hours.

Pride at having such friends in the USA

Recent arrivals – not sent back to Spain by France. Kept under surveillance for a year and then given carte d'identite. More men than women.

Living – majority in heavy labor, agriculture, powder works, shoe factory.

Most will go back to Spain. Our work will go on until there is a change.

Politically conscious, count on return, nothing discourages them, very determined.

Not more than six have come for help in immigration.

Toulouse - bad clinic, overcrowded. Population doubled since before the war.

Varsovie - Taken over by USC - two years ago. 40 patients. First ones were wounded of the Maquis. Effort to get chronic cases out. Staff all Spanish.

Dr. Parma – train 59 days from Toulouse to Dachau. People of all nationalities. Stayed at Dachau until all Spaniards had been removed.

Friday, October 18 Toulouse

Spent all day writing the article (No 9) on St. Goin. Bill Carrie arrived from Paris on tour of inspection – or what have you.

Saturday, October 19 Toulouse

Struggled with article (No 10) on Spaniards in Toulouse. Eleanor Clark arrived from St. Goin on her way back to Mounetier.

Sunday, October 20 Toulouse

Finished article (No 10). Took night train to Paris.

Monday, October 21 Paris

Arrived at 7:15 in the morning. Hotel Cayre has room for me, but it wasn't ready. Had a bath, and then to the USC to get on the trail of a school for Shady Hill.

Conocelles-sur-Vesle - October 28

Mrs. Martha Hauppermans - Dutch. Had cup of coffee in her house. Nigro grandchild. Made money on Black market.

Five months in camp - Rarhenean. Taken to work for Germans.

Dorigny - Husband died after drinking would alcohol. Eight children. Nineth on the way.

Madame Barba - The theory that woman who keeps the café. Saw her on the bus the first trip. Not a very good reputation according to Mme. Bonjean of the Chabeau.

Called on the major but he had gone to the fields. Saw his wife and either mother or mother-in-law. He was deported to Germany. She came back to Courcelles and lived thru the occupation with three children.

Les Andelys October 29

Town provided watery soup – potatoes, leaks, dried beans, peas, two days of horse meat ragout. Concentrated soups added by USC. Milk from USC. 15 quarts a day. Big children don't get milk ration. 1 pint for babies. 1/2 pint from age of four. None after 12. Sardines from friend of Mme. C.. Two lumps of sugar or one tablespoon of jam for dessert.

In the afternoon a glass of hot milk or Ovaltine for children with medical certification.

Paris Wednesday, October 30

At the Deux Magots. The man with the shock of curly hair worn very long is writing a letter at the table facing the door. Pewter inkwell belonging to the house. Great contrast here now to the days in August and early September when there was hardly a soul inside – or outside either. The old faces of the summer are here too, but so many new ones are added. It's very crowded now. On the whole – if alone - I pray for it as it was in the summer. Then everyone else was alone two – now there are too many who are together. Only in the morning does the old atmosphere prevail.

The long haired man is now doing pen and ink heads in a little notebook.

One of the waiters has just slipped something into the pocket of a man who came in and spoke hurriedly and in low voice. Couldn't see what it was – not cigarettes certainly as furtively. Drugs perhaps?

The old couple – man with a mustache dash is sitting opposite. He is wearing a big muffler – she the same black suit she wore in August.

London – Piccadilly Hotel – November 17

This is a typical London Sunday of the rainy, gloomy sort and I am about to have a coffee. Lily Peck is coming around at lunchtime which is not a prospect promising any particular brightness.

All the windows in this place must be open – a gale of the wind blows through all the lounges.

Came up on Thursday the 14th for the Bethnal Green meeting. Ever so many impressions but can get nothing on paper. Cannot bear to sit in my room which is vast and I'll lighted, and there is no comfort in the lounges. However for a few jottings.

Bethnal Green. Had lunch with Miss Egan and family at 22 Zealand Road. Could see nothing from the top because of the steamed up windows – inside and out. Alighted at the marquis of Aberdeen in a downpour and walked to Zealand road. Didn't remember Miss Egan but pretended that I did. Had a lunch of soup, sausages and mash suet pudding (from a tin and of which they were very scornful), bread and butter and tea. The old father, a proper character with his recital of stories in the old days when one live better on wages of half a crown for the day, then today. Stopped to see Mrs. Smith who's little girl was killed by a V2, and then on to the meeting. There were only three there who were there eight years ago, but everyone knew me on account of the outing money. Meetings now held in a school instead of the old Saint Barnabas Hall which however, is still standing. One of the three recalled to me some of the stories I told them about Labrador eight years ago! Also recalled the room where we met with its collection of rubbish, or whatever it was. There are great gaps in Bethnal Green where the bombs fell, but the debris has been cleared and now they look like blasted land in which nothing is growing. The streets that are not damaged were empty of people and traffic. The dreary rows of houses softened and glistened in the mist and rain. Not a light showed as we came from the meeting after dark. The street lights faint little gleams, that didn't really illuminate anything. The women were so shabby before the war they couldn't be any shabbier now, and they weren't. There is less of a "before and after" contrast in them than in anyone I have seen. They laughed and laughed over the stories I told them of life in the South Pacific, and over their

brief references to their own experiences during the war, but remarked that they couldn't live through it again.

Went to Mrs. Cooks in the evening. Caught her unprepared with her teeth out. She has grown very thin – her “nerves“ are bad. The ingratitude of Billy was a severe blow – she would not have stayed in London all through the blitz except to keep a home for him to come back to. Wish I could get a talking record of her conversation, her description of the days of the blitz - of the night when Mme Tussauds, and the pub just around the corner. Her comment goes so fast and although at the time I'm sure I'll remember the phrase, I find later is that it has gone. After all her windows had been blown in she didn't go to the shelter because it was only the danger of flying glass that had driven her there in the first place. Vi is certainly rosier and younger looking then when I was here before. We went along to the Apollo almost at once where I was introduced all around as “My American friend, ‘Elen.” Met Jack who was a fire watcher in the block – he used to tell Mrs. C to come out and look at the “lovely candelabra“ coming down. Just before closing time, George, the chauffeur and Sir William Henry head of the BBC came “rushing in for a quick one“ Mrs. C told him that of course he'd be glad to drive ‘Elen back to the hotel, so I was conveyed here in Sir Williams elephant car with the radio going full tilt in the back. “You didn't know we were so gay over here, did you!“ Said George. Sir Roger not there. Must remember Nelly, the wife of the present proprietor. Mrs. C says she is 90 – synthetic golden hair – “darlings“ to everyone. And Peggy who had an American husband from the last war and lives in Nashville Tennessee and later worked at Revillon Frenes on Fifth Avenue.

Friday the 15th – lunch at the Apollo with Mrs. C and Vii. Very good - chicken, mashed potatoes, cabbage, bread and butter pudding, and of course some tonic. Met Lillie Peck here at the hotel at three and went down to the Landing Margaret Hall settlement where she is staying for tea and dinner. A completely stage collection of women workers – very funny indeed over their experiences in the shelters during the blitz.

Saturday the 16th. The Apollo again in the evening and Sir Roger was there. Had a wonderful meat pie and two sausages because I haven't had any supper. Vi was “ungry“ so joined me in everything. All through the blitz Vi was “ungry” and

insisted on eating, bombs or no bombs. Alice did not turn up – the only explanation Mrs. C could think of was that her husband had turned up.

London Monday, November 18

Lillie came yesterday at 1:30 and we went down to the Grill room for lunch. An absolutely vicious day with rain and a high wind. Went to the Abbey for evensong, but was late because I thought it was at 3:30 instead of three. And so we had to sit in the Transcept near the tomb of the unknown soldier, but we could look through to the altar. The abbey look simply lovely with the electric and candlelight. Couldn't hear the music very well, and the sermon, coming over the amplifier, was more obscure than usual.

Walked back along Whitehall to Leicester Square where we had tea. Then to a News House which had some wonderful scenes from the Remembrance Day ceremony at the Cenotaph – also a thing called “Westminster Abby” which showed part of the Coronation.

Telephoned Mrs. Cook to say that I'd be bringing Lillie along. Had some sandwiches at her flat and then on to the Apollo.

Questions:

Do you feel hopeful?

Do they really need it?

Do they deserve it?