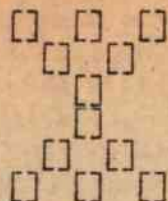




SASSENACH & GAEL

AKA BY OWL LIGHT &



BY OWL LIGHT 6 in a big, super-expanded,
Travel Edition is brought to you by Frank
Denton, peregrinationist ordinaire and still
starry-eyed, who must now settle down at
14654 - 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle, WA 98166
A Bran & Skolawn Press Publication. Nov. 24, '73

I had thought to include some prefatory remarks here about the trip, the countries, and answers to some of the commonly asked questions that I seem to be getting from many of my friends. However, I haven't gotten them into any kind of order at the moment, and I do need to get started on stencilling, if I'm going to get this finished this month. I hope that this thing turns out right. I hope that it doesn't seem like a massive ego trip because it certainly is not intended to be such. I hope that a number of people will enjoy sharing, however vicariously, our experiences. We had a fantastic time, didn't really want to come home, and are already saving for our next trip.

So without further ado. let me jump right into the day-by-day experiences as they happened. Essentially what follows is a daily diary which I wrote each night. I was rather proud of myself. I think there was only one or two nights when I skipped and had to catch up the following night. It will appear here essentially as it was written at the time. I haven't time to revise and the only editing will be very minor. I hope I can enliven the text a bit with some illustrations garnered from various and sundry sources; business cards, travel brochures, etc. etc. So, onward. Please let me know what you think of this kind of effort.

SUNDAY, JULY 22

I guess this record of the trip is going to have to be in the manner of a diary if it is going to be of any use to me. What you may think of it before it is all done may be another story. You may get good and tired of it by the end of page 2 and throw it in the corner. Last trip, however, a number of friends bemoaned the fact that I didn't write it up. This time it will be feast instead of famine, as I suspect it will be lengthy, lengthy.

Our flight over was via Ward Air, a Canadian charter company which owns its own planes. Not too much likelihood of getting stranded here by a company folding, as happens occasionally. Our son, Sean, drove us up to Vancouver International Airport so that he could take the car back home. We arrived about three hours prior to flight time in order to get a choice of seats. They insist that you arrive at least two hours ahead of time anyway, so the extra hour didn't make much difference. We grabbed a bite to eat at around five o'clock and Sean and a friend who had accompanied him left to go visit the zoo and aquarium in Vancouver.

Boarding and preparation for takeoff were routine and the Boeing 747 left at 7:48 p.m., Pacific Daylight Time, within three minutes of scheduled takeoff. The flight was quite uneventful. Meals and service were excellent with 16 stewardesses handling the load of 400+ passengers. The flight was 8½ hours long and while leg room was good, I have yet to find airplanes very adaptable to sleeping. I think I slept for perhaps a half hour.

We flew at about 32,000 feet, exceptionally smoothly but for about five minutes. We did have a good view of northern Canada with its myriad lakes and then nothing much but clouds until Iceland. We could see roads and farms and the two cities of Reyjavik and Keflavik. Old volcanic cones covered with snow and great rifts of volcanic flows were easily seen from our altitude. It was a great sight.

We arrived at Gatwick Airport at about 12:30 p.m. London Time (Sunday). Passports

took a few minutes of waiting but I was amazed that our luggage appeared quite near the beginning of unloading. We took only two bags, one for each of us. I grabbed the bags, answered a couple of questions to customs officials and we were off. Upstairs we bought a train ticket to Victoria Station, went down a flight of steps and the train pulled in from Brighton. It is about 45 minutes by train from Gatwick. We walked to the underground, caught the Circle Line to Charing Cross Station and by a little after 2 p.m. we were at our little hotel on Craven Street near Trafalgar Square and about one block from the Thames.

By this time we had been without sleep for $21\frac{1}{2}$ hours, so we hit the bed. We slept about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours and then went out for some dinner and a walk. We were still dopey tired but just had to get out and get the feel of London. Like being asked whether you wish white or black coffee. Or remembering to look right before you step off a curb, instead of left.

We walked for almost two hours after dinner. Up Charing Cross Road past lots of book stores and theaters to Cambridge Circle, down through Drury Lane, Covent Gardens to The Strand, stopped to visit Corpus Christi Church in Maiden Lane, passed by St. Paul's Church designed and built by Inigo Jones in 1693, and finally back to Martin's Lane and on to the hotel.

We now have a bit of the feel of London again, have spotted a couple of bookshops that I wish to visit and have a good idea of what plays are in town. Will see about tickets tomorrow.

JULY 23, MONDAY

We just got back from seeing Anthony Newley in his new musical which opened last December at The Prince of Wales Theatre. It's called "The Good Old Bad Old Days" and was an excellent evening's entertainment. Essentially a confrontation between the Devil, called Bubba (after Beelzebub) and God, called Gramps. It's another one of the Newley-Leslie Bricusse collaborations and has plenty of action, good lines, fine music and lyrics, and is just generally a good show to see. There was a minstrel show number that left Anna Jo and I crying from laughter and everyone else in our section turned around looking at us.

Anna Jo has always been an Anthony Newley fan and when we walked into the ticket office this afternoon the first poster I spotted was for this show. But I'm going at this day all backward.

The jet lag really got me. This morning I was wide awake at 6:00 a.m., so finally I got up and read for an hour. By then I was yawning again and crawled back into bed. Slept until noon and finally felt fit enough to go out.

We walked up Charing Cross Road, then cut over to Drury Lane and stopped at the Covent Garden Book Shop. The prices were much higher than I cared to pay although there was a good selection of modern first editions. I asked to see an Arthur Rackham that was in the window. It was 125 L, about \$325. There were some good Dunsany, John Buchan and J.B. Priestly, but I thought them much too high.

We came back to Aldwych Street, cashed some traveler's checks and went back to the ticket agent to map out four nights of theater. The first night has been noted above. The rest you'll read about as they come. Tickets ran about \$6.90 on the average.

I decided this afternoon would be a good time to visit Foyle's Book Store, so after a bite of lunch we headed up Charing Cross Road again. Foyle's has two stores across the street from each other, one for paperbacks and one for hardbacks. In the paperback store I found the seven volumes of the Christopher Syn novels by Russell Thorndike. You probably will recognize the series as "The Scarecrow of Romney Marsh." I have been

looking for them since I spotted one in Vancouver, B.C. I bought a couple of other things, several sea novels, probably poor imitations of Hornblower and Michael Moorcock's Breakfast in the Ruins.

When I left the paperback store I discovered a piper playing on the street. I used to play the bagpipes about 12 years ago, so I had to go stand and listen for a while. He played quite well and probably collected a couple of pounds while I listened for fifteen minutes. He played a lot of tunes I used to play when I was active in a pipe band, including "The High Road to Gairloch" and "Scotland the Brave", the first tunes I learned on the pipes.

Then I went across the street to the hardback Foyle's and found a quite good selection of sf. I found two of Keith Roberts' books, so I will have something for him to autograph at the end of the week.

By then it was time to head back for the hotel, stretch out for a few minutes, change clothes and head out for a bite to eat. We have discovered one little cafe which has percolator coffee and we ate pizza there for supper. The place is called, hang on, "American Pie." The coffee beats the awfully strong, nearly espresso which everyone else makes with instant coffee and monster steam machines.

After dinner we walked on toward Picadilly where The Prince of Wales Theatre is. It's been there since the late 1800's. Picadilly is jammed at night. It has bars and bars and movie theaters, a couple of them with four theaters in one. And lots of live theater. It's a veritable hub of entertainment at night.

The Newley show was not sold out, but there is lots of competition in this town. "Sleuth", the play, has been running here for four years. Newley was absent from the cast last week, but was back and in good form. What a fine performance! Well, enough for tonight. And so to bed.

JULY 24, TUESDAY

We're still trying to shake the jet lag and slept until about 10 this morning. By the time we had breakfast it was a bit past 11.

We stopped in at Charing Cross railway station to see about tickets on the ship to Ireland. It seems that there has been a labor dispute which is not quite settled yet, but should be within a few days. So no tickets as yet, but we're not too disturbed.

We were told that there was a Godfrey Davis car rental agency at Waterloo Station so decided we would take the opportunity to walk across the foot bridge over the Thames. On the south side are the Royal Festival Hall and a large art gallery, the name of which escapes me at present.

At Waterloo we found the car rental office closed, so decided to skip it and take the train down to Greenwich. About a twenty minute ride and we walked through the town to the dry dock where the China Clipper, "Cutty Sark", is on display. We climbed over and about her for a half hour or so. She was built in 1869 for the tea trade, but even before she was launched the clipper ship days were numbered. The opening of the Suez Canal and the advent of steam ships were the cause. The clippers had to go around the Cape of Good Hope to take advantage of the prevailing winds. The Cutty Sark's best trip was made in 107 days in 1871 on a route from Shanghai to England. She's a lovely ship, 280 feet in length and three-masted. I'm fascinated by the rigging. She carried 32,000 square feet of sail.

Close by is the "Gypsy Moth IV", the ship that Sir Francis Chichester sailed alone around the world. It was an added attraction as I had not known she was there.

We found that we could take an excursion boat back up the Thames for 50p so we did so and a half hour ride in a brisk breeze brought us back to Charing Cross. The fresh air did us in so we collapsed and slept for a couple of hours.

After a fine Italian dinner at the La Scala restaurant we tried to contact a friend living at Hampstead Heath. And tried and tried throughout the evening. We had no success but in the meantime we walked and window shopped. Up to Picadilly, down Regent Street to Oxford Circus, back down Oxford Street, then back Picadilly Street to Trafalgar Square. Altogether we walked for about three hours.

We passed lots of nice shops and coming back down Picadilly we passed some very swish hotels and restaurants. And the London Playboy Club with lots of jet set looking people and lots of fancy cars. Ho, hum. Anyway we saw lots of London tonight and should sleep well.

JULY 25, WEDNESDAY

Today was pretty much of a bust, but one of those necessary days when you don't plan well enough in advance, meaning far enough ahead to have a travel agent take care of some of these things for you. Now we found ourselves spending the necessary time to be our own travel agents and had to make certain arrangements for things like a car and sailings.

Yesterday the Godfrey Davis car rental at Waterloo Station was unmanned. Today again it was unmanned. Since we had to go to Euston Station for sailing tickets anyway, we thought we could see the car rental there. It, likewise, was not manned. At least we took care of procuring sailing tickets from Holyhead in Wales to Dun Loughaire in Ireland on the 10th of August and return on August 20.

We then called the car rental headquarters and were assured that there was a representative at King's Cross Station. So back on the subway.

At King's Cross, indeed, there was a representative. Blonde Sheila took care of everything, so we are set now to pick up a car on Saturday morning for the trek west. All of this took several hours and Anna Jo decided that it was time now for her to get a shampoo. She had spotted a place during our walk last night, so she called for an appointment and was off to Marble Arch. I opted for our hotel and a hot bath and a shampoo of my own.

Dinner tonight was a little early at an Italian place called The Olive Grove. Good food and very reasonable service. Most restaurants have the kitchen downstairs and a dumb waiter system. The inter-com is usually the dumb waiter shaft and I only wish I could duplicate the voice of the lovely Italian girl who waited on us. It was something near, "Rumpa steak, two-ice." After dinner we strolled up The Strand and over to The Aldwych Theatre to see "Julius Caesar." This production was by the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, the company which does the productions at Stratford-on-Avon. The following season they bring the plays down to London. The play was magnificent. The stage was narrow and deep and there was some very nice stage movement and set changing in what I thought was an awkward working space. The play, of course, is not so much about Caesar as it is about Cassius, Brutus, and Mark Antony. Patrick Stewart played Cassius, John Wood was Brutus and Richard Johnson was Mark Antony. All three were superb. I'm exhausted, as I guess one should be when one has seen a great play and fine acting and has really been absorbed into it.

JULY 26, THURSDAY

We slept in again today and got a late start. I don't know whether I should berate myself for wasting time or pass it off by saying that I'm on vacation and that's what vacations are for.

After breakfast we took the tube to Mansion House Station and ascended aboveground in the financial district. Everywhere were assurance companies (insurance) and banking and investment firms.

Our primary reason for coming down to this district was to see a temple of Mithras. An insurance office was being built and in excavating it was discovered that a temple had existed on the site. While they could not preserve the remains in exactly the spot where they were found, they did preserve all of the pieces and re-assembled the temple at ground level, some 18 feet higher than where it was. It was not quite as nice nor as natural as the Mithraic temple which we saw on the Roman Wall two years ago. I am fascinated by this religion which was brought to England by the Roman armies and which seemed to vie for supremacy with the early Christian church.

From here I set out to find book shops which specialized in science fiction. G. Kenneth Chapman warned me when I called him that it was a long way out of central London to his house, so I desisted. He suggested Ferrett Fantasy, which has no phone and whose address I could not find on the map. Fantasy Centre has gone out of business. Finally I was directed to Dark They Were and Golden-Eyed. Yes, that's the name of the shop.

On the way we walked through Soho with its many strip tease clubs, but also a lovely park in Soho Square with a very early English house in a fine state of preservation and a restored statue of Charles II done in 1692, if memory serves.

Dark They Were is a small shop on Berwick Street, one of those alleys with an open air market running down the middle and shops along each side. They had an excellent selection of paperbacks, both British and American. But no hardbacks to speak of. A few posters and a few fanzines. I picked up two issues of Anduril, John Martin's Tolkienzine, and a copy of Phillipe Druillet's graphic story of Elric of Melniboné.

This evening we saw the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of "Antony and Cleopatra." Richard Johnson was again superb as an older Mark Antony, Janet Suzman was excellent as Cleopatra. But the actor I was most struck by was Corin Redgrave who played Octavius Caesar. Last evening the role of Octavius was not as large, but this evening he played the role with all of the imperiousness that I would suppose a Caesar would have. Our seats were in the second row and when the sword of Antony is brought to Octavius and he is told that Antony is dead, during Redgrave's speech I saw tears roll down both of his cheeks. I was impressed. I am told that there are tricks for bringing this on; trick or not, it's damned effective. Just what relation Corin is to the rest of the Redgraves I haven't been able to determine, but I overheard people talking about him belonging to that family last night. I only wish we could catch the other two plays being offered by this company at The Aldwych. The series is being advertised as The Romans and also includes Coriolanus and Titus Andronicus.

So much for another day. London is fun, but I sure wouldn't want to live here. Pollution is bad, as my nose and Anna Jo's allergies will attest. Another day and we leave for cleaner air and the country. If I can find my way out of this warren once I'm behind the wheel of a car. That will be a minor triumph.

JULY 27, FRIDAY

Today was a kind of an easy day. All four of our feet are getting worn out from so much walking, but that's one of the hazards, I guess, of wanting to see as much as possible.

After breakfast, Anna Jo and I split up, she to do some shopping of her own and I to take one last look through the bookshops on Charing Cross Road. There were some specific things I wished to look for and some general kinds of things as well. I could not for the life of me tell you what all I bought, as I either had it mailed home or

wrapped it myself and mailed it. I remember getting a small Michael Moorcock thing published by Unicorn Books of Brighton and Seattle. That really throws me since nobody can tell me what the connection with Seattle is. I also picked up A Taste of Scotland and A Taste Of Wales, lovely companion volumes to Theodora Fitzgibbon's A Taste of Ireland. These are in paperback, however, and a bit less expensive than the original title.

In one small paperback and card shop I picked up several lovely Kay Nielson prints on cards and a small pile of children's books in paperback. And Brian Moore's early novel, just out in paperback, An Answer From Limbo, which I will hold out to read during the trip.

Finally, in a small alley, I stumbled upon Griff's, which specializes in Welsh literature. There I picked up several books by John Cowper Powys, some nice little Dylan Thomas things and a novel by Denton Welch, the latter purely on the strength of the author's name.

After a bit of a rest, Anna Jo and I finally turned left at Trafalgar Square. This has been a joke for the past several days, since we've never gone down toward Parliament. So we did so, passing Whitehall, seeing Downing Street but not really walking down to No. 10, seeing Big Ben close up and having it ring the hour and finally passing the Houses of Parliament. We then cut across the street to Westminster Abbey.

Evensong services were just beginning so we attended. The boys' choir was beautiful to hear and the service lasted about 40 minutes. It was very nice to hear the service and to rest in that atmosphere for a while.

When the service was over we saw what little we could, but were defeated by a portion of the church being closed off by gates and by our running out of time.

After dinner we walked to the Lyric Theatre to see Alec Guinness in "Habeas Corpus." We didn't know what to expect but were surprised to find it a light and rather frothy comedy. The cast was excellent, but if it had not been for Guinness, I'm sure that there are other plays in London that we would rather have seen. But worth it just the same, and, I suppose, a good contrast after two evenings of rather exhausting Shakespeare.

Tomorrow we pick up the car and leave London if I can find the way out. On to Henley and Keith Roberts.

JULY 28, SATURDAY

This morning we packed up and tried to leave London. Finally made it, too, by golly. But not without adventure. We took the tube out to King's Cross Station and met the nice lady from Godfrey Davis Car Rental who turned over a nearly new Hillman Avenger to us. In this country we know the same car as a Plymouth Cricket. It had only 766 miles on it. She gave us very specific directions about how to get out of the station and onto the main street leading west out of London. Where did I go wrong?

When I saw the theater which was showing "Jesus Christ, Superstar" I knew that I had done precisely what I had wished to avoid. I had driven right back into the heart of downtown London. Fortunately the place at which I found myself was familiar and I knew how to find out where we were on the map. Then I turned the map reading over to Anna Jo, got turned north again and told her to get me out of London anyway she could.

Our destination for that evening was Henley-on-Thames and we had all day to reach it. It's also much easier to read highway maps out in the country than it is to read a London city map. So just get me out of town anyway you can and we'll take it from there. We had lots of time to detour from the north and no great need to get upset at

not being able to streak directly to Henley.

We finally made it out on the A5 Highway, I think, and had a pleasant country drive for the day. I like to have an easy hour or so to acclimate myself to a new car, to driving on the left side of the road and to sitting on the right side of the car and shifting with the left hand. This was the chief reason that I had wanted to get out of London easily, but it didn't work. But it all turned out well in the end. I settled into the car quickly. It handled nicely, very positive steering, and it purred along just fine on the crazy quilt back roads which we drove most of the time. On some of these roads you can't average 30 miles per hour and the 1500 cc Avenger is just fine for this type of driving. Of course it will do 60 mph on the main roads when we traveled them of necessity.

At any rate we just enjoyed the countryside after a week in London. We stopped at Hemel Hempstead, a fairly new town with a huge Lucas Electrical and Kodak industrial plants there. The town is very modern, only about 15 years old and it has a lovely park and garden. We had lunch, Anna Jo found a dress sale and got a nice new dress for 2£, about \$5. By the way, the pound has fallen since we arrived here, so we are getting a better exchange, right around \$2.50 for the £.

After leaving Hemel Hempstead we dropped down to the A4 through back lanes and byways and then headed for Henley. It's a quiet and beautiful little town along the Thames, with lots of pleasure boating. We found a place to stay at the Old Imperial Hotel, washed up quickly and put on our dress clothes. Then we dashed off to find the home of Keith Roberts.

Keith was an absolutely perfect host. He did two things immediately that will make me love him forever. He had coffee already perked and waiting for us. If any of you know of my need for caffeine, you'll know how much that meant. Secondly he ushered me into a lovely old wooden high-backed armchair with cushions on the seat and said, "You sit in the editorial chair." I fairly shined the seat of my pants on it in hopes that some of his writing ability would rub off.

After a couple of hour's conversation we left for a small pub a few miles out of Henley. The pub was named The Bottle and Glass and was small, warm and friendly. I could be very comfortable frequenting a place like that. Keith said that it had been redone recently and the workmen scraping paint off the walls had enough sense to stop when they found bare oak underneath. The brewery which owns the pub called in an architect and before they were finished they discovered beautiful oak paneling and a fine old beam ceiling. The place probably seats about 24 persons altogether. We had an excellent meal there and the total bill for the three of us didn't come to 5£.

After dinner we talked a while more, then as the pub got crowded left for another pub nearby which Keith thought might be more quiet and conducive to conversation. I should remark about the tables which are evidently scoured with a wire brush. The wood grains stand up where the soft wood has been brushed away. Very remarkable and they have a lot of character.

The next pub was the Golden Ball, and it was, indeed, quiet for a bit, but full before we left. We had a few more drinks there, talked about the canal boats and the canal system, steam tractors, Dyna-ships, dirigibles and writing.

Finally about ten we went back to Keith's place and talked more, mostly about writing, his work, and slopped over into hill forts, castles, long barrows, and druidic circles. He suggested a couple of places for us to visit on our way further west, and he strongly suggested a visit to Corfe Castle in Dorset, the setting for his novel, Pavane. I think we'll make it.

Finally he autographed the two book of his which I had brought with me and present-

ed me with two more. One is Pavane in the English hardback edition and the other is The Boat of Fate, a historical recently published.

Anna Jo and I stumbled home happy from a fine visit with a most accomodating man. Keith is a tall man, I'd guess perhaps 6'4", a bit on the heavy side (but aren't we all?) with a mind that ranges far and wide. Our conversations hit upon enough topics to keep me busy for months. Of course, he knows many of the British SF writers and talked about them at some length. I think perhaps he is most friendly with Michael Moorcock, whom he seems to admire greatly. Of course, he worked as editor of SF Impulse for a time and was related to Mike in that work.

Well, for my part it was a great visit and I can't believe how nicely we were received by Keith. If you thought I was a Keith Roberts fan before, look out now. You'll hear about every new thing published by him. Wait until The Chalk Giants comes out in January.

JULY 29, SUNDAY

We got away from Henley-on-Thames around 9:30 this morning although Keith wanted us to stay a bit and drop round so we could go out to a pub lunch. I felt that we had intruded quite enough for one trip. Also if we could pick up just a little time we could indeed drop down to Dorset and Corfe Castle as Keith had so strongly suggested.

We headed west for Wantage and stopped briefly to wander through this small town, to visit the church and to see the statue of King Alfred in the town square. Then we headed for Uffington and The Vale of the White Horse. This ancient monument from the Iron Age is a primitive depiction of a horse, carved in the side of a hill. It was done by cutting down through the earth until a chalk-like substance was uncovered. From a distance the horse looks like carved stone. At the monument itself, you really can't see the entire horse. You can see the lines which make up a portion of the figure, but you are really too close to see it all. We approached it from the top of the hill above the figure and then dropped down past it to climb a small knoll opposite, but still we couldn't see it all. Later from near the village of Uffington we could see it in its entirety. It was built or carved by a tribe called the Dobunni, probably in the 1st Century A.D.

At the top of the hill is Uffington Castle, an earth fort dating somewhere between 300 B.C. and 43 A.D. The moat surrounding it, a dry moat, is perhaps 15 feet deep; on the inside the earth stands perhaps four or five feet above the central level area. The total area is probably about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile long and half of that wide.

Not far away is Wayland's Smithy, a long barrow burying ground. It dates from about 2800 B.C. It is perhaps 100 feet long. Excavations have shown that it was used at two different times for burial. Of course, you can't get inside, but you can see the entrance and the large stones around the outside holding the dirt in, built up to a height of about 6 feet.

From there we drove on to Kelmscott to see the home of William Morris, author of fantasy, furniture designer, type designer, printer of fine books on his own private press, and probably other things which I do not know. It was very difficult to find and we stumbled upon it only by accident. The woman who answered the door said that she had received my letter to the Society of Antiquaries, but that they were only showing the house on Wednesdays. So I fired off two shots of the front of the house with my camera, but did not get to see the interior.

Keith had suggested Avebury as a monument as spectacular as Stonehenge, but less well known so we drove south a bit to see it. The stones are not as large as the ones at Stonehenge and are rough, not dressed, but the set of stones entirely encircle the present billage of Avebury. The great circle had approximately 100 stones originally,

although many of them have been destroyed. The heaviest weigh about 40 tons. Two smaller circles of stones reside inside the great circle. They were probably placed there by the Beaker people somewhere between 2000-1600 B.C. The avenue of stones approaching the greater circle from the southeast is particularly interesting. Long and slender stones alternate with wide and surprisingly uniform diamond-shaped stones. Keith had said to look for these as they obviously represent male and female and give rise to thinking in terms of fertility cults.

A few miles west of Avebury is Cherhill where in 1790 an eccentric landowner caused another, but more modern, horse to be carved on the vale of his property. It's said that he stood a mile away and shouted the instructions to his workmen through a megaphone. It's an excellent likeness of a horse, much better than the one at Uffington, but can only be considered another of the so-called "follies" that an occasional English eccentric has had constructed.

And so on to Bath, arriving hot and tired about 5:30 p.m. This was the first really warm day we've seen and my face is sunburned.

JULY 30, MONDAY

Sundays are notoriously bad days in England. It is difficult to find things like restaurants, so last evening we had covered a good portion of the downtown area on foot looking for a place to have dinner. We also had spotted a laundromat so we were able to get some washing done. Ah, clean clothes!

Since we had seen much of the town last night, there was not an awful lot to be seen today, at least from our point of view. Anna Jo trundled off to have her hair shampooed and I went off to visit the bookshops which I had spotted the night before. I'm afraid I went berserk, finding a lot of nice things, all of which I had mailed home. There is no way to carry all of the books I have bought so far and having the shops mail them home is the only way to go about it. As I recall I bought a new history of Arthur's Britain, 300-600 A.D., a couple of books about the area of Exmoor and Wessex and a handful of paperbacks. Oh, yes, a new book about the English gypsies.

I met Anna Jo back at the car and we stopped in a small shop for coffee. I took some pictures along the river, being especially pleased to get some pictures of some immature swans.

While Anna Jo sat in the park along the river, I walked down to the Holburne Museum to view an exhibit of the Saxon Kings. The exhibit dealt mostly with Edgar, who was crowned here in 973 and who staved off the Vikings and brought peace to the area. Bath is celebrating the 1000th Anniversary of the Coronation. The locals call it the "milly".

The exhibition was quite fine with pieces of carved stone from the period, books in Carolingian miniscule, pins, rings, shield bosses, pottery, swords and axes. Well worth going to see.

We skipped the Roman baths and drove out through the Mendip Hills to see the Cheddar Gorge. The gorge drops down the south side of the Mendips and the cliffs tower as high as 400 feet above the road. We were amazed to find literally thousands of tourists as we got deeper into the gorge and approached the town of Cheddar. The people here, incidentally, originated the cheddar cheese. There are supposed to be some marvelous caves here, and Keith Roberts used this area as a locale for his novel, The Furies. The thicker the people got the less inclined I was to stop. In fact there wasn't a place to park. I'm notorious for avoiding tourist traps and this looked like an A #1 trap, so we drove on through to Wells.

We parked the car directly in front of a small bakery and went in for coffee. I

was impressed with the wide variety of baked goods and studied the baker's credentials from the British Institute of Baking and his certificate from a school of technology in Cardiff. We had bear claws that were excellent.

Then we set off to visit the cathedral built in the 1300's. About 400 statues adorn the front of the cathedral, but most of them are in bad state of repair. We visited the inside of the cathedral but it is not nearly as impressive as some of the others we have seen. About 5 p.m. the vicar began to ring two bells in the cathedral tower. We spoke to him briefly about the bell ringing and I hoped that he might let me take over for a minute. But no such luck.

The museum nearby had a variety of items of local interest; animals of the region, fossils, Roman artifacts, a Somerset kitchen from the last century and a special Wedgewood pottery exhibit.

A fine bookshop nearby displayed some things I wanted but Anna Jo controlled me. One thing I must remember is three omnibus volumes which contain all of the Hornblower stories.

Leaving Wells we drove on until about 6 p.m., stopping for the night in Castle Cary. We are staying at The George, originally a 16th Century coaching inn, with a fine thatched roof. It's a quiet little town and walking through it after dinner didn't take more than a half hour.

JULY 31, TUESDAY

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Cadbury Castle does not belong to the Ministry of Works, so there is not one blessed signpost or marker to lead the way. We found the village of South Cadbury near Wincanton, but passed right on by expecting to find signs. We ended up driving a complete circle around the castle and at one point, looking back toward it, we recognized the shape from pictures we had seen. Of course, from a distance it looks like nothing more than a hill. It was an earth fort; it presently looks to be several hundred feet high and better than quarter of a mile in length.

We finally found the trail up through private property and walked to the top. Around the edge of the top is an earth redoubt built up and below can be seen at least two moat-mound combinations which might slow attackers.

We sat for quite a while drinking in the vista of farms and hills to the south. Some people came by and we had a nice long chat with them about such common things as costs of living, inflation, cost of housing, etc.

Then we walked around the complete circle of the top. Near the southwest corner we found one ditch in the earthen barrier which was obviously one of the excavations done here. Along the southern slope of the hill were some mighty pine trees, very lordly. Otherwise the hill is given over to pasture for cows, such is the fleeting glory of Camelot.

After leaving Cadbury, the next significant event was a superb pub lunch at The Royal Hotel in a small village named Temple Combe. There was a slice of ham about $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick and seven inches in diameter, two kinds of potato salad, a coleslaw, quartered small tomatoes and thin slices of cucumber on lettuce. All for 45p or about \$1.10.

although many of them have been destroyed. The heaviest weigh about 40 tons. Two smaller circles of stones reside inside the great circle. They were probably placed there by the Beaker people somewhere between 2000-1600 B.C. The avenue of stones approaching the greater circle from the southeast is particularly interesting. Long and slender stones alternate with wide and surprisingly uniform diamond-shaped stones. Keith had said to look for these as they obviously represent male and female and give rise to thinking in terms of fertility cults.

A few miles west of Avebury is Cherhill where in 1790 an eccentric landowner caused another, but more modern, horse to be carved on the vale of his property. It's said that he stood a mile away and shouted the instructions to his workmen through a megaphone. It's an excellent likeness of a horse, much better than the one at Uffington, but can only be considered another of the so-called "follies" that an occasional English eccentric has had constructed.

And so on to Bath, arriving hot and tired about 5:30 p.m. This was the first really warm day we've seen and my face is sunburned.

JULY 30, MONDAY

Sundays are notoriously bad days in England. It is difficult to find things like restaurants, so last evening we had covered a good portion of the downtown area on foot looking for a place to have dinner. We also had spotted a laundromat so we were able to get some washing done. Ah, clean clothes!

Since we had seen much of the town last night, there was not an awful lot to be seen today, at least from our point of view. Anna Jo trundled off to have her hair shampooed and I went off to visit the bookshops which I had spotted the night before. I'm afraid I went berserk, finding a lot of nice things, all of which I had mailed home. There is no way to carry all of the books I have bought so far and having the shops mail them home is the only way to go about it. As I recall I bought a new history of Arthur's Britain, 300-600 A.D., a couple of books about the area of Exmoor and Wessex and a handful of paperbacks. Oh, yes, a new book about the English gypsies.

I met Anna Jo back at the car and we stopped in a small shop for coffee. I took some pictures along the river, being especially pleased to get some pictures of some immature swans.

While Anna Jo sat in the park along the river, I walked down to the Holburne Museum to view an exhibit of the Saxon Kings. The exhibit dealt mostly with Edgar, who was crowned here in 973 and who staved off the Vikings and brought peace to the area. Bath is celebrating the 1000th Anniversary of the Coronation. The locals call it the "milly".

The exhibition was quite fine with pieces of carved stone from the period, books in Carolingian miniscule, pins, rings, shield bosses, pottery, swords and axes. Well worth going to see.

We skipped the Roman baths and drove out through the Mendip Hills to see the Cheddar Gorge. The gorge drops down the south side of the Mendips and the cliffs tower as high as 400 feet above the road. We were amazed to find literally thousands of tourists as we got deeper into the gorge and approached the town of Cheddar. The people here, incidentally, originated the cheddar cheese. There are supposed to be some marvelous caves here, and Keith Roberts used this area as a locale for his novel, The Furies. The thicker the people got the less inclined I was to stop. In fact there wasn't a place to park. I'm notorious for avoiding tourist traps and this looked like an A #1 trap, so we drove on through to Wells.

We parked the car directly in front of a small bakery and went in for coffee. I

was impressed with the wide variety of baked goods and studied the baker's credentials from the British Institute of Baking and his certificate from a school of technology in Cardiff. We had bear claws that were excellent.

Then we set off to visit the cathedral built in the 1300's. About 400 statues adorn the front of the cathedral, but most of them are in bad state of repair. We visited the inside of the cathedral but it is not nearly as impressive as some of the others we have seen. About 5 p.m. the vicar began to ring two bells in the cathedral tower. We spoke to him briefly about the bell ringing and I hoped that he might let me take over for a minute. But no such luck.

The museum nearby had a variety of items of local interest; animals of the region, fossils, Roman artifacts, a Somerset kitchen from the last century and a special Wedgewood pottery exhibit.

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Washed down with a good Badger Ale brewed locally at Wincanton, it was a fine lunch.

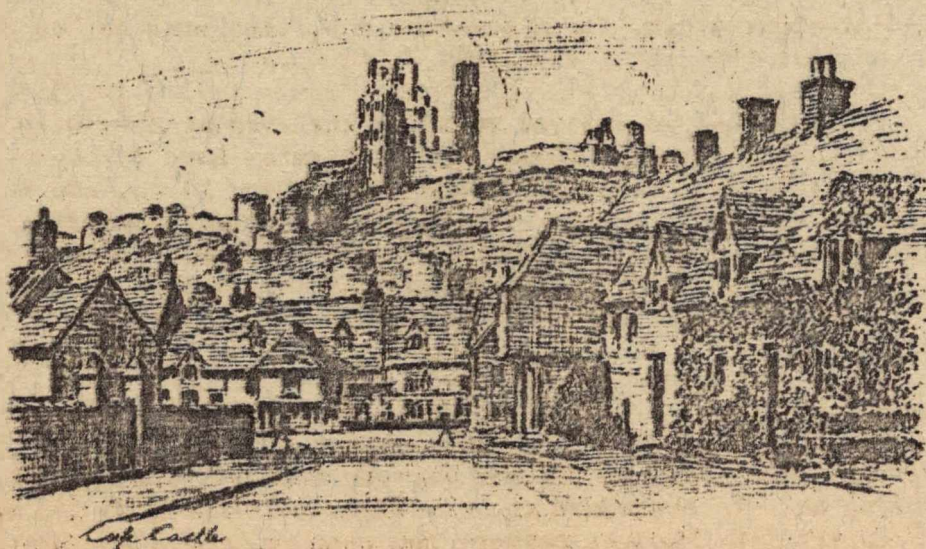
We drove on then to Wareham and hesitated to stop to see the local sights, feeling we'd pick them up on the way back from Corfe. We didn't make it. Corfe Castle took up a couple of hours of the late afternoon. It is huge, sitting on a hill in a gap between long hills that are locally called barrows. The castle was pulled down in 1646 after a dispute between the owner, Lord Barkes, and the Parliamentarians. But there is enough of it left to give an idea of its splendor during the years it was standing. Of course, we had wanted to see it because it is the setting for Keith Roberts' novel, Pavane, and now the novel is much more real to me. We spent a couple of hours clambering over it, shooting pictures, and in the little village below I found a nice, hand-turned cup and saucer by a local Dorset potter, Warwick Parker. Thus I have something to remember Corfe Castle by.

We decided to spend the night in Dorchester, with perhaps a chance tomorrow to look into Thomas Hardy a bit. But we ran into our first problems of finding a place to stay. School is out and everyone must be on holiday and heading to the southwest of England. We must have stopped a dozen places, only to find no vacancies. We drove on to Bridport and finally found a room in the Lord Nelson Hotel, a pub inn. Not the best accomodation, but by 9:15 p.m. one becomes less choosy. We have now been warned that we must stop much earlier down in this part of England at this time of the year.

AUGUST 1, WEDNESDAY

On a lengthy vacation like this, there are days that catch up with you. Today was one such day. I think perhaps that we have been pushing too hard. Last night's bout with finding accomodations undoubtedly added to it. In any event, there is not much of consequence to tell of today's journey.

We dawdled over breakfast until nearly 10 talking to a couple from Blackpool about such things as court sentences, prison systems, the university students, etc. A real pleasant session; just what is the British equivalent of an Archie Bunker? Finally got on the road.



Since we had gotten a long way from our itinerary in going down to Corfe, we now had to drive west and pick up the trail down through Cornwall. It was mostly a day spent in driving, a good deal of which (or so it seemed) was behind huge lorries. Three miles an hour on very narrow roads. No place to pass and much frustration.

We stopped at Okehampton for lunch and discovered that today is early closing day in the West Country. That means that all shops, except for a few cafes and restaurants, close at 12:30 p.m. So not much sense in walking through the town.

We discovered an ancient monument sign as we left town and followed a side road up to Okehampton Castle. Like Corfe Castle, it was originally a Norman castle with a square keep on top of a hill perhaps 400 feet high. Superior position, with buildings below the keep and a barbican gate. And like Corfe, it was pulled down by Cromwell's Parliamentary forces in 1646. I must read about that man someday. He strikes me as a despicable person as I see the trail of ruins across England and Ireland. I recall a church in Ireland which we visited last time, and in which the troops had defaced all of the little cherubs cut in the stone work of the arches. Literally had cut the faces from them.

Okehampton was originally the property of the Courtenay family, and much later belonged to Clive of India.

From Okehampton we fled on west in a steady stream of traffic toward Cornwall. We ultimately crossed Bodmin Moor, having skirted Dartmoor along its norther edge, and decided that we must stop early if we were not to have continuing problems with accommodations. We learned also that not only is school out and people going on holiday for that reason, but factories in the Midlands have closed for two weeks for holiday. And it looks as though everyone is coming west, I'm certain.

On the southern edge of Bodmin Moor sits the town of Bodmin and we decided to settle here for a couple of days and drive out each day. The price is a little steeper than we normally pay, but we're well within our daily expenditure quota and it will be worth the peace of mind to know that we can drive back here at night. We are about a two hour drive to Land's End, the furthest point in the south and west of England, so we can take trips down during the next two days to St. Austell, Falmouth, St. Ives, Penzance and Land's End.

We collapsed at about 4 p.m. for a two-hour nap, then went out to dinner, and then walked for about an hour throughout the town.

Coming back to the hotel we enjoyed watching the evening news with some English people and exchanging comments with them. Interest rates have just gone up here for savings accounts (passbook) to $8\frac{1}{2}\%$. Farm feed prices have risen, and food costs will be right behind, just as in the states. We see that Watergate hearings are still going on with Haldeman being grilled and had to answer questions about its importance. Is it a tempest in a teapot or not. We enjoyed laughing at each other's countries and its foibles and found nothing so much as a great deal of commonality of problems, interests, and concerns.

AUGUST 2, THURSDAY

We got away from the town of Bodmin this morning at about 9:30 and decided to make the run right down to Land's End on the A30 Highway and then work our way back. The clouds were lowering and it threatened to rain as we left the town and we met a great many cars heading north. We thought perhaps the weather, while not being too kindly to us, would make it a bit easier to sightsee. But traffic remained heavy to the south and it took almost two hours to cover approximately 40 miles.

At this point we decided to change our plans slightly and make our first side trip

to St. Ives on the west coast of Cornwall. As we snaked down the narrow, winding road toward town, signs were posted that all car parks in town were full. Narrow streets barely allow two cars to pass each other, so there is often no parking on the streets of many English towns. We were directed to the Trenwith car park on top of the hill east of St. Ives and could look out over the delightful harbor. A footpath took us down into the town which was jammed with tourists.

We bought several gifts for relatives at home, then proceeded to the quay overlooking the harbor. A slight drizzle kept everything slightly damp. The tide was out and boys in hip boots were guiding small craft in and out of the shallow harbor. "Shark fishing at 1:00 p.m." one fellow kept announcing. I learned later that less than a hundred years ago this harbor was not only deep enough for good sized ships, but that they could navigate four miles up river from the harbor. Now even the smallest outboard must have help finding the slender channel through the sandbar.

Stopping for a pasty (meat and potatoes baked in a jacket of pie dough) we talked over tea to three high school girls who had hitched down from the Midlands. They were astounded at the price of a cup of tea, 9 pence, about 23 cents.

We asked directions to the Leach Pottery and got three different sets, but finally were directed up the hill again. A good mile walk brought us to the pottery begun by Bernard Leach in the 1920's after he had studied for 12 years in Japan. We bought some things to have shipped home but were disappointed that we could not watch the potters at work. Bernard Leach, himself, is now 86 years old and much of the work at the pottery is done by young potters who have come to study with him.

We made our way back to the car park and found the weather clearing nicely. From on top one could see the nearby lighthouses and the knoll to the west of the harbor where the Ewer's Cottage sits. In earlier days a man watched from here for the runs of pilchard. When he spotted them he signaled for the fishermen to put out. He could also direct the fishermen once they were afloat as he could follow the school of fish from his vantage point.

We followed the coast on down to Land's End, encountering great stark scenery, but little traffic in comparison with the main highway. Narrow roads and tour buses were our only complaint.

At Land's End we stood with hundreds of other tourists to gape at water. Rather silly, but I wouldn't have missed it. Great rocky cliffs and a lighthouse on some rocks about a mile out. These are still very treacherous waters during any storms and the coastline can still kill. Only last night two persons were rescued drifting off Tintagel.

We headed for Penzance, but upon arriving we found the town jammed, so we drove right on through and took the road to Helston. We stopped for Cornish cream tea at a site overlooking Mount St. Michael, a magnificent castle on an island in Mount's Bay. It can be reached at low tide by a causeway and when the tide is in by boat. It is said that in this harbor, beneath the water, lies the ruins of Lyonesse. Cream tea, by the way, is scones, strawberry jam and clotted cream, absolutely scrumptious. And a pot of tea, of course.

Continuing on to Helston, I enquired at the Police Station for directions to 21 Trenethick Parc, the home of Archie and Beryl Mercer. The directions were easy and I found myself wondering what to say to two people who had never heard of me before. The Mercers are fans from way back, and Archie is currently Treasurer of The Tolkien Society, and also is involved in Da Englischan Gesipas, a fellowship to foster interest in Old English Period. I introduced myself and they graciously invited Anna Jo and I in, and quickly made us a cup of coffee, while they sat down to dinner. Soon done, we entered

into a conversation of things fannish and Beryl, especially, became a living encyclopedia of things both Cornish and Arthurian. She was really quite marvelous. A converted Cornishman must indeed be the best kind, as she was filled with Cornish lore. She told us about the Cornish Alps, the great hills of clay to be seen hereabouts, which are used in the china industry. She told us that the abandoned stone buildings with tall stacks or chimneys which we see about are called 'gyggys' (sp?) and that they housed the pump machinery to keep the tin mines free of flooding. And she told us where to find the lake into which Arthur's sword "Excalibur" was thrown upon his death.

We tried to keep our stay short, since we were so discourteous as to drop in as though from outer space, but two hours flew by. I gave Archie the money for the dues to the Tolkien Society and he loaded me with the latest Amon Hen and John Abbot's riotous fanzine, Nazgul 3. The first fanzines I've touched in 12 days. They felt good.

Finally we left, still apologizing for not warning them, but feeling awfully glad that we had made the effort to find them. They are both charming and delightful people and we thank them so much for being so hospitable to a couple of wayward Americans.

And so back to Bodmin for a good night's sleep after a long 12 hour day in which we accomplished a great deal of sightseeing, but not as much as we had expected to do.

AUGUST 3, FRIDAY

"Time, gentlemen, time, please." That was the call a few minutes ago as the barman attempted to shut off the drinking in the bar of the Camelford Inn in Camelford, of course. This village is supposed to be the site of King Arthur's last battle. It's not the only village to claim this distinction. Scotch here is 17 p or about 43¢ a drink. One can hardly afford not to have a drink in the evening. We were afforded a great evening of music on the piano by a lady who had lesson one of Dave Minor's "learn to play the piano in seven days" course. It was terrible, but quite English, with many of the customers singing along. And a Ploughman's Plate for 20p had bread, cheese, pickled onions, chutney, lettuce and tomatoes. So it goes for a typical bar in the west of Cornwall.

This morning we journed down to St. Austell to take a better look at those Cornish Alps, the great mounds of earth left from open-pit digging for clay for the china industry. St. Austell was like most of the Cornish towns we've seen, crowded with holiday visitors who use it as a center to tour out of and return home each evening, as we did at Bodmin. The only thing of consequence I discovered there was the writings of Derek Tangye, a very successful civil servant with a very successful wife who served as the social hostess for the Savoy Hotel in London. They both shucked it all to move to Cornwall and grow flowers for the cut flower market, something they knew absolutely nothing about. He describes many of their adventures in his books. I managed to find four of them in St. Austell.

We got turned the wrong way leaving St. Austell and such good fortune gave us a look at the remains of Roche Castle, which Elizabeth Goudge used at the beginning of her very fine novel concerning Charles the Pretender's unacknowledged wife. The title is The Child From the Sea.

Then on to the Tolgus Tin Mines to see what is happening with what is left of the once flourishing tin mining industry. At Tolgus we found that they probably make more from the tours of the mill and from the gift shop than they do from dressing the tin. Not much of the tin industry is left here.

We had spotted huge traffic hams heading north on the main highway, so we followed the west coast up to Bodmin Moor, seeing some spectacular coastal scenery and catching occasional glimpses of the Cornwall Coastal Footpath, 267 miles in length. Someday I'd love to walk all of that. Connected to the continuation of this path in North and South

Devon, a total of 515 miles can be walked along the coast of this section of England. Fantastic footpath system.

Rain had been intermittent all day, even though it was light, and Bodmin Moor was lost in the grayish drizzle. Most ominous. We worked our way back to the main highway going north and stopped at Jamaica Inn about halfway through the moor. This is the building which Daphne Du Maurier used in her novel of that name. There are only four other dwellings at this place and it is a stark and gaunt building, still in use as an inn, but also has a flourishing business in the gift shop. I managed to find one stone-ware mug there amongst all of the cheap souvenirs with which I will remember my visit.

About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles southeast is Dozmary Pool, where legend has it that King Arthur's sword was thrown after his last battle. Of course, we went to see it. Rumor has it that the small lake is bottomless, but the AA (Automobile Association) says that this is not true. It's a smallish lake, not impressive, and is overlooked by several tors or high spots on the surrounding moor. I enjoyed it in the mist and wind.

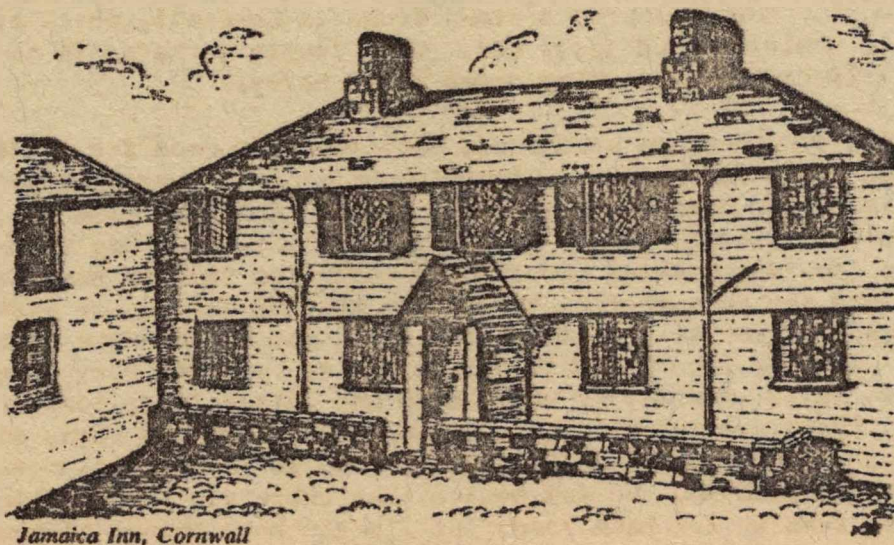
A short drive brought us west again out of the moor toward the coast and close to Tintagel. Accomodations seem to be a bit easier to find the further north in Cornwall one goes, and today being Friday and the weather not very nice a good many people seem to have headed for hom. I hope the weather clears just a bit as I wish to do some walking tomorrow.

Should I tell you that dessert this evening was gooseberry pie with thick Cornish clotted cream on top? No, probably not.

AUGUST 4, SATURDAY

We stayed last night at Camelford, where Arthur's last fight supposedly took place. The Camelford Inn had a witty and most pleasant innkeeper whom we enjoyed thoroughly. The bar was lively, and I was hit up for a raffle ticket by the local promoter of the Camelford Agricultural Association. I now have four chances on a raffle prize of 10£, 5£ or 2£.

This morning we set off for Tintagel. Since we had been there before I was not so



Jamaica Inn, Cornwall

concerned with crawling over Tintagel itself. Tintagel was once an island but the years have eroded away a section of the island which now provides a causeway to what can now only be called a peninsula. While it is a most interesting monument, we spent about four hours crawling over it last time and this time I was determined to go down to the cove directly north. There are caves on both sides of the cove and I thought it would be fun to take a closer look at them. Of course, they are only explorable by water; the waves sweep in and swirl in and out of these caves depending upon the height of the tide. But we could get down close to the waters edge and see what they looked like. One of them is called Merlin's Cave, but that may only be for effect. I have not heard that there is any real relationship with Merlin at this place.

Tintagel Castle was the home of King Mark of Cornwall and does have a relationship with the Arthurian legend. It's not too likely that the castle was there when the real Arthur was around. But there can still be seen the foundations of small individual cells used by Irish contemplative monks in the 9th century. And there are walls left from a castle of a slightly later period. The island has very steep sides leading up to where the castle stood, and I can't for the life of me understand how an attacking force of Irish hoped to make their way up the terrain and attack the castle, as history says they did.

Today, after we had a closer look at the caves, we hiked around the edge of the cove to another piece of land jutting out into the Irish Sea. It goes variously by the name of Barras Head or Barras Nose. Once we topped out, the wind roared in off the sea, but we sat for about 15 minutes just taking in the sights along the coastline. The visibility was quite good and we could see for several miles up the coast. A most interesting coastline as the land went in and out; lots of coves along this section.

We finally made our way back up the steep incline to the town of Tintagel. This is one of the more typical tourist towns that we have come across. It's a small town, but the castle has so many visitors that much of the town is obviously supported by tourism. Last time we were here we didn't do any shopping, so this time we made up our minds to walk through the town and have a look. Reinforced by tea and scones we set up one side of the main street and back down the other, popping into every shop that showed any promise of interesting things. Anna Jo did buy a few little copper things to give as gifts. King Arthur's Gift Shop really has better merchandise than any shop in town, and it is right at the entrance to the walkway down to Tintagel Castle. They have a fine line of books, and the best selection of serpentine I found anywhere in Cornwall. Serpentine is a stone found in Cornwall, which artisans turn into ashtrays, small bowls, lidded jars, etc. Very lovely patterns in the stone, and I bought several little things. They weigh quite heavy.

We followed the coast on northward, stopping only once for a bite to eat. But our destination was the little town of Clovelly, which we had heard a great deal about. Friends of Anna Jo had been there and said that we must not miss it. By the time we reached it, it was raining again. Clovelly is a little fishing village perched along a cliff with a lovely protected harbor from which the fishing boats set out. There are no roads into the town itself, but rather cobbled lanes. We parked the car at a rather large parking lot at the top of the hill, and headed down into the town. The cobble stones were wet from the rain and we had to proceed very slowly and carefully in order not to fall. The way is very steep and little lanes lead off here and there to dwellings. There are two very interesting chapels in the town, one Catholic and one Protestant. We made our way all the way down to the harbor, mostly just to be able to say that we had done so. We did notice that there was a jeep which ran people back up the cliff by some secret back road, but I'm stubborn enough to want to make it back under my own power. Just for kicks, I counted the footsteps required to get back up to the level top. 1100 steps, about a half mile I'd guess. A very interesting little place to visit, although there is not an awful lot there for the tourist, except for the buildings clinging to the cliff side. Yet it's interesting to speculate about the lives of the people there when the tourist is not around. They use donkeys quite a

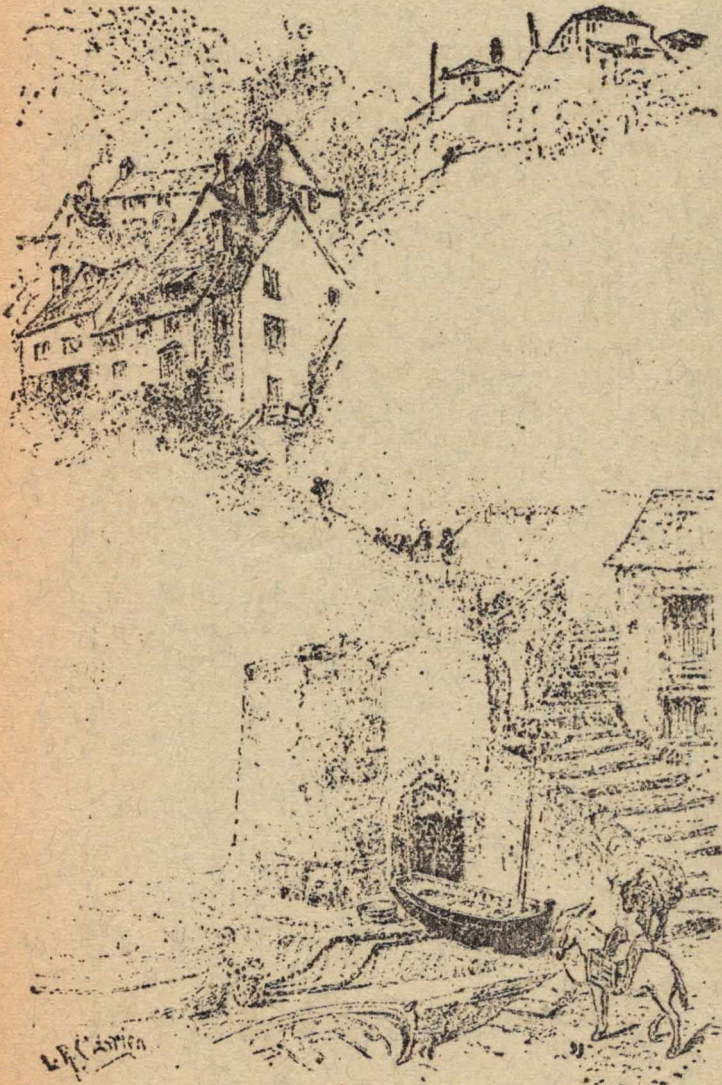
bit to carry supplies up and down the cobblestone streets. By the time we reached the top again it was raining heavily and we were soaked. We decided to stay with the car and try to make it to Lynton by that evening, so we headed east across the northern part of Cornwall, entered into the county of Devon again, passed through the fairly substantial town of Barnstaple (which I've got to investigate a bit more next time) and onward to the north coast of Devon and the small town of Lynton, pop. approx. 2000. The evening was rain and wind, and we dried out a bit at Mrs. Hobbs, where we found lodging, then dashed down the street to eat dinner very leisurely and with many cups of coffee hoping the weather would abate a little before we had to scurry back home. It didn't, for all night long the wind howled around the corner of our second floor room and it didn't look to promising for a walk on Exmoor the next morning.

AUGUST 5, SUNDAY

Mass was at 11:00 a.m. at the little church in Lynton. The church was packed, I suspect mostly with people on holiday. The Irish priest gave a fair sermon, and invited all to a special sung Mass, what we would call a High Mass, on Saturday to help the Poor Clare's celebrate the feast of their patron. The Poor Clare's are a cloistered order, spending their time shut off from the world, praying for the rest of us heathens.

We were determined to walk on Exmoor this time and to follow a route which would take us into the heart of the Lorna Doone country. An excellent little guide book to Exmoor walks was purchased last evening for 10p and the first walk described was exactly what we wanted. Last time we visited here we drove to Malsmead where the farm is situated which probably was John Ridd's.

But we wanted to see more of where the novel Lorna Doone took place and to get the feel of the moor. It had rained and blown hard all night long, and it continued to rain lightly as we set off by car. The wind had died, however, and I purchased a cap to keep the drizzle off my bald spot. We drove out to a place slightly south of Lynton called Dry Bridge and parked the car nearby. A couple of hundred yards further on we picked up the path directly into the moor crossing Brendon Common. By the time we had gone a mile our feet were beginning to be damp and our pantlegs a bit soggy. We cut to the right off Brendon Common down a path which led to Lank Combe. A combe is a valley created where two of the rounded hills which make up the moor drop down and come together. These valleys are quite narrow at the bottom and usually carry a stream or a "water" in the very bottom. The path then turned left and we



followed close to the Lank Combe Water as it cut downhill.

Anna Jo had been wise enough to stop at the bakery before we left and had bought some pasties and some pastry. A pasty makes a nice self-contained sandwich. We had stuffed these into our jacket pockets and when we came to a gate and weir we ate a couple of these.

A bit further on we came to Doone Valley, what is thought to be the real site of the Doone houses. These notorious people came here after the dispute between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers and settled in this vale, using it as headquarters to terrorize the district hereabout. They committed murders, acted as highwaymen, carried off the wives of farmers in the area and generally were evil, until the people got up their courage and drove them out in 1699.

A bit beyond Doone Valley (there is another area which is also purported to be Doone Valley, but the experts say that it is not) we came upon Lorna's Bower, one of the most fantastic sights I've ever seen. A marvelous wooded area, with the Lank Combe Water dropping down through rocky pools on the right side, and beautiful stunted beeches, twisted by the winds climbing up the vale to the left.

We were so mesmerized by the sight that we missed a turn in the directions. It was here that the Lank Combe Water joined the Badgeworthy (the natives pronounce it Badgery) Water and we should have turned right up the hill. Instead we wandered on looking for signs that we were still on the correct path. Later, looking at the Ordnance Survey map, we made out that we traveled as far as Oare Common, not too far from the village of Oare, where Oare Church in which John Ridd married Lorna Doone, is situated. At last we gave up, knowing we had missed. We did find a memorial plaque to Richard Doddridge Blackmore situated along the track.

We retraced our steps to Lorna's Bower and by the time we reached it, the rain had begun again in earnest. Our shoes and pant legs were sopping wet, but we were still warm, otherwise. We found where the two waters joined and got back on the right route, going uphill and looking out over Deer Park. Unfortunately, the Exmoor Deer was not in sight, having uncommon good sense to stay out of the rain. As we topped out on the south side of Hoccombe Combe the rain began to sheet across the moors and in our exposed condition we were soon thoroughly wet through. There was no hope for it but to continue on, putting one weary foot in front of the other. The wind blew the rain across the moor and right into our left ears. But it was a fantastic sight to pause occasionally and catch the vista of several commons being pelted mercilessly by the water. The track was now running with rivulets as the water must have come down by the tons.

A bit further on we were treated to our first sight of the Exmoor ponies. This breed is shy and quite wary and it is unusual to see them from any of the roads. You've got to get into the moor, and even that is no guarantee. We counted fifteen adult horses and two colts.

We had seen other wildlife during the walk, mostly birds. Coming past Deer Park we scared up a wood pigeon from the trees below. He flew off through the rain and we followed him by his wing markings and white-ringed neck as he sped above the combe. Minutes later a hawk flew low along the top of the hill to our right. Near Lorna's Bower we had spotted dippers in the Badgeworthy, larger and more colorfully marked than our dippers at home, the water ouzel. Finally in the pouring rain, two larks flew up singing and did their funny little bobbing



flight, which carries them higher and higher with each flurry of wing beats. You would have thought the sun was shining the way those crazy birds were acting.

Finally we dropped down past a herd of sheep, brightly marked with dye on their coats and horns, bright blue and green and red, representing different flocks. The track led back to Lank Combe Water and we retraced our weary steps back to the car across Brendon Common, thoroughly soaked.

We dripped all the ride back to our bed and breakfast home, and the car needs some drying out with newspapers before we start out in the morning. A hot bath did wonders and we are finally ready to go out for supper, absolutely famished.

It was a rare experience finding the moor in this mood. I might have wished for better weather, but I enjoyed seeing this face of the climate on the moor. The woman of the house said tonight that the weather has been just like winter here. I think perhaps I am fascinated with this moor, more than any other spot in England that we have seen so far. It's smaller than Dartmoor and less reclaimed than Bodmin. It is moor as I have visualized moor since first reading about moorland in my childhood. I wouldn't have missed this day for the world and I must come back again and take my chances with the land and the elements.

AUGUST 6, MONDAY

Today we should have gone one to Wales. We didn't make it. The rain was still coming down this morning, but it ceased soon after breakfast. We stopped by the post office and sent off two great packages of books, mostly paperbacks that I manage to pick up like a magnet, and some local booklets about Exmoor and Cornwall.

The evening before I had purchased a copy of "The Exmoor Review" and was delighted to find in it an ad for hand-carved walking sticks. This was one of the things I had wanted to keep my eye open for. It gave the address as Combe Farm, West Anstey and with the help of the Ordnance Survey map we made out a route that would take us to the southern edge of Exmoor. Why not?

We set off by the same route that took us to the start of our walk of yesterday and followed the road on to Simonsbath. There we branched off and headed for Dulverton, a rather large village. Along the way we spotted three more Exmoor ponies grazing, and hopefully the pictures I took will show them. They were some distance off.

Nearby are the Tarr Steps, a great stone bridge from ancient times. No one can really tell when it was built but it crosses the River Barle. It is indeed a primitive bridgew, with large flat slabs of stone placed across stones standing vertically in the river bed. The water running off the moor from the recent heavy rains had turned all of the streams and rivers a murky brown, and indeed, looking back to the mouth of the Lyn this morning we could see brown for about a hundred feet out to sea. At the Tarr Steps the brown foaming water was running just inches below the flat stepping stones.



TARR STEPS

An older English gentleman was delighted at the sight and as we stood together at the middle of the Steps, he said, "Oh, this is jolly good." Indeed, it was.

We came down into Dulverton at about 11:00 a.m., just in time for morning coffee. Morning coffee is served at most places from shortly after breakfast, say 9:30 until about 11:30. Then lunch is served and you can't buy just a cup of coffee. We walked back through the village and at the chemists I picked up four bottles of aftershave which I like very much, and which I can't find in the states, or at least I've never seen it. It is called Cedar Wood and has a nice fragrance and feel.

Now we had to follow the Ordnance map carefully because we were off on one-lane tracks between high hedgerows in search of West Anstey and Combe Farm. About a half-hour of careful meandering brought us up a steep hill to a marvelous farm. Here John Samuelson came out to greet us and we told him not to think us crazy, but we had come to see about some walking sticks. He pulled out what he had available but said that he rather liked to do them to order. He does both walking sticks and shepherd's crooks and he showed us how difficult it is to find wood which can allow him to carve an animal head for a handle. I wasn't finding exactly what I wanted, but Anna Jo took a stick with a grotesque face on the end of it. John told us that he had left a nice stick at the pub in East Anstey, so we said we'd have a look.

John's farm is about 130 acres on the edge of the moor and he runs about 300 sheep and some cattle. We were later told that this is one of the larger farms here.

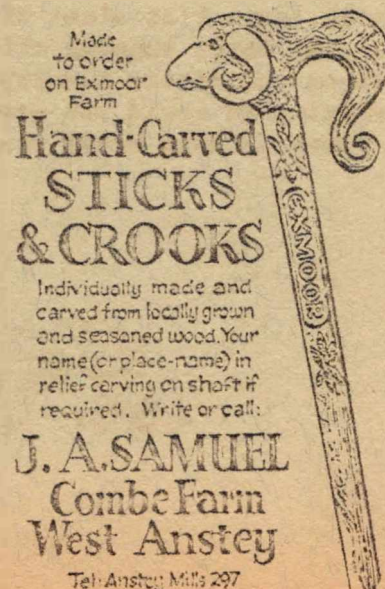
At the Foude Arms in East Anstey we ordered two Badger Ales and asked Mrs. John Murray if we could see the stick John had carved. It turned out to be a lovely thing with a crouching fox for a handle and the town name of Dulverton carved down the shaft. I bought it without a moment's hesitation. In our mountains at home I could use a larger staff, and I had talked to John about ordering one later on when we get home. We talked briefly about an owl at the top of the staff and he beamed that he'd be delighted to do that.

Mrs. Murray at the Foude Arms was a most talkative gal who told us how she and her husband had chucked good positions to come down here. They've never regretted it. The old values hold here, not so much as an ashtray has been taken from the pub in the seven years they have owned it. She makes her own hot pasties and pickled eggs for the bar snacks. We enjoyed talking to her very much. The more we see of Exmoor and its people, the more we know we'll be back again.

Now a day behind, we left Anstey about 3 in the afternoon and hurried on to Bristol. We had dinner in a hotel, not finding any other restaurants open, didn't like the looks of the city very much, so we left. We found a small bed and breakfast on the byways and tomorrow we will cross the Severn into Wales.

AUGUST 7, TUESDAY

Some days don't go too well. To write a 35-day diary of a trip in which all was sweetness and light would be bending the truth just a bit. Today the world conspired against me to frustrate me. The car would not go into the proper gears when I needed to get out of traffic's way because I had done something stupid. Mostly I did something stupid because the signs for car parks

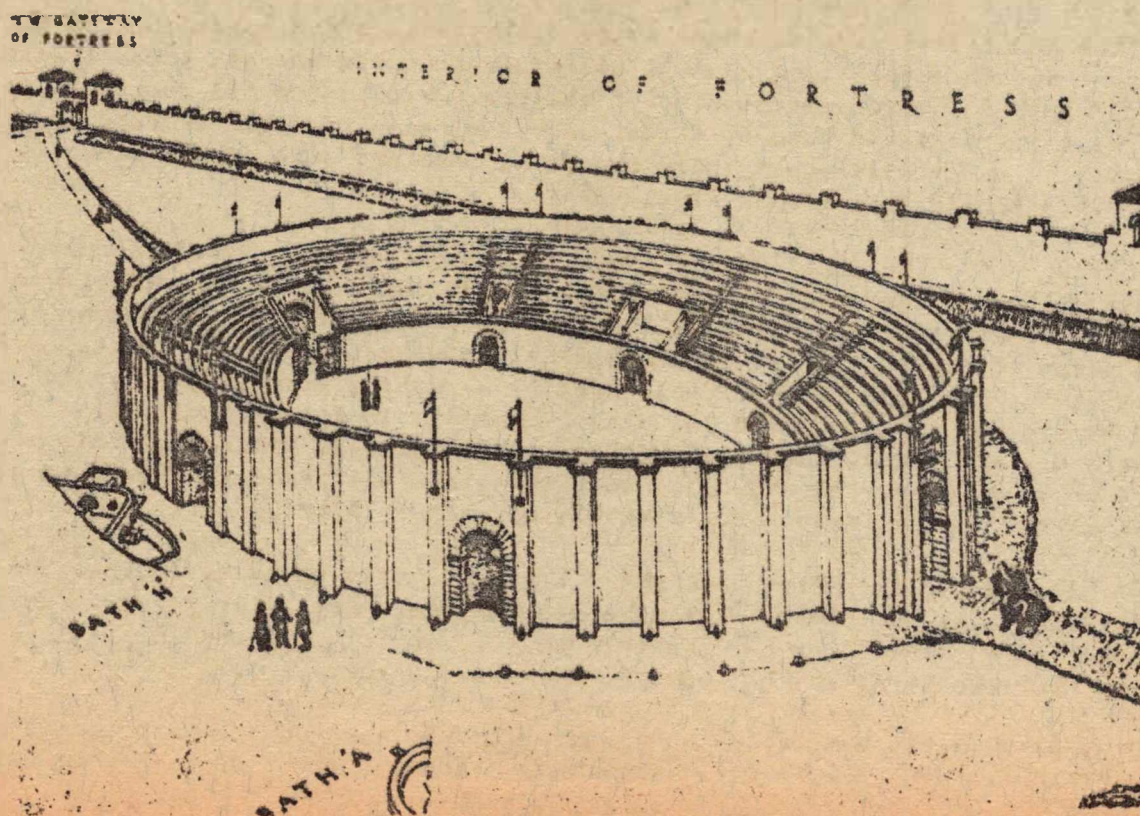


were deliberately turned the wrong way so I couldn't see them. Just little things like that.

First off this morning we had to find a laundromat. The clothes were still wet and dirty from the walk on Exmoor. We located one in Thornbury and in about 45 minutes had them washed and dried. Then we backtracked through a couple of small villages and were soon on the bridge over the Severn. I'm not quite sure when we arrived in Wales, as the border wobbles a bit. I think that the Severn is the border at this point. But soon the names of the towns and villages became Welsh, with lots of ll's and ff's and the vowels y and w.

Always purchase a new highway map when you come to England. They build highways just as we do and our two year old map had a nice road that has been superseded by the li something or other, a freeway, or dual carriageway, as they call them. By the way, you do not get free maps from your friendly gas station, you buy them. We were trying to find Caerleon, but found ourselves in Usk before we could leave the freeway. We took the opportunity for morning coffee and a tank of gas. Could have had a job in that gas station; he was short of help and looking for someone to work. We got directions to the old road and backtracked about eight miles to find the site once believed to be Camelot. Geoffrey of Monmouth started the rumor in his British History and it has kept on going right down to Tennyson's Idylls of the King. Tennyson lived here for many years, according to the gatekeeper at the ancient Roman site. This old fellow was full of good information. The Romans called the place Isca after the River Usk and it was headquarters for the Second Augustan Legion. The fortress was laid about 75 A.D. and the legion consisted of between five and six thousand men. Not all of them were quartered here as there were other smaller military establishments throughout Britain. Chester on the Roman Wall and York were also headquarters for legions in Britain.

Excavations have revealed the amphitheatre and portions of the barracks. The fort probably covered 50-plus acres and the town church now stands approximately in the center of the Roman fort and probably contains stones from the Roman buildings of six centuries earlier. The church was first built about 900 A.D.



After we left Caerleon we drove northwest through some dismal mining country. Huge piles of coal abound, the towns are small and dingy, the pubs have names like The Collier's Arms, and much of the surrounding countryside has much evidence of huge hills of tailings from the mining operations. We saw signs of "Derelict Land Reclamation Projects", which, in another hundred years, may bring back the native beauty of this raped land. I thought about Alexander Cordell's many historical novels about this area, particularly one entitled The Rape of the Fair Land.

Soon, however, we were approaching Brecon Beacons National Park and here Wales is in her glory. Long gentle rounded peaks, with sheep and horses grazing free, the land rising to about 3,000 feet above sea level. Not awe-inspiring in the same way as our Mount Rainier at home, which rises 14,408 feet in a single cone, but, lovely, lovely green hills that inspire their own kind of awe and wonderment. Tomorrow we will go back to walk one of them.

My owliness today was prompted by a poor night's sleep, I think, so we drove on to the town of Brecon and got lodging for the night at the Castle Hotel. Hopefully a good night's sleep tonight will bring a better day tomorrow.

One of the towns we stopped at today was Myrthyr. Those of you who know the folk song "The Bells of Rhymney" will recognize it as one of the coal mining towns mentioned in that song. It seemed fairly bustling, with a lot of nice stores, so it must be a center for some of the smaller towns around, many of which do not even appear on the map. We checked to make sure that the labor dispute on the ship to Ireland from Holyhead was really settled, and we were told that all is normal. We have only a few days left in England, now, before we sail off to the Emerald Isle.

AUGUST 8, WEDNESDAY

After breakfast we drove into the main street of Brecon to visit the Brecon Beacons National Park Headquarters. Here we talked to a nice old gentleman and bought a couple of guide books to the area. He suggested we visit the Mountain Centre, a few miles out of town, and then drive on to the Storey Arm Youth Hostel to begin our climb of Pen-y-ffan.

At the Mountain Centre we found a lovely building and grounds looking out onto the beacons and an interesting man who quoted Noel Coward and was full of information. A nice display of interesting aspects of the park were placed all about the main room. He told us that there had been over four inches of rain over the weekend and people were reporting waterfalls where there had never been any such in the month of August before. This should have been a clue.

We drove on to the start of the trail to Pen-y-ffan and parked the car. Other cars were pulling in and people were repairing for the hike also. We noticed that most of the people were pulling on rubber boots of below knee length. Everyone in this country seems to own these. Sure enough, they knew what they were about. Within minutes of leaving the road we were confronted by a rushing stream which could only be crossed by wading. We attempted to walk on upstream in hopes of finding a place where we might cross and regain the trail higher up, but fifteen minutes of this was fruitless, so we returned to the car. I guess Pen-y-ffan will have to remain as a goal of the Dentons for another trip. But I surely do wish to hike up it.

By this time it was after noon and I began to worry quite early about distances to travel and necessary times to be at a given place. Day after tomorrow we must be on the ship to Dublin in the early afternoon. So we left for the coast, unfortunately bypassing Pembrokeshire, which I am told is a real beauty spot.

We drove directly west about sixty miles to Aberayon and then another nineteen miles up the coast to Aberystwyth. This is a strange sort of town, a combination of

resort town and university town. We also managed to arrive here just as shop doors were being locked at 2:00 p.m., Early Clsoing Day. Cafes do stay open, so we had a bite to eat and a cup of coffee and then window shopped. There is a long promenade along the beach and we walked a ways along it. We had seen that there was a local production of Dylan Thomas' "Under Milk Wood", so decided to spend the night here. There also are a couple of book shops that look as though they may have something of interest.

After finding a place to stay, we drove out to the new university grounds to visit The National Library of Wales. Here I was able to view The Book of Taliesin and The Black Book of Carmarthen. Unfortunately The White Book of Rhyderecc (Roderick) was being microprinted and was not on display. But there was also a nice illuminated Book of Hours, a 14th Century French Grail, and a number of other interesting documents.

There were also two art displays; the 20th Exhibition of North Wales presented some nice things, particularly some fine watercolors with ridiculously low prices on them. These, of course, had already been snapped up.

We came back to town to change and find dinner, then windowshopped until about 7:20. We drove back to the university to the Theatr y Werin, a new theatre on the new campus, which is quite lovely and seats about 400. The University College of Wales here is in a tremendous building program. Some of the buildings along the promenade on the seafront still are used by the university, but a whole new campus has been developed on the hill overlooking the town. We were told that the enrollment is about 2500, but it looks bigger than that. The theatre building and adjoining art building were only opened last fall.

The production of "Under Milk Wood" was just fine. A student production, it featured some fine young actors and actresses. I've seen it performed before, but I enjoyed every bit of Dylan Thomas' beautiful poetic prose.

One hears Welsh being spoken here frequently. It is still a living language, and even the English spoken here takes on a singing quality. It is interesting to listen to the people speak it, to switch from one language to another, often in mid-sentence. Everything, shop signs, instructions, etc. is written in both English and Welsh, much as both French and English are used in Canada. Street signs, our theatre tickets, everything.

AUGUST 9, THURSDAY

After stopping at the bank to cash some traveler's checks and shopping a couple of bookstores where I found absolutely nothing, we left Aberystwyth to head north along the coast.

It commenced to reain not long after that and clouds brooded over the sky even when it wasn't raining. Invariably we find ourselves running out of time with much left to see, but now we were about 160 miles from Holyhead, from which we must take ship tomorrow in the early afternoon. Road traffic is quite slow on English roads and Wales is no exception. At one point we were delayed for almost twenty minutes in a traffic jam. Cities and towns are old and streets are narrow, and although traffic wardens attempt to speed up traffic, sometimes it is quite impossible.

The source of the traffic jam was the small town of Dollgellau, where two roads join. When we finally wound our way down into the town, we decided that we would stop for lunch. The car park was quite full and probably helped the traffic delay. We found many pleasant shops in the small town. One displayed the best examples of Welsh woven wollens, with lovely cloaks, tabards, skirts and coats. They also had some lovely Irish and Norwegian handknit sweaters.

The local tobacconist was the first one to display Brentford pipes. The Brentford is not an expensive pipe, but it has interchangeable bowls and Sean had asked us to bring him one since he had lost the one he bought on the last trip. We bought pipes for both him and Tim, and a bunch of Swan matches, 'the smoker's match' which Keith Roberts turned me on to. (Yes, I know simple things for simple minds.)

Finally we hurried on, hoping to reach Caernarvon by evening. Our only other stop was Harlech Castle. It is a magnificent sight perched up on a hilltop, and at one time the sea swept right up to the base. Now much of the land has been reclaimed from the sea and Harlech sits about a mile inland. It was built about 1245 or so. The wind was blowing so hard we had to lean into it as we climbed the stairs from its base. It continued to blow as we reached the top. I could hardly hold the camera steady to shoot pictures and the sky was so dark that I had to slow the exposures way down. We didn't stay long to fight the wind. But at least the rain had stopped.

We continued through the blustering weather to Caernarvon, found lodging for the night and walked through the wind the few blocks to the town centre to find dinner.

Caernarvon Castle, right downtown in Caernarvon, got a most cursory look because of the high wind still blowing.

Back at our small hotel, about 10:00 p.m. we wandered into the bar for the residents and had a pleasant chat with our host, a retired Air Force helicopter pilot. Soon some of the locals came in. Anna Jo was treated to much admiration and we got a lot of kidding about Watergate. One strapping police detective sergeant claimed that he was distantly related to Spiro Agnew and that we must vote for his "Uncle Spiro" next time. No way, we said.

Finally one fellow said that he must sing a Welsh song for his American friends. So standing, glass in hand in the middle of the room, he threw back his head and this beautiful tenor voice came soaring out. Such a voice I had only heard of. I had read that the Welsh love to sing and this fellow's untrained tenor voice was true and beautiful. Then another young fellow sang and his voice was equally impressive. I wanted to bring them all home to sing in the church choir.

Finally after many Scotch and waters we staggered off to bed with the beautiful tenor voices still at it, and a third fellow who had been introduced as Farmer Will, a very quiet fellow, joined in with an even higher tenor to provide harmony. What lovely people they were and I am sure that because of them we will come back to this hotel next time and stay a few days in Caernarvon.

Much of the day we had driven through Snowdonia National Park but never got even so much as a glance of Mount Snowdon. Low clouds and fog on the hills kept us from any sight of the mountains.

AUGUST 10, FRIDAY

Wouldn't you know that, with today being the day we depart Wales, the day dawned clear with blue skies and sunshine. After breakfast we headed north to Anglesey, the furthest northwest county of Wales and on to Holy Island, from which we would take ship.

We finally did see Mount Snowdon, just a little tip of it peaking from behind another mountain further west. Anglesey is not quite as wild as the rest of Wales; in fact, it looks more English than Welsh, and Anna Jo read that there are some fine coastal walks here also.

As we drove into Holyhead we followed the Sea-link signs to the railway station along the waterfront where the train meets the ship. From here I called the car rental agency in Llandudno to see where I should leave the car. I was told that I must leave

it at the AA on the car ferry dock. This is about a mile away from the mail train dock; across the harbor, as a matter of fact. We had plenty of time, although not enough to go for a walk.

We drove on into the town centre, mailed three packages of books and a tube of posters. We have a mighty fuss with English postal people (are they any different?) who insist that a window must be left in the package if you are mailing at book post rate. They say that it is because of U.S. Customs officials. And none of them agree on how big the window should be, so we argue, using past experience and they finally give up.

A cup of coffee and scones and jam and we were ready to go unload the car. I dropped Anna Jo off at the railway station, helped her get the baggage to the waiting room and then drove to the car ferry dock and left the car. "Just leave the keys up the exhaust," the girl had said. It took twenty minutes to walk back, just about my normal rate for walking a mile.

We boarded the ship "Hibernia" at 12:30 and sailed at 1:45. What can you say about a crossing to Ireland? Anna Jo calls the ship a "floating playpen" because of all of the Irish kids that are aboard. The crossing is shorter than from Haysham, where we had to leave last time, as the railway bridge had burned and rail traffic connections to these ships was rerouted. We arrived at Dun Loughaire at 5:15 and took the 6:00 train to Dublin. By 7:00 we had gotten a cab to our hotel and were ready for dinner.

It had begun to rain on the way over, and was sprinkling as we walked down Grafton Street. It was still raining when we had finished dinner so we gave up and went back to the hotel. Additional sightseeing would have to wait until tomorrow.

AUGUST 11, SATURDAY

Two tasks to take care of first this morning were to go to the Irish Tourist Office and the box office of the Abbey Theater. I remembered well enough how to get to O'Connell Street, just around Trinity College past the main gate, and then a left bend across the Liffey River. (The Liffey is dirty and smells; I don't remember that from last time.) The Irish Tourist Office was jammed. We picked up a little information for when we first leave Dublin, but you get much better service out in the country where the offices are not quite so busy.

The Abbey Theater was just a few blocks away so we went to see about tickets. Again we were defeated by the Abbey. "The Silver Tassie" by Sean O'Casey was sold out and was also on its last night of performance. A new play starts Tuesday, the day we leave Dublin. The Peacock Theater, which is downstairs under the Abbey, and where plays are performed by the Abbey Company, did have seats and we bought two tickets for this evening's performance.

We windowshopped up and down O'Connell Street and then set off up the Liffey to the Dublin Woolen Shop to purchase a bit of material for my cousin, Margaret. While we were there I spotted a great hat, that looks a little bit like a deerstalker hat, except that it doesn't have ear-flaps. Not used to wearing a hat of any sort, I think it looks dumb on me. But I'm also getting wise enough in my old age to know that it will keep my balding head dry this winter and spring when the Pacific Northwest rains are falling and I go for my nightly walk. It's a handsome Donegal tweed and should do me a good job. Of course, I bought it.

Saturday is early closing day in Dublin, maybe the rest of Ireland as well. I've forgotten. As well as Wednesday at about 1 or 2 p.m. So things began to close up on us.

After finding some lunch we set off for St. Stephen's Green, where we knew that

there was the "Dandelion Market" from a handbill that was given to us on the street. The Dandelion Market turned out to be a flea market set back in an alley, with signs prominently posted: "Watch Out For Pickpockets". There was not much of interest there except for two very young boys, probably about thirteen years old, playing Irish music on guitar and mandolin. They were quite good. There was also a fellow who had fashioned jewelry for around the neck from horseshoe nails. It was quite nice and we bought four of them for the band that Tim and Sean play in.

More windowshopping brought us back home for a rest and dinner. Then it was time for the play and we walked back to the Peacock. We saw two fine short one-act plays; "Coats" by Lady Gregory and "In the Shadow of the Glen" by John Millington Synge. The first was not of much substance, but the second was quite a nice vignette of the hard life in the glens where sheep are the mainstay. Both were well acted.

It is amazing how walking so much can tire you out, so we went straight home and to bed. Probably walked six or seven miles throughout Dublin today.

AUGUST 12, SUNDAY

We slept the sleep of the innocent, I guess, and finally got down to breakfast at 10:00 a.m. We finished up just in time to walk to St. Theresa's Church for 10:45 Mass. After Mass we walked up Grafton Street to St. Stephen's Green, then up to Dawson Street and bought a couple of magazines in a corner store. Also some candy bars for later in the day.

By the time we got back to the hotel, we were both tired again. And took a nap. The old bodies only go so long.

We got downstairs at 1:30 and asked for a cab to be called to take us to the football game. At 2:15, after several calls by the girl at the desk, we gave up and asked directions.

About a two-mile walk brought us, along with several thousand others, to Pairc an Chrocaigh to watch Gaillimh vs. Uibh Fhaili in the All-Ireland Football Semi-Finals. Translated that means Galway vs. Offaly at Croke Park. You may have seen this park on Wide World of Sports a time or two for the championships in Irish Football or Hurling.

Irish football is semi-organized mayhem in which the ball is carried, passed and kicked into a goal or over it. It's an exciting sport, if you've seen enough of it to understand it, which we have. It's strictly amateur and the teams playing in the All-Ireland are all-star teams representing their counties. Offaly has won the All-Ireland Championship the last two years running and in '69 and all the sports writers were saying in the newspapers that they would undoubtedly win again this year. Of course, we rooted for Galway, since they were the underdogs and because we like the area so much. And by golly, they did it. They played excellently, even with a couple of bad lapses in the second half, during which Offaly scored two goals worth three points each. The ball in the goal scores three points and over the goal, but between the goal posts scores one point. Offaly was never ahead in the game although they tied it several times. But Galway won and will play in the finals here on the last Sunday in September. That's a long lay-off. I keep thinking of all the crying that would be done at home if a football team has to wait ten days between games. Meantime, Cork and Tyrone play next Sunday in the other semi-final. I wish we were going to be here to see it. I'd root for Tyrone.

I don't know how many people Croke Park holds but it was a sea of people both before and behind us as we left the park after the game. Waves and waves of people in their paper hats representing the colors of their teams; green, gold and white for Offaly and maroon and white for Galway. (I read later that 37,000 people attended the game.

Another two-mile walk in mild, but sunny, weather brought us home again. The exercise earned us a Harp at the hotel bar. No more energy left for today. I'll catch up on my notes, read a bit of Lorna Doone, have a nightcap and get some rest. Tomorrow is bookshopping day.

AUGUST 13, MONDAY

Today was our last day in Dublin and the only opportunity to make up for early closing on Saturday and nothing open on Sunday. Like bookshops. Anna Jo and I separated at about 10 in the morning in order to accomplish our separate goals. She had to have her hair shampooed and set and then to do some shopping for yardage and crochet materials. I had first to go to the bank to exchange some travelers checks, then wanted to stop in a couple of pen shops. Having purchased a couple of nice ballpoint pens, the Lamy and the Montblanc, I was ready to pursue the bookshops with a vengeance.

I can't say that I came away feeling very satisfied. Of course, except for some specifically Irish things, most of the books are from British publishers. And the Irish tack on an extra 10p or so, evidently for the additional shipping required. The only bargain I found all day was William Rayner's Stag Boy, a juvenile about the red deer of Exmoor. Rayner lives in Porlock, just at the northern edge of Exmoor. Anyway, it was marked 35p or about 88¢, Lord knows why. It is a brand new hardback publication and sells normally for £1.25 or about \$4.95 at home. (You'll notice that we take a beating in the states on British book prices. An American publisher charges a \$4.95 price for this book, but £1.25 equates to only about \$3.10).

I bought a good number of English children's books in paperback because they fascinate me so much. I found a paperback of Lady Gregory's Chuchulain and Dudley Pope's newest Ramage story and Alexander Kent's latest Richard Bolitho story. These two latter are heirs of Forester and his Hornblower stories. Other than that, not much. I am still looking for a couple of things which I passed up in England. I should never have done so.

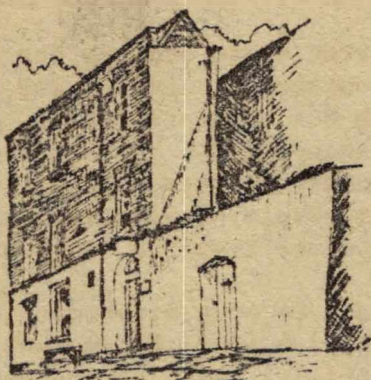
Hodges and Figgis, probably the best bookstore in Dublin, has opened a new shop on St. Stephen's Green and closed off half of their old bookshop on Dawson St. The Dawson Street shop specializes only in books on Ireland and books in Irish. The new shop has the general new book trade, quite nice, a bit plushy, but it doesn't have the feel of the old shop.

I probably did the rounds twice, remembering things I meant to pick up and having to go back for them. I broke for lunch, meeting Anna Jo on Grafton Street, then finally collapsed in the hotel bar at 4:00 p.m. About 4:30 I remembered two last purchases I wanted to make and dashed off to Grafton Street once more. I'd like to know how far I walked today.

Somewhere in here, I dashed down Kildare Street to the National Library of Ireland to look up some information that Keith Roberts wants. Alas, the library is closed Aug. 6-20 for its annual cleaning.

At 6:30 p.m. Anna Jo and I walked back through St. Stephen's Green, a lovely and much-used park, and another half-mile on to a restaurant called The Bay Leaf. This restaurant had been suggested to us by my cousin, Joe, who had eaten there on his last visit to Dublin. I should mention in passing how lovely St. Stephen's Green is in the early evening with people on the lawns and benches relaxing, reading, knitting, enjoying this park in the center of Dublin with its lake and ducks. It's nicely kept and obviously much enjoyed by the people.

Fortunately Joe had given directions to the Bay Leaf because at one point we had to follow a narrow alley that went right through a building. The arch over the entrance to the alley was actually a part of the building. The restaurant is really off the



Bay Leaf
Restaurant

41 Pleasants St., Dublin 8.

Dinner 5.30-10 p.m.

Phone 753257

beaten path, but, oh, how well worth the finding. We had a delicious cream soup, brown bread, Dublin Bay prawns cocktail, superb grilled salmon steak, fried potatoes, peas, a salad, and to top it off the best coffee I've had yet and a magnificent sherry trifle. That's OK. I can diet when we get home.

We walked home circuitously to get a look at the University College of Dublin, with one old building and some very new ones going up. You sure would not think that it was a college; there was not a sign on it anywhere to tell you so. But that's also

true of Trinity College, except for a small board that is placed on a standard in the middle of the walkway to the main gate, on which the hours are posted.

We arrived back at the hotel in time to attend the Seisin, or Session. On Monday nights a group of Irish folk musicians come in to entertain. There were seven of them altogether, ranging in age from a boy of about twelve who played a primitive Irish drum and the Uilleann Pipes and tin whistle to an elderly gentleman, probably in his 60's, who played the Uilleann Pipes superbly. A young man in his early thirties played fiddle and concertina, a young lady played the flute and tin whistle and two boys of about fourteen and sixteen played fiddle and accordion. Two other young fellows, probably about twenty, did Irish step dancing. They put on a show of about an hour and a half. My little tape recorder did quite well and I have it all.

AUGUST 14, TUESDAY

We got the day off to a great start this morning by waiting for almost an hour for our car to arrive. We had asked for it at 10:00 a.m. It arrived at 10:52. In between there we called once and were told that it was on the way. No apologies, either. Needless to say, we were a bit put out. It also was neither our first nor second choice of car, but a Vauxhall Viva, which I am sure will do for the week, but angers me nonetheless. Next time we deal with someone else.

Dublin streets are not too well marked so it took almost an hour to find our way out of town on the road to Navan. I navigated the downtown section fine, with its one-way streets and the River Liffey to contend with, but once on the outskirts I could not find the right roads. Finally we got to Phoenix Park, circuitously somehow, because that sure wasn't where I wanted to be, but we took a straight shot through the park, and that got us to a place that we could identify on the map and hence onto the correct road.

About six miles south of Navan we reached our first destination, the Hill of Tara, where the high kings of Ireland once sat. Identifiable are the Grave Mound of the Hostages of Cormaic, the Enclosure of King Laochaire, Cormac's House, and the Royal Seat. Close by is the Rath of the Synods where St. Patrick met with St. Brendon and two other Irish saints, and close to that the foundation of a long banquet hall.

Although excavations have been done, for the most part the remains are nothing more than grassy mounds and ditches. Aerial photography has given a pretty good picture of the layout of the land as a defense.

We traveled on to Navan and had a nice pub lunch, then turned south to head for Kildare. I must be getting old, for although there is a magnificent ruined castle, Trim Castle, in the town of Trim, I didn't go over it inch by inch, but satisfied myself with pictures of the exterior. Time seems to be short this trip and our main goal in the Ring of Kerry in the southwest and another look at Galway.

By judicious map reading we could stop at Kildare, Kilkenny and Waterford on our trip south. Kildare was next because it is the site of the Irish National Stud. We arrived fairly late in the afternoon, about 4:30 and were disappointed to see that there were no horses about. We walked through the main yard and on to some magnificent pastures, but saw only one mare and foal. As we came back past the main office building, we noticed a group of people near a short row of stalls, and joined them just as Sean was commencing a tour of the stallions standing at stud. The Irish National Stud is a state-owned stud farm, the object of which is to improve the thoroughbred horse by helping the small breeder who cannot afford the exorbitant stud fees demanded today. Stallions standing at stud here should command fees many times what are charged here. Even these fees are not cheap, running from 200-2000 £. This fee guarantees two breedings. The mare is left here until she drops the first foal, is bred immediately again, about seven days after foaling, so the owner gets here back with one foal and another one on the way.

Sean opened each stall of the five stallions currently at stud. One 13-year old, he said, had served 57 mares in a five-month period. I don't remember all of the names but Giolla Mear, Whistling Wind, Sallust, and Linacre were four of them. Sallust is the premier horse in Europe and is worth 800,000 £, or about \$2 million. Sean also showed us some yearlings which will go up for auction in October.

Sean, himself, was a charmer. He's been at the Stud for over 30 years. His father was here before him and his grandfather was here for 63 years. Unfortunately, he says, he has no sons to carry on the tradition, only two daughters.

Now we were much more satisfied that we had seen the things that we had come for. The Stud doesn't really invite visitors. You are welcome if you can find your way about, but there are absolutely no signs to tell you what is what. I don't blame them much as this is a working farm, not really a showplace for tourists.

By now we were getting hungry, so we hurried on to Port Laoise, had dinner, then drove a few miles south to Abbeylisk and stopped for the night.

AUGUST 15, WEDNESDAY

Today was mostly a driving day. We can see the days slipping away and we not able to slow them down so that we can take things a bit easier and see more things. Our biggest objective in Ireland is the Ring of Kerry, superb scenery, so we've been told. Secondarily we want to get back to Galway, if only for a day. Each of these requires a good bit of driving.

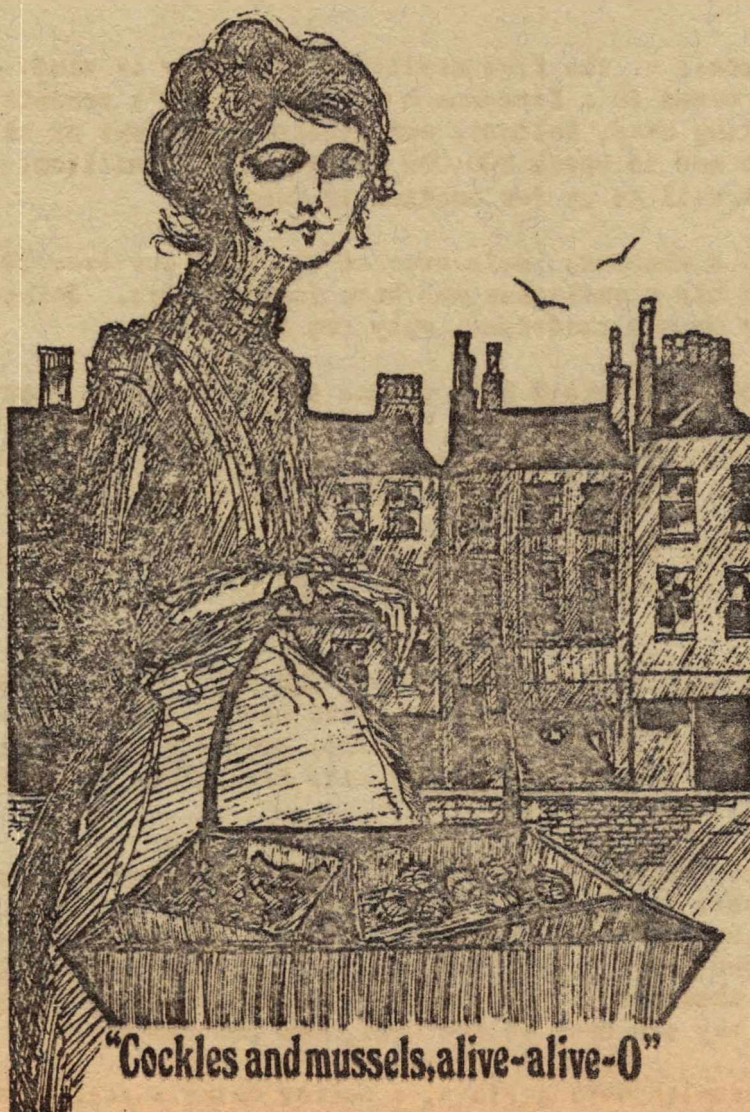
This morning we left Abbeylisk and came straight south to Kilkenny. We ended up spending almost four hours in this city by the River Nore. The principal attraction for us is the Kilkenny Design Workshop. Here artisans and craftsmen work on new designs for existing products and designs for new products. Much of what happens here takes place out of view, but there is a lovely shop with many Kilkenny designs for sale and a place where the public may see some of the designers and craftsmen in action.

We watched a silversmith making rings, a potter doing a teapot and had a long chat

with an older man, a weaver. He was just putting a new warp on the loom and he had time to talk for a bit. He's been at Kilkenny for seven years now, weaving many of the things that the designers come up with. He told us of weaving with a 16-harness loom upstairs, how they program it by using a cylinder and spindle, so they can lift up certain harnesses when they are not using them. It sounded almost like computer programming, except in a very down-to-earth and utilitarian way. He said he started weaving when he was twelve, when befriended by a next door neighbor. When he was hired by a factory he was already an accomplished weaver. They made him push a broom when he started but he said he had decided not to argue, and within a week they had given him a loom.

We bought some nice teatowels, but learned that many of their items are available at their shop in Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco. Of course, the things I wanted were the heaviest in weight and would require lots of postage, so we'll wait and send for them when we get home.

There was a lovely design of teapot, of which we could use several as gifts. There was a great Irish stew casserole. And some simpler things, like cups and saucers, creamers and sugars, etc. I did pick up one lovely little pottery covered dish which has a cut-out design of a small bird we see often on the lawns over here. I've still not found out its name. The item doesn't appear in the catalog and the design and color appealed so much that I knew I'd kick myself if I didn't buy it.



We wandered the rest of the town, seeing Kilkenny Castle, seat of the Butler family. They have been here as Earls and Dukes of Ormonde since 1391. We saw Kytler's Inn, where a witch once lived; at least one of her associates was burned here in 1324. Alice Kytler apparently was not burned, but we did not find out why.

The Tholsel, once the toll and exchange house, is now the city hall. It replaced an earlier house on the same spot and was built in 1761.

We finally got away a little after 2:15 p.m. and decided that we had better skip Waterford this time. Waterford Race week is on and accommodations would be hard to find, the crystal factory would be closed (it always is during race week) and Killarney is still a fair distance away. So we opted to head for Cork.

It was 5:30 when we hit Cork. I had had a disastrous time driving through Cork two years ago, but this time kept my cool and we found a bed and breakfast. We had a chance to walk through the downtown area this evening, had a very fine dinner at The Tivoli Restaurant, found a laundromat and now have clean clothes. We missed a good soccer match here tonight between the Cork Hibernians and Nottingham Forest, second division English League. Can't do everything; more's the pity.

We came down through some beautiful mountains today; Slievnamon, the Galtas, but it was so hazy that I couldn't take any pictures.

AUGUST 16, THURSDAY

Before leaving Cork this morning we stopped downtown to cash traveler's checks and to check out some Irish knit sweaters we had seen in store windows. Unfortunately none of them were large enough, so no purchases there.

We decided to shove on to Killarney, about 60 miles, and somehow by the time we reached there, I was feeling run down. At least, I didn't want any more driving for a while. Anna Jo suggested that maybe we could find a B&B near the Gap of Dunloe, get settled and perhaps, if we felt like it, do some walking in the gap. That sounded most appealing.

We did stop in Killarney to eat lunch and to do some window shopping and walk through the town. Killarney is a fairly good sized town and the streets were quite filled with people. I heard more American voices than I have heard elsewhere in Ireland. It must be a very popular spot. Two years ago a student in Dublin said, "Ah, you don't want to go to Killarney. All there are there are tourists." I'm afraid he's right. We did find a good buy in a sweater here and Anna Jo got it wrapped for mailing.

After we had walked through the main streets of the town, we drove out to a small village called Beaufort. We found a nice B&B and unloaded the luggage, then headed for the Gap of Dunloe.

How can I explain what this is? It is a gap or pass through the mountains, about seven miles in length. There is a hardpacked clay road, one lane wide, running through the gap, and several lakes are to be found at various levels. For the most part it is the high, broken, granite crags that stretch up into the low clouds on either side.

Horses are available for the trip if you wish to ride or there are jaunting carts which will carry several people. The gap officially starts at Kate Kearney's cottage and here we left the car. We had to fend off the boys who wanted to have us ride their carts, but we chose to use shank's mare and walk.

By our best calculations, borne out by locals who know the distances pretty well, we walked about three miles each way. One young lad, when he heard that we had gone just beyond the second stone bridge, said, "Ah, yes, that'd be the wishing bridge."

The scenery was fantastic. Great cliffs of broken granite, sometimes huge solid boulders that had fallen from above and must weigh tons; lovely, small lakes of perhaps a quarter mile in length; the brooding clouds obscuring the tops of the hills. We could spot individual sheep high on the hills, sheep that have to be herded down before winter breaks, the shepherds will have to use sheep dogs.

All the while we walked we were passed by jaunting carts and riders on horseback. They were a riot. Some knew how to ride, most did not. Some could not get their animals to respond at all; they just plodded along at one pace. Others gave up and turned back and the horses immediately headed homeward in their best manner.

We hiked for about 1½ hours, rested a few minutes and then turned back. About a third of the way back down was a small cottage called Colleen Bawn Cottage at which tea and scones were available. Lovely scones, still warm from the oven and freshly baked Irish brown bread and a good cup of fresh coffee from the nice lady; all for 45p. What a bargain! At first I thought this must just be for the tourists, but I discovered that the people do indeed live in that house; they were having dinner just as we left. But they must make a better living than most of the other people around the area, for almost everyone stops for tea.

Since no restaurants or cafes were available out here, we had to drive back to Killarney, about seven miles, for dinner. When we got back to our accomodation the lady of the house invited us in to watch television for a bit. We caught the sports show which showed the highlights of the Galway-Offaly match which we had seen, then the news and so to bed.

AUGUST 17, FRIDAY

Today was the day to do the Ring of Kerry. It's the done thing, I thought as I pulled out of the driveway. That's why so many American voices were heard in Killarney.

I had to pull up the road a ways in order to turn around and as I pulled into a driveway, there was a little Irish rabbit with his big round eyes looking at us. I was reminded immediately of a book I have seen in almost every bookstore in which I have been. It evidently is fairly new and often there are great stacks of them as if it is expected to sell rather well. It's called Watership Down and is theoretically a children's book by Richard Adams. It evidently is about a band of rabbits who go on a long and hazardous journey in quest of a new warren in which they can live in peace and safety. I can't say as yet, for I've not read it yet, but I have a hunch that it will be one of those books enjoyed as much by adults as by children. I shipped a copy home and am anxious to read it within a few weeks. [I since have read it and it is a superior book in every respect. Full of adventure, lore and legend of rabbits, over 400 action packed pages of excellent reading.]

Before leaving the little village of Beaufort I took a side trip of a half-mile or so in order to see some Ogham stones. Six or seven of them which had been found in the area had been brought together and set up in a display. They have runes cut on them which are believed to be the earliest Irish writing, somewhere between 300-600. The stones generally have a sharp edge and short or long lines cut either above or below this edge represent letters of the alphabet of some earlier language. I know that translations usually indicate that the stones are gravemarkers of tribal chieftains.

Finally we set off to do the Ring. It's difficult to describe. It is a circular route around the Kerry Peninsula with gorgeous mountain scenery and sweeping panoramas of the coast line across numerous bays and sometimes out into the Atlantic. It also passes by the several lakes of Killarney. As I've said before, Irish mountains are not spectacular in size, as they only rise to 2500-3000 feet. Yet there is a grandeur and a ruggedness that makes them very impressive. I'm sure that one could climb them easily; they are nothing more than what people over here call a "hill walk." Yet, I'm sure the views are spectacular. At one point I did climb a few hundred feet up from

Moll's Gap, another pass through these mountains. The view stretching south was lovely, looking six or seven miles back to Kenmare, and beyond to a lovely blue lake.

Much of the coastline was rugged, low lying rock, with some lovely bays, and one very protected harbor which was marked very carefully for yachts to come in. At one point, a few miles offshore are the Skelligs, islands on which thousands of gannets return each year to nest.

The Ring is about 54 miles of winding highway, with new vistas at every curve in the road. To describe it all is impossible and I now know why the tourists come. It took us seven hours to complete the drive, with a stop at Kenmare for lunch and many other stops for picture taking.

My cousin, Margaret, had suggested that we eat at the Purple Heather in Kenmare. It was well after lunch time, perhaps about 1:30 or 2:00 p.m. by the time we reached there, but it was well worth the wait. I had smoked salmon that was superb. On the wall hung this poem:

"The purple heather is the cloak
God gave the bogland brown,
But man has made a pall of smoke
To hide the distant town."

Of course, turf is still used for fuel in much of Ireland and you see it being cut from the bogs everywhere. It does create a smoke that hangs and it also creates a very unique smell, not an unsatisfying one.

A few miles north, as you drive through Moll's Gap, a whole new vista awaits you. A road off to the west connects up with the Gap of Dunloe, which we walked yesterday. A few miles below Moll's Gap the Upper Lake of Killarney comes into view and then the Middle and Lower Lakes in their turn bring you back to the city. I should mention that we were advised that driving the Ring counter-clockwise was more satisfying, so that is the direction of the route which I have described.

We arrived back in Killarney at about 4:30 or 5:00, having spent more time than we had expected. We decided that we must skip the Dingle Peninsula and head on for Galway. Good roads got us to Limerick, Ireland's third largest city, for the night. After dinner we walked through the town and then spotted a nice-looking lounge where we stopped for a nightcap. We sat down next to a young American lad who had been cycling from London, up through Wales and around Ireland. He'd just finished law school at the University of Michigan and decided to take this trip before taking his bar examination. We sat and talked for about three hours. We both enjoyed him very much.

AUGUST 18, SATURDAY

Before leaving Limerick we dropped down to take some pictures of the Shannon River. It's wide here, perhaps a quarter of a mile in places, and would have impressed our daughter, Shannon. She was disappointed two years ago that her river wasn't more impressive, at least at the places where she saw it.

Then we pushed on over fairly good roads towards Galway. Anna Jo was particularly desirous of stopping at Kinvarra, to see if the crafts shop there carried the dresses of Donald Davies, an Irish designer. Unfortunately they did not. But things are happening in the little village of Kinvarra. We were much taken with this place two years ago, as it is beautifully situated on Kinvarra Bay, a small bay which is a part of the greater Galway Bay. Dunguaire Castle is situated just across Kinvarra Bay from the village. The main bar and lounge has had a facelifting, several new homes are being built on the outskirts. Most encouraging, and at the same time disappointing to me, was the fact that a house in bad state of repair, nearly in ruins a couple of years ago, and standing right at the edge of the quay with a magnificent view, has been taken in hand by someone, repaired and is being lived in. It was one of those daydreams one sometimes

has for me to retire to Ireland and fix the place up for my own home. Ah, well. I wish the old house and its new owner much happiness and many more years of existence. Besides there are a couple of places in England that I wouldn't mind settling down in.

We drove on to Galway where we had an excellent lunch. Or perhaps it wasn't. We were seated in a second story window and had an excellent people watching vantage. Oh, yes, I remember that the sherry trifle was quite good, so the rest of the meal must have been also.

We spent about four hours in Galway, visiting shops, looking through the book stores, stopping for coffee and writing a few postcards. We visited Merrion Square to see the memorial to John F. Kennedy and the statue of the Old Storyteller. We also visited the Spanish Gate part of the old town of Galway.

About 4:00 p.m. we left Galway to cross the country to the east, as only Sunday remains for us now. Monday, just before noon we embark for the trip back to England. Again good roads gave us good speed as we came through the town of Lough Rea and Ballinasloe. We decided to stop at Athlone for the night.

Just as we came into Athlone at 5:30 we were stopped by much traffic into the small town. In almost the exact center of the bridge over the Shannon, which flows out of Lough Ree just to the north, we were hit from behind by another car. Not too much damage was done, a couple of dents underneath the trunk lid. But it was exasperating to find a place to pull over and try to elicit responses from the other driver. The car was borrowed, he didn't know what company it was insured with, and the owner had the same name and address as the driver. Then we tried to contact the Dublin rental agency at two different numbers to report the accident as required. No answer; we finally called the head office in Cork. Fortunately for us, it could have been a lot worse and us stuck with a car not driveable and all the rest of that sort of hassle. Also we were not injured, so I guess all is a lot better than it might have been.

After dinner we walked through Athlone, exploring by-ways, stopping in at the Cathedral which has lovely stained glass windows done by the Harry Clarke Studios. If you know the name Harry Clarke (if you are into illustration, like Rackham, Kay Nielson, du Lac; etc.) then you can imagine how magnificent these windows are. They depict Christ, Mary, St. Patrick and one other which I forget, but the surrounding detail is phenomenal.

Finally we came back dead tired for baths and to read a bit. We've decided to drive on to Dublin tomorrow and catch the other semi-final of the All-Ireland Gaelic Football match between Tyrone and Cork.

AUGUST 19, SUNDAY

Sometime during the early morning, the rains came. I remember waking in the dark and hearing the water running off the roof and hitting the sidewalk below. When the alarm went off it was still raining quite hard. We consoled ourselves by saying at breakfast that it was nearly 80 miles to Dublin and it surely wouldn't be raining when we arrived there.

We got pretty well soaked getting from the car to the church when we went to Mass. It was still raining hard as we left Athlone and it continued that way. Mile after mile and all the way to Dublin. Along the way we saw one of those classic scenes, right out of Irish literature. As we passed through a small village we saw a number of cars parked near the church. Just beyond, in the graveyard, a funeral was taking place. The pall-bearers were digging the grave, as they do in some parts of Ireland, the relatives and friends of the deceased were standing near the grave, the rain was pouring down and dripping off the big black umbrellas. What a day to remember as the burial day of a loved one.

We decided that we didn't need to catch colds to ruin our last week of the trip. So we skipped going to the football games and sitting in the cold wet stands of Croke Park. Walking for hours on Exmoor in the pouring rain is one thing. There we were keeping warm from exertion and immediately got home to a hot tub. Sitting in wet stands with no activity is another matter.

We opted to do absolutely nothing except to drive on to Dun Loughaire and find a hotel. To our delight; we found a very nice hotel, the Elphin, with a bustling bar. To our greater delight, we discovered that the football game was on television in the lounge, so we saw the last half of the minor's game between Cork and Tyrone, which ended in a draw, and saw all of the senior game between Cork and Tyrone. Tyrone is a young team and lacked the experience against the older Cork players. The final score was Cork 25, Tyrone 10. Rather lopsided, even though the game had some fine moments.

After dinner, we went into the lounge again to watch the news and got into a conversation with an elderly Irish priest. We had a fine talk for about an hour with him. He's a priest in the Birmingham, England Diocese and has been ever since his ordination. We talked about the state of the Church, Irish mores and culture and he could compare England and Ireland very well, knowing both of them. It was a delightful conversation.

AUGUST 20, MONDAY

I feel like I'm winding down and there isn't a great deal to say. But I'm sure that this is only because today was sailing day and not much happens when you're on a ship.

We got to the post office and shipped off two more packages of books, pamphlets and other printed material that we've picked up here in Ireland. Then a short walk up to the main street of Dun Loughaire brought us to a greengrocers where we picked up bananas and apples. Just across the way was a bakery where we found sugar donuts and mincemeat tarts. Provisioned for the voyage we made our way down to the British Rail Sea-Link dock and carried our baggage circuitously down the train platform, around the end and back the way we came, except that now we were on the other side of the train. Why they haven't seen fit to build a simple bridge which would go over the top of the train, I don't know. Instead you carry your luggage several hundred yards to end up fifty feet from where you started.

Seats on the C Deck were not too bad this time. Now, that's silly. All seats are the same. Seat companions are what make or break a trip like this. Ours consisted of a mother, two daughters in their late teens and a nine-year-old boy. They were returning home to Coventry. All around was pretty quiet. No squalling babies, nor fighting siblings.

I managed to read almost half of Brian Moore's An Answer From Limbo. Moore is a very talented novelist, best known for his The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne and The Luck of Ginger Coffey. Good reading which I will probably finish on the flight home.

About two hours after we left Dun Loughaire I noticed that the engines of the ship cut suddenly. I went out on deck to discover a thick fog surrounding us. It had been foggy all the way, but now it had closed in. The captain decided to cut the speed and began to sound his fog horn at intervals of about one minute and 45 seconds. It was an eerie sensation, to be moving without hearing or feeling the throb of the engines and unable to see for more than a few hundred yards.

We docked about 40 minutes late, but were met by a smiling Godfrey Davis maid with a nice little Hillman Avenger. Oh, was I happy to see that car, after the feckless Vauxhall Viva I had been driving. We made out the papers and Anna Jo stopped to call her cousin in Cumberland. She had talked to her on the 10th, but the cousin had indicated that she might be going on holiday herself. Today's phone call verified that she had, indeed, left the farm for two weeks. So there is no need to hurry northward now.

And a good thing it is, too, as we would not have made it tonight.

The road from Holyhead to Chester is excellent but there are some frightful bottle-necks. At Colwyn Bay we found ourselves in a great line of traffic and probably lost about a half hour there.

We drove on until about 7:30 p.m., then stopped at the White House Hotel in St. Asphan and had a superb steak dinner. No trifle tonight, but a pie with the interesting combination of raspberry and apple. Served hot, of course, and with cream over it, as they do here. Someday, I'll try to describe a Knickerbocker Glory for you.

Shortly after dinner we began to look for lodging for the night but it took quite a few stops. We've not had to do this very often, but I began to think that we might have to sleep in the car. At one point we stopped at The Druid's Inn. I would loved to have stayed there, just because of the name, but unfortunately they did not have any accomodations for lodging, only meals and drink.

Just before 9:00 p.m. we found a B&B in Holywell and I listened to the bell changers practicing in the local church. I was just headed out the front door with my tape recorder in my hand when they tolled the hour of 9 and quit. Darn!

AUGUST 21, TUESDAY

At breakfast this morning the lady of the house mentioned that she had to get ready to take the bus into Chester. Since we were heading that way we offered her a ride. We had a nice chat on the way into town.

Chester is a magnificent town with many of the buildings in black structural pieces and white stucco in between. I don't know what the style of architecture is called, but the effect is striking. The central area of the town has been redone in recent years and the exterior architecture left the same, but inside a three-story, mall-type shopping center has developed which is quite lovely. We had to exchange some travelers checks and did just a little bit of looking around. We had to make our minds up as to whether we wanted to spend more time here, or really wanted to get to the Lakes District. We finally opted for the Lakes and charged on, finally getting on the M6 freeway and speeding northward.

We got off the M6 north of Preston, wound down to Newby Bridge near the bottom end of Lake Windermere and then followed the winding, narrow road up the left side of the lake toward Sawrey. Sawrey is a small village and at Near Sawrey can be found the home of Beatrix Potter, author of Peter Rabbit and other children's stories which contain some of the most charming illustrations in all of children's literature. We had visited her home on the last trip, but we remembered a small store which had Beswick China figurines of the characters from the Beatrix Potter stories at a very reasonable price. When we stopped there the woman who owns the store said she remembered having seen us before and asked when we had been there last. Amazing!

After purchasing several figurines we proceeded on to the Windermere ferry where we had to wait for about 35 minutes for the ferry to take us across Lake Windermere. The trip only takes five minutes but the ferry only holds 8-10 cars and the line was a bit long.

After the ferry landed we drove on to Windermere, Browness and finally stopped at Ambleside, our destination in the heart of the Lakes District.

AUGUST 22, WEDNESDAY

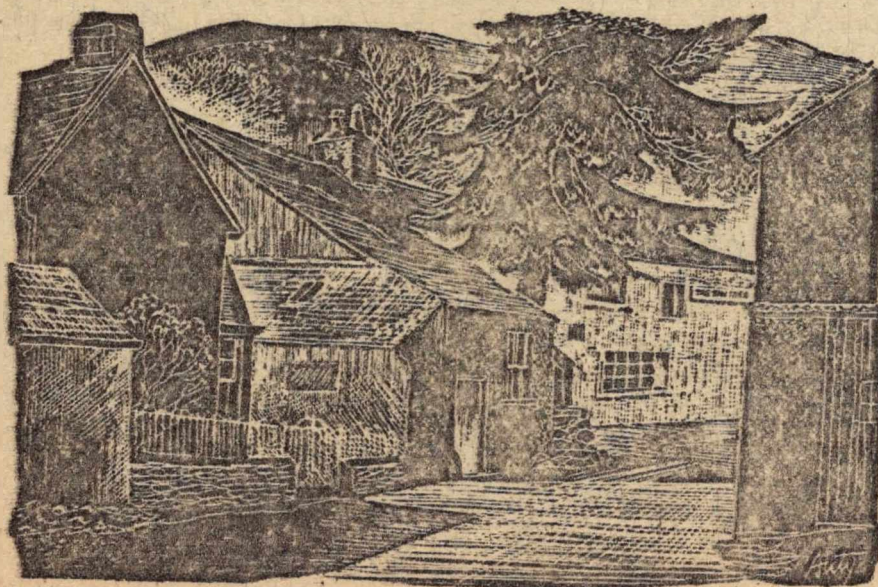
A funny thing happened last night. I thought I'd take a little nap after supper before walking through the town and having a nightcap. I lay down at 8:00 p.m. and woke up at 11:00 long enough to crawl under the covers. I guess the hard drive had done me in.

This morning we set off to see if we could climb Great Gable, 2989 ft. We drove to Keswick, then up The Borrowdale to Honister Pass about 1100 ft. The weather became more threatening as we went and as we parked by the slate quarry at the summit of the pass, the heavens opened. We could see the initial route and it didn't look too inviting. Our clothes were certainly not proper for the weather conditions, so I just sat there and fumed. For about twenty minutes I kept hoping that things might improve, but no such luck.

Finally in disgust we gave up and headed back down the pass. A few miles down we pulled in at The Yew Tree Inn and had a coffee. What a delightful little slate building; low beamed ceilings and low doorways where our host had to duck every time he went to the kitchen and he just made it under the beams in the dining room. The menu said that any tips left were used in restoration of some of the stone fences and walls in the area, so we left a healthy tip. These slate and stone drywall fences and walls are marvels of craftsmanship and I felt this to be as worthy a cause as many another.

We proceeded back into Keswick and stopped to examine the town. There were some lovely craft shops, one of which had a marvelous stuffed Paddington in the window. If you don't know Paddington, the Bear, visit the children's room of your library and look for these delightful books by Michael Bond. There was also a superior climbing shop with all sorts of excellent mountain climbing gear.

After lunch we headed down the main street to, of all things, a pencil museum. I had found out about it at the tourist center, and being a pen and pencil freak, I had to go see it. It seems that Keswick claims to be the birthplace of the pencil industry. Shepherds found a black substance under some trees uprooted by a storm and tried to burn it, thinking it to be coal. Later the substance was so precious that it was taken in wagons under armed guards to London and there was a stiff sentence for the theft of "wad", as it was called. Unfortunately, it was early closing day and the one shop that dealt heavily in the various brands of Cumberland pencils was closed. At the museum I had tried a marvelously balanced chuck pencil that I wanted to buy. I guess I'll have to send for it by mail.



THE YEW TREE, SEATOLLER, BORROWDALE

We still hadn't hiked or climbed and I was rather put out because the leaflets I had picked up didn't really describe walks of the kind I wanted to take. Anna Jo spotted white rocks marking a trail up a rocky crag as we were driving back to Ambleside. We pulled to a halt in front of the King's Head Hotel at Thirlspot, just across from a lake called Thirlmere. The path led through a farmer's yard and then up, up, up. We met some people coming down and found that we were on the approach to Helvellyn, the third highest mountain in Britain. We hiked for about an hour and passed over the edge of the crag and came near the final approach. Had we started earlier in the day I'm sure that we could have made the summit since the climbing was not difficult. But at 3:45 p.m. we decided to turn back and another hour brought us back to the car. At least we had gotten what I wanted, a view from perhaps 1000 ft. up. The peaks may be midgets in comparison with our Rockies and Cascades and Olympics, but there is a rugged grandeur that is something to behold. Such lovely walking. Next time we stay a week in Ambleside. And we come prepared with walking boots and wet weather gear. These are really necessary as the high peaks see rain, mist and much wind almost daily. Last year 111 rescues had to be made. When the low clouds come in there is only one thing to do and that is to turn back.

Tonight after supper we scouted the town once more for some last minute shopping tomorrow morning. Then we came back to the hotel for delightful conversation with our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Northcott and their daughter, Christine, of the Fisherbeck Hotel. And some good scotch, too, I might add. White Horse, I think it was.

AUGUST 23, THURSDAY

We had a rare time at breakfast this morning. Christine was 17 years old today and she can begin to take driver's lessons. Her first lesson was at 9:00 a.m. this morning and we wished her a happy birthday and kidded her about her lesson. In England most people take lessons from a driving school and cars with a large red L prominently displayed front and rear proclaim that the driver is a learner. Six months, I think it is, that this continues.

After breakfast we visited a local crafts shop where I found a lovely little booklet about shepherd's crooks and walking sticks. Another shot had Welsh tapestry vests and Anna Jo found one that she liked. She also found a Scotch tweed and a Welsh tapestry skirt length which she can make into skirts after we get home. We went on into town to visit a pottery shop where we bought some tiles for placing under hot dishes and at the Lakeland Woolen Store next door I found two Shetland wool sweaters in my size for £2.75 each, about \$6.85. Now that's a bargain not to be passed up. They are slipovers with crew necks and quite nice. One navy blue and one orange.

A trip to the bookshops revealed one store closed and the other with not much to my liking. I'm still asking for John Cowper Powys and finding that there are waiting lists for his stuff. I did find another Blackmore, Perlygross, for 38p, about 95¢.

We bade a fond farewell to Ambleside at 12:15 and headed for the M6. Once on this freeway to the south it was steady driving at about 65 mph. We stopped once for a snack and once for gas. The motorways here are much more limited in access and the services are bunched about every 30 miles at an oasis sort of stop that generally spans the highway with sometimes the restaurant directly above the six lanes of traffic. We passed through what Anna Jo likes to call "the smoggy industrial Midlands." For miles around Birmingham there was a pall of smoke, similar to what one has come to expect in L.A.

Finally we cut off the motorway to wend our way the last 45 miles or so to Oxford. We made it into Oxford at 5:30 p.m. We had a little trouble finding a street with B&B, but we made it. No hotel tonight as the money supply was a bit short and we had no place to cash a traveler's check during the day. So we had to be a bit careful tonight.

After dinner and a short rest we drove back into town to take a look around. Oxford

is just shutting off its downtown shopping district from traffic to make it mall-like and a good bit of new building is going on as well. There are some very nice shops here, but my main reason for the excursion was to find some of the bookshops. Ah, they knew I was coming. They lined them all up on one street, side by side almost. Broad Street. So tomorrow morning while Anna Jo has her hair shampooed and set, I'll have one last fling at the books.

Finally we stopped at The Scotch Corner of the Berni Inn for a nightcap, one Scotch each and one black coffee. We had a very nice chat with the young lad who was tending bar. He had heard all about Vancouver, B.C. and wanted to know more about it. There was also a young woman who was coming to Michigan in the fall, providing England didn't go to the World Cup in soccer. Her boss is a rabid soccer fan and travels all over Europe to attend the World Cup playoffs when England is playing. Well, I tried to tell her about what little I have seen of Michigan and make a guess about the weather there at the time of year she would be there. Nice friendly people.

AUGUST 24, FRIDAY

Oxford - the city of dreaming spires. I remember that on the last trip I tried to visit Cambridge and was defeated by one-way streets and no parking. Three passes through the city and I gave up, cursing. I'm glad that we were able to stay in Oxford and have a look at the city. This morning Anna Jo trundled off to the hairdresser and left me to wander down to Broad Street. There are several excellent bookstores along this street, but probably the best is Blackwell's. The Children's Book Shop is also owned by Blackwell's and I spent a pleasant half hour there also.

I managed to get some pictures of the city, but didn't have time to scout out the various colleges. I saw several groups of people going on walking tours, and if we had had more time I would liked to have seen more of the educational institutions. I overheard someone say that there is no Oxford University, only a series of colleges that are loosely known as Oxford University. Well, I suppose that is true. But the world over, It's known as Oxford University.

There is a lovely clock tower which has two mechanical men who strike bells with hammers at the hour. I caught a picture of that, and one of a gate nearby with a lovely statue, though small, of St. Martin cutting his cloak in two in order to present half of it to a beggar.

By one o'clock we had grabbed a bite to eat and were on our way to Gatwick. There wasn't much time for stopping so we pressed on and finally arrived at Horley about 4:30.

At one place we drove along a ridge called The Hogback, and we could look across the farming country of Surrey south of London, seeing for quite a few miles to the north and south.

Having arrived in Horley, there was just time to make a couple of ridiculous purchases before the stores closed. Two years ago I had found a very nice, inexpensive after shave. It's called Cedar Wood and sells for about \$1.50 a bottle. I like it very much, but it seems not to be found in the states or in B.C. Of course, it becomes expensive if you were to have it mailed from England. I knew at this point that I would have some room in my luggage and I ended up bringing home seven large bottles of the stuff. That should keep me for a while.

The other thing, equally ridiculous, Keith Roberts is to blame for. He turned me on to Swan matches, "the smoker's match." They come in small boxes and can be purchased in cartons of 12. I bought three cartons and will have Swan matches to light my pipe with and to remember England by.

Early evening was spent in sorting out clothes and purchased items and trying to

figure out how to pack them all in, so that any fragile items are somewhat protected from wanton destruction by baggage handlers. Of particular concern were our newly acquired walking sticks, not that we felt that they would break, but that we didn't want them all scarred up. A raid behind a store got us some cardboard and I wrapped some of my t-shirts around the carved parts, then the whole thing was wrapped in cardboard. (I should report that they came through beautifully.) We weren't sure that we could carry them onto the plane, so wrapped them in order to make sure that they reached home unscathed.

By 9:00 p.m. we had things well in hand and felt the need for liquid refreshment. I had overheard the landlady giving directions to one of the other inhabitants, so we set off to find the church, which I recalled as a prominent landmark along the way. Instead we found Church Street and a sign indicating one route to The Six Bells. It was a lovely old pub, with a dining room upstairs, a patio at the back and a lawn that ran out to the canal which runs by. We sat outside in the beautiful English late summer evening, a nice treat when we seemed to have been treated ill so often by the weather this trip. So we just sat and drank in the smell of England, the atmosphere of the English pub, the last time that we would be listening to English accents for a while. I think we were doing our best to deny the reality that on the morrow we would be heading back to the states and our jobs and all such mundane things.

The church was indeed just next door to the pub and we walked back through the darkened churchyard to the main street and thence home to bed.

AUGUST 25, SATURDAY

This morning saw us hurrying to wait. We had to turn in the car at the Picadilly Hotel, just a few blocks down the street, and then we were given a ride by the Godfrey Davis people to the Gatwick Airport. I must give good marks to Godfrey Davis. They were always punctual with the car, gave us what we had asked for as far as make and model, and performed up to our expectations in every way. And they have terminal points all over England, generally at rail stations, so one could take the train to some remote place from London and then have a car waiting for a lesiurely journey one way, if that is what one wished to do.

We arrived at the Gatwick Airport at 9:30 a.m., a half hour before we had been told to show up. And the lines for Ward Air you wouldn't believe. These people, too, were efficient, and we worked our baggage up to check in in about an hour. The terminal was absolutely filled with people, as it was the start of Bank Holiday, a three-day weekend. I watched British Caledonia send seven planes into the air in the next hour and a half.

Ward Air's 747 was the only jumbo there, and parked quite a ways from the terminal, so we were taken out to the plane on buses, and by 12:30 p.m. we were in the air. I must confess that I had tears in my eyes and a lump in my throat as we took off. I didn't want to come home. We had much better weather on the way home and had some great views of land, especially in coming down over Alberta, the Canadian Rockies and finally, the Cascades.

We arrived in Vancouver, B.C. at about 1:30 p.m., Pacific Time, only a half-hour after take-off. Our watches said 8:30 p.m., however. After collecting our luggage, we checked through Canadian immigration, made out customs declarations and were waved through without inspection. I knew that would come later for us at the U.S. border.

Our daughter, Shannon, had driven up to collect us and we drove out of Vancouver for the border. There I reported that we had been overseas for five weeks and we were asked to pull over and go into the customs building. We presented our passports, and miracles, a few questions by a customs officer, a look at our itemized list and no inspections of luggage. In three minutes we were back on the road. Home to stacks of fannish mail, fanzines, and the inevitable bills.

APPENDIX I

I thought that I'd try to answer some of the most commonly asked questions about the trip. By and large, they tend to be pretty mundane questions about commonplace things, but I guess that for people considering a trip like this, these are the things that people are concerned about. So for whatever help these answers might be, here they are.

DOESN'T IT COST A LOT FOR A TRIP LIKE THIS?

I guess this is a pretty common question and pretty basic. What it boils down to is "Could I afford to take a trip like this?" We've taken two trips to England and Ireland. The first one involved four persons, my wife and I and one son and daughter. The second trip, described here, was only myself and Anna Jo. There were different considerations for each trip. Obviously four people is going to cost more, from the plane tickets right on through. Four meals instead of two, lodging for four, etc.

The first cost, of course, is in getting there (wherever that might be). We flew via Ward Air. Essentially Ward Air is a charter operation, except that they own their own planes. Recent changes in charter flight laws now allow a person to book passage on such a flight without belonging to a club. Ward Air happens to be a Canadian company which we were able to utilize because of our proximity to Vancouver, B.C. The first trip we flew from Seattle on British Midlands, chartered by a local travel club. The savings is considerable; it cost us \$319 round trip for each person. Of course, there are some restrictions. The flight must be booked 90 days in advance, paid for in full 45 days in advance, as I remember. Charter flights also have specific day of departure and day of return, so you must plan ahead and have the time available to take advantage of whatever block of time you book for. Both of our trips have been for 35 days.

Other costs, of course, include the day to day living, food and lodging, whatever transportation you intend to use, and the extras for entertainment and purchases you wish to make. There is a great deal of flexibility in both food and lodging wherever you may travel. Here in the states you can eat at Macdonald's or at an exclusive restaurant. The same is true in foreign countries. First class hotels are expensive; we didn't stay in them. In large cities like London and Dublin one can find good lodging for around \$16. Once into the countryside rooms over a pub or Bed & Breakfasts seemed to run about \$5 per person per night, including a whopping big breakfast.

Renting an auto can be expensive. One must decide how much freedom of movement one is willing to pay for. In London and Dublin we walked or rode subway or buses. Two days were spent on the Irish Sea aboard ship. So we had a car altogether for 25 days. It cost us between \$450 and \$500 for automobile rental. There are alternative transportation systems available in both countries. Britrailpass would give you unlimited train transportation for whatever period of time you might purchase, and the train system in England is quite good. Bus transportation seems to be quite regular also. One could get by without a car, but you might not see all of the things you would like to see.

WHAT ABOUT A CAR AND DRIVING?

Well, probably the first thing to consider is whether a car is necessary. If you want to snoop in all the kinds of places that we did, you've got to have a car. You can get to places like Stonehenge and Avebury or Land's End and Tintagel by bus, but it would eat up an awful lot of time. We find it necessary because we like to be loose, go new places that someone tells us about and not be tied to bus schedules. We visited Jamaica Inn and Dozmary Pool because Beryl Mercer told us about them.

In both England and Ireland you still drive on the left. You sit on the right side of the car if you are the driver. If the car is a stick shift, the shift mechanism is to your left. Pedals are the same as in America. Sounds terribly complicated. It's not really. Depends upon how much you have driven before, how confident you are and how much you enjoy driving. I find it no problem at all; five minutes and I'm completely comfortable with the car. Getting used to driving on the left takes a little more doing, a conscious effort for the first week or so. But it's not really as bad as people would have

you believe. Motorways or freeway run north and south and are helpful for covering long distances in the shortest amount of time. Most other roads tend to be two-lane with much winding. They can be frustrating if you let them, but if you determine that you will not let yourself be upset by traffic jams or roads that will in no way allow 70mph, you soon settle into a very delightful driving pattern. The car which we preferred was the Hillman Avenger (over here called the Plymouth Cricket). It has a 1500 cc engine which moves you along well enough; it handles very positively on the winding roads and sharp corners. It will move along smartly on the motorways, but we didn't try to push it to the full 70mph allowed. It cruised nicely at about 65. Most other driving probably ranges around 40 mph, at least on the roads which we traveled. Gasoline was about 48p per imperial gallon, which equates to about \$.96 per American gallon. A bit higher than we pay, but with recent events, that may not be so much longer.

WHAT ABOUT FOOD?

Wholesome, but uninspiring. That's it in a nutshell. There seems to be plenty of meat for the restaurants, but the cuts tend to be pretty standardized from place to place, indeed the entire menu looked like it was produced at Central Menu Manufacturing. Very much alike from town to town. There is a rump steak which is a good cut of meat; there is a farmhouse plate which includes a lamb chop, kidney, bacon, sausage. There is gammon, which we call ham. There are usually some fish dishes and scampi, which is the term they use for prawns. You will not starve, but you will get tired of seeing the same menu from day to day. Of course, the perennial fish and chips. Chips, as a matter of fact, with almost everything. In Ireland you have a chance of getting the potato prepared another way, but in England it's going to be chips, or fries, as we prefer to call them.

Breakfast, especially if you are staying in a Bed & Breakfast or a pub inn, is huge and will keep you going until early afternoon. Dry cereal, usually corn flakes, juice, bacon, egg, sausage and tomato, cold toast with marmelade, and tea or coffee. Often we would stop somewhere and buy fresh fruit from the greengrocer (who sells only fruits and vegetables) and some pastry from the bakery and we would picnic along the way and not have to stop at a restaurant or cafe until the evening meal. That cuts expenses a bit also, if that is your mode.

Of course, you may have superb meals if you wish to go to the fancier restaurants or to hotel dining rooms. I've mentioned the meal in Dublin at The Bay Leaf and the lunch in Kenmare. These were extraordinary meals. Ordinarily we ate in very common cafes. There are not chains of restaurants as there are in this country, so one can't depend upon a Denny's or Howard Johnsons in every town.

There is not much in the way of dessert beyond ice cream, although occasionally, especially in the west of England, one would find fresh pies with cream poured over them, and sherry trifle was fairly standard in most of England. And very good, usually, as you will see from my remarks scattered through out the text.

AND LODGING?

I've continually mentioned the Bed & Breakfast, or B&B. It exists through all of Ireland and much of England. Last trip coming down the east side of England, we found it less prevalent. Many homes have been built with spare bedrooms to put up guests. Usually there are two to four bedrooms on the second floor for this purpose. A common bathroom and/or water closet is provided for these rooms. A bath room has all the accoutrements; a water closet has only a toilet and washbowl. And of course, the breakfast is served, usually in the dining room for the guests who have stayed overnight. Often the hosts will offer the invitation for a late evening cup of tea or "come down and watch the news on the telly." A simple ploy to get you down in the parlor for conversation. We've met some wonderful people this way, and the conversations roam far and wide. What a way to meet the ordinary people of a country. The pub inn is just that. Inn or rooms upstairs, pub down. Likewise delightful, depending upon when you wish to retire and when the pub closes. Generally it's around 11:00 p.m., so the noise is no great bother.

I mentioned having to stop a bit earlier this trip than the last trip because we were two weeks later and more people were on holiday. The Common Market seems to have turned English vacations in favor of the Germans, also, as we saw many, many more than we had two years ago. Stopping earlier did not make it necessary that we stay in pub inns or small hotels (7-9 rooms; a large house, really) but when you stay in a B&B, you are staying in someone's home and the husband usually needs his sleep so that he can go to work in the morning, and the wife must be up doing the breakfasts for the guests. So in a B&B you usually retire earlier than you might in a hotel. In a small hotel or a pub inn you have the chance to have a fairly late nightcap and visit with your hosts or other guests in the hotel. Equally pleasant to the cup of tea or telly in someone's home. We generally roamed the town during the early evening hours, windowshopping, spotting places where we'd like to stop and investigate on the following morning. Would get back to the hotel about 9:00 p.m. in time for a drink or two. Don't ask for bourbon. They don't have it. Scotch is the drink or English ale or stout. In Ireland the drink is Irish, or ale or stout. Guinness is the big name in Ireland.

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE?

Planning. It helps to read up beforehand and know some things that you want to see or do. A background in English literature helps only because it made me want to see some of the literary landscape, places written about or homes of authors. A smattering of English history also was helpful. There is a fantastically beautiful book put out by the AA, the Automobile Association, and called The Guide to Britain. It contains enough information for 50 trips to England, has good maps and beautiful color photos. It's not a guide book that you can carry around in your hands very easily; it's a big thick book. But I xeroxed pages from it for sections of the country in which we would be travelling; Devon, Cornwall, Wales, The Lakes. That came in extremely handy.

In Ireland there is a marvelous countrywide system of Irish Tourist Board offices. Every town of any size has one with hundreds of giveaway brochures about parts of the country. The IT offices can even find accommodations for you and phone reservations ahead. Delightful people and most helpful.

Other than that, keep your eyes and ears open; read the local newspapers. You'll find out about local events or places of interest. You'll find out about local music or drama productions, special speeches or presentations, art shows, sporting events. And there you'll be among the people. You learn a great deal by just listening, and a great deal more than that by asking a few questions. There's nothing like showing an interest in something to spark a fine conversation and in getting deluged by questions about yourself and your country in return. Soon you find that there is more in common than there are differences. I must grant you that we have stayed almost exclusively in England and Ireland where the language barrier is so slight as to be non-existent. It makes it so easy to converse with others with only your two different accents and an occasional slang word standing between you.

Of course, on the two trips that we have taken I have done my Arthurian thing. In addition to visits to Tintagel, Camelot, Dozmary Pool, Cadbury and Caerleon this trip, we visited Glastonbury and Tintagel last trip. That gave a part of the focus. It seems that the first trip we did more cathedrals; Salisbury, Coventry, Nottingham, Canterbury, Exeter. This time we did Wells. Last trip we did Stonehenge. This trip Avebury, and castles this time were Corfe, Okehampton, Harlech and Caernarvon. So there were different focuses for each trip. You'll discover your own, I'm sure.

WHY DO YOU KEEP GOING BACK TO ENGLAND AND IRELAND?

Personal interests, I guess. There are still great stretches of the country I've not seen. Coupled to this question is the one about why we don't see more of the U.S., instead of going overseas. Two reasons that I can think of right off hand. One, if you can believe it, is the climate. I know that much of the description I've given in this travelogue doesn't speak too kindly about the weather. It is disappointing to be

turned back by rainy weather on a mountain or on a hike. On the other hand I'm not much of a hot weather person, which is what most of this country offers during the months when I can travel. Me and my web feet fit in just fine in England; the temperatures are just about right and I feel quite comfortable there during August. As a matter of fact the natives say that September is a much nicer month than August, but I doubt that I'll ever have much of an opportunity to find that out first hand. Secondly, I'm convinced that it is almost as cheap to travel in these two countries as it is to vacation at home. With the impending energy crisis, I may not get to travel over there for a long time, so I'm glad that I've been twice. I know that a person can travel there very nicely for \$100 a week. I don't think you can do that in any sort of comfort here. I mean eating in cafes, not doing your own cooking and staying in nice accommodations with clean bedding and a bath nearby. Of course, one can camp out for lots less than that, but obviously, that's not what I'm talking about. On top of that the \$100 will leave a little over for an occasional book, to pick up a souvenir here and there, for instance an Irish handknit sweater. It did not pay for the books on the list following. That was an added expense, as were better tickets at the plays we attended. There were less expensive seats; we chose not to go to matinees and to sit in the middle of the house rather than the back. My conclusion is that the only extra expense of vacationing there instead of here is that of the plane fare. We saved that a little bit each month over the two year period between trips, so it was absolutely painless to write out the check for the flight. Well, enough, I don't want to dwell on the money aspect of the trip except to say that it can be done very inexpensively, contrary to many travel articles that lead you to believe you have to be damn wealthy to do it.

Well, enough. I've bent your ears altogether too long about our trip. I hope that you've gotten some enjoyment out of all of these pages, maybe learned a thing or two about England and Ireland or perhaps about the Dentons as people. Quite frankly I'm looking forward to sitting down some evening and reading this through at one sitting to see what all I included in it. It may be revealing even to me. I may learn something about myself.

As I said before, I'm curious as to the reception of this thing. I'd like to know whether you found it fascinating, readable, boring, interesting or couldn't be bothered. No need for a lengthy letter of comment. A postcard would be nice; just letting me know your reaction.

APPENDIX II

What follows now is probably even more ridiculous than the previous 40+ pages. The trip seemed to include a constant round of book buying. I have this insatiable urge to own books. Book prices in England and Ireland are comparatively cheap in relationship to U.S. book prices. There were a number of interesting titles which I couldn't pass up. Much of what I purchased were paperbacks, although there are many hardbacks among the stock. Quite a few are regional travel things; I picked up almost anything I could find on King Arthur and his age. I'm also a sucker for children's books, and the English seem to do a good job of writing and publishing such. In a sense, my buying was eclectic. I don't believe that anything can rightfully be called "collector's items", although the scarcity of works by John Cowper Powys, the first editions of Dudley Pope's latest novel and that of Alexander may someday be such. Also the one used and somewhat older R.D. Blackmore book pleased me. The rest is just stuff that I thought I would like to read. Some of my friends out there will enjoy going through this list, I know. They are interested in what I like to read and I am interested in what they like to read. They will shake their heads and chuckle about some of the titles; in a word, they'll know a bit more about the weird head of one Frank Denton. So forgive me for this appendix, but it pleased me to do it and it will please some others, equally weird in their own ways. The rest of you can skip it.

The arrangement may throw you for a moment. It is meaningless to all but me, for it is, as closely as I can reconstruct, the chronology in which I acquired the books. Almost all but the last few titles were mailed home. Believe me, I couldn't have carried them in the luggage. I guess I might have added the place of purchase, but this was sufficient for my own warped usage and consumed quite a few Monday night football games. A fairly mindless task, but enjoyable once completed. The number of pages is there simply because I was curious as to how many total pages there might be, and how long it would take me to read the total. Turns out that there are 34,313 pages. I also figured what I spent for books, but I'm ashamed to tell you, so I'll keep that secret to myself.

1.	Thorndike, Russell.	DR. SYN ON THE HIGH SEAS. Arrow Books.	160p.
2.	" "	DR. SYN RETURNS. Arrow Books.	184p.
3.	" "	THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DR. SYN. Arrow Books.	160p.
4.	" "	THE CORAGEOUS EXPLOITS OF DR. SYN. Arrow Books.	256p.
5.	" "	THE AMAZING QUEST OF DR. SYN. Arrow Books.	192p.
6.	" "	THE SHADOW OF DR. SYN. Arrow Books.	192p.
7.	" "	DR. SYN. Arrow Books.	218p.
		The complete saga of The Scarecrow of Romney Marsh, for which I have searched a long time. Now I see that they are being published here in pb.	
8.	Moorcock, Michael.	BREAKFAST IN THE RUINS. New English Library.	174p.
		Moorcock's sequel to BEHOLD THE MAN, about Karl Glogauer, the surrogate-Christ.	
9.	Hardy, Adam.	FOX: PRIZE MONEY. New English Library.	112p.
10.	" "	FOX: SEIGE. New English Library.	125p.
11.	" "	FOX: TREASURE. New English Library.	127p.
		English vs. French at sea. Poor imitations of Hornblower.	
12.	Kendall, Carol.	THE MINNIPINS. Puffin Books (Juv.)	201p.
		A fantasy in which the Minnipins battle the Mushroom tribe. Published in U.S. as THE GAMMAGE CUP.	
13.	Adams, Richard.	WATERSHIP DOWN. Puffin Books (Juv.)	478p.
		Refugee rabbits set out on a trek to find peace and security.	
14.	Stranger, Joyce.	ZARA. Corgi Books.	190p.
		A tale of a Yorkshire mare.	
15.	" "	CASEY. Corgi Books.	208p.
		A story of a cat on a small rural farm.	

2.			
16.	Stranger, Joyce.	RUSTY. Corgi Books.	156p.
		A red deer fawn, orphaned by fire in the Scottish highlands, is befriended by a game warden.	
17.	" "	BREED OF GIANTS. Corgi Books.	190p.
		A story of Shire horses, draught horses in Cumberland, England.	
18.	" "	CHIA, THE WILDCAT. Corgi Books.	126p.
		A wildcat of Scotland.	
19.	White, T.H.	THE GOSHAWK. Penguin Books.	150p.
		Clash of wills between falcon and falconer.	
20.	Fitzgibbon, Theodora.	A TASTE OF SCOTLAND. Pan Books.	
21.	" "	A TASTE OF WALES. Pan Books.	
		Traditional foods with photographs from the old days.	
22.	Moore, Brian.	AN ANSWER FROM LIMBO. Quartet Books.	269p.
		A writer sacrifices his mother, wife, children to write a great novel.	
23.	Mayne, William.	THE BATTLEFIELD. Penguin Books (Juv.)	160p.
		Children find strange objects on The Battlefield of Yorkshire.	
24.	" "	RAVENSGILL. Penguin Books (Juv.)	154p.
		A feud between families with a murder mystery at the heart of it.	
25.	Graham, Harriet.	A FOX UNDER MY JACKET. Pan Books (Juv.)	157p.
		Two boys in trouble with a local gang when it is discovered that they are raising two fox cubs.	
26.	Hunter, Mollie.	THE KELPIES PEARLS. Puffin Books (Juv.)	127p.
		Was Mary McLeod really a witch just because she talked to a water-sprite?	
27.	Edwards, Monica.	THE WHITE RIDERS. Puffin Books (Juv.)	238p.
		The people on Romney Marsh are concerned about a new holiday camp, but two children have a plan that may keep it from being built.	
28.	Moorcock, Michael.	PHOENIX IN OBSIDIAN. Mayflower Books.	127p.
		The second book of the Eternal Champion.	
29.	" "	THE JADE MAN'S EYES. Unicorn Bookshop.	75p.
		A novella of Elric of Melnibone.	
30.	Dickinson, Peter.	HEARTSEASE. Penguin Books (Juv.)	188p.
		The Changes have reverted England to a medieval society.	
31.	" "	THE DEVIL'S CHILDREN. Penguin Books (Juv.)	156p.
		Another story of The Changes.	
32.	Steele, Mary Q.	JOURNEY OUTSIDE. Puffin Books (Juv.)	125p.
		A boy escapes from a life adrift on rafts beneath the earth.	
33.	Gordon, John.	THE GIANT UNDER THE SNOW. Penguin Books. (Juv.)	188p.
		A magic buckle, "leather men" and an ancient warlord.	
34.	Prwys, John Cowper.	THE BRAZEN HEAD. Macdonald.	348p.
		A novel about Friar Roger Bacon.	
35.	" " "	MAIDEN CASTLE. Macdonald.	496p.
		A story of men and women whose first love is gone and of their struggles to adjust and find self-fulfillment.	
36.	" " "	HOMER AND THE AETHER. Macdonald.	298p.
		A re-telling and "walking commentary" of the Iliad.	
37.	Welch, Denton.	A VOICE THROUGH THE CLOUD. Faber and Faber.	254p.
		Last novel of a young Welsh novelist, written on his deathbed.	
38.	Priestly, J.B.	IT'S AN OLD COUNTRY. The Book Club.	248p.
		A young innocent in search of himself.	

39. Carr, Frank G.G. THE CUTTY SARK. Pitkin Pictorials. 24p.
A pictorial guide to the great tea clipper.
40. Zelazny, Roger. THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH. Faber and Faber. 229p.
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41. McLean, Allan Campbell. THE YEAR OF THE STRANGER. Armada Books (Juv.) 192p.
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42. " " " THE HILL OF THE RED FOX. Armada Books (Juv.) 221p.
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43. Dickinson, Peter. THE WEATHERMONGER. Penguin Books (Juv.) 171p.
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44. Atkinson, R.J.C. STONEHENGE AND AVEBURY AND NEIGHBORING MONUMENTS. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 64p.
An illustrated guide to these ancient monuments.
45. Moorcock, Michael. THE BULL AND THE SPEAR. Allison and Busby. 168p.
The first volume of "The Chronicle of Prince Corum and the Silver Hand."
46. Burton, S.H. THE WEST COUNTRY. Robert Hale and Co. 338p.
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48. " " THE OUTING. J.M. Dent and Sons. 25p.
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Three nicely printed short prose pieces by the great Welsh poet.
50. Peel, J.H.B. PORTRAIT OF EXMOOR. Robert Hale. 215p.
History and travel of this beautiful moor in the north of Devon.
51. Morris, John. THE AGE OF ARTHUR; A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ISLES FROM 350 TO 650. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 510p.
Scholarly historical work with an additional 145 pages of notes.
52. Sandford, Jeremy. GYPSIES. Secker and Warburg. 222p.
The story of Britain's 50,000 gypsies.
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Central Somerset, its land, people and legends.
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The guide to the ruins on the Island of Purbeck in Dorsetshire, destroyed by Cromwellian forces in 1646.
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61. Munn, Pat. THE STORY OF CORNWALL'S BODMIN MOOR. Bodmin Books. 75p.
The central moor of Cornwall, its history, the towns, the ancient monuments.
62. duMaurier, Daphne. JAMAICA INN. Penguin Books. 268p.
A near-classic tale of Bodmin Moor and the Cornish "wrecjers."
63. Hunter, W.V. CORNWALL'S COASTAL FOOTPATH. Tor Mark Press. 48p.
A guide to Cornwall's section of the 515-mile Southwest Peninsula Coast Path.

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64.	-----	CORNWALL COAST PATH. Cornwall Tourist Board. A freebie from the Cornwall Tourist Board. A general introduction to the path.	33p.
65.	Williams, Michael, ed.	MY CORNWALL. Bossiney Books. A nice anthology about Cornwall by authors living there; Daphne duMaurier, Colin Wilson, C.C. Vyvyan.	135p.
66.	Tangye, Derek.	COTTAGE ON A CLIFF. Michael Joseph.	186p.
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80.	Ruthven, Angela.	CLOVELLY AND ITS STORY. Gazette Printing Service. A history and guide to this unique cliffside village on the north coast of Devon.	60p.
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103. Phillips, Alan. HARLECH CASTLE. Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 24p.
104. Firbank, Thomas. I BOUGHT A MOUNTAIN. New English Library. 222p.
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The fifth novel of Richard Bolitho; Royal Navy vs. the Frenchies.
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Three reminiscences of Mid-England around the turn of the century, written by a farmer.
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114. Graham, Winston. ROSS POLDARK. Fontana Books. 347p.
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Four novels set in Cornwall in the years 1783-93 which follow the fortunes of Ross Poldark.
118. Ballard, J.G. THE DISASTER AREA. Panther Books. 191p.
Short stories of disaster.
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120. Brown, George Mackay. AN ORKNEY TAPESTRY. Quartet Books. 211p.
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123. Hodges, C. Walter. THE NAMESAKE. Penguin Books (Juv.) 219p.
The story of Alfred, King of Wessex, as seen through the eyes of the crippled boy who grew up to become his scribe.
124. " " THE MARSH KING. Penguin Books (Juv.) 234p.
Sequel to the above. Alfred is forced once more to fight off the Vikings.
125. " " THE OVERLAND LAUNCH. Penguin Books (Juv.) 120p.
The story of a dramatic struggle getting a lifeboat 13 miles overland in order to launch it to effect a rescue of a drifting ship. This happened in Devon in 1899.
126. Barrett, Anne. MIDWAY. Penguin Books (Juv.) 207p.
A lonely middle child finds relief from his loneliness through the assistance of an imaginary tiger.
127. Beresford, Elisabeth. THE WOMBLES. Penguin Books. (Juv.) 169p.
A bit like teddy bears, the Wombles spend their lives "tidying up after humans."
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A mystery of forged gold coin in an 18th Century Yorkshire village.
129. Church, Richard. THE CAVE. Penguin Books (Juv.) 159p.
A cave provides excitement and adventure to several boys whose vacation has been stale.

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| 130. | Sleigh, Barbara. | CARBONEL. Penguin Books (Juv.) | 188p. |
| | | A Royal cat, a broomstick and a girl named Rosemary. | |
| 131. | " " | THE KINGDOM OF CARBONEL. Penguin Books (Juv.) | 238p. |
| | | John and Rosemary must protect two royal kittens while Carbonel is summoned before The Great Cat. | |
| 132. | Dunnett, Margaret. | THE GYPSY'S GRAND-DAUGHTER. Carousel Books (Juv.) | 153p. |
| | | Gypsy vs. "gorgio" respectable people and Kate, with a Gypsy grandmother, is caught in the middle. | |
| 133. | Southall, Ivan. | THE FOX HOLE. Piccolo Books (Juv.) | 117p. |
| | | A gold mine shaft in Australia traps 10-year old Ken. | |
| 134. | Willard, Barbara. | THE GROVE OF GREEN HOLLY. Penguin Books (Juv.) | 157p. |
| | | A group of actors hide in Sussex Forest because actors were not tolerated during the days of Cromwell's protectorate. | |
| 135. | Treece, Henry. | VIKING'S DAWN. Penguin Books (Juv.) | 176p. |
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| 137. | " " | VIKING'S SUNSET. Penguin Books (Juv.) | 176p. |
| | | A Viking trilogy which follows the life of Harald Sigurdson. | |
| 138. | Byrne, Patrick F. | WITCHCRAFT IN IRELAND. The Mercier Press. | 75p. |
| | | Bought especially for the story of Dame Alice Kyteler of Kilkenny whose house is now the Kyteler Inn. | |
| 139. | Lynch, Patricia. | THE TURF-CUTTER'S DONKEY GOES VISITING. Knight Books (Juv.) | 222p. |
| | | A fantasy about Eileen and Seamus and their donkey, Long Ears. | |
| 140. | " " | ORLA OF BURREN. Knight Books (Juv.) | 191p. |
| | | Three children find a magic stone and are swept back to the 16th Century of Grannaile, famous Irish woman Pirate. | |
| 141. | " " | BROGEEN AND THE GREEN SHOES. Knight Books (Juv.) | 160p. |
| | | Brogeen, the leprechaun, makes a pair of shoes that lead him a terrible dance. | |
| 142. | " " | BROGEEN FOLLOWS THE MAGIC TUNE. Knight Books (Juv.) | 159p. |
| | | Brogeen lets a magic tune escape from the Fort of Sheen and must go out into Ireland to get it back. | |
| 143. | " " | THE GREY GOOSE OF KILNEVIN. Puffin Books (Juv.) | 192p. |
| | | A girl and a grey goose find much magic in the Ireland of street ballad singers and market days. | |
| 144. | Fraser, Antonia. | ROBIN HOOD. Dragon Books. | 188p. |
| 145. | " " | KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE. Dragon Books. | 173p. |
| 146. | L'Engle, Madeleine. | THE YOUNG UNICORNS. Penguin Books (Juv.) | 225p. |
| | | A lot of evil plotting on the sacred precincts of a beautiful New York cathedral. | |
| 147. | " " | A WRINKLE IN TIME. Penguin Books (Juv.) | 184p. |
| | | Charles goes searching for his father through a wrinkle in time and ends up on a strange planet. | |
| 148. | Gregory, Lady. | CUCHULAIN OF MUIRTHEMNE. Colin Smythe. | 272p. |
| | | The story of the men of the Red Branch of Ulster and its famous hero. | |
| 149. | Rayner, William. | STAG BOY. Collins (Juv.) | 160p. |
| | | A boy who comes home to Exmoor for reasons of health develops a strange relationship with a stag. | |
| 150. | O'Riordain, Sean. | TARA: THE MONUMENTS OF THE HILL. Dundalgan Press. | 11p. |
| | | A guide book to the Royal Hill of the ancient Irish Kings. | |

151. Hickey, Elizabeth. THE LEGEND OF TARA. Dundalgan Press. 40p.
152. Blake, Nicholas. END OF CHAPTER. Pan Books. 220p.
A detective story by C. Day Lewis under a pseudonym.
153. Moorcock, Michael. THE ENGLISH ASSASSIN. Quartet Books. 230p.
A "Jerry Cornelisu" novel.
154. Wilde, Lady. ANCIENT LEGENDS, MYSTIC CHARMS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF IRELAND. Ward and Downey. 347p.
155. Chetwynd-Hayes, R., ed. WELSH TALES OF TERROR. Fontana Books. 180p.
156. Campbell, Angus, ed. SCOTTISH TALES OF TERROR. Fontana Books. 190p.
157. Rook, David. THE BALLAD OF THE BELSTONE FOX. Corgi Books. 203p.
The story of a fox, a foxhound, and the huntsman who reared them both.
158. Ransome, Arthur. SWALLOWS AND AMAZONS. Penguin Books. 363p.
Pure retrogression to my childhood where this book and 11 others by the same author were among my favorites.
159. Frazier, Arthur. WOLFS HEAD 2: THE KING'S DEATH. New English Library. 112p.
Wolfshead, Saxon outlaw against the Normans.
160. Carpenter, Richard. CATWEAZLE. Penguin Books. (Juv.) 191p.
161. " " CATWEAZLE AND THE MAGIC ZODIAC. Penguin Books (Juv.) 174p.
An 11th Century magician finds himself in the 20th Century trying to deal with electrickery and other phenomena.
162. Findler, Gerald. LEGENDS OF THE LAKE COUNTIES. Dalesman Books. 80p.
163. Grant, David. SHEPHERDS' CROOKS AND WALKING STICKS. Dalesman Books. 48p.
How to choose materials and carve same.
164. Hoys, Dudley. ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY. Batsford. 217p.
Through the seasons in one of the most beautiful parts of England.
165. Blackmore, Richard D. PERLYCROSS. Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 465p.
166. Neill, Robert. HANGMAN'S CLIFF. Arrow Books. 384p.
A tale of smuggling.
167. Blish, James. A CASE OF CONSCIENCE. Arrow Books. 208p.
Four scientists investigate Paradise.
168. Wilson, Colin. THE GOD OF THE LABYRINTH. Mayflower Books. 286p.
Another Gerard Sorme book as Wilson continues his investigation of sex.
169. Garfield, Jack. BLACK JACK. Puffin Books (Juv.) 189p.
18th Century England; a young lad is mixed up with a traveling circus and a madhouse.
170. Manning, Rosemary. DRAGON IN DANGER. Penguin Books (Juv.) 139p.
Sue befriends a Cornish dragon who has been alive since the time of King Arthur.
171. Roberts, Keith. MACHINES AND MEN. Hutchinson. 288p.
Science fiction stories by one of my favorites.
172. " " THE INNER WHEEL. Rupert Hart-Davis. 203p.
Homo gestalt, a superior man living in groups, tries to stop an impending world war.
173. " " THE BOAT OF FATE. Hutchinson. 347p.
The beginning of the end for the Roman Empire as seen through the eyes of Sergius Paulus.
174. " " PAVANE. Rupert Hart-Davis. 224p.
Keith's fine novel that was an Ace Special in this country.
175. Blackmore, Richard D. SPRINGHAVEN. Everyman's Library. 437p.
English concern over a possible invasion by Napoleon as portrayed by the villagers of Springhaven, Sussex.
176. Foreester, C.S. CAPTAIN HORBLOWER, R.N. Michael Joseph. 572p.
A trilogy of Hornblower stories; HORBLOWER AND THE ATROPOS, THE HAPPY RETURN, A SHIP OF THE LINE.

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| 177. | Forester, C.S. | ADMIRAL HORNBLOWER. Michael Joseph. | 758p. |
| | | Four Hornblower novels; FLYING COLOURS, THE COMM-
ODORE, LORD HORNBLOWER, HORNBLOWER IN THE WEST INDIES. | |
| 178. | Burton, S.H. | EXMOOR. Hodder and Stoughton. | 183p. |
| | | Have you figured out that I like Exmoor by now? | |
| 179. | Duncan, Ronald. | DEVON AND CORNWALL. Batsford. | 182p. |
| | | Two of my favorite English counties. | |
| 180. | Sutcliffe, Rosemary. | THE CAPRICORN BRACELET. Oxford University Press. | 133p. |
| | | Six stories of men who possess a military brace-
let engraved with a capricorn device. | |
| 181. | Norton, Andre. | THE CRYSTAL GRYPHON. Victor Gollancz, Ltd. | 234p. |
| | | The same era as Witchworld. | |
| 182. | Ransome, Arthur. | SWALLOWDALE. Penguin Books. | 441p. |
| | | One of Ransome's much-loved children's books. I
accord them the same nostalgic admiration as the
Dr. Dolittle Books. | |
| 183. | Whitaker, David. | DOCTOR WHO AND THE DALEKS. Target Books. | 157p. |
| 184. | Stratton, Bill. | DOCTOR WHO AND THE ZARBI. Target Books. | 174p. |
| 185. | Whitaker, David. | DOCTOR WHO AND THE CRUSADES. Target Books. | 160p. |
| | | Three popular books from the successful BBC
science fiction television program. | |
| 186. | Delderfield, R.F. | THE ADVENTURES OF BEN GUNN. Hodder and Stoughton. | 222p. |
| | | A sequel to Stevenson's TREASURE ISLAND, written
by the currently very popular author for his child-
ren back in 1956. | |
| 187. | Moorcock, Michael, ed. | NEW WORLDS 5. Sphere Books. | 275p. |



So ends a relatively useless list, but I enjoyed the time and effort spent in putting it together, and I suppose it tells something about me and some of my interests. Anna Jo had looks of increasing dismay as the books began to arrive home and stack up. She should have known better, because a good many of them she wrapped for mailing. She's always been a better package wrapper than I have. At one point in time I promised rashly that we would not go back to England until I had them all read. Either I'm going to have to read almost nothing else or it could be many years before we go back. However, I'm not too worried since she enjoys traveling as much as I do, or even moreso. I have managed to read about a dozen of the books so far, and I intend to work at it pretty steadily. Obviously I bought the books because of some attraction at the time. I must have wanted to read them, although perhaps I just have an addiction for book buying. At any rate, there's a lot of good stuff there and I don't intend for them to just sit and look neat on the shelves.