

Transcript of diary of Lady Mountbatten, 1935

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COPY

DIARY
of
LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN.
1935

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DIARY. 1935.
-----1935.South Seas. Tahiti. Punarun.

Jan. 1. A quiet day spent out at Punarun, as all was closed in Papeete, owing to the Jour de l'An, and our boatman made it clear that he had plans for the day!! so the boat could not be used. Spent an enjoyable time however on the lagoon, and in the afternoon with the throw net, and walking along the shore and going in to swim as we were when we felt like it. Deliciously hot water and a glorious sunset and evening. Turia came in for a drink on her way back to town from the Guilds, where Tito Wessel was brought over from "Moorea" suffering from bad malaria. He is better now however.

Punarun. Papeete. "Moorea".

Jan. 2. Went early into Papeete, where we did a lot of business and are trying to come to some arrangement with one of the local schooners to do a cruise - half charter and half trading. Saw various ones, one very possible. Then went out fishing and had quite a good and most enjoyable day. Also missed all the heavy storms on land and got only a very little bit of rain. Some more business in town on our return. The Robinsons to dinner and Joie, the Martinique cook, gave us marvellous food in spite of being in the middle of his New Year celebrations.

Jan. 3. A really lovely hot sunny day. Left early from Nordoff's Pass to which "Moorea" came up early for a day's fishing. Bunny caught a dolphin, which is the most lovely shimmering gold colour, striped and spotted with all shades of blue, from brightest to palest, when in and first out of the water. Fights on the surface and jumps like a swordfish, so was fun. In the afternoon caught Bonita. Looked in at the Guilds, where we saw Tito recuperating after malaria. Turia came up for dinner, which, owing to Joie the cook being dead drunk, we had chiefly out of tins!!

Jan. 4. A busy morning in Papeete and settled on schooner "Gisborne" to do a cruise through the Tuamotus down to Manga Reva, then south to Rapa and up through the Australs and back via the Iles Sous le Vent, which will take about 6 weeks. The schooner will do trading in some of the islands to help defray expenses. The "Moorea" came round in the afternoon and we went out fishing till dark. Had the most awful trouble with sharks, which were thick around and gave us infinite trouble. Shot 2 or 3 with revolver and got one on my line which took hours. Fairly fine, warm day.

Jan. 5. A dull day with little or no sun and squalls and thundery atmosphere. Drove into Papeete very early to arrange final details for the semi-charter of the schooner. Got all fixed up, but found leaving impossible till Monday instead of tomorrow as we'd hoped. Fished from "Moorea" for about 3 hours before lunch very unsuccessfully and had more shark trouble, which drove me mad. Gave Tito and Turia lunch at the Diademe and spent the rest of the afternoon hair washing, shopping and seeing to various businesses. A walk along the shore before dinner.

Tahiti. Punarun. South Seas.

Jan. 6. A glorious day and spent the morning out in the lagoon and on the reef, watching the fish and all the coral and swimming in all the lovely transparent water. Quite a lot of people out for lunch. Quiet afternoon and a walk in the evening. Also a visit from Preston Moore and Mrs. Sturgis and did some packing and some letters, as we leave tomorrow on a 6 weeks' cruise all through the Tuamotous islands south to the Gambiers and then on down to Rapa and up through the Australs to the Iles Sous le Vent. Have come to an arrangement with a Chinaman, owning a schooner, which is about 70 tons, with a Diesel engine, to charter it to us for a very reasonable sum, and we let them do any trading they want to, (this consists of selling goods of all kinds in exchange for copra) in and for how long we decide at any of the islands we call at.

Punarun. Tahiti. "Gisborne".

Jan. 7. Lovely day and motored into Papeete early to see about the final preparation for our departure. The ship's papers, the loading accommodation, provisions, etc. The accommodation naturally very limited and complete lack of lulu water (except for drinking and absolute necessity), but we are going to make ourselves very comfortable somehow. The Captain, a charming half-caste called Perry, with a tall straw hat, just like in the old sailing days, and the crew of nine mostly Tahitians, fine-looking fellows. Lunched in town and finally got off at 5 in lovely weather and calm seas. Our departure extremely funny, everyone wishing us good-bye together with hopes for our safe return and no shipwreck!! The Tuamotus Archipelago especially being renowned for their treacherous currents and dangerous reefs the terror of all navigators, and this season being the worst for possible cyclones, hurricanes etc!! But who cares! The Chinaman, who chartered us the ship, was especially encouraging as we sailed, telling us how as a ship owner he held the record for disasters, losing 7 schooners in 9 years!! But he was sure we should be all right!!

"Gisborne" Makatea.

Jan. 8. Sailed direct to Makatea, which we reached at noon. Spent a rather restless night (as is usual the first day out) but felt better after an excellent breakfast. The cook seems good and we have a most obliging steward, very thin like a moth-eaten ferret, who answers to the romantic name of Hubert, speaks both French and English, his father being French Canadian, and runs wildly day and night for everyone! All the crew in fact are charming. On arrival at Makatea, landed immediately. This island, which is of raised coral formation, has perpendicular cliffs, some as high as 350 feet. It contains large phosphate deposits, which have been worked since 1908 by the Compagnie Francaise des Phosphate de l'Oceane, French and British firms are shareholders and huge quantities of phosphate used to be shipped and enormous profits made till the world slump. The piers and loading contrivances etc. are all wonderfully efficient and up-to-date, and millions have been spent. We were taken all round by the Director and Sub-Director, the former Mon. Pierson, the latter Mr. Livre. Shown all the workshops, electric stations, stores, refrigerators, wireless and the organisation and equipment is amazing for the South Seas.

Makatea.

Jan. 8. (cont). Dined with the Piersons, a really excellent dinner and even better had a fresh water shower, the greatest luxury!! Went on board around 9.30. sailed at 10. Perilous descent with no torch and heavy rain.

South Seas. Tuamotus. "Gisborne" Rangiroa.

Jan. 9. Great excitement catching Bonita on bamboos and mother-of-pearl, while at sea. Crew mad with joy!! Sailed all night and reached "Rangiroa", the largest of the Tuamotu Atolls about 1 o'clock, after lunch. The reef encloses an enormous lagoon 42 miles long and at places as wide as 14 miles, with 3 passes, so not perilous as are so many of the others!! At "Makatee" we were continuously shown various parts of wrecked schooners, which had run on the reefs and which had been salvaged out of them. Most reassuring!! Anchored off one of the little villages and rowed ashore in the ship's large surf boat. Very pretty little island with absolutely masses of tiare trees everywhere and, as in all the Atoll islands, glistening white beaches with lovely shells and most beautiful coral. Had a lovely swim along the shore in transparent blue water with silver sand. Then re-embarked and sailed across the lagoon further down to another sweet little narrow island, very pretty with lots of tiny outriggers and schooners and pretty little village full of tiare, frangipanis and other sweet-smelling trees. Walked right across to the ocean side, where the coral reef was bright pink, with huge blue breakers. Dined on board and sailed out of the pass by bright moonlight en route for Kaukura. A sweet little tiny terrier puppy on board given to the Captain at Makatea.

"Gisborne". Kaukura. Apataki.

Jan. 10. These days quite good for sailing and till this morning made good time with sails and engine. But in the night, met strong currents and head wind so had to tack and zigzag and only reached the island of Kaukura at eleven about. This island has no proper pass and a very dangerous reef, so one has to land in the surf boat, timing the moment to a split second for rushing through the extremely narrow channel between the coral rocks on which the surf piles up and sucks one under and back if mistimed at all, as well as dashing one against the reef. We got caught in a crooked sea, but luckily were swept up on the reef high and dry, so all was well. Waded through the lagoon where we were received and shook hands with the Chief and some of the villagers. Then walked across to the other side on the lagoon, where the main village lies. A charming little spot with excellent "uru" or breadfruit trees and a good pearl lagoon. Sailed out in one of their sailing outriggers, which whistle along even with a small breeze, and are good in rough water too. Very hard to handle I imagine. Saw the pearl divers and sailed back with the wind like an express. An exciting return over the reef in the boat. Sailed at 3, rather rough, and reached Apataki at 9. Lovely moonlight and walked ashore with everything looking too beautiful.

South Seas. "Gisborne." Apataki. Toan.

Jan. 11. Spent a very enjoyable morning walking ashore and the little island (on which the only village of this Atoll is), absolutely lovely, with a marvellous pass, flanked on the other sides by another two islands, guarding the lagoon, which stretches for miles. Apataki is the headquarters of the Administrator of the Tuamotu Group (luckily away!!) on account of the excellent conditions for experimental work in the culture and improvement of the pearl oyster, pearl shell fishing and copra making being the only industries of the Group. Had a swim and saw the pearls being cultivated and found a lovely little white-washed Mormon church, and everything very well kept and neat, and lovely hibiscus, ti-ares and oleanders and frangipanis and breadfruits, as indeed there seem to be in all the islands, also mangoes. Got a fresh water wash ashore, which is heaven always. Sailed after a marvellous fish lunch, speared for us by the natives while diving under water!! Anchored about 4 at a little uninhabited island at the mouth of the lagoon in the Toan Atoll. Absolutely beautiful with the most exquisite corals of every shade and fish to match, both of every size and shape. Brilliant in every way. The crew collected firewood and B. speared fish with great skill, while I collected corals and shells. Glorious sunset. Continued at 7.30.

"Gisborne" Katui.

Jan. 12. A lot of squalls in the night and the ship moved about quite a lot. Continued most of the morning too. An excellent fish breakfast, as usual around 6.30., but as we went to bed at 8 p.m. it was not difficult. About 2.30 got into Katui, rather similar as to Pass and islands to Apataki. Very strong current in Pass, which gave us trouble mooring, especially as it had to be alongside another schooner tied up to the wharf, which seemed to have everything, including humans, copra, livestock and stores of all kinds, on board! Luckily this craft sailed out about dinner time, so we were left in sole possession, and the entire population, who had sat on board her all day, then transferred themselves to us! Rowed to the opposite island, where we attempted spearing fish, but found them rather wild. Glorious, brilliant coloured fish and corals again, quite unbelievable. Watched the natives harpoon fish with great skill; that and spearing a great local sport and they are marvellously accurate.

Katui. Tuanake.

Jan. 13. B. not feeling too well, sun and tummy we think. Sailed after an early breakfast and a short walk ashore. Lots of fish caught in a "fish park" taken on board, a kind of mackerel. About 1 stopped and rowed off to an uninhabited atoll, called Tuanake. Quite lovely and completely wild, with most amazing cloud and light effects I have ever seen, both on the islands, on shore and lagoon. Birds nesting all over the place and the crew captured two young ones, poor creatures, to try and tame; a lovely little fluffy white one and a black. We tried for lobsters, but the tide was too high, so contented ourselves with masses of sea snails etc. which make delicious eating. Also speared a lot of fish, but thinking them uneatable, threw them back. Then discovered they

Tuanake.

Jan.13.(cont) were of the best!! Heartbreaking. Sailed about 5 for Hikueru. Marvellous weather all this time and, except for the inevitable squalls which though fierce are short, have nothing to complain of. And food on board etc. really good. Our live stock on board have increased as, plus the birds and a couple of old fowls, we now have some more of the latter and 3 pigs, gifts from Kaukura, one for the Captain, one for us and one to Hubert from a friend of his!

Hikueru.

Jan.14. A rough day and had made very little headway during the night owing to headwind and strong currents. Captain very sceptical as to our arrival and we think position! Ship pitched and rolled and water poured in and over. Uncomfortable day and only cheery spot an excellent lunch of snails etc. collected yesterday at Tuanake and done marvellously by our fat cook. Varying opinions when land was finally sighted as to what it was, and the Captain having informed us we could not possibly reach Hikueru till 11 or 12 p.m., we arrived off the island at 7!! We suspect him of having mistaken it for another, but we did not press the matter! especially as we should have reached it this morning. But it certainly was bad weather and the ship at times seemed to be stationary. Too late to land, so just drifted about and went early to bed in preparation for an early start tomorrow. A lighthouse lit guided us to Hikueru. An uncommon sight!!

Hikueru, Marokau.

Jan.15. (Theft of B's spear and hectic though fruitless investigation by the local yaga policeman!!) No Pass so drifted about all night and rolled like nothing on earth. Awoke cross and battered. Better after breakfast and rowed ashore, where an entire reception committee consisting of all the inhabitants received us, from the Chief to the policeman and local ladies. All insisting on shaking hands and accompanying us up to the village. Most kind and friendly and serenaded us with guitars songs, coconuts and produced all kinds of gifts. Our Chinaman found some copra, which they loaded during the morning. We fished and collected shells, snails, etc. and before re-embarking had a real shower at the Chief's house, an unheard of luxury! Hikueru, the richest Atoll in pearl shell and pearls and during the diving season, natives from all over the Archipelago come and it is very gay and prosperous. Quiet at the moment. Took about 2 ton of copra and around 1 o'clock en route for Marokau. Two pigs, the tiny one black, jumped overboard just as we arrived! Drama! Never seen again and Hubert nearly in tears! Arrived off Marokau about 7 and rowed ashore just to see the Chinaman, who informed us he had 4 ton of copra. Another night lying off rolling, as no Pass.

Marokau.

Jan.16. Landed with the crew at 7 a.m. and they started immediately loading copra. We took our usual morning walk finding excellent sites, after which we repaired to the shore and the lagoon and attacked the fish, which were extremely wild and evasive. B. got one parrot fish after a terrific chase (eventually we fear eaten by one

Marokau.

Jan. 16. (cont). of the crew, as it had completely disappeared when we ordered it for dinner!!) Spent till lunch on the reef and again till 3, when the loading was finished. Very hot ashore and after 8 grilling hours in the sun, felt and looked like the lobsters, which they'd caught for us ashore last night. Ate 2 for lunch and dinner. For lunch a minced chicken we'd ordered arrived 3/4 garlic and onion and 1/4 chicken and the poached eggs hard boiled, so not a great success. This, the lobsters, the sun and the seas had a disastrous effect on me, resulting in nausea after dinner. The drama added to by the third and last pig jumping, or rather squeezing its way, overboard, my cutting my foot on deck, and while rowing off to re-embark in "Gisborne" the plug coming out of the boat, which nearly sank! Sailed at 4 en route for Hao. Bunny badly cut on the coral. Most painful.

Hao. Amanu.

Jan. 17. A fairly calm night and lovely morning. Arrived off Hao very early and entered the Pass, a raging torrent around 7 a.m. Caught Tuna just there, to the great excitement of the crew as usual and loud yells! Then steamed across the lagoon to the village. Most of the inhabitants away in the interior working copra, but a few, including 2 Mormon missionaries, one a really dazzling young, good-looking American, remained and greeted us effusively. Some in fact became perfect nuisances and remained glued to our sides all the morning, ruining our fishing and our tempers! No copra, so only spent half the day and sailed about 12.30 en route for Amanu. This Atoll very close, in fact in sight from one side of Hao. Also has a terrific current in the Pass, dangerous at some tides. Charming Atoll; anchored inside the lagoon, round the corner from the village, as the Captain wishes to be in a good position for the prophesied cyclone during the elcipse of the moon on the 19th. So here we wait. Landed and "met" the village and wandered around.

Amanu.

Jan. 18. A beautiful day, though rather heavy and oppressive, perhaps a sign of the prophesied cyclone! Have hired a small outrigger canoe for the few days we are here, so as to be independent of the large surf boat and crew. Rowed ashore in the morning to the island, the opposite side of the Pass to the village and next to us. Walked through to the shore side and just off lay the "Tooya" a copra steamer, which runs between the islands each month. Later in the day came another schooner, so the copra of the Atoll was divided between the three, and we loaded all the morning. Walked miles till lunch time all along the shore and back by the lagoon. Very few fish however and returned empty handed and quite exhausted. Various small anchors, ropes, etc. have been thrown out on to the reef, which we've moored ourselves to in the lagoon anti hurricane!! We enquired about the barometer today, but gather it is and has been "normal" for several ~~days~~ years. Anyway, like the ship's clock, it suffers from extreme temperament. Official invitation for the evening to dine and dance with the Chief and the Community issued to us and the Captain. So accompanied by the entire crew washed and attired in their Sunday clothes, who also intended celebrating ashore, rowed off at 7. Terrific do, including official reception, walk,

Amami.

Jan. 18. (cont). visit to the Chief's house and a procession from there with guitars, singing and torches to the Banqueting Hall. There placed at a table at the head of the room with the Chiefs etc. partook of an enormous and really excellent repast, enlivened by speeches, native dances and music, all extremely well done and very picturesque. Dinner consisted of a lot of soups, some with pork or other forms of pigs, some with chickens and some with both plus onions, vermicelli etc. and cocoanut water to drink. Hall festooned with oleanders. I sat with the Chief on my right, who spoke no French, but luckily a Martinique one off interpreted and all went well. Evening ended around 11 and the whole village came down to the pier to see us row off, plus the musicians and their instruments and we departed to the strains of their farewell songs, which are very attractive and with the lagoon in bright full moonlight, looking dazzling.

Jan. 19. Looked out several times during the night for signs of the eclipse of the moon, but nothing visible. But woke to dull morning and till lunch had rain and completely overcast skies, quite unusual, also winds from different quarters, but otherwise nothing startling. So having made ourselves even faster with a little more string on our diminutive mooring rocks, we decided to forget about it all and rise above it. Lunched about 12, having had most of the village off visiting till then and spent the afternoon ashore, first sleeping under the cocoanuts and then walking along the ~~shore~~ reef and the lagoon. Bunny fished violently from on board when we returned with the most marvellous Heath Robinson contrivances, which the fish however did not seem to care about much. Meant to go ashore late, but finally were too lazy. Retired to bed early and no signs of the hurricane being visible, leave tomorrow plus one new pig, a gift to the Captain!!

Jan. 20. Sailed after an early breakfast and a lot of farewells. Quite rough out at sea and ship rolled like mad again, with disastrous results on me, but of short duration and in no way luckily affecting my appetite!! Weather not nearly so good and much less sun, and the eclipse seems to have had a bad effect on it. All day and night at sea. The distance between these Atolls enormous at times, and within view at others. All very much alike, but with certain individual characteristics and full of charm and beauty of colourings. The people most generous and hospitable and friendly and nearly always bringing one gifts or refreshments in the shape of cocoanuts, or anything they have to offer.

Nikutavake.

Jan. 21. Arrived early off Nikutavake, big seas and swell and quite excitement landing, as the helmsman mistook the Pass and landed us practically upside down on the reef, being swept onto it by a tremendous fast sea in the surf boat. Our nerves are beginning to waver! First reports of co-pira nil, but later quite a lot was discovered in the interior and nearly the whole day spent packing and loading - some of the trips being most perilous with the boat heavily loaded going out to the schooner and then unloading alongside, with a big sea running - . We found this island not particularly attractive, with a bad shore for corals and fish, and except for a few snails gathered

Nukutavake.

Jan. 21. (cont). with tremendous difficulty, we collected no "bag". Went for a longish walk, but Bunny was handicapped by his bad coral cuts. Spent some of the afternoon ashore, which ended very coldly and sadly, as we had to wait hours for the Chinaman to fix up his trading, getting colder and more tired each moment. The sun disappeared and our tempers too!! Revived on board however after a good rum punch and dinner. Sailed at 7 en route for Turei, our last call in the Tuamotus. Two new pigs on board and masses of fowls!

Turei.

Jan. 22. Rough night and morning and finally arrived off Turei about 11. Decided to lunch on board and go ashore after. Very rough coast and tremendous swell off the reef, making landing extremely difficult. Luckily the first boatload which went off with the Chinaman for news of copra returned after some time with the news that there was none, so we could proceed when we liked. A very uncomfortable lunch, tossing and rolling while waiting off for the boat!! Proceeded immediately further round the reef and decided to land in the surf boat for a few hours fishing, leaving the schooner lying some way off. A lovely part of the island, quite uninhabited and consequently full of fish and the largest size and quantity of sea snails I have ever seen. Absolute giants; collected a lot, also pahuas, speared fish and then, seeing bad weather springing up off all round and squalls threatening, re-embarked, expecting to find "Gisborne" quite close and on the lookout. But she was neither and way out on the horizon. So were left tossing in the open boat with a strong current running and soon complete darkness encircled us, terrific squalls and gusts of wind, and drenching cold rain. Impossible to see 2 yards anywhere and the most unpleasant hour one can imagine. "Gisborne" suddenly looked up and picked us up, cold and miserable - and never was I more glad to be aship!

Maria.

Jan. 23. Steamed all night and morning and had not intended stopping again till the Gambiers, but at 3, passing quite close to the reef of Maria, an uninhabited Atoll, decided to take a short time ashore. So rowed off and landed in lovely corals, and reef and lagoon thick with fish of all varieties. So had a grand 2 hours fishing in all ways, spearing, collecting more snails and exploring the island. Not planted with cocoanuts and quite wild and full of charm. Nearly all the crew came ashore and had a grand time harpooning and spearing with the greatest skill and all in roaring spirits. They are the most cheery and friendly creatures, and very hard workers while on their job, but just like children, and laugh all day. Bunny has very bad coral cuts all over his legs, which are causing much pain and trouble, and have got poisoned, a very common danger with these sorts of injuries. While in the lagoon and on the reef today, he was attacked by a really large shark, which came at him again and again, in spite of being hit at with a harpoon! Most unpleasant. Luckily we finally got on a highish bit of coral and beat it off. We have a new acquisition on board in the shape of a young Frigate bird collected here by a Husky.

"Gisborne" Gambiers. Manga Reva. Rikitea.

Jan. 24. In view of the Gambiers, very early, already a really lovely sight and after so many coral atolls, quite refreshing to see high mountainous islands again. These consist of four principal, uninhabited islands and several islets, all elevated and with a barrier reef and three Passes into the lagoon. The largest is Manga Reva, with the principal village of Rikitea, where are the headquarters of the local Administrator. Lovely entering the lagoon, which is tricky and extremely shallow in places. All the islands wild and rugged looking, ; Manga Reva with quite high peaks and beautiful tropical vegetation low down and half way up the mountains slopes, including a profusion of every kind of fruit tree, including European ones like the peach, and quantities of oranges, citrons, bananas, mangoes, breadfruits, etc. Higher up one comes to ferns and a high grass called acho, and rough grey and black volcanic-looking rock. Rocky coastlines, even precipitous in places, running down to occasional tiny silver beaches, and very fertile pockets of land. Met by the French Administrator, Monsieur Tondon, a charming old man who gave us the freedom of the Residency, including his "shower", and wonderful library, in which he has a marvellous collection of early Chinese books, maps, etc. Excellent lunch with him, and overate and drank. Then got some ponies and rode up the mountain to the last King's tomb, the Lag (accompanied by a young fellow called Colombel, Mr. Tondon's right hand man, who seems in fact to run the place and has evidently been detailed to look after us), then on to the ruins of the Convent, built at the same time as the Church of San Michel, by order of the fanatical first missionary, Pere Laval, who reached Manga Reva in 1831 and caused the construction of this remarkable building, entirely built by the missionaries and their native converts. The Church has two square towers and is built entirely of local cut stone, can seat 1200 people (there are now only 500 in the entire Archipelago), and has most elaborate decorations of real pearls and iridid pearl shells. Quite fantastic in a remote Pacific island, with nothing else but 2 or 3 tin and straw huts. The roof of red tiles and the whitewashed effect are rather fine. Visited the Church and rode down to the beach along a most precipitous road. Also sent and received some radios, through the year-old Wireless Station, - operator Brisson -. We are now 900 miles from Papeete. Lying in the lagoon, just off the tiny wharf.

Jan. 25. A lot of squalls yesterday, but less today and on the whole a glorious day. Ashore in the morning, getting B's feet attended to at the "Infirmarie", reading in Mr. Tondon's library, using his shower and back on board for lunch. Then a really glorious ride for about 4 hours, right over to the other side of the island, all along the various headlands, mountain passes and bays and beaches. Every kind of scenery and vegetation and quite fascinating. The only means of transport are foot or ponies and there only exist a limited number of tracks and the wildness and primitiveness of the place are one of its attractions.

"Gisborne" Rikitea. Ankena.

Jan. 26. Raided the convent garden for peaches and took lots of photos while out riding. A glorious day with most lovely cloud and light effects. Rowed ashore in our outrigger we have hired for our visit and took a walk ashore and collected a few things, including a cushion made for me by a very nice girl, who had heard me enquire for one at the barren Chinese store! Her garden filled with European flowers, such as honeysuckle, roses, dahlias etc. as well as the tropical, and the mixture here of the flowers, fruit and vegetation of the east and west are incredible. The Archipelago is only just inside the tropics, hence the profuse and varied vegetation, and the people most amiable and generous, always ready with a greeting and gift of any kind they can produce. Monsieur Tondon ill the last 2 days, so instead of lunching with him, each day had it on board and are having a vain hunt for various things including eggs, which we have run out of and are most scarce unfortunately. Some were reproduced however and were eaten by us with relish! Fruit, on the other hand has come on aboard in profusion, and the ship looks like a fruit and vegetable store, dripping with bananas, mangoes, melons and peaches, not all ripe!! Sailed across the lagoon after lunch in our outrigger to one of the islands called Ankena, very beautiful with lovely silver beaches and old stone fort on the headland built by the old priests. Glorious views all over the lagoon and neighbouring islands. B's feet and legs bad and although I had lovely bathes, he could not, as coral water is the worst thing for them.

Rikitea.

Jan. 27. Another glorious day, the whole population and our crew looking too smart and quite unrecognisable in their Sunday best! Rowed ashore early and then later sent some Radios from the local station, including one in reply to a cable from Douglas, suggesting picking me up at Tahiti in March in his yacht and continuing through the South Seas to Singapore. Most tempting! Then lunched with Monsieur Tondon, delicious food again and after raided a local cutter which had just returned from Pitcairn and there picked up various delicacies, which the people have sent them occasionally and evidently never eat!! such as pickles, sauces, jams, etc. so we purchased "some". Two of our crew, Hubert the steward, and Vigo one of the seamen from Raratonga, also added to our stores by completely stripping the convent garden (which incidentally belongs to the local priest, a fanatical tyrant and whom the Administrator detests, and so to the latter's intense satisfaction!!) of every peach, however unripe, and bringing them on board in triumph in a sack! Rowed ashore to have a last shower and drink with M. Tondon and bid him farewell, and sailed about 5 en route for Rapa, 600 miles away. Received great hospitality at Manga Reva, not even being allowed to pay for our ponies, outrigger to Aukena etc. and departed laden with gifts of all kinds.

South Seas. At Sea. "Gisborne".

Jan. 28. Our stolen peaches from the convent being treated with care by B. each wrapped in one of my tissue face towels! and looked at lovingly each day ripening beautifully and then eaten. A really lovely night and morning with practically flat seas, for the first time since our departure, and could even play the gramophone on deck. Glorious sun too and nearly embarked on Russian Bank on deck!! But after lunch all our hopes of a glassy trip were dashed and a gleand really enormous seas sprang up. Luckily the wind was from the right direction and we had a following sea, so we made good time and sped along in spite of rolling like nothing on earth, so much at times that one thought the ship would never right herself, and I thought it quite terrifying. But I must say that, in spite of her age (56 years) and various disabilities, she does pretty well, and considering the size of the seas and wind, fought bravely. Everything most uncomfortable however, breaking and sliging about and one could never stand or sit straight for a moment. So meals, etc. most precarious and we now eat off the deck as we can! Suffered from nausea again till late in the evening.

Jan. 29. Huge seas and wind continued and "Gisborne" creaked, groaned, rolled and pitched all day, till we nearly went mad, but still sped along with a following sea and favorable wind, which means we are making wonderful time. The Captain and crew in fine form, the Captain very businesslike and even taking sights occasionally, which, as we have no chronometer or barometer, etc. may prove useful. But I think they usually go by dead reckoning and are really marvellous. The Captain has a wonderful way of making one feel safe and optimistic, such as replying to my remark that "anyway, if there were to be a hurricane, I would far rather be on board "Gisborne" and at sea than on one of the Atolls", by saying "he would far rather be on any Atoll than at sea in his ship". Most comforting! Also they all seem to be victims of continual shipwrecks, the Chinamen supercargo having had 4, the Captain 2 or 3 and nearly all the crew a couple! So I trust we get through the journey alive!! Nausea quite recovered though seas much worse.

Jan. 30. Very much the same weather, seas abating slightly towards the evening and quite a lot of sun all the time. Making excellent time. Have quite a pleasant routine of lying up on the roof of the deck-house, clinging like a limpet and practically going overboard with each roll!! Eating, sleeping and reading, bed earlier and earlier. Yesterday at 7 p.m. Weather noticeably colder as we are now well out of the tropics. The brown bird met a sad death at sea yesterday, being somehow stepped on during the rough seas, and the white one also departed this life a few days ago, so we now only have the "Frigate", which flourishes, various fowls, pigs etc. and naturally the puppy, christened "Doggie" which grows fast and is very sweet. No fish caught lately, being now in mid ocean. The Captain and whole crew mad fishing enthusiasts in any form. Also the Chinese supercargo, who with the chief has violent bets on the probability of the trowing results. As a matter of fact even the most tricky ^{directing} and navigating of the ship is abandoned if a fish is hooked, and the Captain darts back from the bows, the whole crew leave their jobs and assemble aft to watch the performance. The engines having been frequently slowed down to assist! The Captain

At Sea.

Jan. 30. (cont). performed the most amazing acrobatic feats, fixing one of the broken bowsprit chains today, completely submerged at times in the roughest of seas.

At Sea. Rapa.

Jan. 31. Woke to the good news that Rapa Island was in sight and reached it by 10 a.m. having done a really record trip, making the 600 miles in 86 hours. Pretty good for old "Gisborne", whose general average is only 5 to 6 miles an hour. Rapa is the southernmost of the Austral Islands, a group thought to represent all that now remained above water of a vast submerged mountain chain. This chain of islands extends over a distance of nearly 800 miles and consists of 5 inhabited and 2 uninhabited islands. Rapa is the most wild, primitive and picturesque, with now only 250 inhabitants (till the missionaries day, the middle of the 19th century, there used to be over 3000) and is seldom visited by vessels, one or two schooners a year being the average; so the arrival of a ship causes intense excitement!! The island is extremely picturesque and rugged, with mountains, jagged and sheer, rising up almost precipitately, in some places over 2000 ft., mostly of grey and black volcanic rock, and the whole island is a mass of these mountains, ridges and spurs, some with gently sloping valleys down to the numerous bays all round the island, some ending short terrific heights above the sea dropping down completely sheer to the ocean. These unscalable precipices and pinnacles are most impressive and beautiful. The island has a mass of small fortresses, surmounting terraced villages, now nearly all in ruins, which were formerly occupied by the natives and placed at strategic points all over the mountains and on the spurs at really impregnable points. There used to be continual warfare between the tribes of the island for the possession of the fertile valleys below, where the Taro (a plant from which a sort of tapioca bread substance is derived) is cultivated and which, with fish, is the natives only food.

"Gisborne." South Seas. Rapa.

- Feb. 1. The island is wonderfully fertile, with every vegetable and fruit, excepting some of the really tropical ones. The vegetation is naturally not very tropical and has wonderful giant ferns and European flowers and excellent grazing pasturelands, with wild horses, cattle and goats roaming everywhere, but the natives are so lazy, they put nothing to any use, not even milking the cows! They still live in their primitive straw houses, and, as people, are not particularly attractive, being a bad mixture of semi Polynesian. The women considerably outnumber the men and do all the work practically. Only the narrowest and roughest mountain tracks are their means of communication and the distances and heights covered each day on foot from one valley to another for Taro, fish, etc. are enormous. Oranges, pineapples (coffee the only export) and all vegetables and even vines, if planted, flourish, and the grazing would be magnificent, if they took the trouble to start farming. Two Frenchmen, one the Vicomte de Verneix, an exaviator who has lived here for three years, and a Mr. Mérot, a botanist looking like Ghandi with a high squeaky voice but quite a character, are the only 2 Europeans in the island. The former lives in the Catholic Church by permission of the priest and the Government, with some ground attached, as all the lands in the island are communal and consequently unbuyable. He cultivates vegetables, keeps a few cows and talks a lot, while Mr. Mérot collects ferns and plants, smokes incessantly, teaches in the school, looks most odd and hardly utters a word, but he has a good sense of humour and we liked him better than the Vicomte, who has always been "bien reçu" everywhere according to himself and has interminable gesticulatory stories. However he was most kind, gave us fresh milk from his cows, hot baths (a real luxury and the first since landing in Tahiti), and excellent vegetables, fruits.
- Feb. 2. The first day we walked miles up the hills to one of the old fortresses with the 2 Frenchmen. Mr. Mérot the official guide, as he spends his time on the mountains, and scaled perpendicular heights and saw really lovely scenery all round, wild and rugged in the extreme, the mountains forming a sort of C round the largest Bay, in which we are anchored, called Ararei, on the shores of which is also the only two villages. They dined with us on board, enjoying our food; some of the fare they evidently had not seen or tasted for 4 or 5 years!! Next day with the same two left at 9 a.m., rowing across to the other side of the Bay, taking Hibert with us to carry lunch, and did a tremendous cross-country, or rather mountain and valley, trek and climb, right to the other side of the island, across about 4 mountain ranges and over peaks and through forests and valleys, scaling heights like goats!! Quite lovely, but exhausted on our return and we must have covered at least 15 kil! Delicious picnic lunch by a mountain stream. The boat fetched us at the far end of the Bay. Hot bath at de Verneix's.
- Feb. 2. The morning spent ashore walking up the valley behind the village, having a last hot bath at the Vicomte's, who also came very much up to scratch presenting us with a delicious lot of fresh vegetables from his garden and cups of excellent coffee. I must say we again gave him an enormous repast on board last night, plus a very good picnic lunch and gifts of books, B's cigars and presents

Rapa. At Sea.

Feb. 2. (cont) for his native girl - so a good exchange. The Chinaman has done some good trading in exchange for one ton of coffee, and all the crew, from the Captain downwards, had a grand time ashore!! so everyone is delighted with our Rapa visit. Departed in style, being waved away by the whole population, our crew increased by a Rapa boy, leaving his island for the first time to work in Tahiti, 2 fat geese and masses of taro. Lovely evening, and sailed round the other side of the island, even more rugged, high and precipitous, with various small islands, one thick with rabbits, 8 of which we have on board, caught by the Captain and some of the crew with their own hands, after a violent chase.

At Sea.

Feb. 3. All day at sea. I felt ghastly all day and all last night, shivery and being sick with a bad chill. Too sad, as we had arranged ourselves a most meal, Bunny concocting a salad with our new vegetables in the most epicurean style and I a fruit salad, these, plus lobster, fishes and selfmade sauces, were more than I could resist, even though I had to retire between courses. Better towards evening. Most glorious day, good wind but calm. Played the gramophone.

South Seas. Tubai Islands. Ravavae.

Feb. 4. Our cabin still looking like a vegetable and fruit shop!! At sea again till 4, but made very good time, as it is close on 300 miles from Rapa. Favorable winds, and sea. Very good meals again, including some poi made from taro, which is rather like porridge and eaten with sugar. Our food an extremely important item of our lives and we gave it much thought and care, aided by Hubert and the cook; the latter really very good and with our explanations turns out new and wonderful dishes. One rabbit killed yesterday we ate made with a red wine sauce and rice, recipe from M.le Vicomte with gesticulations! passed on by Hubert to Estafano. Result superb! Crockery getting slightly short, down to one cup, both saucers gone long ago, and glasses also diminishing!! The buckets luckily holding out well, also the rope, although having suffered at times and nearly gone overboard plus ourselves in big seas. But the cabin looks beautiful on the whole, especially after a particular tidy up by Hubert and us. Sighted Ravavae around one o'clock and by four were already outside the reef. Extremely pretty island, quite small, about 6 miles in extent, surrounded by a barren reef, in some places a mile from the shore, but with 2 good passes. The island with high interior rugged mountains well wooded, and in some places coming down to the shore in gentle slopes. Some tiny wooded islets along the reef covered with cocoanuts and also with a kind of delicate fern, casuarinas, which grows in profusion, also all over the big island. Well cultivated, with valleys of taro, manioc, mangoes, and all the usual shrubs, fruits and plenty of coffee. Took a pretty walk along a lovely broad grass track, which I believe completely encircles the island.

Austral. Tubai Islands. Ravavae.

Feb. 5. Hired two ponies, there are a mass on the island, practically all with foals, Bunny's mare's baby coming with us. The natives use ponies a great deal and seem to keep them in good condition. Rode over a broad mountain track and stopped to look at some big stones encircling a paved ground, the ruins of one of the old "Marae" or burial platforms. Some interesting archeological remains exist in the islands, and some of the largest stone statues found have been taken to Tahiti, one weighed 6 tons. Then rode all along and round the shore, which is extremely pretty with high rocky mountains and woods dropping down to the tropical vegetation along the valley and along the lagoon. The grass tracks beautifully kept and the people themselves seem fairly prosperous, with well-built houses, even with glass windows and most ambitious Churches. Had our lunch with us and a long ride after, ending sadly for poor Bunny who, while leading his pony through some trees to the shore, walked straight into a bees nest, which stung him wildly everywhere. Luckily he was near the ocean into which he could throw himself, but most unfortunate for his coral cuts which were just getting better, sea water being the worst thing for them, and he'd been feeling ill anyway! So on return had a lot of doctoring to do. The gale, which started last night, was increasing, and having taken our load of copra and coffee and a lot of stores salvaged from the *Maréchal Foch*, a big schooner which three months ago ran onto the reef at Ravavae (the Captain being asleep at the time), and which is clearly visible, as one enters, high up on the coral, decided to sail at 5 and hope for better weather later. This however proved a forlorn hope, the wind increasing to gale strength with mountainous seas, which got worse as the night went on.

Feb. 6. Everything battened down and stowed away, and the ship heaved, pitched and rolled and shook like something demented, and we really passed an awful night, no one on board closing an eye, except B. who slept fitfully at times. Anyway we were dry and warm, which was something, though the cabin even was shipping seas - luckily not onto the bunk - till morning, and the ship at moments seemed completely submerged. Tubuai, which was only 100 miles, should have been sighted at dawn and reached in the morning, but, owing to the enormous seas, had to slow right down and the gale had formed a kind of mist, so the island only loomed out when we were nearly on it (around 10 o'clock) to the Captain's relief, who thought we must have missed it. But our troubles were not nearly over, as we then had to go right round the other side to make the pass, battling with a head wind and enormous seas and at times making scarcely any headway. The pass tricky at any time, was scarcely visible, so huge were the seas rolling up and breaking onto the reef, and to watch the faces of anguish of the Captain, Mate and the 2 Huskies both natives from here, trying to locate it, was anything but encouraging. We till late had stayed in our cubby hole, as one was nearly washed overboard outside, and any position, except lying, was agony, even the latter being extremely painful, rolling all over the place. Eventually around 3, we made the pass, entered the lagoon, which completely encircles the island and is

Tubuai.

- Feb. 6. (cont) as much as 2 miles from the shore to the reef at places. Today it was like mid-Atlantic, with enormous breakers and it is anyway a bad anchoring place. We put off the surf boat, which tossed into the wharf and brought off a pilot, who finally took us to an anchorage further along at another village, where we made as fast as possible with a hurricane blowing still and the weather looking terrible. The crew all exhausted and the unfortunate Captain had not left the wheel since leaving Ravavae. He seemed quite surprised at the fact that the Gisborne had not fallen to pieces, which he seemed to expect her to do at any moment, and said he had never spent a worse night or been more thankful to get in! We had a meal at 5 combining breakfast and lunch, and a delicious onion and potato soup, before an early retirement, completely exhausted, everyone sleeping like logs.
- Feb. 7. The gale still continues with bright intervals and the wind dropping at times a very little, but it looks as though we were here for several days. Too rough even to bring the copra on board, and the surf boat has a battle ashore and back each time. Tubuai is very fertile and well wooded in the lower parts, but with high flat-topped mountains and elevated lands clothed with good grazing grass, on which they have a good many cattle. Also good horses and they rear excellent turkeys. The people much better looking and more friendly than in Rapa and Ravavae and keep their houses and gardens most attractively; also their nice wide grass roads. Went shore early and got 2 ponies, riding into the other village, where there is an Infirmier called Doum, who dressed B's cuts and gave us new supplies of medicaments. Then had a nice ride and a delicious bath with hot water at one of the native houses. The people touchingly kind and attentive. An exciting return for lunch in the surf boat, battling with the wind and currents and had to start about one mile above Gisborne, so as to hit her all right! Stayed on board after and had a lovely gramophone concert in the evening. Gale still blows.
- Feb. 8. Gale diminishing slightly and the seas anyway are going down. Ashore early and again visited the Infirmerie, where the very nice young Tahitian boy does emergency dressings etc., did B's legs and mine, where a few scratches seem to have got infected too. Then on the same ponies as yesterday, the best we have had so far on the trip and wonderfully schooled to terrifically fast ambles, took a really lovely ride, right round the coast and the lower part of the island, then back by a road running through the centre and over beautiful low hills, with the mountains each side. This island, which is in the tropics, is nearly oval in shape and at times looks like two islands, the 2 high portions being connected by very low land. A broad grass track (as in all these islands) runs right round the coast, quite well kept though fairly rough chiefly and resembling a private ride; and then another generally crosses the island over the mountains at their lowest part. Tubai seems really the most agreeable (certainly to live in) of all these islands, with a lot of open land suitable for farming, riding and combining all the advantages of the high islands and the Atolls, and tropical and western vegetation. The people

Tubai.

Feb. 8. (cont) too are charming. Two Norwegians live here, one with quite a large estate and cattle, and a queer German Pole, who intends to marry a halfcaste German girl and settle here permanently. Took our lunch and delicious oranges off the trees and refreshments on the way back. An even more enjoyable bath at our native friends about 4 on our return. Quite tired, B. performed the almost impossible feat of opening a cocoanut, an an unbelievably exhausting performance. Trying to buy turkeys. Most acceptable gift of 2 eggs, having completely run out of them.

Feb. 9. Seas and gale much abated and decided to leave tonight, to the dismay of Afa the Chinaman, who wished to remain till Monday. So hectic day of loading copra and starch from 3 different points. We rode again early round the other part of the island, very pretty, and had a last bath before re-embarking. Being loaded with the most touching gifts of flowers, cocoanuts, etc. by our native friends, a charming family, who have also done all our washing. In return, as in all the other islands, we gave them tobacco, cigarettes and perfume, also for any eggs, fish etc. they may get for us, money being practically useless to them, they infinitely prefer these gifts, and all trading is done on this exchange system. Chiefly copra, coffee, starch, etc. from the various islands, in exchange for flour, tinned foods, materials and such like necessities, the Chinaman doing all the transactions. We had a late "lunch and dinner" on board and went ashore for the last loading, walking along to where the natives are constructing a very nice schooner for their island, unfortunately now held up due to lack of funds. Also watched a pony belonging to the Chief being taken on board for passage to Ruratu. Terrified and miserable poor thing.. Live stock increased by 2 turkeys, purchased one for us and one for the crew, duck, pig and fowls! Most glorious sunset I have ever seen. Only got out of the pass after dark.

Feb. 10. Contrary to our expectations, did not have such a bad night, though the ship rolled a good deal and there was bad swell, which delayed us a lot, also a large load of starch aft, which weighed the stern down and so did not reach Ruratu (115 miles) till 3 p.m. Big swell and sea off the island too and having no barren reef or lagoon, moorings are always hard. Worse than usual today with heavy seas and currents and narrowest of passes through the fringing reef, and we had a dramatic arrival, ending up practically on the beach with our bows in the Gendarme's garden. Just touched the reef too, but no harm done, and secured ourselves with millions of anchors, ropes and shouts!! The wharf at the other pass washed away during the last storm and the local schooner Mauu Reva damaged in various places. Went ashore and got our legs done by the Infirmier and hoped for a bath, but did not get one! Disembarked the pony safely

Austral Islands. Rurutu.

Feb. 11. Rurutu a very lovely island with a rugged coast line of high vertical cliffs, very wooded valleys with the upper slopes covered with ferns and firs and lovely gently sloping mountains, with good pasture land and 3 villages connected by bridle tracks, wide and in excellent condition, leading over the hills. The natives are among

Rurutu.

Feb. 11. (cont) the most industrious and independent in the eastern Pacific, owning their own schooner, and keeping their houses, mostly built of stone, in excellent condition. Very hospitable and pleasant people and, as in Tubuai, quite nice-looking. The whole island has an aspect of prosperity, every inch of available soil being cultivated, and has the largest population of the Group. A very wet, dull day, but we went ashore early, first to the Infirmerie, where our legs were done, - the Infirmer here a cousin of the Tubuai one and a nephew of the Manga Revani - After visited his home and then took a long ride, first over the hills to the next district, getting soaked in the process, and in the village were lavishly entertained by our Engineer's family, father and mother and millions of brothers and sisters. Given coconuts, melons bananas and self woven hats and ornaments, and they were touchingly kind, and one of the younger members was detailed to ride back with us over another track to the 3rd District, and thence over the hills and along the coast home. All this in the most drenching downpours and we looked like 2 drowned rats. Found Gisborne has moved from her perilous billet and was lying off lower down. Had a late lunch-dinner combined and sailed about 5.

Austral Islands. Rimatara.

Feb. 12. Weather which had looked not too bad on sailing got very rough during the night, with the most gigantic seas, violent squalls, thunder and lightning and a gale of wind. Ship belongings and us all over the place and one of the worst nights. To make matters worse, the engine had to be slowed down, and we had a head wind, which meant that we took 21 hours to do the 80 miles between Rurutu and Rimatara, the last of our Austral Islands. Captain thought we were lost at one moment we sighted the island so late, so there was great emotion on board!! Seas terrific and I kept thinking we were going to sink and could not have enjoyed the trip less, or been more glad to see land. No harbour pass at Rimatara, so Gisborne lay off while we rowed ashore to the reef, making another dramatic arrival in one of the highest and largest breakers on the reef. Drenched to the skin. There are 4 boat landings in the island, but I gather all on the reef and one more dangerous than the other, and the force and speed with which you are swept out and in is terrific. We looked particularly funny in our bedraggled condition, having for once brought over bedding, some clothes and food, and Hubert, ashore intending to have a peaceful night, while Gisborne tosses about. And everything naturally was soaked, but quickly dried in the blazing sun. The population of the whole village met us, and the Chief of this district offered us the hospitality of his house, heading the procession himself, with one of our sacks on his back, us dripping behind. Received by his wife and many children, and the rooms at once put in order, opened I should think after many months, dusting, sweeping and tidying done, and we were then given the best room, fed with water melon and looked at like lions at the Zoo, our every movement followed with interest. Had a lovely bath, changed, did our doctoring and had some walks. Hubert in attendance coped with our dinner, and we then prepared for a really peaceful night after the horrors of the last. Spread our mattresses first in the royal suite on the floor and got ourselves extremely comfortable, alas! however, not having

Rimatara.

- Feb. 12. (cont) reckoned on the mosquitoes and fleas, both of which swarmed down upon us and, although we moved out on to the verandah, covered ourselves with oil out of the lamp and got completely in and under the cover, it was useless and we were bitten mercilessly, never closing an eye till dawn. A real nightmare of a night and we even longed for the rough weather and the rolling in the Gisborne.
- Feb. 13. Really jaded, including Hubert, who shared our fate last night. The people however intensely kind and got us horses (with no saddles, stirrups or bridles, but covered with leaves and a mat to break the pain!!) with which we rode all round the island, really a dream, tiny and like a wild garden with low hills, fertile valleys, masses of rich cultivated land and lovely little creeks, which flow into swamps in which the taro is grown. The flat land is very wooded with the usual cocoanuts and other tropical trees, and of course breadfruit, oranges, limes and bananas in profusion. The island is surrounded by a reef, at most places very close to the shore except at one village, Motuoura, where there is a little islet about 500 yards long running out towards the sea from the shore, and an enclosed lagoon with a lovely curving, white sand beach, and a mass of casuarine trees. Really lovely and one of the most beautiful spots we have seen. Slept a bit in the afternoon, exhausted, and sent off to Gisborne for a mosquito net, Fly Tox, etc., as we intend to try for one good night and the weather still looks pretty rough seawards. Took a walk down to the shore before dinner and saw Gisborne looking really lovely against a fantastic sky. Dinner supplied by our hosts in excellent native fashion, as Hubert failed to return from visiting and, when he did, had had a bit of something to drink!! Most ashamed and apologetic.
- Feb. 14. A marvellous night, thanks to our net, flit and manifold precautions, and slept like ten logs. Our departure to our beds greatly impeded by the Chief, our host, and some daughters, who felt sociable and insisting on sitting on our verandah practically in the beds, making retiring very tricky. Accomplished at last, after various ruses, and we got in a good ten hours!! Packed up early, had a last bath and transported ourselves and our baggage by horse and foot to the other village, where Gisborne was loading copra in a very much calmer sea. Deluges of rain all night, which flattened the water and the wind has dropped. Island deep in mud, the red dust the most tenacious I have met! Great farewells and handshakes at our hosts before our departure, and the usual exchange of gifts, some of them also coming on board to see us off. A sweet little baby green, red, yellow, violet parrot caught for the Captain and sent on board in a hat, which we discovered and immediately appropriated. A perfect angel and tamed by Bunny at once. Decided to sail at 1 p.m. as the weather seemed favorable and put to sea in excellent conditions for our 360 mile run to Bora Bora. Thank God, and long may it last!
- Feb. 15. Marvellous weather and perfect Pacific conditions. So calm, could play the gramophone on deck in the brightest moonlight after dinner, so everyone is happy and contented. Only drama lack of potatoes, which have run out,

Rimatara.

Feb.15. (cont) and a few suchlike inconveniences!! Also an epidemic of copra bugs and insects, plus the usual cockroaches of all sizes. The ship have been fumigated before we sailed, they were under control for a time, but now are running amok. Cockroaches are unpleasant, but do not bite, bugs and other insects plus a few Rimatara fleas, more unpleasant! Did a lot of Flitting! Find that our craft is 57 years old, a good age at which to be still battling with enormous seas and, as one of the crew said, "Everything on board this old ship is rotten!" So encouraging and luckily we only discovered her true age after the worst storm!!

At sea. Feb.16. Glorious weather continues with quite a nice fresh breeze to help us along. Our first day's run was slightly spoilt owing to the fact that the evening before last for no apparent reason the engine completely stopped. Due on investigation to nothing more serious than Vigo the Roratongan sailor (who acts as second mechanic) for getting to fill up with gas! This unfortunate incident occurred once before, just as we were making a spectacular departure from Manga Reva and upsets the engine a good deal, this evening causing a long delay before it could be started again. However no one seemed in the least upset or surprised. A complete lack of wind at the time did not help us along under sail either. Another of the sailors has a great knack of rowing away in the surf boat to throw out one of the ship's small anchors, but unfortunately forgetting to see that it is in anyway attached to the ship; shouts of laughter greet all these peculiarities! This morning there was a great hair cutting performance by Husky I, who performed on the Engineer with great skill in the bows, an admiring crowd all round and surrounded also by pigs, ducks, chickens and the frigate bird, which flourishes. One rabbit from Manga Reva nursed lovingly by Vigo survives, and the little parrot gets tamer and sweeter each moment, while Doggie, the puppy, gets naughtier. Full moon, too lovely for words these nights and absolutely glorious scarlet sunsets, one like a sea of flames behind long lines and islands of black and purple clouds. Getting warmer again.

Bora Bora. Iles sous le Vent.

Feb.17. In sight of Bora Bora at dawn. Quite lovely with its jagged peaks rising in the distance. Glorious sunny day, flat calm too. The island is high and irregular in shape, the centre interior part consisting of scraggy and extremely picturesque peaks of volcanic rock, covered in a great part to the tops with trees and shrubs and cocoanuts in profusion on the narrow strip of low land and some way up the mountain sides. Inside the lagoon there is a long island called Tupua, between which and the main island there is a magnificent stretch of water more than a mile long and a mile wide, and forming a protected and marvellous harbour for ships of any kind and number, whole fleets being able to anchor at once if desired. The island is completely encircled by a barren reef, which in a lot of places is covered with a chain of islets, like those in the Atolle. On one of these the Film "Talru" was made by Muruan, whose house still stands. The scenery everywhere is really lovely and the vegetation luxuriant, as in all these islands. Anchored at the wharf, about 8 walked ashore and

Bora Bora.

Feb.17. (cont). and had our legs attended to (extremely badly and painfully). Took a lovely walk in grilling sun; enquired for Radios and heard they were at Raiatea and no means of getting them till tomorrow, and were just settling down after lunch to our siesta, when our amazed eyes spied the cruise ship "Stella Polaris" entering the lagoon. Everyone in a state of excitement, as its arrival was completely unexpected; the population, having scarcely recovered from the excitement of ours, could hardly contain themselves! To say nothing of us and the sight of civilisation when first sighted in the shape, of what seemed to us, like the "Bremen" compared with our little "Gisborne", temporarily went to our heads. Tidying up as much as we could, we met the first ship's boat and went off in her to the "Stella P." anchored close to us. At the moment of our arrival, most of the 100 tourists on their world cruise were disembarking for their 3 hours ashore, looking fantastic and too indescribably funny for words. We made friends with the cruise Directors, Booth Murphy and Pope, made purchases of every description, such as potatoes, lettuces, apples, wines, bits of ice, tooth pastes and washes and everything we had been short of. Had our hair cut, legs done by the doctor, given feed drinks, also tea and cakes, all of which completely went to our heads!! For a very short time, and by the hour the ship was due to sail, 6. p.m. were truly thankful to see the last of them, and clasping our spoils, returned with joy to our "yacht". The people in the "Stella P." evidently thought us mad, travelling in the Gisborne, and looked on us with grave suspicion, tinged with pity!! Excellent dinner and retired exhausted.

Feb.18. Gather all Papeete think Gisborne sunk, as no news of us and we should be back by now, also severe hurricane has swept Rarotonga and Tahiti had terrible weather, so they fear the worst! Tried to communicate via this station, but impossible. Spent the morning walking (miles with reason!) writing and washing. Had an excellent lunch at the little local hotel with delicious fish, the first since we left Rapai! The afternoon spent sailing in one of their outriggers, which, in a good wind, attain enormous speeds. Not much today, but went very well and sailed round to one of the other bays; too lovely and although we got soaked and frozen part of the time during a spell of terrential rain, recovered quickly luckily and glorious later. Delicious dinner at the hotel again, with sea centipedes, which are the best eating in the world. Decided to sail for Raiatea tonight late, giving a lift to 2 fellows from Papeete, Baimbridge and a cousin of his, who came in the "Stella Polaris" to fix up native dancing etc. for them and have no means of getting back. (Photographed entire ship's crew, plus pets and various live stock on board Gisborne this afternoon).

Feb.19. Sailed at 2 a.m. and reached Raiatea around 8 after breakfast. Entered at the Tabae Pass, this island and Raiatea being only 2 miles apart and encircled by the same barren reef, with various passes. Both rather like Tahiti scenically, but Raiatea commands from Utuora, the chief village, one of the most lovely views of the other near by islands imaginable. Tabaa, Bora Bora and Huahine, all at their best. Spent the day collecting and sending cables (Utuora having a wireless station and quite a large village with hospital, electric light, ice

Raiatea.

Feb. 19. (cont) plant, etc. which to us seemed like a metropolis), having iced drinks, sailing across to Tabaa in one of the fast outriggers, which are famous and even in small winds skimming along. Dined ashore at the little hotel with Bainbridge and his brother-in-law Oscar. Excellent food.

Feb. 20. Came to the decision yesterday after many discussions, which exhausted us completely, to wait for Douglas, who arrives middle March, and miss the next mail boat, as he suggests taking us in his yacht to Singapore via the South Seas, and cannot resist the chance. Morning spent walking in the village and witnessing the preparations for this evening's performance of the Umu-ti or Firewalking, which they are giving for us tonight up one of the valleys on the other side of the island. Raiatea is the home of all the old traditions and history of the Polynesians and the ceremony is only practised by a limited number of the islanders and is peculiar to Raiatea, which is the home of the cult. It dates from the earliest times and had a religious significance, though now its origin and meaning are obscure, except as a sensational performance. Given at dusk out among the palm trees, it is a weird and impressive spectacle. Great stones and dry wood, including quite large trees, are brought, the stones piled over the wood, which lies in a deep, wide trench. The whole is lit for some hours, the stones thus becoming white hot, and when we arrived about 6.30. an enormous blaze had mounted up and terrific heat was given out at a big distance even. Just before the ceremony, the wood is all taken out by means of cords made of bamboos, and the stones thus subside and are made as flat as possible, the heat still being terrific. The Chief, in a bright pareu and garland, then appeared, followed by a procession of girls and boys similarly attired, and at once began an incantation to the gods, which one gathers is a prayer to them to make the stones cool enough to be walked on. This, in ancient days, was considered by the natives as a test as to whether the gods were favouring them or not, generally in time of war or famine. The incantation is followed by the Chief beating on the stones with the leaves of the Ti plant, the sacred shrub of the island, after which he walked quite calmly over the white and red hot stones from one end of the pit to the other several times, with no apparent harm! The others of his tribe followed, and we were finally invited to join, as no injury can evidently come to one if one follows on after the Chief's prayers and in his footsteps, although an attempt prior to this would end in disaster, as has evidently been proved by various unbelieving Europeans. It turned out to be true and not one of us was burnt, though the stones were certainly white hot, as could be proved by the skin of one's feet and a few blisters!! No explanation seems satisfactory and one reluctantly has to admit oneself baffled, and join in the superstitious belief of the islanders. Music and dancing finished the performance and a lovely moon and torchlight procession conducted us back to the road. We dined at the little hotel and had a grand gay evening, plus the entire crew all witnessed the firewalking and whom we now stood a few bottles of wine, while we ate at the next table. The wine had a marvellous effect and they were soon in roaring spirits, doing the most marvellous dances, playing guitars, singing and having the time of their lives, and we all laughed ourselves ill. Sailed at 2 for

Bora Bora. Mopelia.

- Feb. 21. Arrived early, having heard at Raiatea that a Fish Drive for the new visiting Administrateur was being given. However on arrival, found that his plans had been altered and it was going to take place on the 26th at Maupiti. Decided then on the spur of the moment to go on after lunch to Mopelia, 120 miles from Bora Bora. Had a bath and excellent lunch at the little hotel and sailed directly after in glorious weather with the wind just right. Passed Maupiti looking lovely around sunset, and continued in lovely calm seas all night.
- Feb. 22. Pumping (which is a great feature on board Gisborne as she leaks like a sieve and has to be attended to practically unceasingly), seemed even more noisy and frequent all night and plus a very agitated and undecided foresail tearing itself to shreds all night, spent a slightly restless time till dawn. Sighted Mopelia about 10, of Atoll formation and low lying. This, with Scillys Billingshausen further N.W., is privately owned and the copra worked by the Compagnie Francaise de Tahiti. They are all uninhabited except for the Company's workers, all contract labourers for a year, who earn 150 frs. a month and fed. Not a vast sum! Mopelia has one extremely dangerous pass, which, besides being of the narrowest and a tricky current in certain winds, is unnavigable, and so we carefully lay off! It was here during the War that von Lückner's raider, "Seeadler" came to grief owing to a storm, and was finally dynamited by the crew. Bits of scrap iron are still visible all over the reefs each side of the pass, as are various parts of the ship, and outside one can see with a glass through the transparent water, the engine, propellers, etc. thick with corals and with schools of brilliant fish swimming in and out! Other ships here also met sad fates on the reefs at various spots. We went off in the surf boat on arrival and rowed through the pass into the lagoon and across to the main island, where the Compagnie have their working headquarters, met the Chef, the workers, and saw them working the copra and had a nice bath and cocoanut drink. The beauty of the brilliant colourings and the light and cloud effects here, as in the Tuamotus and in all Atolls, is quite unique and equally unforgettable. Some of the crew got us fish with harpoons, which we devoured for dinner.

- Feb. 23. Decided to ignore our coral cuts, which have kept us out of the salt water for so many weeks, and rowed into the pass and then landed in the lagoon. Spent a long morning on the reefs fishing, harpooning, watching the fish and corals through the glass bucket and getting burnt to a frazzle. Also Bunny slew sharks with a revolver. Got masses of fish of all kinds and snails, took pictures under water of the "seeadler" remains and sailed at 1. Delicious fish lunch and dinner, but drama of Tuna soup!!

Maupiti. Iles sous le Vent.

- Feb. 24. Glorious wether all the time since we arrived in these islands and calm seas. Arrived in sight of Maupiti at dawn, quite lovely, a small island, cone-shaped, one side falling down in a staircase of enormous rugged rock steps, the other a gentle smooth slope with the usual luxuriant vegetation and cocoanuts growing right up to the summits. It is surrounded by a barrier reef

Maupiti.

Feb. 24. (cont) with an enormous wide lagoon. The reef, for practically the whole circle, being covered by almost continuous islets, thick with cocoanuts and the lovely glistening white coral beaches of the Atolls. In short, Maupiti combines all the beauty of the high islands together with the charm and brilliance of the Atolls. The morning we spent in making a complete tour of the island on foot, a really beautiful walk, a grass road well kept and mostly bordered with low walls of coral stones and planted profusely with hibiscus, canna lilies, oleanders, and tiaras and frangipanis and gardenias in the villages. The road runs practically all round the island, except at one point, where one can walk along the shore, and where we had a dip, very tricky trying not to wet our feet!!! Mosquitoes etc. also gave trouble! Famished after what we think must have been a 5 or 6 mile walk, and snails from Mopelia swallowed with relish! The afternoon very wet, so stayed on board reading, writing and playing cards and the gramophone. Arrival of the Administrator and wife from Bora Bora in small craft. Great handshaking and singing for them on shore, which we watched.

Feb. 25. Glorious weather especially till middays. No trading to speak of been done since Tubuai, so the crew have all had the time of their lives and a real good holiday altogether this trip, compared with the usual drudgery of copra loading. They are a delightful crowd, quite vague and undisciplined according to our standards, but always cheery and hard working nevertheless. The Captain, by name Damas Perry of American Grandfather, Engineer Teite of Spanish ancestry, and the Super Cargoe Afa of Canton. Then the mate, extremely goodlooking and charming, called Tatea, the Cook Tetephano, Mr. Know-Everything, to whom everyone appeals in moments of stress and who even is seen at the wheel in a crisis and looks and looks like the Emperor Jean Christophe of Haiti!! Hubert, the Steward already described, but now resembles J. C. with a beard and extremely ascetic face, and whose language is a mixture of cockney Americanised Semetic and whose remarks are epics. The four sailors are Vigo, from Raratonga, Matariro from Tahiti and Tuena and Amato; our two Huskies from Tubuai. Now increased by "Rapa", the boy we took from there, who had never left his native island before and whose surprise at seeing a car in Raiatea and other such forms of civilization was unbounded. The day spent very enjoyably fishing for Varros or sea centipedes in the morning on the sand in the lagoon from our canoes plus the Captain and Engineer on foot, and various small boys, who are so proficient they catch them in their hands. Then pursuit of small boys with said varros, who had really been sent out to bring them home for the Administrator's dinner, to waylay them and buy them for our selves in exchange for corned brrf; all this achieved successfully and made ourselves ill at lunch. Bad squalls all the afternoon and got caught in worst paddling ashore for a bathe and watched local football.

Feb. 26. Morning began early with preparations for the Fish Drive, being held in honour of the Administrator, who sent the Gendarine for us with an invitation to witness it. This we accepted with alacrity, although we'd had every intention of seeing it anyway! Considering we'd arranged our whole programme here with a view to doing so.

Maupiti.

- Feb. 26. (cont) Also received a deputation of ladies of the town, who very touchingly came on board to present us with all kinds of gifts, including a baby pig, fowls, coconuts, bread fruits, wreaths and a bouquet for me. These, plus many speeches and kisses and we responded with the latter, soap and stuffs! Glorious weather again and the fish drive started about 8. This is a speciality of the island and dates from earliest times. It takes place in one of the most lovely parts of the lagoon, and the entire population (including children) which number about 400, co-operate, as well as all their canoes. Coconut leaves are plaited into enormous long rollers, sometimes placed in a double and treble line, which form the nets and stretch out from the beach over an enormous area. The men in canoes paddle far afield and finally end by driving the fish into the selected area by means of special stones with strong cords attached, with which the surface of the water is beaten. The circle is gradually diminished, will the fish are tightly packed and leaping out of quite a small enclosure. All the population, ourselves included, assisted in rolling the nets to the accompaniment of the loudest shouts and cries and yells of merriment.. Masses of fish were caught, Mme. Administrator and I spearing the first ones, the rest thrown out by hand, and it was really a fine sight in the most beautiful of settings and everyone had a grand time and a wonderful fish lunch and dinner. Walked on the island and took photos after lunch and sailed at 5. Strong wind and big sea had got up during the night and only got in late to Raiatea.
- Feb. 27. After an early breakfast, rushed ashore to call for cables, get in ice, vegetables, drinks, etc. and fuel was taken on board for the "Gisborne", "as we are running short". Then started off for Huahine. Big sea running so took a good long time getting over and only reached the island about 3.30. Copra taken on and we decided to stay till early morning and see something of the island, which looks lovely. Hired a boat with an outboard motor and godi and together with the local gendarme started off for a tour. Lovely scenery, the island divided into two by a strait and narrow isthmus of land visible at low tide. Most wonderful deep bays and undulating mountains, with pointed peaks and really beautiful spots. Stopped in at one of the districts some way round, where the local Chiaman gave us good wine and crab, for which the island is famous. Returned late in darkness. Excellent crab and varro dinner.
- Feb. 28. Sailed at 5 a.m. en route for Maio, the island which Mr. Trover, whom we'd met at Tahiti, is part owner of Oaly ~~only~~ 60 miles away, but unfortunately the elements were against us, a strong head wind and big sea again, and instead of getting there around midday, as we'd hoped, we did not sight land till around 3, and did not get into the lee of the island till dark. The Captain with his usual charming way of re-assuring one, answered our question as to whether we were doing 4 or 5, by shaking his head mournfully and replying "Pas même trois". He's a perfect man. Missed our baths, having been very lucky lately and nearly each day, either got a bucket with fresh water, a tap, or tin hip bath "al fresco" and twice or three times on the trip a heated bath, an unheard of luxury, a towel and a cake of soap is always the order of the day when going ashore, and the first search for a

Maupiti Maio.

Feb. 28. possible washing place. Our animals all flourish, the little parrot rechristened Ulysses, an angel, and completely tame now and learning to fly, very drunkenly! Vigi's rabbit still survives; the pig we were presented with at Maupiti we've handed on to Hubert, the old cock which has been on board since the beginning of the voyage is now the ship's pet!! Two dramas with sails today, one tearing and one coming off its gaff, observed, I may say, only by B. who told the Captain, who said: "Ah, mais c'est vrai!"

South Sea Islands. Maio. "Gisborne".

Mar. 1. Drifted all night, so rolled like nothing on earth and had quite a long way to come back. Sent off the "embarcation" immediately, who returned with the news that Mr. Trover was not yet back from Papeete. However, decided nevertheless to spend the day at the island and went off at about 8. Rather an interesting island and somewhat of a curiosity geologically, as it is a mixture of both Atoll and high volcanic type of island, all tropical fruits and flowers growing in profusion in the interior and at the base and on the hills, while the low lying coastal strip is densely covered with cocoanut palms, divided by shallow lagoons in the true Atoll fashion. The landing place is tricky in the extreme, luckily there were no very bad seas, as it is only a tortuous slit in the fringing reef with a terrific current and dangerous in the extreme in bad weather for any boat. The population seemed unattractive, Trover's Chinaman alone being extremely pleasant, and after a long, hot walk to the village, he produced a most excellent lunch for us of crab and chicken. This island is famous for the former and the Chink cooked the claws in delicious "beignets", most succulent. Trover has his huts and copra establishment right on the beach. Another European, an American, living in the island, asked for a lift to Papeete, which we agreed to, by name Nicholas Lightfoot!! However he suffered from nausea the entire time, so we saw little of him. Sailed at 7.

Moorea.

Mar. 2. Rather a rough night and a head wind, but nevertheless were in sight of Moorea at dawn, the island looking as beautiful as ever and Tito Wessel's bay, Opunohu, quite staggering with its background of spectacular peaks. The interior mountains have been carved by the elements into numerous abrupt pinnacles and spires, quite unreal and looking more like an artificial background cut for a fantastic theatrical show. The scenery in this particular spot is unbeatable for sheer beauty and astounding formation. Arrived in so early, Tito was still asleep and only our prolonged yells and the noise of the schooner, got him out from under his mosquito net. He then rowed on board and we learnt that he and Turia had parted except as friends, due to the pressure of his relations and their disapproval of her. Too sad, and he's miserable and she's heartbroken, and it all seems too unnecessary, and Moorea was certainly not the same without her. The morning was spent breakfasting, washing, and then went out in Tito's new boat round to the opposite side of the island to Haupiti, fishing on the way. Tuna in profusion, 2 caught, but one eaten by a shark, also one shark shot at. Haupiti lovely too. Rough sea on return journey; lovely day otherwise. Dined early and sailed at 7. Head wind and rough sea and only reached Papeete at 12.p.m., so luckily had decided to sleep on board. Quite heartbroken our heavenly cruise at an end. Perfect in every way.

Tahiti. Papeete. Punaumu.

Mar. 3. Woke early with all the noise of the wharf and packed, and said more sad farewells to our crew, Captain and others. Everyone seemed really like us to wish the trip had not come to an end. Went off in the car brought by Adram to the wharf packed high with luggage, including the little parrot, Ulysses, given us yesterday evening by

Papeete, Punarum.

- Mar. 3. (cont) the Captain, after a great deal of sobstuff and fishing on our part!! So devoted to him, now felt we couldn't leave him and I feel the Captain really had resigned himself long ago to this. Promised him a sweater instead!! Breakfasted at the Blue Lagoon. Too strange being back in civilisation again and Papeete felt like a real modern metropolis! Heard on all sides the anxiety we had caused by failing to turn up at the expected date. Just at the time of the Raratonga hurricane, which they knew must have touched the Australs in which we were and the terrible weather here. Dr. Williams, our nice Consul, had gone as far as writing out a cable in code to the Foreign Office asking permission to send out search parties for us, when luckily they received the news we'd reached Raiatea!! Visited Dr. Williams, collected our mail from the office, saw Russell and various friends and finally drove out to Levinson's in time for lunch. Staying there again. The whole afternoon spent unpacking, going through and tidying up our belongings and looking at the mildew, cockroaches, ants, etc. seemingly in possession of most things. Drove out late to see Turia in a divine house.
- Mar. 4. Lovely day, but sad to say had to spend a hectic one shopping and doing a mass of business in Papeete, so only got very hot and exhausted. Also found a good Dr. (Audemar) to attend to our cuts, which are still bad. Lunched at the Blue Lagoon, visited the "Gisborne" several times, gave the Captain and others small presents. Did not finish our business till after 5. The whole of Tahiti in a hectic state of work, due to the arrival of 2 companies of M.G.M., one to film "Mutiny in the Bounty" the other for "Taipei", the Americans as usual seeming to have got a hustle on, even with the Polynesians! Find on adding up roughly that on our cruise we must have covered close on 4,000 miles and visited 29 islands in the 8 weeks we were away. A good performance for the dear old "Gisborne". Also while Tahiti had practically ceaseless rain, we, except for our two lots of really bad 24 hours, had on the whole continuously good weather, which, considering the time of year, was miraculous.
- Mar. 5. A glorious day early and drove along the coast to Mao's, getting drenched to the skin just before arriving there, owing to having the hood down, and arrived like 2 drowned rats, finally lunching in bath towels, while our clothes were dried! Delicious food as usual, though too much of it plus a bottle of very sweet champagne thrust on us by Mao, which sent me straight to sleep! A very social afternoon, paying 2 calls, one on the Guilds and one on the Robinsons, who are working hard on the property they have bought. Took Ulysses, the little parrot, with us in beautiful plumage and completely tame now and we're devoted slaves to him and quite dithering! Turia and Tamara came for dinner and Henry Levinson and Mr. Trover joined up with us, so we were quite a large party. Exhausted, and I had an extremely painful and swollen foot from one cut. The others and Bunny's better under Audemar's new ointment.

Mar. 6. A glorious day, wasted by having to spend it again in Papeete exhausting ourselves and our tempers. Two enormous yachts in, one belonging to America's Wool King, Forsmann, called the "Orion", who has steamed the whole way from U.S.A. for 4 days fishing at Tahiti! 3 gaga old gentlemen on board! The other yacht smaller, the "Vagabondia", belonging to the Melons. The only one we can still get no definite news about is the "Caroline" with Douglas, and everyone gives us different information! Lunched at the Blue Lagoon, the Wainwrights very amiable and quite a good lunch for once. Papeete a seething mass of people and bustle, with 2 yachts and 2 Film companies and quite exhausting. Also very hot and thundery.

Mar. 7. A very wte and thundery night with continuous lightning. Motored into Papeete early, where we found a cable from Douglas announcing a delay in his arrival, which he thought would not be till the end of the month. All very upsetting, as it will make me so late in Malta and I should sail by the mail boat. Went out for the day in "Moorea", Tito's boat, which we are hiring by the day now. A terrific thunderstorm with big seas and wind chased us when we first got out, but managed to escape it by dodging all over the place. Lunched out at sea, and just as we were giving the fishing up as a bad job, Bunny hooked a huge Tuna, which gave us a most exciting fight, running the line almost right out 3 or 4 times and exhausting B. with his tremendous weight, till he could be got alongside the boat, gaffed and dragged in with a rope. Took about 2 hours and on weighing him, found him to be 89 kilos or nearly 200 lbs. Distributed fish all round the town and it caused great excitement. My foot very swollen and painful, so had it dressed at the Dr's, whom we chased round the town. A quiet evening at Punarum in an exhausted condition.

Punarum. Piree.

Mar. 8. Foot bad still, so hobbled only, trying to keep it up as much as possible. Drove into Papeete at 11, picking up Mrs. Sturgess there and then on to lunch with Preston Moore at Piree, who has a charming property there. Lots of business in Papeete after and a visit to Dr. Williams. Very hot and thundery still and extremely tiring weather. The little parrot very flourishing, complete with a cage and swing, which he loves. Looking too sweet and tamer than ever and follows us everywhere.

Punarum.

Mar. 9. A dull and rather dreary day, as my foot very swollen and painful, so settled to stay quietly out at Levinson's all day. B. went into Papeete, as we'd arranged to go over Forsmann's yacht, the "Orion", and came back with marvellous tales of its splendour and the fantastic, opulent vulgarity of its owner and guests, and the unbelievable amount of liquor consumed on board! Tito called in to see us later, over for a few days from Moorea, and Dr. Audemar came to dress my foot after tea. The mosquitoes these days with the hot, thundery weather, terrible and we now sit in bags, but still go practically mad just about dusk!

Mar. 10. Spent the whole day again out at Punarum. My foot about the same and very painful, Dr. came in the morning and poked about. Lovely sun at intervals and took a sun bath after lunch. Later drove just down to the point

Punarum.

Mar.10. (cont) near Levinson's, where the M.G.M. Co. are filming "Mutiny in the Bounty". Saw a scene with the leading girl (Hawaiian) taken, and met the Director, called Lloyd, a very nice Englishman, who has worked for years with the U.S.A. A good deal of it will be taken in Hollywood when they return and finished there. Foot worse in the evening and closely resembling a limb smitten with elephantiasis!

Mar.11. Drove into Papeete early to do a lot of business and shopping before going to see the doctor, who found the foot worse with a large abscess formed, which he proceeded to open up, an extremely unpleasant performance both to watch and to submit to! Foot however seemed better as a result of it. Did not feel up to much for the rest of the day, so we stayed quietly out at Panarum and later played Russian Bank. Bunny pig-a-backed me over to dinner! Wet afternoon and evening, the hut and verandah leaking like sieves!

Mar.12. An extremely unpleasant day with drenching rain practically the entire day and quite cold, as well. Drove into Papeete after lunch to the doctor and to the post etc. Found a wireless from Douglas announcing another delay and doubting whether he would arrive before April, 6th, which makes it too late for me to wait and shall have to sail in the mail boat I fear. Foot better on the whole.

Tahiti.

Mar.13. Decided on a day's fishing, so took Tito's boat "Moorea" and after an early call by the doctor and a few errands, embarked around 9.30. A most glorious day. First fished along the reef up to Punarum, saw birds and went on, but not a fish, and by lunchtime were of the opinion it was a fishless day. After an excellent meal on board, returned along the reef and within 10 seconds of a prediction on my part that we were about to catch a fish, B. hooked a small fish of the Bonita class. This was quickly followed by a dog-toothed Tuna. Excellent eating, so, having our dinner, were satisfied. Went out towards Moorea, but seeing nothing, were about to return when some dolphin birds were sighted, which we immediately made for, B. hooking one of those fish at once, which gave a beautiful fight, jumping 6 or 8 times. About to pursue a second one, he then hooked an enormous swordfish, which also put up a marvellous battle, jumping high time after time and it was 1½ hours before he was alongside. Much too heavy to get in the boat, so we had to tow him back. Bad squalls at sea and torrential rain on arriving back, but in spite of this and approaching darkness, the sight of a paren (that or a flag flown being the sign of a large fish caught), brought a large crowd out and we made a triumphal landing, the fish being hauled out and conveyed on a lorry to the S.C.O. scales where it weighed 209 Kilos or 462 lbs. Everyone thrilled. Too dark to photograph it, so hauled it up on a Gisborne boat and left it guarded till morning!! Returned after a visit to the doctor completely exhausted and only reached Punarum around 7.30.

Punarum.

Mar.14. Drove in early in a great hurry, so naturally immediately had a panne d'essence and ignominiously had to leave the car on the road and accept a lift from a prehistoric Ford! Went immediately to the Gisborne alongside the wharf, where the Howrah (slightly niffy!) was still hanging in all its glory, with a large interested crowd! Took photos of it, as did a very nice American who'd spoken to us yesterday evening. Then followed a hectic morning of shopping, Dr. and Bank visits etc. After a visit to the "Orion", which is back here from Bora Bora, her owner Mr. Forsmann having broken his arm and returned for medical aid. Saw all over her and, gathering she was leaving for Fiji next, spent the rest of the day debating whether we should ask for a lift and preparing to depart in case we did! Settled to do so and nearly went mad getting things settled up and waiting for the answer which got delayed and we had to leave town before receiving it, still quite in the dark! Had arranged a dinner at Maun's for the Gisborne crowd, also Tito and Turia (together again!) and one or two others. All assembled around 7, also one of the "Orion" guests a Mr. Richmond and a Mrs. Hunter and a friend of Turia's and Douglas's ex-girl Momo. The Forsmann note arrived by this time and we were distinctly relieved to find they were probably going straight back to the U.S.A., which did not suit us at all and we could relax again!! Had a marvellous dinner, food galore, guitar playing and dancing and singing and the crew on wine got merry and had a grand time and everyone seemed happy. B. and I finally left alone with the sailors only, who weretoo sweet and touching, singing us songs of thanks and farewell and getting very sentimental. Lovely moonlight drive back, brought Hubert who is going to work for us till we leave, having anyway left the Gisborne.

Mar.15. All these last 3 days glorious unbroken weather and really hot. A quiet morning ~~and~~ out at Levinson's and sorting out things and airing clothes. Drove into Papeete after lunch to have my foot done, etc. and do some shopping. Also visited the Gisborne up on the slips and found some of the sailors had not yet returned from last night's party! Our mistake was leaving them behind with a nearly full demijohn!! But their idea of heaven, and no one seems angry not even the owner Assam or the Captain!

Mar.16. A very hot day and my foot not too good and both felt rather gaga, we didn't know why. Attempted to start some mail in the morning, not very successfully, and also to put our belongings straight, but laziness overtook me very early in the proceedings and I gave up. Had to go into Papeete afterlunch to see the doctor and do some errands, also had a drink with the new charterers of the "Gisborne", who sail on a week's cruise to the Leeward Islands tonight, on our recommendation, Governor and Mrs. Pincio. She glorious in a henna wig, yellow and short and emerald satin pyjamas! He rather a dear, rather henpecked I should think! The crew all seem to have turned up after their blind, thank God! as we feel very responsible. Decided we cannot wait for Douglas and definitely are sailing in the mailboat.

Tahiti.

Mar.17. Another lovely day, so took the opportunity to wash my head (most competently achieved by B.) and dry it in the sun. Did some letter writing I must admit with ever increasing difficulty, and any excuse is sufficient for us to put off the unpleasant performance. Mr. Trower having had 3 dozen crabs sent up from his island Maio, we have been regaling ourselves on them cooked in all forms, particularly good in the beaguets like we had down there. Our greed has not abated and our clothes are being severely strained! After lunch drove out to Papeari, where a dear old American, by name of Harrison Smith known as "Bornee Smith", has a delightful estate. The Tuan Muda having written me about him. We found him as enthusiastic about Sarawak and all the family as we'd been led to expect. He spent some years there before coming here and is an extremely intelligent and charming man, a graduate of Harvard, where he studied electrical engineering and botany. The latter now occupies his time and he has planted all kinds of interesting trees and shrubs and plants. Drove on to Maun's to order a meal for the day after tomorrow, as we intend going round the island in "Moorea" starting tomorrow, and then visited the Guilds, where to our joy we found the super cargo of one of the schooners had succeeded in getting us 2 little blue birds from the Tuemotos. Too sweet, though not so beautiful as Ulysses or the "Little King" as he's known now!!

Mar.18. Disappointed in the morning, as we were all prepared for an early start in "Moorea" on a 3 days trip round the island, but heard at the last moment that Georges, the mechanic, was ill and impossible to get anyone else at the last moment. Spent the morning out at Punarum and really achieved a little mail, protesting violently all the same. Drove into Papeete after lunch, the car and everything to do with it very temperamental these days, tyres go flat, springs break, and petrol runs out at the least provocation, but considering the state of the roads this is not really surprising!! Had a satisfactory afternoon, though hot and tiring. Fixed up with another man to replace Georges, did a lot of emplettes, got the car arranged and had a drink on board the "Ville de Verdun" just arrived. Also saw the doctor and my foot really getting on well now and I can hobble quite quickly again. Weather still continues glorious and the desire to bathe, made impossible all this time owing to the coral cuts, becomes stronger each day.

"Moorea". Tautira.

Mar.19. A glorious day and one of the clearest we had seen since we arrived. The mountain peaks all clearly visible, the ridges and valleys standing out like relief maps, and Tahiti and Moorea looking beautiful. A hectic departure, arriving in Papeete to find we had left several vital things behind, so sent Hubert back post haste in a taxi for them. Engines gave trouble starting Gooding, the new man, being strange to them. Finally got off about 10 taking Hubert with us as well, and went round to Tautira via Venus Point, lunching en route. Sighted birds off Venus and got into a vast Bonita and Tuna school, catching both, but saw no swordfish. Reached Tautira at dusk, left the men to sleep on board and went up to the little hotel where we had rum punches, Bunny a swim in the fresh water river and a good dinner. Found

"Moorea". Tautira.

Mar.19. (cont). a deserting mechanic from the Mellon's yacht, an American Norwegian, with whom we had marvellous conversations and who was rather nice and very confidential when not too drunk, when he became very pugnacious and rather pathetic.

Tautira.. Vanui.

Mar.20. Very windy and quite cold in the night, but dropped in the early morning and extremely hot, with glassy seas later. Trouble starting the engines again, so slight delay in departing. A marvellous way has been found to keep my foot from getting sea water on it, in the shape of my zip sponge-bag placed jauntily over it! Got off about 8.30 and fished all day with the net result one small caronge; not a smell of a swordfish or anything else, so it could not be called one of our better days. But the island looking so lovely and such perfect weather, the fishing was really unimportant. Went into Vanui pass for lunch and into Papeari to spend the night at Maun's about 4. Had the usual delicious dinner, luckily not quite so gargantuan as usual. Took a little walk in the most lovely moonlight.

Papeari.

Mar.21. Left early and fished along the reef as far as the Guilds, but with little success and the fish were certainly not at their best. Lunched at the Guild's place collecting our two new little birds from the Pomotous (Vinis), the most lovely ink blue, only babies and very sweet and cheeky. The little King very jealous and non-plussed and not at all pleased. Fished all the afternoon again and got into a lot of birds, but, except for 2 huge Bonita and a few oddments, got very little, but had an enjoyable day. Visited the Dr. and collected various things in Papeete before driving out to Levinson's for our last 2 days, before sailing on the 23rd.

Tahiti.

Mar.22. Most of the morning spent in arranging belongings and beginning to pack and tidy up. Then drove out to Turei's house to lunch with her and Tito. A good meal plus champagne, which didn't clear our brains much for a busy afternoon! Drove into Papeete and did a mass of things, paying bills, collecting parcels, getting luggage fixed and the 101 last minute horrors! Also paid various goodbye calls to Dr. Williams, the Amaru family and the Wainwrights. Returned exhausted to find Tito and Turei out at Levinsons, so all dined together. The birds all flourishing and too angelic and gave us more trouble than 3 children! Very disquieting news from Europe over Germany's new arming steps. Everyone in a flutter and war really seemed not far away.

R.M.S. "Makura"

Mar.23. Too sad, our last days really gloomy. However luckily had so much to do, did not have much time to ponder. Our departure from Levinsons rather undignified, the car refusing to start and having to be pushed down hill. Took Mr. Trower and Hubert in, plus heaps of luggage, the car groaning. Then followed visits to the Bank, the final paying of bills and collecting

R.M.S. "Makura"

Mar. 23. (cont) of parcels, drinks and farewells at the Club and the beginning of farewells. The usual custom of giving tiare and frangipani and other flower wreaths and necklaces started early, a delicious custom, but the scent quite overpowering. Saw the good ship Gisborne return after her week's cruise with the Pincios, and talked to some of our old friends. Lunched with Tito and Turei and did more business after finally boarding the "Makura" for letter writing. A terribly hectic time getting the letters done in time for the north bound mail on the 26th. Sad farewells all round and sailed about 5, the most lovely evening, Tahiti and Moorea looking pictures and the dear old Gisborne in the harbour making us quite homesick. En route for Australia via New Zealand.

At Sea. Tahiti to Wellington.

Mar. 24. Glorious day, so could sit out and sunbathe and passed quite a pleasant, peaceful day. The 3 birds giving us intense trouble and worry, everyone having been most depressing about the likelihood of our getting them home alive. What with cold, change of food etc., and now we have also realised all the custom difficulties we shall have. But determined to get them back coute que coute. They flourish at the moment and are too sweet and tame. My bean, the Captain Macdonald, in great form. The passengers all very uninteresting, excepting a very nice French author and his wife, by name Simenon. He has been writing books and newspaper articles on the recent political scandals in Tahiti, in which everyone, from the Governor downwards, seems involved. The Simenons are very charming, with a particularly good point of view and sense of humour. The New Zealand and Australian accent, the worst cockney imaginable predominate on board.

R.M.S. "Makura" Cook Islands, Raratonga.

Mar. 25. Got off the island of Raratonga early, where the ship always spends the day on the south bound and north bound runs, chiefly shipping fruit. A lovely little island, but owing to the recent hurricane of about 6 weeks ago (the edge of which hit us in the Gisborne in the Australs) very sadly damaged and blown to pieces. The damage by sea and spray even worse than that by wind, the whole little town literally put on the beach instead of being hidden behind thick cocoanut and wide gardens and lawns. The trees brown and bare right up to the top of the mountains. Only one man killed luckily; they say the place will recover in a year. Landing difficult in bad weather, but very calm today, and went ashore around 9.30. Called on the Administrator and Judge of the Group, called Ayson, who combines both positions and whom we found at home. A dear old New Zealander, very worried that he had not known I was on board, and having expected me by the 2 last boats, when evidently preparations had been made for my entertainment. Today he was taken unawares, but quickly got out of a lunch engagement and asked us to have it with him at the local hotel. In the meantime we took a drive round the island, which only takes an hour or so and is really pretty, though being under the New Zealand Govt. Rule, the people seem quieter and less gay than the Tahitians, prohibition and a mass of rules restricting them. After feeding with the Judge, who

Raratonga.

Mar. 25. (cont) was like an old hen fussing about us, spent the afternoon up at his house and in his very attractive garden, which had luckily escaped too bad a time in the hurricane. All went on board at teatime and started rounds of drinks, the party increased by 2 New Zealand females, who gradually got fairly tight and increasingly cockney! All finally remained to dinner and swayed off as the ship sailed.

R.M. "Makura"

Mar. 26. Still pleasantly warm and could sun ourselves, though we are now heading very south west, and it should be quite cold soon. Depressing, both from our point of view and the birds. The latter flourishing still. The world's news still disquieting, though war seems to have been averted temporarily.

Mar. 27. Getting cooler, but lovely hot sun while it shone, and spent our day putting on and taking off woollies and wondering whether we were grilling or freezing. Read a nice sentimental Ethel M. Dell, unbelievably bad, but quite enjoyable. Spent a certain amount of the day with the birds, from whom we derive the greatest fun and who become sweeter each day, and all completely tame now.

Mar. 28. The wireless news informed us of Japan leaving the League of Nations, which complicates the European crisis even more. No other very dramatic news however. The weather dull and arctic in the morning, though actually the thermometer is still up to 68. But that after 80 to 90 seems like the Polar Regions. The sun came out in the afternoon and we had quite a nice sunbathe. Attended a Cinema after dinner, quite amusing though all nearly died of cold while watching it. Seas rather rougher, having been flat calm till now.

Mar. 29. Thermometer falling, though the sun gloriously hot still, and sat out on deck nearly all day and had a delicious sunbathe. Read and played an amusing dice game in the evening, a sort of Poker called "Mousse" and joined up with the Simenons. Also read an interesting set of articles by him in the Paris Journal about the Galapagos mystery of the Baronne Wagner. Tea with the Captain in his cabin. My foot nearly recovered, but have not had a shoe on yet and feel I'll never get one on again! Went to bed tonight to wake up on the 31st. A funny feeling.

Mar. 30. Missed this day owing to crossing the 180°.

Mar. 31. A strange feeling waking on a Sunday morning after going to bed on a Friday night!! In sight of the New Zealand coast already, and a glorious sunny day again, though the temperature down to 64. Medical inspection and slight packing occupied us early and then sat out in the sun for a time. The same in the afternoon, and, except for a cold wind, really extraordinarily warm. Decided to leave the birds on board to continue to Sydney in charge of my stewardess, as we fear there will be great complications landing them, and thus saves us one country anyway. Played Bunny's Poker again with the Simenons and lost as previously. A rotten game!!

R.M.S. "Makura". New Zealand. Wellington. Wanganui.

Apr. 1. Got in to Wellington late last night, but lay off till early this morning and were not alongside till about 8.30. Glorious sunny, hot day, no wind, a thing Wellington is renowned for!! A lot of reporters and photographers on arrival, and what with them, packing, tipping, etc were stretcher cases by the time we landed. Bunny met by a very nice friend of his, Jimmy Tinker, who is now farming out here, and went with him on board our ship "Diomedes", whose captain, Cosina Graham, I knew in Malta. He gave us drinks and invited us all to lunch. The rest of the morning spent at Cocks, shopping and arranging for the hire of a vintage Wylles Knight for £5. for a week to drive up to Auckland ourselves!! Started at 2 after a good lunch on board - and the car a real Harry Tate effect - left the dock with a series of explosions, jerks and screams, we three in front, masses of luggage behind and the hood and various other parts of the car secured with string. It seemed the only available car which would open in the town, as people only use saloons. 150 miles to Wanganui was our aim, and the car ran well at first, till suddenly she bled over like an immense geyser and the only means of filling with water was with my two hot water bottles and douche bag, from a very stagnant river, and we all got quite hysterical. A series of mishaps then dogged us and we struggled from garage to garage, the car becoming more and more peculiar and costing us more and more money and ended by our being ignominiously towed by a hired taxi the last 30 miles into Wanganui, only reaching it at 11 p.m.!! Exhausted, but had laughed so much, it was worth it. Ate bacon and eggs at an all-night shop and retired to bed at Fosters Hotel with acute indigestion!

Apr. 2. The car in the hands of the garage till midday, so drove in Jimmy Tinker's car, another vintage piece, some way up the Wanganui River, on which he lives. Very pretty with beautiful willows all along the banks. An early lunch and started at 12.30. to motor on all up the west coast to Waitomo. Really lovely drive through excellent grazing land covered with sheep, all round Mt. Egmont, a lovely extinct volcano, with very gradual slopes suddenly rising to a nearly perfect cone, and over lovely mountain passes, with beautiful scenery and dense tropical and sub-tropical trees and vegetation mixed with fir, chestnuts, and all the English varieties. The car behaved ~~spasmodically~~ spasmodically, but much better and only had about 2 or 3 stops and none very serious, and reached Waitomo about 9.30., after a 230 mile drive. Had cold dinner and then went to the famous Glow worm Cave, really the most beautiful sight imaginable, studded with billions of them like stars and lighting the whole caves and passages around. Stayed at the Govt. Hotel.

Waitomo. Rotorua.

Apr. 3. Dull and misty early, but cleared later. Drove to the other two enormous caves in the valley near by, one with the most beautiful stalactite and stalagmite effects I have ever seen, both running for about 3/4 mile under the mountain, and extremely well and artistically lighted. Then proceeded to ~~the, Rotorua~~ Rotorua, lunching at a place called Te Awamutu, at an excellent little fishshop on the way. Car, except for slight temperament in the morning and a rather lengthy visit to

Rotorua.

Apr. 3. (cont) the garage again, ran like a dream, Bunny and Jimmy Tinker driving her in turns for an hour each at a time. Reached Rotorua at 4, and after tea at the Grand where we stayed, started off to view the chief of the "Thermal wonders". Really extraordinary, and the boiling water and mud pools and holes and huge spouting geysers, most impressive and extraordinary colours and formations. The whole earth a thin crust and hot under foot even. The Maori village in the district interesting, the Maoris using the boiling pools for all their cooking, washing, etc.. Ice cold and boiling water sometimes run in the same pool or stream, side by side. Strong sulphur smell everywhere not so good. Taken round by Raugi the chief Maori guide, who, like all of them here, make the most painful jokes and tell one unending stories which nearly kill one. Attended Raugi's concert in the evening. Quite good Maori singing and dancing.

Rotorua. Auckland.

Apr. 4. Not so fine, but were extremely lucky and escaped nearly all the rain fortunately, as by this time the hood, such as it had been, was now completely in pieces! Stopped for lunch at a fish shop in Cambridge and again for tea later in the afternoon. New Zealanders tremendous tea drinkers, which suits their complete "Middle Classness". However, most obliging and pleasant and hospitable people to meet, but I imagine rather dreary and uninspiring to live with among. All the towns hideous and resembling small middle-west ones in America, and country houses non-existent. But scenery very pretty and just like England in many places. The Bush very dense, but with some lovely varieties of trees and shrubs. Everything grows to enormous heights and very quickly. Reached Auckland about 6 and went to the Grand. Rather dreary and gloomy. Dined in; good food, and then went to a good Film called "Forsaking all Others", with Joan Crawford, Gable and Montgomery. Two appalling comedies first, so were relieved the big one was enjoyable.

Auckland. R.M.S. "Monowai."

Apr. 5. Spent the morning in the town shopping, visiting Cooks about the tickets, etc. and getting books and records. Lunched at the Grand off a delicious local soup called Thuaroa, a sort of clam, and Blue Cod, smoked an excellent fish, like a super haddock! Jimmy came down to the ship, the "Monowai", 11,000 tons, in which we are sailing for Australia. Quite a lot of people on board and my cabin very nice. Wrote Diary, played the gramophone and read. Very smooth all up the New Zealand coast, but I gather the Tasman Sea generally a very different proposition. Jimmy is driving the handsome car back as far as Wanganui tomorrow and then returns to the Bush.

R.M.S. "Monowai". Tasman Sea. (Auckland to Sydney).

Apr. 6. Woke to a following sea and an extremely unpleasant roll, which continued all day with a corkscrew motion later as well. Read, walked and had meals in my cabin, as the Dining Room quite unbearably hot and smelly with all the ports shut and 3 gentlemen of the Church at the table next to us, stinking like badgers! which did not improve matters. Wireless from the Chief Officer of the "Makura" saying the birds were all well, a great relief.

R.M.S. "Monowai". Tasman Sea. (Auckland to Sydney).

Apr. 7. A much finer day, roll nearly gone and bright sun at intervals. Read a good deal and sat up on the top deck and sunned ourselves in the afternoon, and later played some Russian Bank. Met the Captain of the "Dar-vel", MacDonald, who'd taken us from Sarawak to Singapore. He is an Australian and is back on 8 months' leave. Had drinks with him and his wife.

Apr. 8. A morning out in the sun, as it was really beautifully hot out of the wind. Then an exhausting time packing up etc., and finally steamed into Sydney Harbour about 2.30. A really fine sight and one of the most beautiful in the world, with the wonderful bridge quite breath-taking and the finest example of engineering ever achieved. The "Monowai" passed right under it, and it seems impossible that the masts will get clear. A lot of reporters and photographers again, and getting a little tired of them. Collected various items of luggage etc. and then drove to the Australia Hotel. Fairly grim and service we found later anything but efficient. Did some shopping and visited Cooks etc. and after an excellent meal in the Grill, went to see "Bengal Lancer."

Sydney. Canberra.

Apr. 9. A bright, cold day, but with brilliant sun. A busy morning trying to fix up to fly home by the Air Mail, and at 11.30. left Mascot Aerodrome for Canberra. The Kingsford Smith Service (head Mr. Collind) flew us down in a Monospar, with a very nice pilot, called Chapman. A lovely flight over very beautiful country and took about 1½ hours for the 162 miles, as there was a strong head wind. After lunch at the Canberra Hotel, went all round the Federal Parliament Building, meeting a lot of the present and ex-Cabinet and other Ministers, who gave us tea and drove all round the City. When finally completed, it should be very impressive, but as yet it is very disconnected, most of the buildings, semi-temporary ones, though quite good even now in style and execution. Wonderful trees and flowers and shrubs planted everywhere, and extremely well laid out. Situated in beautiful country, high up with hills and mountains encircling it in the distance. Landed just at dusk, after the most beautiful sunset, and returned in 1 hour 2 minutes, with a tail wind. Another good meal at the Grill and went to Grace Moore's "One Night of Love."

Sydney.

Apr. 10. A very nervy and very hectic day, the reporters and photographers driving me quite mad, the telephone ringing unceasingly and all kinds of annoyances cropping up. Did some shopping in the morning and after an early sandwich lunch in the Hotel, went down with one of the Customs Officials to get the birds off the "Makura". Tremendous difficulties, owing to the quarantine restrictions, but we obtained permission to take them on with us, on condition they went temporarily to the Zoo here. Motored them out to Taronga Park, where Mr. Brown, the Secretary met us and took us all round, having first settled the birds. Poor sweets, all looking very moth eaten and piano after their journey. Saw kangaroos, platypuses and angelic Koalas, the Australian native

Sydney.

Apr. 10. (cont.) bear and some lovely birds. Later drove on out to Koala Park, a Reserve where they have 60 to 80 bears, one more fascinating than the other, and fell madly in love with all. Dined at the Grill and went to bed early, exhausted.

Apr. 11. The newspaper nuisance continues and they are really as bad as in the U.S.A. Did a lot of business in the morning and I lunched at Government House with the Hore Ruthvens. Large party. Had my head washed after and had my Aunt Lillian Pakenham, who has lived here since 1914, and whom I'd not seen since I was tiny, to tea. Another female for cocktails and B. in the meantime had spent the afternoon flying at Mascot Aerodrome. So were both exhausted by dinner, which we had in the Grill as usual.

Sydney. Katoomba. Jenolan Caves.

Apr. 12. An enjoyable visit early from a gentleman, called De Dion, who does hand reading, writing and horoscopes generally and is going to work on ours over the weekend! Then hectic departure, as we could bear the city and the reporters, etc. no longer, and finding it impossible to get any peace, hired a car to drive ourselves and disappeared into the country. Marvellous roads and drove towards the Blue Mts. lunching at Katoomba at one of the worst and unattractive hotels imaginable! Then right over the mountains with really lovely views to about 120 miles away to the famous Jenolan caves. Glorious road winding down the last part, and found the hotel quite good. Plain food, fires - luckily as it is 3000 ft. up and bitter - and good clean rooms and very peaceful. Signed in as Morton!! Visited one of the caves after dinner. Wonderful effects and glorious shawls formed by the stalactites. There are 9 here, this one called the Left Imperial.

Apr. 13. A cold and rather wet day, but extremely enjoyable nevertheless, and everything fine. A most exhausting visit to the Orient Cave in the morning, but well worth it and really superb, and the most exquisite formations and colours. But miles to walk and climb and got fairly dead at moments. A good walk and climb in the afternoon and saw lots of lovely birds, the animals and birds all wild here being fascinating, including wallabies and the most gorgeous scarlet and periwinkle birds with long tails.

Jenolan. Mt. Wilson. Sydney. (New South Wales).

Apr. 14. Icy cold, but fine. Left in the car at 10 a.m. and had a really glorious drive over the mountain passes to Mt. Wilson, where the views and colourings were exquisite. An excellent lunch of roast beef and apple pie with Devonshire cream at the little local post office. Cold quite intense and the coldest day I believe for the time of year for the last 70 years!! Drove over hair-raising roads and the steepest mountain passes and got back to Sydney around teatime. Spent quite a long time looking through newspapers for a good picture and on starting off for it, found every cinema in Sydney closed on Sunday night. In fact not a thing, business or amusement, ever opens in Australia on the Sabbath. So played Russian Bank instead.

Sydney.

Apr. 15. A very busy and hectic day getting ready for our departure tomorrow to fly back to Europe. We shall be the first official passengers to be carried by the Empire Airways, whose mail service even has only been opened for the last 4 months. Took Aunt Lilian Pakenham out to lunch and shopped and had various interviews in the afternoon. Also did some shopping. Had some dinner up in the sittingroom with B. who left on the 7.30 train for Brisbane. I spent a completely exhausting evening packing and writing. Comdr. Gifford, one of the A.D.C.s from Govt. House came round and delayed matters a good deal. Also spoke to Marjorie on the telephone in London and finally got to bed at 1 a.m.

Sydney. Kangaroo Valley. Goulburn. Cootamundra.

Apr. 16. Was called at 5 a.m., fetched at 6 by Mr. Garling with his father and sister. He is a partner of Butler Air Transport, which is flying me up to Charleville from Cootamundra tomorrow to join the Brisbane, Singapore Mail Plane there. The Butler Airways carry the mails of South ern Australia up to the main line at Charleville. The Garling family motored me right up to Cootamundra, a really delightful lot, and we drove in a brand new Nash! Went along the most lovely coast road and beautiful scenery. Met some awfully nice rough Australians on the way and found them the most friendly and genuine of souls and full of kindness and hospitality. Lunched at Goulburn, and had brilliant weather till then, but afterwards the rain set in and the roads became terribly muddy. We only reached Cootamundra at 8 p.m. A large dinnerparty assembled to meet me of the locals, all dears. Great speeches, toasts, etc. in honour of me, their first passenger etc!! which I would have enjoyed even more, had I not been so absolutely dead. Met young Butler of the Firm and the brilliant young airman, who flew to Australia 4 years ago in an antique comper swift.

New South Wales. Queensland. Butler Airways. Qantas Airways. Cootamundra. Narrownine. Bourke. Charleville. Longreach.

Apr. 17. Called at 5 again, a bleak, icy morning, and on the Air Field at 5.45, but there the trouble began, as after many farewells, took off in the Dragon with their very nice pilot Gregory, but met dense, drifting clouds and rain low down all over the surrounding hills, and he found it impossible to continue, so landed again. After 1 hr. made another attempt, as the weather seemed to have lifted, and by going up straight about 4000 ft. managed to get above the bad weather. Terribly difficult though to know when and to find a gap to come down through, and had an anxious time knowing there to be mountains in the vicinity. The Dragons have no blind flying instruments. Finally found a hole and came down through it, and then found ourselves in the plains, but completely lost! having drifted right off our course. Flew for ages and then luckily picked up the railway line and finally reached our first stop, Narrown Mine 2 hours late, everyone having given us up for lost. The Mayor etc. there to meet me with speeches made to me in the car and quite pricelsss. Then on to Bourke, where I had a hurried lunch and finally to Charleville, where we connected with the Qantas plane from Brisbane. Arrived 3 hours late. Found B. and proceeded to Longreach, where we spent the night.

Qantas Airways. Longreach. Cloncurry. Mt. Isa. Brunette Downs. Daly Waters. Darwin.

Apr. 18. Saw quite a large number of aborigines. A very interesting trip so far, having flown over every type of country, some very green and fertile, some wooded, some absolutely parched (as there has been a severe drought all over Queensland and parts of N. Australia), herds of cattle and sheep, flocks of wild emus, lovely parrots and parakeets of all colours, and the vastness and incredible distances between the stations or habitations of any kind are unbelievable, and the isolation of some of the houses and tiny settlements, staggering. Met some very charming people with the real pioneer spirit, and could not help admiring them and their great cheerfulness, even in the face of continual adversity. Left Longreach at 5.45 and flew steadily till 5 p.m., when we reached Darwin. Very bumpy after 11 in the morning and had 4 or 5 stops for refuelling, dropping mails, etc. At 2 of the places even circling low over the settlements and dropping the mail ~~xxx~~, out without even landing. Saw some interesting places, including the largest lead and silver mining town at Mt. Isa, with enormous installations and one of the largest cattle stations of 6000 square miles at Brunette. At Daly Waters, a small telegraph station and store on the Overland Line, there are only 3 white people and they get stores in every 6 months to the nearest railhead, 50 miles away and thence by bullock wagons. Taken at Darwin by the Administrator, Colonel Weddell, and his wife to Government House for the night.

Timor Sea. Darwin. Timor; Koepang. Lombok; Rambang. Java, Sourabaya.

Apr. 19. A hot night, but nice to be warm again. Called at 5 a.m. and had breakfast with the Administrator and lady, who then took me to the Air Field and we took off at 6.30 a.m. just before dawn. Excellent weather crossing the Timor Sea and landed at Koepang, on the island of Timor, after 3 hrs. 40 mins. Very lovely with forests of dense tropical vegetation and a charming little town, which we motored out to, while they were refuelling. The Dutch are certainly marvellous colonists and exceptionally good in making their towns and villages attractive, and in keeping with the native houses and the scenery. Next landing was at Rambang on Lombok. Then flew right over Bali, lovely from the air, and thence right on to Java to Sourabaya. A certain amount of rain, but excellent weather on the whole. Arrived ahead of time so had to wait some time for conveyances, which finally appeared and took us to the very nice Hotel Orange. Very attractively constructed for the tropics. Took a drive and bought some Batiks and had an early dinner. Our pilot, Hussey, an awfully nice man, an Australian, and the machine a De Havilland 86 with "Gypsy Major" engines. Very fast, up to 150 miles per hour, and extremely comfortable. Qantas operate in connection with Imperial Airways.

Sourabaya. Batavia. Singapore. (Malay States).

Apr. 20. Took off at about 6 and flew right along the north coast of Java to the other end to Batavia, where we had 40 minutes stop for refuelling etc. Given coffee and pestered by a photographer. Very pretty and interesting flight; then right over Sumatra and millions of islands big and small up to Singapore, which we reached about

Singapore.

Apr. 20. (cont). 2.30. The 4,361 miles from Brisbane are flown in $3\frac{1}{2}$ days, which means an average of 1250 miles per day, a really good performance. Very hot, and met on arrival by Clare and Sidney Smith, he is Air Officer commanding at Singapore, and spent the night at their very nice house, quite close to the Air Field. Drove into the town after tea to get our hair done and try and find a Honey Bear for B. Not successful. All dined with the Italian Consul and his wife, the Matolis, and a charming little couple. Escaped fairly early, leaving a lot of them to attend a Galli Curci Concert! Felt quite exhausted, but slept badly and a tremendous storm started in the early morning.

Imperial Airways "Astraea". Singapore. Alor Star. Bangkok. (Siam)

Apr. 21. Called at 5 a.m. Feeling awful! Drenching rain and wind, but cleared quite early after we'd started. A Dutch representative of K.L.M.'s Paas, and a Czech Boot-seller, the other passengers. The Pilot, a very nice man called Agglesfield, as we've now transferred from our Qantas De Havilland 86 to an Imp. Airways "Atalanta". A quite interesting flight right up through the Malay States, with only one stop at Alor Star, where the British Adviser, Mr. Hall, and his wife came out to meet me. Ran into some bad weather, but made very good time with a tail wind and reached Bangkok well ahead of time. About 1200 miles from Singapore. Extremely hot there. Met by Jackson, head of the Siamese Airways and Controller of the Dong Muang Aerodrome, whom we'd known out here last year, and he and his wife took us out to the lovely Sports Club for a swim. Dined upstairs and retired very early, completely exhausted. Trouble with mosquitoes under my net, which woke me and drove me mad!

Siam, Bangkok, Burma, Rangoon, Akyab, India, Calcutta.

Apr. 22. Called at 4.45, getting earlier each day now, and left the hotel at 5.15. No roads in Siam and one goes out to the Aerodrome by the noisiest of trains 40 minutes or less according to the whims of the driver! Took off around 6.30. and thence straight to Rangoon, Burma. A stop for refuelling and breakfast and collected a mass of other passengers, including the Governor, Sir Hugh Stevenson, and a very smelly Indian gentleman, who nearly asphyxiated us all! Luckily he removed himself at the next stop, Akyab, where we had a good lunch and an hour's stop. Extremely hot on the ground and absolutely freezing high up, especially as we flew some of the time over 9000 feet. Arrived into Calcutta (Dum-Dum) about 4.30. Long drive into the town, changed, bathed and then went to do various shoppings, both absolutely exhausted and had an early dinner and got to bed around 9. Mosquito trouble again and slept badly and felt very sorry for myself and decided the hotel was rotten, that they'd tried to cheat us on our bills and were full of means!

Calcutta, Allahabad, Delhi, Jodhpur.

Apr. 23. The moans against the hotel and its incompetence increased in the morning on finding we'd been woken at 3.40 instead of 4 and consequently were ready too soon, and had to wait for the others, raging. Then a drama with our machine, which is a Vickers "Atalanta" with

Allahabad. Delhi. Jodhpur.

Apr. 23. (cont) Armstrong Siddeley engines, as, taking off, she slightly damaged one of the Ailerons and we had to come down and wait for an hour or so before we could proceed. Then on to Allahabad and Delhi. A lunch stop at the latter and rushed through the meal, so as to have time to take a drive through the New Delhi, which is really fine and Lutyens and Baker seem to have made a great success of it. Extremely hot all today and a long day of it and only reached Jodhpur at dusk, about 7.15. after about 16 hours on the go. Completely exhausted, so retired to bed and had some dinner sent up, as we make another 4 a.m. start tomorrow. Saw Mr. Edgar, who is Officer of Works to the Maharajah and Hanut.

Jodhpur. Karachi. Baluchistan. Gwadar. Arabia. Sharjah.

Apr. 24. Called at 3.30 a.m. and seen off by Hanut. Good flight to Karachi, where we breakfasted and picked up two more passengers. At Karachi transferred into a Hannibal Handley Page machine, with 4 Bristol Jupiter engines, and a very nice pilot, called Alcock. Thence a really lovely flight along the coast of Baluchistan with fantastically shaped mountains, some just like cathedrals, towering above the sea. Refuelled at Gwadar and then flew across the Gulf to Sharjah in Arabia. A long flight and got extremely strong head winds and were hours late in consequence and got some bad bumps. Sharjah a modern fort right in the middle of the desert, heavily fortified and used as a Rest House for Imperial Airways. Really extraordinarily comfortable and excellent food and real baths and hot water. Met the East going plane, passengers spending the night there too. Quite cool.

Sharjah. Oman. Barein. Kuwait. Basra. Iraq. Bagdad.

Apr. 25. An early start as usual, taking off around 5.45, and a longish day. Stops made at Barein, Kuwait and Basra, at the last a lot of new passengers plus a baby appeared for our sins, as most of them then proceeded to be sick the entire way up to Bagdad and nearly gassed us!! Got some nasty duststorms after leaving Basra, and then to make matters worse, encountered what is technically known as a "cold face", when two strong opposite winds meet, which, for about 20 miles, rocked the machine about all over the place, and prostrated the passengers even more. Spent the night out at the Air Port so as not to have such a rush or such an early start. Dined with Alcock, our pilot, very nice and cheery and I believe a brilliant pilot and brother of Sir John Alcock of Atlantic fame. Quite cool all this bit, which is surprising, as it's getting on in the year and can be stifling sometimes.

Bagdad. Rutbah. Palestine. Gaza. Egypt. Alexandria.

Apr. 26. Took off about 5.30. A glorious morning and quite cool, and flew direct to Rutbah, where we breakfasted, and then on right across the Syrian desert, making a detour to look at the wreck of the K.L.M. Douglas Melbourne Air Race machines, which crashed near Rutbah some time ago. Right over the Dead Sea and Jordan, Jericho, the Mt. of Temptation with picturesque monastery perched high up on the mountain side, and low over Jerusalem and Bethlehem, so had a real Cook's Tour. Next stop

Ghaza. Alexandria.

Apr. 26. (cont) Ghaza, where had lunch and about an hour's stop, and then over the Suez Canal and Port Said, right along the Nile Delta to Alexandria, which we reached at about 5 o'clock. Landed on the Air Force Field, which is miles from the town, so took hours to get in to our destination, the Hotel Cecil. After terrific luggage complications and searching for lost parcels, took a shopping and sight-seeing drive, mostly in the dark and had a look at Pompey's Column and other Roman relics. Alcock dined with us and we consumed slightly too much liquor, which only resulted in making us extremely sleepy!

Alexandria. Crete. Greece. Italy. Brindisi.

Apr. 27. A 6 o'clock departure, this time in a Flying Boat, Short with Jupiter engines. Extremely good trip and a nice Captain again, called Cumming. A long hop of 4 hours first over water, and then a stop for refuelling at Mirabella, a most lovely little Bay on the Island of Crete. Snow covered mountains and brilliant colours of sea and strong sun, too lovely. Thence on to near Athens for another refuel about 20 miles from the town, as it was too rough to go right there. An excellent lunch in the Air on the next hop, and a beautiful flight right low over the Corinth Canal, and then soared up over the mountains and Corfu. Got in to Brindisi about 4.30. Met by the Air Force people, who'd sent their launch to meet me. Spent the night at the International Hotel, where we had a good dinner and pleasant evening. Up to here the flying distance from Eastern Australia is about covered in 11 days!!

Brindisi. Bari. Foggia. Naples.

Apr. 28. A long day in the train, as I had to get across to Naples, so as to fly down to Malta tomorrow. Took lunch with us, B. coming as far as Naples, and then going to Rome and Paris. All the other passengers continued direct last night to London, overland to Paris and then fly to Croydon, which they reach tomorrow midday. We had quite a good, uneventful journey, reaching Naples about 5.30. and lunched on the train. Stayed the night at the Excelsior and had a delicious dinner and an early night. Spoke to Yola on the telephone in Budapest. Poor B. very ill in the evening, we think aggravated by too much good a dinner!! and extreme gloom!

Naples. Syracuse. Malta.

Apr. 29. Seen off by B. at 9.15 in the Italian Flying Boat for Malta after a very hectic and terribly depressing morning. Good weather at first, the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius and Capri looking quite beautiful, and Etna clear as a bell, but afterwards it got bad and having landed at Syracuse, a wireless message from Malta informed us it was quite impossible to land there today, and they must continue straight to Tripoli! Most annoying, but I luckily found the "Knight of Malta" was sailing tonight, and I transferred myself and luggage very ignominiously on board! Went up to the Villa Politi first, where I wrote some letters and tried unsuccessfully to call up B. in Naples. Sailed at 5 and found June Heywood Lonsdale on board, so we settled down in a cabin for a miserable 7 hours or so and got them!! Very rough and cold and quite too tedious for words. On! Reached Malta about 12.15. Dickie and Teddy met us.

Malta.

Apr. 29. (cont) Found Aunt Victoria at Casa Medina still and gathered all the family were flourishing.

Apr. 30. A very domestic day with the entire family, the children in grand form and enormously grown and very sweet indeed. Opened masses of month old letters and tried to get some order restored and tidy up the house as well. A veritable menagerie here now, including a honey bear from Singapore, 2 cameleons from Cairo, 2 bush babies, a dachshund given to Pamela by Yola and various other pets. Drove to Valletta with Aunt Victoria and Patricia and did some shopping. In the afternoon, drove up to Citta Vecchia with them and looked in on Dickie at the Marsa. June Ted and Ros came in to tea and we had a good old gossip. Lovely day, though cold after the tropics. Aunt Victoria, Dickie and I dined alone and spent a quiet evening.

Malta.

- May 1. Fine day and some hot sun in the morning, so took the opportunity to take a sun bath on the roof, which chiefly resulted in my getting covered inches thick with smuts from the neighbouring chimneys! The rest of the morning in the garden, where it was lovely and with the children. After lunch, to which June came, drove up with her, Aunt Victoria and Patricia to Mary Bugeja again and ordered a lot of stuffs for curtains and covers for the drawingroom. Also visited the Polo players on the Marsa. Various people called in the evening to our horror!! June and Teddy dined and we all 4 went to a small dance at Admiralty House, which lasted till about 11.30. Not feeling too well.
- May 2. Felt even worse plus a temperature and manifold aches, which Dr. Currie, who looked in to see me, thought was probably Flu. So spent a dismal day, recovering slightly in the evening and hoped all was well. But in the night the temperature shot up to 102.6 and I felt quite ghastly and had a filthy night. Better towards the early morning again.
- May 3. Temperature lower all day and felt better on the whole, though not too bright. Also did not like to see the children or any visitors, in case it might be Flu. Aunt Victoria came in several times and sailed at 10 in the Italian steamer for Syracuse, from where she goes on through Europe to visit the various other members of the family. Temperature up again in the evening. Wrote a lot and sent some cables and received others.
- May 4. A similar day, but had hoped to get up in the evening; however, my vile temperature rushed up, though not very high in the afternoon and later down again. And over and above this, I had the most awful tummy with pains of every kind almost continuously, and felt extremely sorry for myself. The Dr. now says it is Gastric Flu, but he doesn't really know! May be malaria or Malta Fever! Read some good books sent by June and wrote quite a lot and tried some records. Only saw the children from afar.
- May 5. Felt better on the whole and got up in the afternoon looking wormish and feeling accordingly. Babs McKillop and Teddy and June dined and Dickie took them off after to see the "Cats Paw", which, as I'd already seen and anyway did not really feel very grand, did not tempt me. Retired to bed early with a good book. Weather cold and anything but tempting.
- May 6. Silver Jubilee. Up all day and drove down to look at all the ponies. The Silver Jubilee of the King and Queen, so great rejoicings and festivities and a general holiday and everything decorated and illuminated. Drove with Dickie in the afternoon and threw some cards out on various wives and had June for dinner and she, Dickie and I went to the Jubilee Film "Royal Cavalcade". Not at all bad. Also walked through the streets to watch the crowds and decorations.

Malta.

- May 7. Cold and windy again and thoroughly miserable. A busy day, morning spent down on the Marsa watching the Inter Service Parade and march past, which was quite effective, and the afternoon taken up with the Finals of the Polo, the Ships and Regiments Tournament. Destroyers v. Rifle Brigade. The former won easily, but not on handicap, had it been played as such, so were thoroughly disgruntled! In the evening went out in the Lizard with the Heywood Lonsdales and Charles and Lady Lambe, round to the Grand Harbour to watch the Water Carnival, the illuminated ships and the fireworks. Rather good. Took Patricia and all enjoyed it, though nearly died of cold and fatigue!! Still not feeling too well.
- May 8. Bad weather continues with air even colder and stronger wind. Took Patricia and Miss Vick out in the morning on an expedition to collect different coloured Budgerigars, some lovely ones, blues and greens, which really are very decorative. Attended the San Antonio Jubilee Garden Party in the afternoon, at which were some 3000 people. Unbelievably tedious and tiring, but the gardens looked lovely. I went to a Film at the Mahoal with June while Dickie went to one in Sliema with Teddy, as June had already seen it. All of us delighted with our performances. The story of Temple Drake at the Mahoal with Miriam Hopkins, being thrilling.
- May 9. A very bad day, horribly windy cold weather and sunk in gloom and depression. Really think a lot due to the weather, and other things did not help to improve matters. Drove into Valletta in the morning and did some business to try and distract myself and then tried sitting in the garden and reading, but was nearly blown away! June fetched me after lunch to watch the Polo and I found her in the same condition, so we consoled ourselves. Froze on the Marsa, so drove up to Citta Vecchia and visited Mary Bugeja with Patricia. Hair washing after tea and a quiet evening with Dickie at home discussing various things.
- May 10. The weather "depression" continued with a vengeance, reducing me to a state of unbelievable gloom and rendering me practically suicidal!! Drove and shopped in the morning and after lunch rode with Dickie and Patricia. Up the "Wied" which was rather nice and quite fairly sheltered, and on the return journey paid a few calls. Dined quietly at home and about 10 went to the Opera House to the last part of the Jubilee Performance, a mixture of entertainment, some goodish and some so unbelievably bad luckily as to be laughable. Ending with quite a good performance of "Shall we Join the Ladies" and roarings of "God Save the King" by a "choir" of Maltese tenors and prima donnas. Too enjoyable.
- May 11. Depression continues and the whole atmosphere most dismal. June to lunch and we watched a little Polo in the afternoon and drove later. The D'Oyley Hughes and various others for cocktails and dined with June and Teddy, attending "Dancing Lady" at the Cinema after. A good Film. After to Sliema for a dance and found it as beautifully gloomy as ever, though the Rifle Brigade Band Playing, made the music slightly less dreary. June's party included Alicia Browne, Dick Poole and Stewart Perowne, the last very nice and intelligent and quite an asset to Malta. He works in the Government here.

Malta.

- May 12. Weather worse than ever. Took Patricia on board to church in the "Wishart", a Jubilee Thanksgiving Service, and spent the rest of the morning writing. June and Teddy lunched, with the intention of sunbathing with us in the afternoon, but the complete lack of sun did not encourage this!!! Various people called in during the evening, including Comdr. Glover of the "Ramillies" and Stewart Perowne. The Heywood Lonsdales dined and we sat gossiping after, not even having the energy to go to a Cinema, which we'd originally intended to! Malta saps all one's energy and ambition, we all find particularly in this weather, and we all become completely gaga.
- May 13. A really finer day at last, with warm sun and spirits rising in consequence. Morning spent shopping in Valletta and Citta Vecchia, and after lunch June, a friend of hers called Mrs. Thistleton Smith and I drove out to Peters Pool to sunbathe. Found Ros and a party there, and it was really delicious and stayed till tea time. Dickie's chief, Mardon, and his wife and the Sub of the "Wishart", Young Whitworth, dined. Also Ros and we went to "Treasure Island".
- May 14. Distinct set-back in the weather and all relapsed into nerves and sank back into the depths of depression again. Everything went wrong too! Did some errands in the morning and had Mrs. Lawson and Stewart Perowne to lunch. Took the children and June out in "Lizard" in the afternoon and tried to pretend it was fairly warm. Dickie took us for a short time to see his ship's Cricket Match, which luckily they quickly won, so we did not have to remain too long. Went round the various Bays after and into the Grand Harbour to watch some of the ships returning from Cyprus. Went to a party given by the Forbes, quite good as parties go, but the noise and heat terrifying and have come to the conclusion that all parties are hell!!
- May 15. A really fine, hot, sunny day at last, and absolutely flat calm. Took advantage and went off early with June in "Lizard" round to Peters Pool, where we landed and lay and sun bathed, which was heaven. The children came out later and we all had a picnic lunch on board and basked again after. Returned about 4 and watched Dickie at Polo later. Various people dined, including the Ropers, Hall and Browne the Gunner from Dickie's ship, and Charles and Lady Lambe. Went to Jack Hulbert's new Film. First part quite good.
- May 16. A gale of great force blew most of the day, so although it was nice and sunny, any "boating" was impossible. Spent a busy morning in Valletta and Sliema and rode with Dickie up the Wied in the afternoon, where it was nice and sheltered, and we got a real sun bath. Paid some calls after and later went into Valletta. Good news all round and feeling better in every way and the awful gloom of the last week or so seems to be lifting, thank God. Dined with Dickie's Admiral and Mrs. Cunningham, a dinner ~~meeting~~ with the C-inC and other Admirals and a dance of unbelievable tediousness followed. News from B. and Yola.

Malta.

- May 17. Windy still, though better, and June and I went out in "Lizard" and were tossed about owing to a large swell and could hardly get into any Bay. Finally managed Flat Rock Bay and rowed ashore in the small boat and lay and sunbathed till lunch and laughed a lot. Took the children out in the afternoon to Sliema to their Guides, and for some fittings, and later did some shopping and had my hair done. Had Alicia Browne and her brother Henry in the Rifle Brigade, also Dick Poole and Coleridge, the Forbes' Flag Lt, to dinner and went to the "Hamillies" dance after. Not too bad, although were dead on our return.
- May 18. Glorious day, drove into Valletta in the morning and did some shopping and at 12 collected Alicia and Henry Browne, Peter Dawnay, Dick Poole and June, and set off in "Lizard". Lunched on board in Island Bay and slept and sunbathed after, and later some of them water-skied. Got very cold out of the sun and nearly froze. Very rough too on the way home and the Rifle Brigade suffered from "nausea". Had Arthur Hamilton Russell and Jean Campbell and June and Teddy to dinner, and spent a rollicking evening at Sliema! Worse than usual, as a particularly bad band was playing!
- May 19. Felt very "late nightish", which was particularly annoying after such a grim evening. But a really heavenly day, so the "Lizard" put us all in good humours and health again. Teddy, June and the children came too, and went over to Comino, between Malta and Gozo, and lay in one of the glorious little bays there, where the colours and clearness of the water reminded me of the South Seas. Lunched and tea'd on board, eating a great deal too much! and swam ashore (the first time this year in Malta) and sat on the rocks. Only got back about 6.30. Had the Buxtons, Ros and the Hainses in for cocktails etc. which exhausted us. And then spent the evening struggling with lists for a party we decided to give on June 6th. Received Jubilee Decorations from London 1910-1935, a medal each for Dickie, self and the two children.
- May 20. A glorious morning, but definitely bad afternoon, with clouds and rain. Did some shopping and went to Tigne with Nannie and Pamela for a short time and sunbathed. An early lunch with the Fishers at Admiralty House and then witnessed the great Navy - Army Polo match. An excellent game won by the former 12-1, but as there was a difference of 10 on handicap, it made the game very even. Dickie was ridden into and his pony knocked down and took a nasty toss, but no harm done. The Rifle Brigade were at home after and gave an enormous tea. Pat Southby, newly joining Dickie's ship, came to see us, also Ella Warren, who is going to do our invitations for June 6th. Dined with Charles and Lady Lambe. Teddy and June there and Henry Cecil, and the last named and Charles played to us.
- May 21. Picked up Dickie at S. Paula, from where he drove me to Marsa Scrocco, from where I intended flying to Rome, to meet Yola. Bad weather reports in Valletta and a strong gale blowing, but the Marsa Scrocco people said the machine would certainly be able to land. However, after 3/4 hour wait, the machine from Tripoli just zoomed over our heads and never even attempted to land, so evidently the pilot thought otherwise! Too disappointing and annoying. Quite desperate; spent the rest of the

May 21. (cont) morning sending cables, making other arrangements and shopping. Gale blowing and too depressing and whole house rocking. Went with Dickie to watch a practice Tug-of-War of his men, and nearly got blown off the Corradino. June and Teddy dined and after we went to "Design for Living" Film. Excellent. Dickie then took me on board the "Knight of Malta", which finally left hours late in a gregale and shook herself and us to pieces all the way to Syracuse.

Syracuse. Train.

May 22. Reached Syracuse very late, which however didn't matter. Found series of complications awaiting me and nearly went mad, as all plans had miscarried. Finally had some lunch at the Politi, already half shut for the summer, but they gave me an excellent meal and I then drove all round the old town in a carrozzi, with a divine old cabby, who did Mr. Cook to me. Some really lovely old buildings, gateways and balconies and great charm. But such a gale, could hardly move. Had baths and tea at a nice little pension called Villa Maria and finally embarked on the tedious journey to Rome and rocked till Naples at 10.30 next morning.

Train. Naples. Rome.

May 23. A delicious day, good news at Naples; lunched in the train, finally reaching Rome at 2.30. Yola already there having arrived on the evening of the 21st to meet me as arranged, also Etienne de Horthy. Spent a very happy day. Visit from Alfonso, who like all of us is living in the Grand with his family, and he talked without ceasing for an hour. So exhausted, dined in bed and had an early night. Glorious weather here and quite warm.

Rome.

May 24. Not so fine, though sunny early. All walked and shopped in the morning and gave Alfonso lunch at the Ambassadeurs. Changed rooms in the afternoon for the better. Had a good sleep and rest and later drove in the city and to the Pincio Gardens and had tea there again nearly blown away. We dined at a place called the Restaurant Quirinale, which was uninspiring. Etienne unable to leave for Malta till the 29th, when we all fly down.

May 25. Glorious early and walked out in the streets with Alfonso to see a March Past of various regiments with colours. Met Jimmy, Alfonso's boy, with his new wife, very nice. Walked and shopped and had drinks out of doors at a cafe and watched the people till lunch, which we had at the Ambassadeurs again, and spent a quiet afternoon. Etienne gave us dinner at Ulpia, where, although nice, we suffered from bad fish and consequent indigestion!

Rome. Tivoli. Lido Ostia.

May 26. Drove early to the Castel San Angelo and all along to St. Peter's Square, where we stopped, took pictures and then sat in a cafe and drank coffee. All met at the Grand and Alfonso drove us out to Tivoli, where we lunched at a nice little Restaurant near the Temple of Sybilla, overlooking the gorges and cascades. Very good fresh trout. Drove down to Villa Adriana later, where they

Rome. Tivoli. Lido Ostia.

May 26. (cont) uncovered and excavated the most marvellous ruins and beautiful temples and mosaic floors, and whole palaces in a wonderful state of preservation and glorious views. Built by the Emperor Hadrian about 27 A.D. Unbelievable splendour and workmanship. Later drove out to Ostia, where we had tea at the Lido. Dined at an amusing little underground Restaurant, where one eats in small salons privies in a cellar! Good music and very sympathique.

Rome. Frascati. Nemi.

May 27. Walked in the morning and picked up Yola later and did some shopping with her. Had Alfonso's Beatriz and her new husband, Alessandro Torlonia for lunch at an extremely good place, called Alfredo. Alfredo himself a real character and marvellous play actor prepares all the food himself in truly theatrical style, with terrific flourishes and orchestral introductions! And the result is delicious. Picked up Alfonso after and he drove us out in his car to Frascati, beautifully situated, where we had tea at the Rocca di Papa, and then went on down to the Lake Nemi, where Roman galleys of the year 28 A.D. have been found and brought up, enormous, marvellously preserved and with the most beautiful bronze and mosaic decorations and completely modern in design. They were used as floating Temples for religious ceremonies, time of Emperor Caligula. Saw Dmitri and Audrey before dinner and all retired early, as we were exhausted.

Rome.

May 28. Morning spent driving in a carrozzi to the Coliseum and the Forum and some shopping and finally a rest in a cafe. To lunch with Yola and Etienne at a good place called Ran-ceri, where the food was again extremely good. Drove later out to Tivoli, where we visited the Villa D'Este and wandered through the Gardens and had tea at the Sybilla Restaurant again. Saw Alfonso to say good-bye on my return and did some packing, as we all depart tomorrow. Dined with Yola and Etienne at the Ambassadeurs Grill and retired to bed early, as we have a cock-crow start.

Rome. Ostia. Naples. Syracuse. Malta.

May 29. All drove out to Ostia to the sea plane Base, leaving the hotel at 6.30. Yola and Etienne and I bound for Malta and Bunny for London. We departed at 7.30 and he had to wait till 10.30, I think. We had an excellent flight down to Naples, but the weather after became worse and extremely bumpy and blowing hard over Messina. Doubtful during our time at Syracuse and crossing after whether landing at Malta would be possible, but it was all right in the end. Peter, who arrived 4 days ago met us, and all drove to Casa Medina. Dickie at sea, but got back at teatime and had to return after dinner. We spent a quiet evening, all in the last stages of exhaustion.

Malta.

May 30. Took Yola and Etienne out in the morning and showed them round Valletta and the Grand Harbour a bit. June came round after lunch and we all motored out to Peters Pool to see if we could sun bathe. A strong wind however presented difficulties and the sea was so rough early, that all the Fleet exercises had to be cancelled. Dickie's Flotilla in Marsa Scirocco with steam up ready to go out. The wind and sea dropped in the evening and we were suddenly summoned at a moment's notice to the "Wishart" (as Dickie had promised to take us all out for the night torpedo exercises), had to make a spectacular dash on board and found the anchors already up and pandemonium reigning. Were given a very few minutes in which to swallow our food before proceeding to sea. Yola and Etienne, Peter and self, and had an interesting evening torpedo firing. One ship lost a torpedo so only got in at 1 a.m! Etienne stayed on board for the night to continue with D. tomorrow.

May 31. Dickie's Flotilla did full calibre divisional firing and then full power trials. June, Yola, Peter and I went out in the "Lizard" and watched the latter from her, also taking a photographer for pictures. Glorious morning. Went into Cominotto for lunch and returned after lunch to witness a Polo Match, which Dickie had arranged for Etienne. Some American friends of ours, Paul Hammond and his wife dined and we went to "The Camels are coming" with Jack Hulbert.

Malta.

- June 1. Dickie and I called on Paul Hammond in his yacht, and I spent most of the afternoon writing letters, while Dickie slept, as he was completely exhausted and Yola and Etienne went for a drive. June, Teddy and Peter Dawnay dined, and later we all went to Sliema to dance.
- June 2. Church on board "Wishart" and the Hammonds came to see over the ship after. Then went off in "Lizard" with the children round by the Blue Grotto and then to Wied Zurrich, but found it extremely rough. Yola and Patricia felt ill. So took lunch ashore. Spent the afternoon on the rocks, walking in the village and swimming, and most of us motored back. Pat Southby dined and we all went to Wonder Bar after, not as good as I expected and not aided by the fact that one could neither see nor hear the Film.
- June 3. Went to Valletta early to the Palace to see the March Past of the Rifle Brigade in honour of the King's birthday. Very well done. Toured the Palace after and then drank at Admiralty House. Later watched the 21 gun salute from the Barracca. Left about 12.50. in the "Lizard" and went round to Island Bay, Yola, Etienne, Peter and I, where we spent a delightful afternoon after lunching on board. All dined in and Etienne and Yola went to a Film after, while Dickie and I wrote letters feverishly.
- June 4. Yola drove Etienne off to Marsa Scirocco, as he was flying back to Rome, and then joined us down at the Marsa where we tried to arrange tables for Thursday, tried out bands, etc. Took Yola and Peter and the children off in the "Lizard" to Cominotto and Gozo. Glorious at first but blew up unfortunately during lunch and had to cling on like grim death. Spent the afternoon and Cala Scleudi where we swam and sunbathed and had tea before returning. All dined at Admiralty House, where we had the usual type of fairly boring evening, nice as the Fishers are.
- June 5. Really a glorious day and much hotter. Spent most of the morning down at the Marsa, where we are giving our party tomorrow. An early lunch, as Dickie was going to sea for the night for exercises with the Army. We drove out to Tigné in the afternoon with the children and swam and sunbathed with them. Spent a quiet evening with Peter.
- June 6. Still much hotter and very sciroccy, which made it terribly tiring. Spent the entire morning down at the Marsa Sports Club, preparing and organising for the party tonight, for which we now have 202, dinner, dance and some Cartoon Films and 2 bands, the Rifle Brigade and the Hungarians, who are going to play more or less continuously. Dickie played a Polo Match in the afternoon, which we watched and he won, and we then went up to the Club to see about the final touches for the party. Very hot all day. All started collecting at 8.30 and had cocktails out on the lawn in the garden, the place looking very pretty, flood-lit and from then till 4 next morning, it went with a swing and everyone seems to have had the time of their lives, including Dickie and me, who really enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. Got to bed finally around 4.30! in daylight!!

Malta.

- June 7. Everyone feeling very night outish, but thoroughly pleased with the party, so it was worth it. Did some shopping in the morning and in the afternoon went out for a short time with Dickie and the children in the "Lizard" to swim. Dined with the D'Oyley Hughes for the "Q.E." dance, from which we could luckily escape early, owing to Dickie being "Emergency" Destroyer and having to be back on board by 11 p.m. Took him round there in "Lizard" and Yola and returned early to bed.
- June 8. The morning spent with the children at Tigné, where we sunbathed and swam. Polo in the afternoon. Dickie and I, Peter and Yola, June and Teddy all embarked in "Lizard" at 6 and went off to Gozo for the night. Glorious evening. Anchored at Mijiga-i - Share for dinner and spend the night, June, Yola and I in the inside cabin and Peter, Teddy and Dickie outside.
- June 9. Woke after a fairly good night to find ourselves being devoured and attacked by flies, so all decided to get up and bathed and had breakfast. The most lovely day and rowed ashore after and took a walk, and some of them proceeded across to Cala Scleudi. Peter, Teddy and I went round in the "Lizard" and picked them up there. Visited all the Gozo harbours and bays, had lunch at Cala Duera and went through the Hole in the wall and walked back on land to Cala Duera, where we rejoined the "Lizard" and had tea at Cominotto. Slept, ate and got terribly sun-burned and enjoyed ourselves a lot. Finally reached Malta again and Casa Medina at 7.30. All dined at the house and some of us went to a really marvellous Film, "Mala the Magnificent", entirely acted by practically untrained Eskimos, and beautifully done and really harrowing.
- June 10. First to Valletta and then to Tigné to have a swim before lunch. The final of the King of Spain's Cup in the afternoon, which Dickie's team won from the Rifle Brigade by $\frac{1}{2}$ goal, after a really exciting game. Various people in to tea and wrote masses of letters and Dickie tried to tidy up his belongings, as he goes to sea again tomorrow for a few days. Everyone now leaving Malta, as the Fleet sail home tomorrow, all except Dickie's Flotilla.
- June 11. The whole Fleet sailed early to take part in the Jubilee Spithead Review. Dickie's Flotilla only accompany them some of the way and returning in 2 days, as they are remaining here. Went down to the Breakwater in "Lizard" with Yola, Peter, June and the children and climbed up on it to see the ships go out; a really lovely sight. Then back to Casa Medina and spent the rest of the morning coping with Cooks, with the French Consul and Yola's passport, and other suchlike matters. A picnic with the children in the "Lizard" in the afternoon at Peters Pool, where we swam and then had tea on board. Yola and I had dinner and went to quite a good Film "Gallant Lady", while June and Peter went to another.
- June 12. Glorious wether, Morning spent at Tigné with the children and drove to Valletta in the afternoon to do a lot of business and then up to Citta Vecchia. Hair washing later and a very quiet evening and an attempt to write letters.

Malta.

- June 13. Same weather, even finer, and sea getting really warm at last. Yola and I went to Tigné at 11 and stayed till lunch and Patricia joined us at 12.15. Dickie returned from his sea-going trip at lunch time and he played some Polo in the afternoon. Yola and I took him down and then went on to Valletta and picked him up later, and brought some others back for tea. The Northcotes (Dickie's 1st Lt.), dined, she very nice and we went to Kay Francis's Film, "The House on 56th St." Quite good and exciting.
- June 14. Picked up Dickie about 1 and went round to Paradise Bay with June for lunch. Glorious swimming there and climbing all over the rocks and lay on the beach and sun bathed and swam with nothing on and laughed a lot. Only got back just in time for dinner, to which Pat Southby came. Went to a really bad Film called "The Lost Lady". Very hot now.
- June 15. Drove out to Marsa Scirocco early to meet Bill Nahum, a friend of Yola's, who arrived from Tripoli for the week end by air. Took him later in the morning to Tigné, where we all swam in lovely warm water. Dickie played Polo in the afternoon, while we did business in Valletta, and later I drove Bill to Sliema. Later still a cock-tail party with the Longlands and a visit from Mary Bugeja and her son-in-law! Arthur Hamilton Russell and June to dinner and all went to Sliema for an hour after. At 10.30. went to Queen's Hall, Sliema, to the 1st Flotilla Ships' Companies' Dance. Glorious dances, such as Spot Waltzes, Valitas, Paly Glides and Touch Dances, and worked like beavers and nearly died off heat! Only got back about 1 a.m.
- June 16. Church on board "Wishart" and then took June, our own party and the 2 children in "Lizard" for the day. Round to Flat Rock Bay, where we swam, slept, ate, rowed the children ashore in the rubber boat, which continually capsized! and they were either nearly drowned or cut to ribbons at frequent intervals. However, the day a great success and only returned at 6.30. The Warburton-Lees to dinner and went to "Hollywood Party" at the Manoel after. Very funny.
- June 17. Not very fine early, but improved later. Drove in to Valletta with Yola and Bill, who wanted to do various things. A Polo Match in the afternoon, Dickie's Destroyer team winning easily, even without Teddy and Charles playing. I presented the cup and June came and dined in an exhausted condition, after a day's packing up, as she leaves with Yola tomorrow. Teddy having already sailed with the Fleet. Bill made us laugh a lot after dinner, doing a ridiculous dance.
- June 18. Slight rain early and quite a lot of clouds around. Drove Yola and June to Marsa Scirocco for the morning flying boat to Rome and they then proceed to Paris by train tomorrow. Then drove Bill all round the place to take pictures on which he is mad keen and very good. Went to Tarxien Notabile etc. and then on down into Valletta. Lizarded in the afternoon and Dickie water-skied in very rough water and we also watched the "Wishart" defeat the "Keppel" at water polo. Then attended the Beating of the Retreat by the Duke of Wellington's and took Patricia too. To the Manoel after dinner to see Jimmy Cagney in "Lady Killer". Very amusing.

Malta.

June 19. Drove to the Convents in the morning, where I purchased lace, etc. and then did some things in Valletta. Early lunch, as I had to take Bill Nahum out to Marsa Scirocco to put him on to the Tripoli flying boat. Peter, Patricia and Vicky picked me up there in "Lizard" and we all spent the afternoon in her, bathing at Flat Rock Bay. Very rough on the way back. Terrific "Wishart" Band practice with Peter at the piano. Cocktails at the Hoskyns and a quiet dinner with Dickie and Peter. Letter's after. Quite pleasant to have the house empty again, says the perfect hostess!!

June 20. To Tigné with the children tillm lunch. After, Dickie, Peter and I watched the finals of the Flotilla Cricket Championship, won by the "Wishart" by double their opponents' score. Bathed from "Lizard" with Peter after. Marchesa Scicluna to tea. Dined alone with Dickie and Peter and the former went on board early to sleep, as he was going to be at sea all day.

June 21. Did some shopping early with Patricia, as she wanted particularly to find Vicky a present for her birthday. Then went out in "Lizard" with Peter round to St. Paul's Bay, taking lunch with us. Dickie out at sea all the morning, fetching the Papal Legate, Cardinal Lepicier, back from Gozo. I felt awful all day with Malta tummy aches and shivers, so did not bathe. Took Pamela to the oculist on our return, and at 5 Patricia and I went on board "Wishart", which was lying off the breakwater, with the Whitshed, in preparation to accompany the Italian ship sailing for Naples with the Cardinal on board. Steamed into the Grand Harbour in line abreast, and escorted the "Milano" out, and 10 miles out to sea. Terrific rush getting back, as we were dining with the Bailie Grohmans.

June 22. Peculiar day, and extremely cloudy at times. Went to Francis to have me head done and shopped with Peter after. Out in "Lizard" with the children after and a picnic at Island Bay, after which I had driving lessons from Puzzi. Cocktails at the Ambroses', he in the "Kepel" and a gossipy evening with Peter after dinner. Dickie to bedearly as he was dead.

June 23. A bad day early and it even rained and was extremely cloudy, but turned into a lovely day by 12 o'clock. Spent the day in "Lizard" taking the children, Peter and also Henry Browne and Squeak Purdon, the Adjutant of the Rifle Brigade. The water ski-ed and we lunched at Comino and I rowed frantically and swam with the children and we had tea at Cala Mistrà. Back after 7.30. to the delight of Pamela, whose badtime is around 6!! After dinner Peter, Dickie and I went to an excellent Film with Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, called "Mama Loves Papa". Extremely amusing.

June 24. Did some shopping in Valletta before lunch and in the afternoon helped Peter prepare for his departure to-night and watched a bit of Dickie's Polo and tried to do a lot of things with Peter in Valletta, but being a "Festa" as usual and everything tightly closed after 12.p.m. did not succeed very well! Dickie was Emergency Destroyer, so retired on board at 10 and Peter and I accompanied him and returned to the house about 11.30. The "Knight of Malta" however finally only arrived in about 1 a.m. and sailed around 2, so we spent most of the night gossiping. Peter flies from Syracuse tomorrow to Paris.

Malta.

- June 25. Dickie's 35th birthday. Went with him and Mr. Browne the gunner to choose some films for the ship's cruise and they ran through some reels for us. We had the Stricklands, Baillie Grohmans, Stewart Perowne and Steve Arliss to lunch and Lizarded in the afternoon with the same party, minus the Stricklands. After dinner Dickie and I went to a film.
- June 26. Tigné as usual in the morning and Pamela really swimming like a fish now and beginning to float quite well too. Had Mr. Fürst, the German artist, and his wife of most peculiar appearance, to lunch and Dickie arrived 3/4 hour late, owing to a drama on board. He had some polo in the afternoon, so I took the children for a Lizard picnic to the lovely Bay beyond Peters Pool, where they bathed in the nude, to their great delight. I did some driving and we all returned about 6 and spent a quiet evening at home. Looked through Patricia's school books with Miss Vick.
- June 27. To Tigné in the morning, where I dived violently and spent a delightful morning with the children. Sea deliciously warm. After lunch Dickie and I took the children out in "Lizard", he free-boarded and then we made round to Marsa Scala. Sea had got up and it was quite rough, but lovely in the Bay, and we swam and had tea. To a cocktail party at the Thomases before dinner, which we had with the Lukes, and after they took us out on the most exhausting expedition up to Verdala and the Inquisitor's Palace and to the cliffs at Dingli. Very lovely, but terribly tiring and Dickie completely dropped off at intervals. Only got back at 12.30.
- June 28. Very much the usual Malta day. Weather is getting steadily hotter, but very pleasant. In the evening had the Lukes (an Air Force Officer) and his wife, who the Sidney Smiths had asked me to be nice to) and Mrs. Jones also R.A.F. to dinner and took them to rather a good film.
- June 29. Tigné with the children early and then picked up the Northcotes and Ropers on board the "Wishart" and took them out for the day in "Lizard". To Comino, Cominotto, Gozo; swam through the Hole in the wall and walked along from there to Cala Duera. Returned to Ghanitahhiah, where we'd sent the married members, also the Thorogoods and Birches and our children with Nannie in charge, for an outing! Found them devouring ice cream etc. having a glorious time. Quiet evening at home and got through some business and some letters.
- June 30. A very hot day and the temperature rising fast now. Drove early to Tigné, where I swam early with a friend and then breakfasted. Too delicious. After church on board "Wishart", taking Patricia and Miss Vick. Then a whole day's outing in "Lizard", taking the Baillie Grohman party. Pat Southby and Stewart Perowne and of course the children. The usual water ski-ing, swimming and Gozo programme and swam through to the land-locked harbour again. Enormous lunches and teas and very comatose at times! Quiet evening with Dickie on our return and he had to go on board to sleep, as they had to go were doing a full power trial tomorrow morning.

Malta. "Knight of Malta"

July 1. Equally hot. Started sorting out things for packing etc., as Dickie leaves on a month's cruise tomorrow early and I start for Paris tonight. A lovely morning at Tigue, swimming and diving and sunning. Mrs. Grouse, a "Tigue" friend of mine came to lunch and I drove Nannie and Pamela shopping to Valletta in the afternoon and Patricia up to Citta Vecchia, Hamrue and the Convent to collect some things after. A farewell cocktail party at the Northcotes and Dickie and I spent a hectic evening settling up things, writing, paying bills, etc. as he sails for Leghorn tomorrow with the Flotilla and I fly to Paris. He went on board the "Wishart" at 11 and I sailed in the "Knight of Malta" at 1 a.m.

Syracuse. Naples. Rome.

July 2. Got in very early and breakfasted on board. After the Captain arranged a kind of sunbathing place on the top deck and I lay and sunned myself. Left on the machine at 12 for Rome, stopping once at Naples. At Ostia was met by Alfonso with his car and we had tea at the Beach Restaurant before going into the town. I dined with Baby and her husband Tortonia at their flat and went to bed early, as I was exhausted. Lovely weather but terribly hot.

Rome. Genoa. Marseilles. Lyons. Paris.

July 3. Alfonso drove me out to Ostia at 9.30. and I left there at 10.30. in the flyinh boat, arriving at Genoa at 1, and Marseilles about 3. Changed to the Air France at the latter and reached Paris at 7.45. after one stop at Lyons. Met by Yola and Bun and we are staying with the latter at Neuilly. Spent a quiet evening, as we ~~are~~ were all exhausted.

Paris.

July 4. Spent most of the day looking at, and choosing clothes, as I have not had anything new since last October and am "en lambeaux". Some pretty things at Molyneux and Callots. Lunched at Yola's and shopped with Bun most of the day. Dined at Yola's all together and Bun and I went to "Roberta". Excellent dancing of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Came home early.

July 5. A day of fittings and shoppings and various horrors. Lunched at Neuilly and had expected Marjorie and Ted to arrive over in the afternoon, but they couldn't get a seat on the plane. Dined at the Ambassadeurs with Yola, Henri, Terence (over for the weekend) and 2 friends of Yola's. There was a show, which I didn't see, as I had left my specs behind, but I gather I did not miss much! Fairly early bed.

July 6. Fittings in the morning at Callots and then went round to the Napoleon, where Marjorie and Ted had arrived for the weekend to see me. Gossiped and M. and I lunched alone at the Ritz and Ted and Bun with their uncle. All met for a cinema and went to a really marvellous one, called "G. Men". Thrilling. Dined at Yola's and after went to Longchamps for the illuminated racing. The course and gardens beautifully lit and very fantastic costumes on men and women, the latter in evening dresses and amazing head arrangements. Went to Florence's for a short time after, where my evening dress suffered considerably!! Returned exhausted.

Paris.

July 7. A really glorious day. Picked up Marjorie and Ted for a cocktail in the Champs Elysées and all lunched at Yola's. Then drove out to Bagatelle, where we imbibed tea and then returned to Yola's and the boys and Marjorie played ridiculous games. Finally we four dined at Maxims and danced and had a lovely evening, going on later to Bricktops, who sang to us.

July 8. Molyneux fittings all the morning and was picked up there by Marjorie and lunched with her and Jeanie, who was over for a few hours en route for a 10 days' tour of Europe with a party of Max's in a chartered Douglas Air Liner!! Fed at La Crémillère and then took Ted and Marjorie out to Le Bourget, as they were returning on the 3.30. plane, and saw Jeanie's party of the Wardells, Weymouths and some others, who had not turned up when we left. Bunny and I drove back to Paris and kept all our very belated appointments. Yola had a dinner party, consisting of Fefé, Mabelle Barrachin and some others, including Jacques Gonat, and all returned to bed early.

July 9. A hectic day of shoppings and fittings, getting more and more tired. Yola, Bunny and I lunched at Fouquets and left on the 8 o'clock train for Monte Carlo, where we join Dickie, whose ship arrives at Villefranche today. Bad weather, raining and cold.

Train. Monte Carlo.

July 10. Rather a bumpy night. Arrived at 11.15. a.m. and were met by Dickie and Bobby Nothmann. All staying at the Old Beach Hotel. The weather most disappointing and decidedly cold and cloudy. Spent most of the day wishing it was better! Dickie water ski-ed and we watched. Had massage, manicure and the dressmaker, and all dined at the Hotel de Paris and had an early night. Dansie here with the Hispano from London.

Monte Carlo.

July 11. A really glorious day and spent most of it swimming off the rocks and rafts, and lying out in the sun after. Dickie, who goes off early every morning to the "Wishart" at Villefranche, got back for late lunch and we Lizarded in the afternoon and Dickie and Bunny water-ski-ed. Dined at the Hotel de Paris again on the Terrace and after went to an incredibly gloomy Film, which gave us acute nightmares.

July 12. Fine again, though not nearly as warm and dazzling as Malta. Bathing all the morning and Lizarded in the afternoon and fetched the children at 5, who had arrived from Māta and Marseilles via P. & O. All staying at the Old Beach. Our party dined at the summer Casino, for its opening night, as the guests of Fefé Ferry. Beautifully done, with marvellous fireworks over the sea, coloured fountains. Two good orchestras and some marvellous jugglers. Enormous dinner and danced and gambled fairly successfully afterwards. Later went up to the roof for dancing.

Monte Carlo. Villefranche. Nice.

July 13. Spent the morning off the rocks with the children, swimming and lying on the Lilos and taking them out to the rafts. Then had a hectic dash in the car to Villefranche to pick up Dickie for the lunch at the Préfecture at Nice in honour of the "Fleet". Very well done and a charming Préfet called Monchet, with a goodlooking wife. Sat next to him and the General. Voluble French conversation and excellent food. Came back in the "Lizard" and went out water-ski-ing after. Bunny did very well and got up at once, going right out over the wash. Dined quietly at the Casino again, very cool and quiet out on the Terrace. Dickie Emergency tomorrow.

Monte Carlo.

July 14. Not a very fine day. Took a picnic lunch and Yola, Bobby Nottmann, Bunny, the children and self went off in the "Lizard" and picked up Dickie on board "Wishart", as he was Emergency, and then lay off Villefranche Beach and swam and lunched. Left him there and came back at teatime. Rough sea coming and going and children and Yola felt slight nausea! Yola, Bun and I motored round to Villefranche and went on board "Wishart" for dinner. Community singing and Cinema. Returned dead at midnight, leaving D. on board.

July 15. Fine again. Bathing and sunning all the morning. Kay arrived at 11 from England and has joined our party. So now the hotel chiefly consists of "us". All lunched at the Piscine and then spent the afternoon in Kay's boat, the "Bluejacket", and went round to Cap Ferrat and anchored off for swimming and tea. Rather cold and thundery. All dined at the Summer Casino. Danced and early bed.

July 16. Usual day. In the afternoon went out in the "Lizard" with the children and there was a sensation when "Lottie", Pamela's dachshund, fell overboard and was picked up in dramatic fashion by Dickie, who was water-ski-ing behind the boat!! Took with us also Bobby Nottmann and a nice man called Rutherford, who is good on skis too and a marvellous snow ski-er. Took Dickie round to Villefranche to his ship, after having tea at Cap Ferrat and waited for him while he did some work on board, returning at 7.45. Dined early at the Summer Casino and Bun and I went back with Dickie in the "Lizard", as he had to sleep on board prior to sailing for Monte Carlo early tomorrow. Glorious moonlight night. René Merlin, a friend of Yola's, arrived for 2 days and joined our party.

July 17. Dickie in "Wishart" sailed with his subdivisional ship "Wren" at crack of dawn and entered Monte Carlo at 10 about, where they spend a week. Official calls all the morning, as he is the Senior C.O. here. The Minister of State returned his call at 11.30. and Dickie gave him a guard of honour of 60 on the jetty, which we witnessed.

Swam at Piscine, as it was too rough for the children off the rocks. Had lunch there too. Henry Forbes, Admiral Forbes' son, who is staying here, joining us. All went out in the "Bluejacket" in the afternoon and took tea to Cap Ferrat, where we swam. Dickie on board. Quiet evening at the Casino d'Été, where the Cabaret is beginning to "pall", as we have been there each evening since the 12th!!

- July 18. Our 13th anniversary!! Dickie gave me an exquisite box. The usual morning lying on the rocks and swimming off the point. Rather rough, but sea very warm. All lunched by the Piscine and wrote letters after. Took tea out in the "Lizard" with Kay, Yola, Bunny and the children and went round to Cap Martin. Dickie water-ski-ed later, and Yola and I patronised the hairdresser and the dressmaker's. René Merlin left. Had dinner at the Casino and had invited Tom Baillie Grohman, the Robsons and her sister, the Consul Ainslie and Northcote, Dickie's 1st Lieut. Pleasant evening.
- July 19. Very rough sea and quite impossible either to bathe off the rocks or to do any boating. So spent the morning at the Pool. Hectic afternoon, first visiting the Aquarium, etc. with Dickie, Yola and the children, which was interesting though exhausting, and then having tea with an old friend of Dickie's family, called Admiral Gaunt. Back for cocktails with the Consul and all dined again at the Summer Sporting, having various officers from Dickie's ship and the Flotilla for dinner. Gambled for a short and extremely unsuccessful period after and all returned disgruntled to bed! The weather hot and thundery also responsible for our slightly tired and irritated moods!!
- July 20. Bathed in the Piscine with the children after a terrific awakening ceremony with them, being crowned Queen of the Moon with Bunny as King! Terrible effort to be so bright in the early morning. Spent a quiet afternoon, while Dickie took Patricia to the Aquarium again, and then on board and back in the Jolly Boat. Swam again after and had a pleasant tea at the Piscine. All dined quietly on the Terrace of the Hotel de Paris and came home early to bed. Dickie then writing letters till very late.
- July 21. On board for church and all nearly died of heat. After watched some water Polo and before lunch swam in the Pool. Lovely afternoon driving up to Mont Agel for tea. Dinner as usual at the Casino, but did not stay very late.
- July 22. Had to take Patricia in to the dentist early and did some shopping. After spent the rest of the morning in the Pool and Lizarded for tea and joined up with Kay in "Bluejacket" at Cap Ferrat. Had Pat Southby and Mr. Brown, the gunner, for dinner at the Casino d'Ete, also Bobby Nothmann and Féfé Ferry.
- July 23. Swimming and sunning till lunch. Sea very rough and impossible to go out in the boats, so had to confine ourselves to the Piscine. "Wishart" and "Wren" entertained the various communities to an enormous cocktail party on board, which we all attended, prior to sailing tomorrow for San Raphael, where the whole Flotilla foregathers. Dined on the Terrace of the Hotel de Paris and all retired to bed early, dropping Dickie on board on the way.

Monte Carlo. San Raphael. Cannes.

July 24. All rose at crack of dawn, or actually at 6-ish, and Kay, Yola, Bunny and I went on board "Wishart" at 6.30 to sail round to San Raphael, breakfasting on board at 8 en route. "Wren" sailed with us and joined up with 1st Div. at Villefranche and 3rd Sub.Div. at Cannes. En route exercised and changed over to after steering position while in close order - a terrifying performance.

Cannes.

July 25. Dickie went on board early. A lovely day early, though clouded over later. Kay took us out in "Blue-jacket", as "Lizard" was out of order, and we went out to the islands to swim. Very pretty between St. Honorat and Margarita and found a point of crystal clear, calm water and swam ashore to the rocks. Lunched later at the little restaurant Frederic on Margarita Island, where Dickie joined us for late food. Lovely out there and delicious smell of pines. Children enchanted! Swam again later at Agaz; very pretty trip round there. Dined at the Palm Beach Casino, where there is a wonderful Rumba Band and where it is very pleasant. Dickie went round to St. Raphael late in the "Lizard", which had recovered.

July 26. All went out in "Bluejacket" with Kay, except Dickie who was not getting back till late afternoon. Swam and sunned and had a picnic lunch on board between the islands, where it was really lovely. Then went back to pick up Bobby Nottmann and D'Arcy Rutherford, who had motored over from Monte Carlo to see us. Dickie joined us later in "Lizard" and ski-ed. Took the children ashore on Margarita Island to get the cameleons some flies and had processions of people following us round, watching the performance! Picnic tea on board again. Bobby Nottmann and Rutherford remained to dinner and to dance at the Palm Beach Casino. Dickie on 36 hours leave.

Cannes. Juan les Pins.

July 27. Spent the morning busy at the hotel and at 12 went round in the "Lizard" to Maxine Elliott's Villa de l'Horizon, where we all lunched. She has the most attractive place, with swimming pool, gardens and water shoot right into the sea, and everything quite beautiful. Later Dickie tried the ski-jumps at Juan les Pins with great courage, and later we joined the children, who had spent the day out there. Had cocktails with Jack Wilson, David Herbert and some American friends of theirs at the Moramaie. Dined at Palm Beach and tried to gamble, but were dashed by Dickie's protests!!

Cannes. St. Pol.

July 28. A lazy morning and went off with the children to the islands in Kay's "Bluejacket", taking a picnic lunch, with swimming before and walked on the island after. Very hot and swam again. Dickie went back to St. Raphael in "Lizard" about 6. Bun and I took the children out in bicycle boats, getting soaked! Tried to gamble, but found no Baccarat in the afternoons luckily. Drove up to St. Pol for dinner, which was lovely and excellent food.

Cannes. St.Tropez. St. Maxine. St.Raphael.

July 29. Bun, Kay and I and Yola left in the "Lizard" at 11 to pick up Dickie from the ship at San Raphael. Got round in an hour. Then on to St.Tropez for lunch, where we overate and nearly died of heat and bought a lot of unnecessary things at vast expense. Then on a little further round to bathe and back for tea at St.Maxine, where we picked up Captain Baillie Grohman and his son and the little Luke boy. All returned to St.Raphael and we dropped them on board the "Keppel" and we all dined with Dickie in the "Wishart". The Flotilla sailed for Malta at 9.30 and we watched them steam out, a really lovely sight. Then went on back to Cannes, arriving about 11 p.m.

July 30. Cannes. Turin. Milan.

Hectic morning paying bills, giving orders, packing up etc. The children stay till Thursday and Kay returns to Monte Carlo, and Yola, Bunny and I started off in the Hispano at 10 for Milan and finally Budapest. Bun and I drove in turns. Very pretty road in parts, over the mountains, Sospel, etc. and then via Turin and the Autostrada to Milan. Had a good lunch at a little place called Limone Piedmonte. The distance about 228 miles. Very hot most of the time. Got to Milan around 6 and spent the night at the Gallia. Not bad. All exhausted.

Milan. Brescia. Bolzano.

July 31. Visited the Castello Sforzesca early, and there was a drama before finally leaving Milan, owing to my sudden-remembering, when already en route, that I had lost my pearls and bracelets. On returning in a flutter to the hotel, found them dropped deep down under the cushion of an armchair in my room!! The greatest luck!! Autostrada till Brescia, then lovely mountain roads. Stopped at Tione for an excellent lunch. Very lovely scenery in parts, particularly round Lake Molveno. Arrived at Bolzano about 6. The Laurino Hotel. Bathed and walked in the town and dined out of doors. Delicious mountain air and feeling much better.

Bolzano. Merano. Giovo & Brenner Passes. Innsbruck. Salzburg.
Wolfgang See.

Aug. 1. A fairly early start and drove the whole day through most lovely scenery, right over the foot of the Dolomites up to over 6000 feet, and over the Giovo and Brenner Passes. Met thousands of Italian troops manoeuvring on the former, which was quite interesting, but which delayed us a lot. Good roads on the whole, though dust awful. Lunched at Innsbruck at the "Tyrol" and there bought some smart hats. In the afternoon through lovely country again to Salzburg and on to the Wolfgang See in the Salzkammergut, where we spent the night in the village of St. Wolfgang at the Weisses Rössle original White Horse Inn. Too sweet! Arrived cold, but soon revived after "Gluwein", a good dinner and a hot bath. Came today out of Italy into Austria, out of Austria into Germany and back into Austria again!

St. Wolfgang. Salzkammergut. Linz. Vienna.

Aug. 2. Walked in the village and then drove on to Vienna, through the other lakes and the road lovely as far as Linz. Did excellent averages all the day, driving as usual, Bunny one hour and I the next. This day averaged 40 m.p.h. the whole 4½ hours, getting into Vienna about 2. Lunched late at the Imperial, where we are staying, and saw Dr. Wolf from the U.S.A., who is over here. Then took a drive round the town, showing Bunny the Burghof, St. Stephan's Cathedral, the Rathaus, etc. and finishing up with chocolate at Sachers! Dined at the Coblenzl and later went to a place called Femina, where the music was good and the atmosphere awful.

Vienna. Győr. Budapest.

Aug. 3. Left Vienna at 9.30. en route for Budapest. A very hot drive, being a heavy, stormy day. Road extremely good, except for one short and very bad bit before the Hungarian frontier. Lunched at Győr. Arrived in at Budapest about 3. All staying at the Palatinus on Margareta Island. The children also arrived from Malta early this morning. Had tea with them and spent a quiet evening.

Budapest. Kekes.

Aug. 4. A very hot, thundery day and most tiring. Went off in the car at 11. 30. and drove about 100 Kil. to the mountains 3000 ft. up, to a place called Kekes, a winter and summer resort, with lovely pine woods. A nice little modern hotel, swimming pool etc. where B. and I lunched, and after looked round with a view to sending the children up there. Decided it was excellent and to send them there as soon as rooms were free. Got back for late tea. Dined with Yola and Etienne de Horthy at Kis Royal, where we had excellent food and heard marvellous Hungarian music. Germ of "Lost Horizon."

Budapest.

Aug. 5. A really bad day and rain and wind, and very heavy into the bargain. Watched Yola, Nannie and the children bathe in the open air sulphur baths, boiling hot and where we saw the most incredible sights imaginable! Poured with rain most of the rest of the day and we all shopped violently in the afternoon and got completely exhausted and rather cross! All dined in at the hotel, as we were too weary to go elsewhere.

Budapest.

Aug. 6. A much finer day. Picked up a very nice man, a Hungarian called Tussi Haich, at 11 and he took us shopping to a marvellous wholesale fur dealer, where Bunny got me two lovely silver foxes to make a cape with. Then took the children to swim at the Gellert Pool, where the artificial waves proved a great success. Into Budapest again later to do some shopping, and had a late tea on the Terrace of the Palatinus. Dined at the Dunapalota with Etienne and Yola and 2 French people called de Vogat, he in the wine business, and later went into the Parisian Grill for a short time.

Aug. 7. Took the children to the Gellert again to swim, and then picked up Yola and Bunny and we all lunched at the Dunapalota with also Tussi Haich, who escorted us on a terrific shopping expedition to all the wholesale shops and back streets, and assisted us in ordering wonderful things. Dined at a nice little restaurant with B., called Kakak, with good food and Tzigané music and retired to bed early.

Budapest. Kandarco.

Aug. 8. Yola, Etienne, Bunny and I left early by car for a place about 100 miles away from Budapest, belonging to Etienne de Horthy's family, where a shoot had been arranged and where we were entertained by his youngest uncle, Mr. de Horthy, and walked up partridges in really lovely weather. Had a swim later in their private swimming pool, which is charming, followed by an excellent lunch. Drove back to Budapest in the afternoon. All 4 dined at an excellent little Restaurant, called Renaissance, with one of the best and most famous of the Tzigané Orchestras, called Berkes, who played quite marvelously. Lady Ramsay, the Minister's wife, came in to see me.

Budapest.

Aug. 9. Lovely weather all this time, though heavy. Bunny left early with Etienne to go out to Gödollo, the Royal Country Palace, where his father, the Regent, spends a good deal of time, and where a shoot had been arranged. I took the children swimming at the Gellert again and back to the Palatinus for lunch. Went into town with Yola in the afternoon to shop and have our hair done, and were joined later by Bunny and did a lot of business with him. We dined again at the Renaissance, which was delightful.

Aug. 10. The morning at the Gellert again and also a visit with Patricia to the dentist, who had toothache. Bun and I, Yola and Etienne and Tussi Haich all lunched at the Gellert and did terrific shopping after. Very thunder and heavy and downpours of rain later, thank God, as the country is suffering from a terrible drought and people literally starving. Had cocktails out at Tussi's place and all dined with Hungarian music at a new open-air place, plus a rather pretty girl-friend of Tussi's. Excitement over Ted, who'd wired us he'd be in Vienna tonight by air, and never turned up.

Budapest.

Aug. 11. Had been invited by Tussi to shoot out at his country place just over an hour from here. So started off with him, but the weather quite appalling and halfway there turned back, as we met some people coming down from the shooting lodge, who warned us the roads were impassable. Returned very sadly to lunch, all at the Dunapalota. Quiet afternoon. Took Patricia to the dentist again, a long performance, and started to pack up, as we begin to leave tomorrow. Dined in at the hotel. Heavy rains continue. Ted turned up in Vienna quite unperturbed, having been delayed by weather and forgotten to let us know. We talked to him in Vienna.

Budapest. Kekes.

Aug. 12. Torrential rain all night and all the morning. Better in the afternoon. Drove B. into the town early, where we did one or two things, and then out to the Air Field, as he was flying to Vienna. The children picked me up there and I drove them out to Kekes, where they are going to spend a month, while I return to Malta. Very bad roads and heavy rain, but cleared late. Had a good lunch and settled the family and then returned to Budapest, dropping myself in the town to do a lot of shopping. Dansie took the car and Hermine and luggage on to Vienna to be ready to start tomorrow. Dined up in my room at the hotel and did a lot of packing and paying of bills.

Budapest. Vienna. Klagenfurt.

Aug. 13. Etienne and Yola drove me out to the Air Field and I flew to Vienna on the 7.15 machine. Met by B. and then breakfasted at the Bristol, where Ted was also visible, the only one of the 3 mad Airmen doing this wild tour of Europe, at all conscious. Also met Erge and Anti Szapary. Left by car, the Hispano, at 10.30, leaving Dansie to return to England for his holiday and taking Hermine in the back to visit her relations at Klagenfurt, where we spent the night. A good drive and B. and I did it in turns, one hour each, as usual. Lunched at Loeben. Quite a pretty drive and roads on the whole good, though bits under heavy repairs. Spent the night at the Moser and walked in the town and found the hotel very good and excellent food. About 192 miles.

Klagenfurt. Venice.

Aug. 14. Proceeded on our way at 10.30 again, after filling up and seeing to the car generally, which is running beautifully. Got some very bad weather and bits of bad roads again, just before and after the Italian frontier chiefly. Lunched at Udine, where B. ate bad fish! Reached Venice ~~at 4.30 and spent a lot of time garaging the car and~~ about 4.30. and spent a lot of time garaging the car and fixing up about it. Lovely new garage right in Venice. Did 191 miles today. Then motor-gondolad into the Grand Canal. Put up at a nice little hotel called the Bauer Grünwald on the Grand and a small canal. Very "sympathique". Walked in St. Mark's Square and peeped at the Cathedral and Doge's Palace and dined at an excellent little Restaurant, called "La Taverna", which we found after violent searchings on foot. Heavy rain and quite cold.

Venice Rome.

Aug. 15. Mosquito trouble in the night, but slept well all the same. Took a lovely trip right down to the Bridge of Sighs and under, and through the back canals and out at the Rialto Bridge and on up the Grand Canal. Then eventually down as far as the Grand. Finer weather. Walked to Harry's Bar, where we had cocktails and marvelous sandwiches and couldn't face lunch after, so retired to sleep. Left on the 4.30 machine for Rome, a very nice Junker plane, and did the trip in 1½ hours. Marjorie arrived from London at about the same time and we all spent the night at the Grand. Marjorie and Bunny coming to stay in Malta.

Rome. Naples. Syracuse. Malta.

Aug. 16. Drove out to Ostia early and left on the 7.30 plane, plus June Heywood Lonsdale, who had also come out from England. The usual rather boring flight with stops at Naples and Syracuse. Good weather on the whole and reached Malta at 2. Met by Dickie and Teddy, the former sunk in gloom, having heard an hour before we arrived that his subdivision were ordered unexpectedly to Camoes in four days for a week or 10 days, to represent us in the International Motor Boats. All his Regatta practice interfered with, plus our visit. So very sad. He and Bunny played Polo, while Marjorie and I bathed.

Malta. M.Y. "Cygnet". St. Paul's Bay.

Aug. 17. Marjorie, Bunny and I drove out to Peter's Pool in the morning and spent a delicious morning in the water and on the rocks. I did some shopping after lunch and we then went out in the Jolly Boat and watched Dickie's crews pull against the "Bulldog's" in practise races. Intense excitement. Later Dickie, Marjorie, Bunny, June Teddy and I all embarked in the "Cygnet", a little 36 ton motor yacht, lent to us for the month by Mr. Torregiani, a very nice Maltese, as we no longer have the "Lizard". Very comfortable, nicely arranged, though small. Only could go as far as St. Paul's Bay in the evening, as Dickie thought he might have to be on board early tomorrow, but this luckily proved not to be the case. Anchored for the night there.

St. Paul's Bay. Comino Cominotto. Gozo. Cala Duera. Cala Scedi.

Aug. 18. Glorious day. Swam before breakfast and then moved on at our rather snail-like speed of 6 knots to Gozo. Straight up the coast to the "Hole in the Wall", which we swam and rode through into, then to Scedi for lunch and slowly back by 6.30. having tea en route. Swam 3 times in gloriously hot weather, the sea really like a warm bath. Very bad European news, owing to Italy's refusal to agree to any of the League of Nations solutions to the Abyssinian question, and clearly showing her continued intention of forcing a war. Ros and Richard Cole-ridge came in for cocktails and Stewart Perowme and Dickie's R.N.R. officer, Mr. Murch, who talks like a waterfall, stayed for dinner. Dickie slept on board.

Malta.

Aug. 19. A very busy day, Dickie making last minute preparations tonight for his departure tonight and all kinds of dramas cropping up. We motored up to Mary Bugeja to order

Malta.

- Aug.19. (cont) stuffs and then lunched early, as we were meeting Robert Neville, who was arriving by air to stay. A rough, windy day, so the flying boat landed at St. Paul's Bay. He, Dickie and Bunny played Polo and we watched for a bit and later swam at Tigné. Hectic evening, Dickie seeing thousands of people and finally getting off in a rush at 9 o'clock. They sailed at 10.p.m. for Cannes.
- Aug.20. Spent the morning visiting the "Landfall", Paul Hammond's yacht, which is back here, then the Hypogeum, the oldest underground Temple in existence, about 3000 or 4000 B.C. In the afternoon drove into Valletta and visited the Palace and various other places and shopped. June and Teddy dined and we went to an extraordinarily bad Film called "The Captain Hates the Sea". Bad weather, scirocco and dull and windy.
- Aug.21. Much better weather and lovely sun and blue skies again. Drove out to Peter's Pool and spent the morning there. Had the X Torrigianis, father, son and daughter, (the very nice Maltese who are lending us their yacht), to lunch. Shopped with Marjorie and Robert after. The latter and Bunny played some Polo and we assisted. Later drove up to Citta Vecchia and Rabato. After dinner attended the greyhound racing at the Stadium, which was really rather fun, for a short time.
- Aug.22. Dickie arrived safely at Cannes. We embarked in the "Cygnet" at 12 and went round to Island Bay, where we anchored for lunch after a good swim and spent the afternoon ashore there. Back late and an awful rush to be ready to dine at Admiralty House with the Fishers. Everyone and everything in a flap about the Italian Abyssinian question, rumours true and unfounded circulating wildly and the situation certainly looks very black.
- Aug.23. Weather much better and more settled and spent a lovely morning at Peter's Pool diving and swimming. A late lunch, and at 4.30. Robert and Bunny played some Polo, while Marjorie and I went into Valletta. At 6.30. we all made an expedition to Mandaragio, the underground city of Valletta, in which some 3000 Maltese live, with winding, narrow alleys and about 6 stones below the normal surface of the town. A very nice Police sergeant conducted us round and we walked back via the Auberge de Pavière. The Baillie Grohman family dined.
- Aug.24. Various expeditions into Valletta and left in the afternoon with June in the "Cygnet", intending to spend the night at Wied Zurrick, where Teddy was to have joined us. Too rough, however, that side of the island, and returned to Marsa Scirocco, where we spent the night and Teddy joined up. Marjorie and I slept on deck, a lovely night and very pleasant. Yacht really rather sweet and comfortable.
- Aug.25. Teddy had to return on board early, but rejoined us about 12 at Peter's Pool, and we lay in the next Bay and fished and swam and had a delightfully lazy day, returning finally around 7. Took a turn round the Grand Harbour at sunset, all the ships looking lovely. To a good Film in the evening at the Manoel. Constabce Bennet in "Sealed Lips".

Malta.

- Aug. 26. Spent the morning inspecting and purchasing a donkey, which Marjorie is going to take home for her father. Loulou Forbes and her son to lunch and they played Polo in the afternoon and Marjorie and I had a quick swim at Tigue. Dined up at Rabato with Stewart Perowne on his roof and Wing Comdr. Jones played the piano to us after. Anti-Aircraft guns and troops now placed on the Marsa, also Air-raid shelters being erected and anti-gas warnings and instructions being issued in case of emergencies!! So the whole island in a ferment. Nothing however can happen till after the next League of Nations Meeting on September 4th.
- Aug. 27. An early morning Polo game, the players being Robert, Bun, Douglas Doble, Teddy, Marjorie and myself, and the play lasting for two chukkers!! Very entertaining, but extremely hot. At 12 embarked in the "Cygnet" and went round to St. Paul's Bay, where we lunched, swam and slept. After dinner went on board the "Keppel", where a game called Tombola was played, rather wearing!! as it lasted till 12.30.
- Aug. 28. Drove beyond Marsa Scala to rather a nice Bay, where we found a good diving rock and flung ourselves into the water. Returned for late lunch. Polo in the afternoon, and went down and watched them, doing some shopping later. June and Teddy and some others came in for cod-tails, the former staying for dinner.
- Aug. 29. Got up early so as to see the Fleet sail at 8 o'clock and 9.15. in "Battle Order". Destroyers first, followed by the big ships and we watched from the breakwater, as usual a most lovely sight. They are bound east towards Alexandria, Haifa, etc., the original Dalmatian cruise having been abandoned, owing to the Italian trouble. 1st D.F. will stay here till the middle of September, but sailed today for 2 days exercises with the rest of the Fleet. Dickie returns from Cannes on Sept. 1st. June lunched and is also sailing tonight. We motored out in the afternoon to a most lovely place towards the north of the island, called Anchor Bay, where we dived and swam in tepid, clear water and had a large tea after. Motored back via Mary Bugeja, where as usual we made manifold purchases.
- Aug. 30. To our beloved Peter's Pool, where we stayed till lunch and had some lovely swims and sun bathes. A late lunch and Marjorie and I swam at Tigue again, while Robert and B. played Polo. The former and Marjorie visited the "Glorious" at 7 while B. and I took a lovely drive up to Citta Vecchia Verdala and the Inquisitor's Palace, which looked too lovely in the half light. Dinner in the garden. Nothing very interesting as regards the Abyssinian question. Dickie only returning on the 2nd.
- Aug. 31. To the town in the morning, very much as usual! with the daily visit to the Royal Pharmacy to deal with Marjorie's and Bunny's photographic efforts. Left after lunch in the "Cygnet" and had a lovely bathe at Island Bay and tea before proceeding on to Marsa Scirocco. Some fishing was also done with considerable success. Anchored for the night. Beautiful weather and crystal clear water. Dined and spent the night on board.
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"Cygnet". Malta. Marsa Scirocco. Wied Babu. Wied Zurrick. Filfol

Sep. 1. Swam early and then proceeded round to Wied Zurrick and the "Blue Grotto". Quite lovely in the early morning light, with brilliant blue water. Breakfasted after rowing right inside and spent the whole morning swimming and rowing and Lilo-ing round the Bay and into the caves and grottos, one more lovely than the other and the water unbelievable in colour. Visited Wied Zurrick after lunch and telephoned for the car to meet us there later. Then proceeded across to Filfol, the little island used as a target by the battleships. Very pretty, but battered. Climbed unscalable cliffs and picked lovely flowers and saw fascinating birds and lizards. Back to Zurrick at sunset and motored home for dinner, to which Ros Fisher and Captain Gwynne came. To a bad Cinema after.

Malta.

Sep. 2. To Valletta first and then to visit Tarxian Neolithic Temples, about 3000 B.C. and very interesting. After an early lunch drove out to Sliema to see the "Wishart" come in, having returned from Cannes at 25 knots! with an Intelligence Officer on board. Dickie came ashore for a few minutes to see us, but spent most of the rest of the day working. Marjorie made up the 8th for Polo! as they were so short of players. Dickie back for dinner, but returned to the ship at 10, as they go out early tomorrow.

M.Y. "Cygnet" Marsa Scirocco.

Sep. 3. We visited Valletta to do our usual photographic errands in the morning, previously seen Robert off at Marsa Scirocco by the Italian Flying Boat. Sent the "Cygnet" round to Marsa Scirocco and came to join her ourselves by car, as we intend spending 24 hours on board to watch the Regatta, which takes place tomorrow. The Flotilla had been out exercising early and came into the Bay about 2, and Dickie came on board for a late lunch. Regatta practice late. Last one, as the 1st D.F. Regatta takes place tomorrow. Dickie organizing his own ship's "Wishart" and has worked like a black, as have all on board. So we are in a fever. All dined in "Cygnet" and Marjorie, Bun and I ~~slept~~ slept on deck.

Sep. 4. Went on board "Wishart" at 8.15 a.m., as the first Regatta race started at 8.30. Suffered acute agonies all day, as we were all so keen for Dickie to win, having absolutely set his heart on doing so. He prophesied months ago he intended to win the Gunnery and Regatta Trophies with "Wishart" and had already succeeded in the former. He stroked his officers' whaler to victory before lunch and they then led by 14 points. But during the afternoon, we went through hell and at one moment with only two more races they only led from "Keppel" by $\frac{1}{2}$ point. However, the next P.O.'s race brought a smashing win and the Regatta finally was secured by $11\frac{1}{2}$ points. Too thrilling and the reception D. got was fantastic. Everyone jubilant. Attended the cup giving, "Wishart" won 6! on board the "Keppel". Ships remained in Marsa Scirocco and we motored back to dine with the Lukes at Verdala. Lovely night.

Malta.

Sep. 5. A morning at Peters Pool, where we had delightful swims and dives. Late lunch. Dickie appeared about teatime. I rode with him after up the Wied, where it was delicious. Harry Luke looked in to see us and Dickie had a long talk with him and later went up to see the A.O.C. telling them a few home truths and enlightening their general ignorance as to the present situation. Conference at Geneva sitting, but nothing much has come of it so far. We now have a boom across the Grand Harbour against enemy submarines, as well as all the Anti-Aircraft Guns, gas shelters, gas rooms (Dickie having ordered 2 at Casa Medina), and barbed wire entanglements all round the island, under water and on the shores.

Sep. 6. Dickie went out early for a submarine hunt and Bun out too. Marjorie and I spent the morning at Tigné and had Ros and Stewart Perowne to lunch. There was Polo in the afternoon and Marjorie and I watched it for a time. Pat Southby came back for the evening and we all went to a Cinema after dinner.

M.Y. "Cygnet"

Sep. 7. Rather a high wind and weather not so good. Drove to the stables to see Marjorie's donkey before its departure today for England, and visited the town. Dickie got back for late lunch and we sent the "Cygnet" round to Marsa Scirocco, where we joined her and then went on round to next to Island Bay for the night, where it was sheltered and quite lovely! All slept on deck as usual.

Sep. 8. Finer and less wind. Swam and fished and spent an extremely enjoyable, lazy day. Stayed at the Bay till after tea and then landed at Peter's Pool and motored back from there. Dined in and went to a fair Cinema. Not very much news, though the outlook continues to look black.

Malta.

Sep. 9. An early morning Polo game, in which Marjorie and I participated, as they were short of players, and which was rather enjoyable. A "festa", so most shops etc. closed. Swam at Tigné in the afternoon, while Bunny went to sea with Dickie, who is "out" till the day after tomorrow. We went up to see Evelyn Baillie Grohman and Marjorie, B. and I dined at home quietly.

Sep. 10. A busy morning in Valletta and Sliema, followed by lunch, to which Stewart Perowne and Evelyn B.G. came. Drove to Anchor Bay in the afternoon and were joined by Stewart for swimming and tea. Another quiet evening.

Sep. 11. Left the house early at 6.50 so as to go on board "Wishart", who was lying off the breakwater. Breakfasted and spent the morning in most glorious weather and flat calm seas doing torpedo firing exercises with "Casualties". In by lunch again and B. and D. played Polo in the afternoon, while Marjorie and I were undecided as to bathing, and finally decided against it. Went to cocktails at the Baillie Grohmans and Pat came for dinner.

Sep. 12. Into Valletta, where we shopped and the whole day charged with electricity!! and most unfortunate! A frigid ride up the Wied ensued, but the clouds cleared later after a terrific storm! and all was fair in the garden. Found quite a good film called "Detective 62" with William Powell.

Malta.

- Sep.13. Visited Valletta before lunch and while Dickie and Bunny played Polo, Marjorie and I drove out to Anchor Bay and had a pleasant swim, though hardly any sun and a strong scirocco wind still blows. Most disappointing weather.
- Sep.14. Very bad weather still and a most depressing day. Played a mad Polo game before breakfast - mixed - and spent the rest of the morning shopping in Valletta and then writing a lot of letters. Visited some of the ship's wives after lunch to try and advise them about their movements in view of the fact that some of them are getting panicky at the chance of war etc. News looks bad, as France coming in with us, which in a way is good, on the other hand seems to make the application of sanctions to Italy now practically certain. Drove up to Citta Vecchia at dark and after dinner went to a passably good Film, "East of Borneo".
- Sep.15. Weather still pretty bad, strong wind blowing and no sun, though it dropped towards the evening. Drove out to Hagiar Kim and Muaidra, two of the old Stone-age sites which are very interesting, and looked at some of the old cart tracks, walking miles, in a really lovely part of the Island. After lunch B. M. and I drove to Cala Duera, where we immersed our bodies and had rather a chilly swim. Terrific conferences in the evening, between Dickie and Captain D'Oyley Hughes. Stewart Perowne looked in and also Pat.
- Sep.16. Great improvement in the weather after heavy rain in the night. Went off to Peter's Pool for our usual sun-bathing and swimming activities, the first time for a week owing to the weather, and it was really lovely again. Polo in the afternoon, during which time Marjorie and I went to swim at Tigue, the last time for her, as she has to leave tomorrow to fly back to England. Not much news re the crisis, though enormous increase of troops, anti-aircraft, guns, etc. in the Island, and even more barbed wire, gas shelters, gas rooms, and all defences! Tremendous activity on sea and land and in the air.
- Sep.17. Drove Marjorie out to the Italian Sea plane at 9.30. and she left at 9.45. Glorious day and B. and I then proceeded to Peter's Pool, where we swam and dived. Helped Dickie with some work in the afternoon and later he took B. into the Polo pit and gave him a lecture. We then proceeded into the town to shop. Stewart Perowne to dinner and all had violent discussions on the Italian-Abysinian crisis.
- Sep.18. Spent the morning looking over schooners in the harbours and investigating all the activities in the Grand Harbour. Dickie and B. played Polo late and both went on board "Wishart" at 7 to take part in night exercises, and don't return till tomorrow afternoon. I dined with the Fishers. No lights allowed between 1 and 3 a.m. anywhere in the Island, owing to Night Fleet and Air exercises. Still no news and everyone with a different opinion! getting rather heated!!!
- Sep.19. Spent the entire morning lying in the sun or doing terrific diving stunts at Peter's pool. Got extremely burnt, but had a delicious time. Lunch on a tray. Dickie and Bunny got in about 3.30. and the latter knocked a ball about on the Marsa. A quiet evening.

Malta.

- Sep. 20. Morning spent driving along the coast road, as there was a strong gale blowing and heavy seas, and therefore any bathing impossible. Polo in the afternoon, quite good games, but very cold watching late. Had Loulou Forbes, Felix Johnson and Laurie Durlacher (just arrived in the 2nd Flotilla) for dinner and went to a Film.
- Sep. 21. Too bad to bathe still, so did some shopping in the town. In the afternoon rode up to the Wied with Dickie and later he and Bunny knocked a ball about in the pit.
- Sep. 22. Dickie on board all the morning, so B. and I went to Peter's Pool. Being Sunday however our peace was disturbed and the most nauseating people arrived fast and furious!! Had a nice swim however, D. slept most of the afternoon, so we took a drive inspecting the various barbed wire defences, etc. To a Cinema after dinner at the Gaiety and not bad.
- Sep. 23. Morning at Peter's Pool as usual and did new heights and feats in diving, at which I really seem now to be making some progress. Went out in the Jolly Boat with Dickie after lunch and later watched the Polo, at which there were many chukkers and many players. Bunny dined out and we had the Washes, Henry Browne and Robson, and took them to a moderate Film. News all this time fairly serious and Italy seems to have refused flatly all the League's proposals.
- Sep. 24. A baddish morning culminating with Bunny joining Dickie on board the "Wishart" at 12.30. to sail for 24 hours exercises. I called at the Castillo to see Pay-Lt. Comdr. Beardsworth about some deciphering, then assisted Ros in packing June's luggage for Athens, which she has cabled for, and gave Ros lunch after. Had a short swim and sun-bathe at Peter's Pool after.
- Sep. 25. Spent the morning by myself at Peter's Pool and returned about 1 and gave lunch to Stewart Perowne and a new man, who has come out to the Government here, called Ramage. Then to Valletta to do some shopping. D. and B. returned from sea about 5. We all three dined with Mabel Strickland, who had the Lukes, the new General McCullough just arrived from England, and various others. Italy continues to reject all the League's Peace Proposals.
- Sep. 26. Morning bathing and sun-bathing, which was very enjoyable. Polo in the afternoon, having been put off from yesterday, as they were all at sea, and I watched with Ros and got extremely cold. Pat to tea and D. B. and I went to the Gaiety after dinner to see "Murder on the Blackboard". Not very good. The application of sanctions against Italy in the event of their attacking Abyssinia unanimously approved by the League. This can be taken as good or bad news. It would seem to make war inevitable, though may be the best means in the end of assuring collective security, but it seems a perfectly drastic measure.
- Sep. 27. Spent a very busy morning, first shopping in Valletta, then in Sliema. A visit to the "Cygnet" and a bathe at Tigné. After a drive round the harbours to see the new ships just in. The cruiser "Exeter" passing through, 2 new troop ships with re-inforcements for here, so quite a lot of excitement. Dickie, Bunny and I knocked a Polo ball about on Moore's ponies before tea. To a cocktail party at the Hal Far Aerodrome Mess and after one at the Agnews, had the latter, Comdr. Oliver of the "Veteran" and

Malta.

Sep.27.(cont) Lt. Comdr. Roger of the "Whitehall" to dinner and went to "Dames". Quite good.

Sep.28. Into Valletta and after to Peter's Pool, where it blew rather hard and rough seas, but we had quite an enjoyable bathe. Polo in the afternoon and Mrs. Cunningham and the Baillie Grohmans to dinner, and after to the Manoel to see "The Merry Widow". Getting really colder, which is really sad.

Sep.29. Went on board one of the latest River Class Submarines, the "Clyde", with Captain D'Oyley Hughes, Captain S.I. Shown all round, very interesting. Drove out to Marsa Scirocco with B. in the afternoon and found a new spot for a nice sun-bathe, having successfully negotiated barbed wire entanglements, which now grow thick and fast.

Sep.30. Shopped ~~ix~~ in the morning and took a drive around to see if we could discover anything sensational. Not much today however. Polo in the afternoon and the weather having grown lovely and warm again, it was quite pleasant watching. Dickie was "Emergency", so had to return on board after dinner, riddled with lumbago, poor fellow. Pat dined.

Malta.

- Oct. 1. Dickie at sea till the afternoon and Bunny went out in the "Clyde" (submarine), so I spent the morning alone, first doing some odd jobs and after at Peter's Pool. B. got back first and knocked a Ball about in the pit and I went down too. Then we took a lovely drive and later went along the rocks to the Breakwater, to watch Dickie Wash and Captain D'Oyley Hughes make an attack in their fast boats on the Grand Harbour and Sliema, being shot at and being spotted by searchlights. Very pretty and quite exciting. Felix Johnston and Laurie Durlacher and Pat dined and we went to "Dance Band".
- Oct. 2. There was early morning Polo again, as the 1st Flotilla go to sea for exercises till the 4th. Spent the morning after with B. and he joined Dickie on board at 12.30. to sail in "Wishart". I went to the Palace to do a Broadcast Test. Spent the afternoon at Peter's Pool and had Ros, Stewart Perowne and Mr. Ramage in for cocktails. Test General Mobilisation in Italy and Mussolini addressed and broadcasted to the whole nation. I dined in bed and went to sleep early.
- Oct. 3. Lovely morning at Peter's Pool. Very warm again. Had Loulou Forbes to lunch and walked into Valletta in the afternoon to get my head washed. Dined unchanged with Mrs. Alexander in Sliema. Lita Agnew, Evelyn Baillie Grohman and Elizabeth Warburton Lee also there, all "Wives" and we drove after out Hagiar Kim to watch the 1st D.F. fire at Filfla. Great excitement, as Italians reported to have started the offensive in Abyssinia and to have bombarded Adowa.
- Oct. 4. Did a lot of shopping in Valletta and then swam at Tighe. Had Evelyn Baillie Grohman and Lita Agnew for lunch and the Flotilla got back about 1.30, so D. and B. got ashore for a late meal. Bunny knocked a ball about and Dickie had to return on board till after tea. Had the Gunner Browne and the chief Mardon to dinner and went to a very good Film, "The Best Man Wins". Italians definitely started operations in Abyssinia, although no official declaration of war. W. Everyone and everything in a flutter and no one really knows what the next step will be and whether sanctions will really be enforced.
- Oct. 5. Weather lovely and had a delightful morning Peter's Pooling, followed by not such a good lunch party! The Murray Edwardes, the Port Wireless Officer, and wife and Reid, another Wireless Officer, just arrived. Polo in the afternoon and a quiet evening. Nothing of any great importance settled at Geneva yet, but one hopes to hear more on Monday.
- Oct. 6. Weather absolutely lovely and as good as midsummer again, with hot sun and not a breath of wind. Found a really delicious new spot in St. Thomas' Bay for bathing and diving. Back for lunch and went out in the Jolly Boat after lunch and D. and B. water-ski-ed. Had a lovely drive at dusk up to the Inquisitor's Palace, which was really beautiful in the half light and later with the moon.

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- Oct. 7. A swimming morning again and the usual Polo game in the afternoon. The League of Nations in a flutter, but have got so far as to pronounce Italy the aggressor and a unanimous vote in favour of sanctions being applied considered the next likely step. We went to an official dinner at Verdala with the Lukes, in honour of Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, visiting Malta on his tour of Air Bases' inspection. Seemed a charming man and I sat next to him.
- Oct. 8. Swam, dived and sunned at St. Thomas' Bay. Dickie had to take "Wishart" into dock, where she will remain for the next four days, thus missing some exercises he particularly wanted to take part in. Furious. Dickie and I went to tea with the Ropers and at 6.30 I went down to the Palace, where I am going to help Murray Edwardes, the Port Wireless Officer, with the local Broadcasting after the Malta Relay from London. I had to announce and nearly died of fright when confronted with the microphones. However, it went off all right. Had cocktails with the Edwardes at the Club after.
- Oct. 9. Hot and very tiring weather. Spent an enjoyable morning at St. Thomas' Bay and gave the Agnews and Stewart Perowne lunch. Then B., D. and I all went out in the Jolly Boat and did a tour of the harbour, having a look at the new cruiser, "Galatea" just arrived and various other ships passing through. To the Polo Pit and to knock about after tea. Went down to the Palace for the broadcasting again at 7 and after dinner Dickie, Bunny and I went to a good Film at the Gaiety, Sliema. Heard Marina and George had baby boy at 2 a.m.
- Oct. 10. Very sciroccy still and extremely tiring weather and everyone feeling rather ill and bad tempered. A morning spent shopping, doing a certain amount of business and before lunch B. went down to the Polo Pit to practise. Polo in the afternoon and Ros and Stewart to tea. To the Palace at 7 again for my broadcasting. All countries except Austria and Hungary agreed to the enforcement of sanctions on Italy. Pat dined and we went to a Film at the Manoel. All very sleepy.
- Oct. 11. To our Pool in the morning, which we have decided is the nicest one of all, as well as being the most convenient, as one can drive right up to it. Much cooler now, but the water still nice and warm. Went out in the Jolly Boat in the afternoon round to St. Paul's Bay, and Dickie ski-ed on the way home. Had various officers to dinner and went to quite the worst Film I have ever seen, the new Talzan.
- Oct. 12. Did some shopping first, then B. went into the Pit to knock about, after which we drove to Bunny's Pool (now christened thus), and I dived and swam while he lay and watched, as he did not want to swim before Polo. The usual games in the afternoon, and Arthur Hamilton Russell came back to tea. My broadcasting at 7 o'clock and we had the Lukes and the new General MacCullough to dinner and took them to "Gay Divorce" at the Manoel after.

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- Oct. 13. Did some shopping in Valletta and then drove to Sliema and went on board "Keppel" to watch some water Polo. Went to St. Thomas' Bay in the afternoon in the Jolly Boat. Quite rough, and after a quick bathe motored back. Lt. Cdr. Robson came to see Dickie and stayed to dinner. Dickie Emergency, so slept on board. Took a lovely moonlight drive up to Citta Vecchia, Verdala Dingli and back by the Inquisitor's Palace.
- Oct. 14. Lay in the very hot sun at Bunny's Pool and swam and got quite burnt. Polo in the afternoon, which I watched with Lita Agnew. Broadcasting time now changed to 5.30. my "bit" coming on after the London News Relay. Dined with the Baillie Grohmans and went to a fairly good Film. Weather now colder, but brilliant sun and really lovely and the water quite warm still. League of Nations "sitting" hard and Embargo of Arms on Abyssinia now lifted and economic and financial sanctions about to be enforced against Italy. Who does not seem to care a hoop in hell and still continues undeterred with her Abyssinian campaign.
- Oct. 15. Dickie on board all day, as he had a lot of hard work. Bunny and I spent out usual morning and lunched alone. To Valletta and the Polo Pit in the afternoon and then to the Palace for the broadcasting at 5.30. Various people in before dinner. Complete blackout of the island between 9 and 10 for Exercises. Aeroplanes and searchlights looked lovely and we watched from the roof with brilliant moon still.
- Oct. 16. Bunny knocked about in the Pit and we also went into Valletta and before lunch I had my hair done. Lita Agnew to lunch. The first round of the Bob and Nob Polo Tournament, which should have taken place today, had to be postponed, so there were just Club Chukkers. After the broadcasting went to a cocktail party in the "Valorous". Having cooking lessons from Brinz, which afforded us much merriment. Found rather a good Film after dinner, Warner Oland in Charlie Chan.
- Oct. 17. Tried to go round to swim at one of the Bays in the Jolly Boat, but found it arctic and no sun. Weather definitely bad at the moment, cold and chill and very thundery and most depressing. Had Mabelle Strickland and Stewart Perowne to lunch and they stayed and talked late. Broadcasted as usual and had the Alexanders to dinner and took them to a Film after. The Fishers heard that their eldest son had been killed in a flying accident. Very tragic.
- Oct. 18. Still very thundery and a little rain fell. B. knocked about in the Pit and we did a little shopping in Valletta. Lita Agnew came to lunch and there was Polo in the afternoon, a Bob and Nob Tournament, in which they were all playing and which was great fun. Pat to dinner and had a very early night. I was starting a cold so doped myself heavily and retired to bed, feeling rather awful.

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- Oct. 19. Cold much better and weather much improved too, which cheered us immensely. Took the Jolly Boat round to Peter's Pool, where we had a lovely bathe and sun bath and escaped very heavy rains, which fell on our district in our absence. D. and B. knocked about in the Pit after lunch and I wrote and broadcasted at 5.30. Our cooking lessons continuing each day and very entertaining. Also looked in at the Agnews. To an excellent Film called "Imitation of Life" with Claudette Colbert.
- Oct. 20. Changeable day, quite lovely at times and at others windy and dull. Went off in the Jolly Boat with Dickie and Bunny at 12 and had a good trip, except for the last bit, right to Gozo. Landed at the little harbour and then drove up to Rabat, where we climbed the ramparts behind the cathedral and ate a sandwich lunch. Took some pictures and had a pretty bumpy trip back, the sea and wind having got up a good deal, but Dickie "tacked" in masterly fashion and all was well. B. and I went down to the Marsa and walked back. "Rocky" Murch to dinner and went to "Gay Divorce" again after.
- Oct. 21. A gale of wind blowing and rough seas and our attempt to bathe and "sun" at Bunny's Pool proved quite impossible, owing to enormous waves breaking over the spot. So drove around instead. Early lunch and I went after with Dickie to watch a ships' Football Match. After to the Polo. Broadcasting at 5.30. and cooking later and Pat came in. Dickie saw various "secret" people and wrote a lot.
- Oct. 22. A baddish day still, B. was to have gone to sea with D. but the weather looked so unpleasant, did not after all. We drove and shopped and knocked a Polo Ball in the morning and there was Polo in the afternoon. Went to see a very indifferent Film of Marion Davies at 7.30. called "Spy 13" and had late dinner on our return. Dickie at sea.
- Oct. 23. Weather still horrible, turned very cold and wet and more than depressing. Drove up to Hal Far and had a good "snoop" round - bathing as we'd hoped being out of the question - unfortunately. A little sun in the afternoon, so rushed down to Peter's Pool and caught a few rays, but had not the courage to dive in. Torrential downpours again later and thunder and lightning. Lit a fire, which cheered us up a lot. Dickie still out at sea. The International situation a little less tense and we have given up the idea of war for the moment. The Abyssinian campaign proceeds slowly.
- Oct. 24. Dickie got in from sea and was back for lunch. Polo in the afternoon and absolutely froze while watching it, but weather on the whole a little better. Had Admiral French and the A.O.C. Maltby to dinner and took them to an extremely bad English Film after. D. returned on board late, as he was going to sea again at 6 a.m.

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- Oct. 25. Dickie at sea all the morning exercising with the Air Force and we watched some of the manœuvres from Peter's Pool, where we had an enjoyable morning under much better weather conditions, and a pleasant swim. Dickie Emergency, so returned on board after lunch, while I went down to the Pit and watched B. knock about. Very cold still and really need a fire. Dickie sleeping on board.
- Oct. 26. To Bunny's Pool, where we had a most successful morning, swimming and sunning in spite of a cold wind. Under the shelter of the rocks, however, and with bright sun delicious. Polo in the afternoon, fairly disastrous however, none of the right teams winning. Dined with the Warburton Lees and went to an excellent Film called "Fugitive Lovers" at the Manoel after. A real thriller.
- Oct. 27. Weather at the moment not too bad, though ever so much colder, but very bright sun and clearer mornings. Bathed (water still fairly warm) at Bunny's Pool and had quite a good sun bath after. Rode with Dickie up the Wied in the afternoon, while Bunny knocked a Polo Ball around. Mr. Fürst to talk German and a caller for cocktails after tea. Had Squeak Purdon, Stewart Perowne and Bordes to dinner and for a Film after.
- Oct. 28. Shopped in the morning and had a snoop around. Watched the Polo in the afternoon in extremely cold weather, so not particularly pleasant. Everything more or less at a standstill connected with Italy, Geneva, Abyssinia, etc. and situation seems easier, though certain sanctions seem about to be enforced. But everything moves so slowly, one really forgets what originated the measures.
- Oct. 29. Dickie and B. were to have gone to sea, but weather too bad, so it was postponed. I rode with Dickie in the afternoon, while Bunny and Pat knocked about. Lita and John Agnew to dinner and went to an extremely bad Film, which we could not stand after half time!!
- Oct. 30. Knocked about in the Pit and did some shopping. Evelyn Baillie Grohman, Stewart and Captain Ramage lunched, and some of us went down to watch the Polo. At 5 B. and I went to the Palace to see the Beating of the Retreat, and as usual I did my broad casting, which has now been changed to 7 p.m. News at a standstill. General Election in England on Nov. 14. Embargoes on Abyssinia lifted and enforced on Italy by us and various countries and Financial sanctions also in force by us and others. ~~Economic sanctions still continue her campaign against Abyssinia and~~ and more ones come on later. All seems very unsatisfactory and Italy still continues her campaign against Abyssinia undeterred.
- Oct. 31. Dickie at sea till 3.30. and Bunny out with Tom Baillie Grohman in the "Keppel". Glorious day and I spent the entire morning at Peter's Pool and had a glorious sun bathe. Lunch on a tray and spent most of the afternoon waiting for the ships to get in, as there were various different reports as to their return. Dickie, Bunny and I went to "The Raven", a bad thriller, also Pat who had dined

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- Nov. 1. Polo Pit early followed by a swim at Bunny's Pool and back in time for lunch, to which Lita came. Polo in the afternoon and Stewart came in to tea and later Felix Johnstone and Laurie Durlacher. A quiet evening, Bunny's time spent attempting to stifle a cold. Not much war news.
- Nov. 2. Very little war news all this time, but sanctions, such as they are, to be applied on the 18th, and the General Election to come off on the 14th. Bunny knocked about in the afternoon, while Dickie and I wrote letters. Captain (D) 19 Vian and the D'Oyley Hughes dined and we went to "Here comes the Navy". After to Sliema to join Loulou Forbes's party. B. retired to bed with a cold.
- Nov. 3. A really lovely day, flat calm and brilliantly fine. Picked up Dickie at the ship and with the Jolly Boat went round to Bunny's Pool, taking lunch with us, and I swam and dived. Dickie just sunbathed and Bunny, who was suffering from the world's worst cold, felt extremely miserable. Took a turn round the Grand Harbour and all the creeks. Various ships, including the "Devonshire", "Delhi" and "London" for refits etc. B. retired to bed and we spent a quiet evening.
- Nov. 4. B. in bed with a real streamer and temperature. I went into Valletta with Lita to do some shopping and got caught in torrential rain. Rode with Dickie in the afternoon up the Wied, which was really lovely and sunny, but on the whole the weather seems to be on the decline, sad to say.
- Nov. 5. Again not very fine and weather behaving very annoyingly. Bunny still suffering from appalling cold, and stayed in bed till tea time. I did a little shopping in the town and rode with Dickie on the Race Track, and knocked about a bit on very wet ground. The Baillie Grohman family dined, Peter, the eldest boy, being back in the "Delhi" from Haifa for a few days, as she is under going repairs, having been damaged in the recent gales. Went to a very good Film with Ruth Chatterton called "Journal of a Crime". Bunny retired to bed after dinner to nurse his cold.
- Nov. 6. Glorious early, so took the opportunity to drive to Bunny's Pool, where we sunbathed and I swam. Clouded over later, as it has now been doing daily, and heavy rain fell at various intervals. Too wet for Polo, so they could only knock about slowly. The Agnews and Steve Arliss back to tea to partake of Bunny's birthday cake, being his anniversary today. Quiet evening.
- Nov. 7. Another short visit to B's Pool, and Bunny knocked about after. Lovely day and good for Polo. Dickie and I dined at Colonel Worrall's, who had a large party, including Sir Harry Luke, the Frenchs, Loulou Forbes, and we played most energetic games in their enormous hall after dinner.
- Nov. 8. Not so fine. To my great surprise the door opened about 10 a.m. and in walked Micky Hodges, just arrived from England and Gibraltar in "Ramillies", from which he transfers next week to "Exeter", and goes to Alexandria in her. He came to stay at the house. Did a lot of shopping in the morning and Dickie, Micky, Bunny and I lunched, and there were terrific Polo matches in the

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Nov. 8. (cont) afternoon. Michael Culme Seymour appeared in the evening, also just arrived from England, and stayed to dinner. Very scirrocey and all felt rather ga-ga.

Nov. 9. Had a busy morning in Valletta and then in the Pit. Had Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs Dalrymple Hamilton to lunch and sat with Elizabeth Warburton Lee watching D. and B. Polo together. They are playing together in the next High Handicap Tournament with Woods and Croker and have started practice. B. made terrific progress since his arrival here. A lot of announcing to do and Pat to dinner and a quiet evening.

Nov. 10. Not a very good day, but endeavoured in the afternoon with Micky and Bunny to bathe and take a sun bath at St. Thomas' Bay. Not very successfu, however, and a strong gale made the sea most uninviting. Finally lay on the road on the cliffs in a row on our sun mattresses and went to sleep quite happily. Had Captain Jeans and Mrs. Cunningham to dinner and went to the "Iron Duke" with George Arliss, and very bad, in fact nearly unbearable.

Nov. 11. Rose about 6.30. to assist in the selling of poppies, the usual Armistice Day Institution (17th Anniversary). Very mortifying and exhausting time from 7 to 9 a.m! in Strada Mezzodi. Dickie, Bunny and I went to the Palace to see the Armistice Day March Past, and Tom and Evelyn Baillie Grohman came in for cocktails before lunch. Polo in the afternoon and the Ropers dined. Micky still staying. Went to an excellent film, the "World Moves On" with Franchot Tove and Madeleine Carroll.

Nov. 12. Dickie went to sea with the idea that they'd be out all the week, but the weather proved so bad, they were back by lunch time. No sun to speak of, so life very depressing. Knocked about in the Pit and I watched D. and B. Lita and John came to dinner, also Micky's brother, Dick Hodges, who is in the same ship, the "Exeter".

Nov. 13. Weather bad, wet and cold and miserable, and tremendous thunderstorms in the night. Drove round the harbours and went to the Pit morning and afternoon. Dickie still not being at sea, except for a short time. Had cocktails at Lita's after my broadcasting. Micky dined out and Dickie, Bunny and I had a quiet evening.

Nov. 14. Very disappointing weather, cold wind, but lovely in the sun in a sheltered place. Bathing however impossible, as sea much too rough and rain fell at intervals. No Polo either and all rather gloomed. Lay in the sun under a sheltered wall in a field above Peter's Pool. Dickie out at sea all day till 8.30. We drove out to the Good Shepherd Convent in the afternoon, then to Sliema and after to Valletta. Poling Day in the English General Election, a few results out late. A National Government majority expected, though not so large a Conservative one as last time (in 1931).

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- Nov.15. Torrential rain and really foul weather, all Polo stopped and, what with that and no bathing and sunning, we are all sunk in gloom. Shopped in the morning and knocked about in the Pit in the afternoon. Henry Browne of the Rifle Brigade came to stay, to recover from jaundice, so have the house full. Micky's Admiral Evans, whom I'd met two years ago in Peru, came and dined and we went to the Cinema.
- Nov.16. Weather worse than ever and not a ray of sun all day. Everyone sunk in gloom and bad weather in Malta is really unbearable. Knocking about in the Pit in the afternoon and B. and I had a quick walk home for exercise. The Agnews and Steve Arliss to dinner, and they, Dickie and I went to the Ship's Co. Dance of the 1st Flotilla at Queen's Hall, Sliema. Amusing as usual, though fairly exhausting.
- Nov.17. Glorious day suddenly, and we all brightened perceptibly. B. and I spent the morning at Bunny's Pool, where we swam - really not cold - and then sunned in delicious hot weather. No wind and blazing hot and cloudless blue sky. Lou Forbes and Mrs. Pegrain to lunch. Dickie had to go to sea at 1.30. with his subdivision to meet the P. & O. "Carthage" with the Governor, Sir David Campbell, on board and escort it in. We watched from the breakwater and Barraca and the harbour and ships looked lovely. Micky sailed in the "Exeter" for Alexandria.
- Nov.18. No Polo, as too wet, although weather not too bad. Dickie brought Woodington, a marine, to lunch. Mrs. Pegrain and Pat dined and we went to the "Count of Monte Cristo". Results of the Election very favorable to the National Government, who have an enormous working majority.
- Nov.19. Lovely morning and I was able to get my usual swim and sun bathe at Bunny's Pool. Not bad for the end of November! Dickie at sea till tomorrow afternoon. A little Polo in the afternoon on the 2nd ground. Looked in at Lita's for cocktails and went to "Abdul the Damned" Excellent, especially surprising, being an English Film!
- Nov.20. Morning in Valletta and then a terrific rushto St. Paul's Bay to meet Vola, who arrived from Rome in the Flying Boat. Downpours of rain later in the afternoon, which stopped the Polo after 2 chukkers. Weather absolutely foul. Henry Browne still staying and Mrs. Pegrain dined, and we all went to the Cinema. Bunny receiving various telegrams from his family recalling him. (Dickie got in from sea about 5.
- Nov.21. Did a lot of shopping in Valletta and Sliema. Bunny still undecided whether to leave or not. Weather foul still and no Polo and not very cheering prospect. Henry Browne left in the evening to return to duty. I took Bunny shopping and we all four dined at home and went to the Cinema again.

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- Nov. 22. Busy day arranging things for Bunny's departure, as he feels he must leave tonight., owing to his family complications, which is very sad. Paid bills and good-bye calls and played an excellent game of Polo in the afternoon. Photographed me broadcasting, which will be very funny! Michael Culme Seymour dined and we went to a good Film, George Arliss in "The House of Rothschild". Then spent most of the night waiting up with poor Bunny for the "Knight of Malta", which had been delayed hours. He finally sailed at 3.15. Very sad.
- Nov. 23. Absolutely glorious weather again, just like summer. Went round to Bunny's Pool in the morning and sunbathed with Yola and I dived in and swam. Water really not cold. Polo in the afternoon, which we watched. Had Michael Culme Seymour to dinner and after went to Sliema for the famous Saturday night "hop", and disported ourselves on the floor from 10.30. to 12.30.! Very tiring and band appalling.
- Nov. 24. Most marvellous day with blazing sun and cloudless sky, like summer. Went round to St. Thomas' Bay in the Jolly Boat and landed at Bunny's Pool and I swam and dived. Dickie and Yola sunbathed and we returned for a late lunch, to which Laurie Durlacher came. Spent the afternoon driving, out to Anchor Bay to see the barbed wire defences and walked on the cliffs. Glorious sunset. Pat dined and we had a quiet evening and early night.
- Nov. 25. As lovely as yesterday and Yola and I went round to Bunny's Pool in the Jolly Boat and I had what will probably be my last swim of the year! Felt awful all day with aches and shivers plus other things, and having somehow fallen out of bed last night and nearly broken my back and tail, which are most painful!! Polo in the afternoon, which we watched. An early evening and I retired to bed trying to stifle a cold.
- Nov. 26. Very funny weather, bleary mist in the morning, reminding one of England, but due to strong scirocco. Tiring day in consequence. Yola and I shopped in Valletta and I had an exhausting afternoon perpetrating good works, returning calls, taking things to sick people, trying on Ros's trousseau at the Convent, etc. etc. Then started signing Xmas cards with Dickie. Equally exhausting! Lou Forbes, Felix Johnston and Laurie Durlacher dined and we went to a good Film at the Manoel, with Barbara Stanwyck "Gambling Lady".
- Nov. 27. Shopped with Yola in Valletta and there was Polo in the afternoon, which we watched. Then I had to broadcast at 4.20, prior to the K.O.S.B's Beating of Retreat, introducing Colonel Murray, and again at 7, as usual. Looked in to see Lita and John Agnew. Dined quietly and went to bed early, having first finished the Xmas cards.
- Nov. 28. My birthday and very spoilt, what with cables, flowers and presents. Walked into Valletta with Yola and did some shopping and drove back. Weather turned very cold. The afternoon spent mostly turning the whole house upside down, as we were having a party tonight, with dancing in the drawingroom. So were all exhausted by the time dinner arrived. Party started at 10.p.m. and a tremendous success, "Hungarians" played extremely well and everyone ate and drank enormously! Eggs and bacon at 3.30.

Malta.

Nov. 29. Felt quite too frightful, very night-outish after an extremely short night. A busy day, doing final "Business", writing letters, paying bills, going through the house things, etc. Polo in the afternoon at which the Ball was very seldom hit, due to the previous night's activities. Did my last broadcast and was presented with some very touching tokens and addresses. Various people in to say goodbye, including the Baillie Grohmans, the Agnews, Stewart Perowne, Michael Culme Seymour and Layrie Durlacher. Yola and I left at midnight in the "Knight of Malta" to make sure of catching the aeroplane in the morning. Extremely rough, particularly the first part of the night. Poor Dickie very depressed.

Syracuse. Rome.

Nov. 30. Felt even worse after the second practically sleepless night. Glorious day, however, and we went up to the Villa Politi, where we breakfasted in brilliant sun and really glorious weather, the last we shall see for a long time I fear. Continued our trip by air at 11.45. and had an excellent flight up to Rome, arriving about 4.15. Spent the night at the Grand in an exhausted condition, and retired to bed immediately and dined in bed and slept like logs. Spoke to B. in England.

Rome. Venice. Tarvis. Klagenfurt. Vienna.

Dec. 1. Called at 5.30 a.m. and had a terrific day. Left Rome by air at 7 a.m. arriving in Venice just before 9. Transferred immediately after a launch ride up the Grand Canal to a hired car, which drove us to the frontier. There my own car, with Dansie, picked us up, as it has been in Klagenfurt all this time, but we did not like to bring it into Italy with all this trouble on. Had a quick lunch at Tarvis and then drove on to Klagenfurt, dined at Leoben and finally reached Vienna in a completely ga-ga state at 10 p.m. Quite good going and the distance is about 400 miles or 700 Kilometres. Spent the night at the Imperial.

Vienna. Győr. Budapest.

Dec. 2. Left Vienna at 11 and lunched en route at Győr, arriving in Budapest about 4 o'clock. Car went beautifully all the way. Staying this time at the Dunapalota. The children from Kekes join me tomorrow. Feeling the cold very much indeed, especially having really had none to speak of for about 2 years! Retired to bed for dinner, as we were exhausted.

Budapest.

Dec. 3. Extremely cold, feeling very chilly. Lunched at the hotel and did a lot of shopping with Yola, purchasing for myself some much needed garments. The children arrived from Kekes in the afternoon, lovely seeing them again. Both looking flourishing, and I spent most of the rest of the day with them. Dined in the Grill here with Yola, Etienne Horthy and Tussi Haich, and went to Greta Garbo's Film, "Anna Karenina". Excellent. Bed immediately after.

Dec. 4. Snowing hard and extremely unpleasant slush under foot. A very busy day of fittings, doctors etc. both for myself and for the children, and lunched with Anti Szarpazy and family at their house. Retired to bed for dinner again. Not feeling particularly well and very gloomy, but nice having the children.

Dec. 5. Lovely bright, sunny day and town looking very attractive, though pretty slushy underfoot. Shopped with Yola and had long séances with the children's trousseaux again. An unpleasant visit to the dentist, who managed to find a great deal to do. Dined at the Renaissance very late with Yola and Etienne and were joined later by a man called Dosi Festeddich, and went for a short time to "Arizona".

Dec. 6. A really awful day, dark and heavy snow falling from early morn. Progress in streets nearly impossible. Spent a busy day shopping and dentisting and lunched with the children at the Dunapalota. Dined in the Grill with Yola. Spoke to Bunny and later to Douglas and Sylvia on the telephone. Looked in at the Capri to hear some piano with Tussi and Etienne and went early to bed.

Dec. 7. Brighter day, but the state of the streets quite appalling. Had my light treatment and after shopped with the children and had a lot of fittings. Lunched in the Grill with 2 friends of Yola's, Mme. Rosenqart and her sister. A lengthy visit to the dentist and walked back to the hotel. Went to a good Film "Diamond Jim" and had food after.

Budapest.

- Dec. 8. Not a nice day, but settled to go up into the hills above Budapest, and Etienne wished to go some ski-ing. Had an awful business getting up there, thick snow and skidding all over the place. While Etienne ski-ed, Yola and I and the children took a sleigh drive, which was really lovely, though freezing. Lunched on the way down at the Sanatorium Hotel. Spent the rest of the afternoon with the children and spent a quiet evening in bed.
- Dec. 9. Shopped for myself and for the children in the morning and lunched in the Grill. More shoppings, dentist, etc. after. Etienne's birthday, so Yola and I gave him and his brother Nicky, dinner at the Renaissance, and all went after to the Parisian Grill, where the Band is quite good and we danced like lunatics.
- Dec. 10. Weather better and brighter and less cold. Busy morning and lunched at the Legation, where our Minister, Sir Geoffrey Knox gave a party for me. Rushed for children's fittings and mine and dentists all the afternoon. Dined quietly at the Bellevue and bed after.
- Dec. 11. Yola left early for Paris, so I spent a lot of the day with the children, whom I lunched with and we had a tea-party to celebrate Lottie's Christmas! Went to cock-tails at the Hertelendys, saw Bobby Rosengart and retired to bed completely exhausted for dinner.
- Dec. 12. I Left on the 9.45 aeroplane for Vienna to spend the day there.. Under an hour, and then deposited my things at the Imperial and did a lot of shopping. Lunched with the Erbachs, cousins of Dickie's, and had an appointment with Halban. Then hair and more shopping. Met B. at the station at 6.30 and continued on the train with him back to Budapest. He has come out from England. Arrived about 11 o'clock. Icy cold. The children had left for Germany at 6.30. en route for Darmstadt, where they to stay with Uncle Ernie of Hesse.
- Dec. 13. Did a lot of shoppings and dentist visits and lunched at the little restaurant called Holub with delicious food. Dined at the Renaissance and Berkes played lovely Tsigane music to us. Very sad to be leaving Budapest tomorrow.

Budapest. Wien.

- Dec. 14. Flew to Vienna at the same time, but on an English machine, which was much slower. Had an appointment with Halban again and lunched late with Bunny at Sachers. Shopped in the afternoon and wrote letters and dined at the "Drei Hussar". Good food and went early to bed trying to stifle a cold. Dansie arrived with the car from Budapest and leave tomorrow for Darmstadt.
- Dec. 15. Saw Halban and then went straight to Linz by car, the most ghastly drive, owing to the roads being covered with ice and extremely dangerous. Could not touch the brake and did the most spectacular skids and had some narrow escapes. Could get no further than Linz, the weather being too bad. People calmly skating all over the roads.

Linz. Salzburg. Munich. Augsburg.

Dec.16. A lovely and tiring day, due chiefly to the state of roads, mostly ice and A.I. for winter sports, but not for motoring. Went through Salzburg and Munich, as the more direct was impossible. A quick lunch in Salzburg; heavy snow fell after and we crawled along for a time, also skidded into a ditch and by luck only raced out again. Tea in Munich and then continued to Augsburg, where we spend the night at "Die Drei Mohren"

Augsburg. Nuremberg. Aschaffenburg. Darmstadt.

Dec.17. Left early and had slightly better roads, though skiddy in the extreme still. Lunch at an attractive little cellar in the old city of Nuremberg and took a drive through the old streets and looked at the old middle-age houses and walls and towers. Then on to Darmstadt, having many and varied adventures. Heavy snow, fog and ice and all kinds of horrors. Dropped B. at Aschaffenburg, and continued to Darmstadt, where the children have already arrived and where I am also going to spend a few days with Dickie's Uncle Ernie, the Grand Duke. Aunt Onor and Lu, the second boy, and the various old "ladies and gentlemen" there too. A quiet family evening!

Darmstadt.

Dec.18. Took the children out shopping and spent most of the day with them and the family. Had tea with Cécile married to Don, the eldest boy, and her 2 sweet little boys, with whom Pamela is having a tremendous flirtation!! Attended the Opera with Uncle Ernie and Lu, an excellent performance of Strauss "Frau ohne Schatten". Really beautifully given and the orchestra was first class. Fräulein Ammerman, with a lovely voice and an excellent actress and good looking.

Dec.19. Felt quite awful all day with a bad chill and high temperature. Should have left, but quite impossible, so have put it off till tomorrow. Professor Pretorius, a great friend of the family and a celebrated producer, Chinese Art Expert, etc. arrived for the night.

Darmstadt. Frankfurt. Berlin.

Dec.20. A hectic morning packing up, saying goodbye etc. and all the last minute things for the children to be fixed! Was sent into Frankfurt and flew from there to Berlin. Started very late and froze, but got in at 4.30. having left Frankfurt at 2 p.m. Two stops. B. met me and we joined Yola at the Eden. She had arrived this morning from Paris.

Berlin.

Dec.21. Very cold and deep snow. Went out in the morning to various agencies and Banks, and Bunny, Yola and I lunched at the Eden and shopped and walked in the afternoon. Dined in the Grill and went to quite a good Film after.

Berlin.

- Dec.22. Had a filthy cold, so stayed in all day trying to get rid of it. Wrote a lot of letters and did Xmas cards. Dickie called us up from Bizerta, where he has gone with "Wishart" as head of a Mission, to try and establish friendlier relations with the French Navy.
- Dec.23. Very cold still and cold absolutely streaming, but felt better on the whole. Went out and did some shopping and found a marvellous Cinema in the evening, where they gave a series of Micky Mouse's Coloured Symphonies, one absolutely marvellous one called "Peculiar Penguins", the best I have ever seen.
- Dec.24. Went early to a doctor to have my ear lobes sewn up which have been badly torn for years! A very nice doctor and the operation seemed successful!! Shopped all morning and Yola, B. and I lunched in the Grill as usual. Went out with Yola in the afternoon. Everything tightly closed in the evening and, though we wanted to make merry, impossible, as no one on duty and nowhere to go, all Cinemas, Theatres and Restaurants shut, as it is a "family feast" and everyone stays at home. Car broken down and will have to be shipped back to England.

Dec.25. Berlin. Potsdam.

Went out to Potsdam, where we had an excellent lunch and visited San Souci and the Neues Palais and drove all round. To a Cinema before dinner and to a very good Variety Show after. Rather less cold and mine, Thank God, improving.

Berlin.

- Dec.26. Took a constitutional in the morning and found a very nice place for lunch, called Krauzler in the Kurfürstendam. Wrote some letters and went to a German Film before tea and in the evening to the "Fledermaus", with its charming music and quite enjoyable.
- Dec.27. Cold, but better. Shopped in the morning, as the shops were open again, after being hermetically sealed all Christmas time. Lunched at Kranzler's and made ourselves quite ill with all the most indigestible of things, like Lobster Thermidor etc!! Various appointments and shoppings in the afternoon and trying to fix up a trip to China via Russia, which is causing all kinds of difficulties. Went to a Cinema at 9, after an excellent dinner at the "Femina".
- Dec.28. A busy morning in Banks and Cooks and signed millions of cheques of all kinds and had writers' cramp in the end! Lunched with the Ambassador, Sir Eric Phipps, and wife, very nice indeed. Then did some more business and went to "David Copperfield" Film before dinner. Quite excellent. Then spent till 2.30 a.m. writing letters, paying bills etc., as we fly to Moscow at 7 a.m.

Berlin. Danzig. Königsberg Kaunas. Moscow.

Dec. 29. Left Tempelhof at 7 a.m. quite ga-ga, after a very short night, and took off rather late luckily, as we had a lot of luggage complications to cope with. Flew via East Prussia, Lithuania and Poland to Moscow, in Junkers machines, with about 4 or 5 stops. Icy cold and deep snow and bitter wind on land, but well heated in the machines. Ate a lot of peculiar foods at odd times at the various stops and finally reached Moscow about 6.30 Russian time. Had made friends with a very nice Russian of the old régime, who now goes by the name of Saunders, and on a Bolivian passport, and a business associate of his called Spencer, both in the colour cinema business. Had endless Customs difficulties, due to our not having been informed in Berlin of the million Soviet rules, regulations limiting the number of articles, kind, etc. allowed even in personal luggage to enter the country. And of course we had packed all over the place and had to have everything opened and searched. Gave up halfway through and allowed them to seal the rest for Transit. Staying at the Metropole.

Moscow.

Dec. 30. Most of the morning again spent dealing with our luggage problems, which were down, not only us, but the Customs' officials themselves, to the extent that they became quite lenient in the end!! Visited the new Moscow Metro in the afternoon, only recently completed and the first in the country, and the great pride of all the Russians. Really rather fine, with stations of different colours and designs, but everyone of marble and extremely effective. A second line is now being built. Certainly the progress in this country since I was last here in 1929 is quite staggering, and the regime is now so firmly established, that nothing can destroy it - other perhaps than a war from the outside world. Certainly nothing internal. We went to the Ballet in the evening, "The Hunchbacked Horse", quite excellent, with lovely music and excellent production and first class performances. Travelling under the Auspices of Intourist, which is the only way for a foreigner coming into Russia to do so. They have supplied us with a very nice ~~little~~ little guide, but one can be on one's own as much as one likes.

Dec. 31. A visit to one of the many Moscow Bread Factories in the morning, having first a lecture on the general system of management, the workers, wages, hours, etc. etc. and after being taken all through the various departments for a minute. Later to visit St. Basil's Cathedral, built by Ivan the Terrible to celebrate his Mongolian victories and which lies just outside the Kremlin walls. A fantastic edifice. After lunch took a drive round the town and went also to a lovely old ~~Spengga~~ called ~~Spengga~~ quiet evening, feeling extremely exhausted; sight-seeing a really killing performance and everything in Russia so complicated and slow and so much beaurocracy and red tape, that one finds oneself a stretcher case after a very short time. Poor B. retired to bed with the beginning of a beautiful cold, so we did not see the New Year in, as we'd intended to do.
