

Our Trip to England and Scotland

May 9 – 24, 1980

Thurs May 8 – Left Austin 4 pm. Left DFW at 6:30. Very crowded 747. Sat next to little old lady from San Antonio Sewing Club. Food good, but took a long time to get to us. Tried to walk around regularly and drink a lot of liquids so as not to get tired or dehydrated. Paid \$2.50 each for head-sets for music & movie. (Movie was '10') Read & slept. Set watch ahead 6 hours. Landed at 9:15 Friday morning at Gatwick Airport London. Flight was 8 hours.



Postcards of Cambridge

Friday May 9 – Lin [Vasey] met us after a long wait through Passport Control. Led us through the maze of getting from Gatwick to London to train to Cambridge around 2 pm & took taxi to Lin's flat. We settled into her room she had turned over to us. Smoot took a nap and I went w/ Lin to convert some of our money & buy some bread & vegetables. Walked around Jesus Green. Back to flat for late lunch, cheese, salad, bread & tea. Then my turn to nap. Smoot & Lin had good talk on their philosophies, religion, Ron, counselors. I woke up around 7. Had late 'Tea' then casserole supper. Stayed up till midnight talking about HRC, her Italy trip, Mara, etc. Had trouble getting to sleep after my nap. Slept late trying to get over jet lag.

Sat May 10 – Got up 10:30. Shared a bubble bath. Lin had gone out shopping earlier. Called Neon (her time 6 am) to tell her we had arrived safely. Had tried Friday night, but since that was afternoon in Austin, Neon was at the hospital. Daddy is getting better from his Atrial flutter. Had given Mother a framed picture of me for Mother's Day (early) and Daddy a book on the Celts for his birthday (early). Neon said everything was all right at home. Mara [Kalnins] came by at 11:45 and we went to the pub at Caton. Had the Ploughman's lunch – bread, cheese & relish and Lime cordial, Smoot had Bitters.



Left, the Backs at St. John's College in Cambridge. Right, Lin looking from the Bridge of Sighs at the Kitchen Bridge at St. John's.

Mara dropped us off near the University 'Backs'. Walked through them. Mara had advised us of what to see & offered us Bed & Breakfast at her place in Bath. Recommended Edinburgh, Oxford, Bath & Hampton Court. London – Tower, St. Paul's, British Museum, Victoria & Albert, National Gallery/Trafalgar, Buckingham Palace, Westminster, boat to Hampton Court & Greenwich.



St. John's College; First Court, St. John's; The gate to Second Court with the statue of founder Lady Margaret Beaufort.

Back to Backs – Started at St. John's, went thru the 3 Courts & Bridge of Sighs, then across Kitchen Bridge (better than name) then Trinity Backs to Great Court (Gate of Henry VIII & chair leg!). Then to Kings, by Kings College Chapel & Courtyard. (Loo stop) Market (lemons!).



The Bridge of Sighs; The Great Court at Trinity College showing the fountain and King Edward's Tower; Trinity Lane on the way to Kings College Chapel



Flowers at Pembroke; Gatehouse to St. John's College, Cambridge; The Round Church, built 1130 with Norman arches, 19th century roof; Tea with Lin

Around back streets to Pembroke (Wren chapel) & Gardens. Then by CUP [Cambridge

University Press] (Pitt Bldg). Graduate Center (ugly). Saint Catherine's, up Kings Parade (Senate House & Gonville to Caius ('Keys') College down Trinity to St Johns – gate that we thought was Corpus Christie. Round Norman Church (1130AD). Up Bridge Street to Portugal Place & St, across Jesus Green & back to Stretton. Another late Tea w/ sinful sweets.

Must add a note on two funny things that happened during our tour. As we were walking by the backs of Trinity College we saw two male ducks actively pursuing and mounting a female. The crowds were laughing & watching this process, the ducks were unaware of their entertainment value! The second thing was that I was patted on the rear by a passing fellow on Kings Parade. I thought it had been Smoot, but it wasn't. I'm not used to that sort of thing & Lin was surprised it had happened. Later I learned she & Maureen had expected it in Italy & nothing happened! So much for the 'staid English' stereotype.

We came home tired so had a late supper after our sinful tea. I had trouble getting to sleep again, but slept late so I still must be adjusting. Smoot slept in the other bed this time which did give me more room.



Wren chapel; The Ploughman's Pub at Fen Ditton; Christ's College gateway

Sunday May 11 – Got up late again. All church services are at 8:30 am so we decided to wait & go to Evensong. Had eggs & bacon then tea in the garden. Another beautiful day. Called Humphrey Carpenter to plan visit to Oxford. Said any evening, to call back when we had set schedule. Lin called CUP friend Maureen Leach & she offered to take us to Ploughman's Pub for lunch. Drove over & had sausage & chips on the lawn. Very leisurely. Gave her the Texas glass we had brought. She seemed to enjoy it. She dropped us off at Emmanuel College & we worked our way back home seeing Sidney Sussex, Jesus College and Christ College (with the gateway we had confused w/ other earlier).



Jesus College; Trinity College Chapel in Cambridge

We walked again across Jesus Green, bought an ice cream & made it home to clean up & go back for Evensong Service. We thought it was at 5:15 at Kings Chapel, but were wrong so we

had tea at the Blue Boar & went to 6:15 service at Trinity Chapel. Very nice. Good choir & interesting sermon on Christian aid week and the pros & cons of missionary work. Lin thought minister was pro, I thought con & Smoot was in middle! Since we were dressed up we decided to go out to eat at the Curry House. Food was ok, bread was strange. Had Tikki Chicken, Smoot had Curry Chicken. Then home for rest & preparation for our attack on London.



London, Buckingham Palace; Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace

Monday May 12 – We delayed our start to London & walked to Market Square where we took a taxi to the train station. We went to the Liverpool station on a comfortable train, rushed thru the subway and on to Buckingham Palace in time to see the Changing of the Guard (playing Beatles music!). We went into St James Park & finished the bread and cheese we had brought and eaten for breakfast. From our bench we saw the House Guards marching back to their headquarters. Met a sociology prof from Bristol who was looking for the Natl Academy of Art. I wasn't able to help direct him, but he seemed interested that I was an American. From there we walked thru the Park seeing Nelson's Column in the distance. Saw Banquet House.



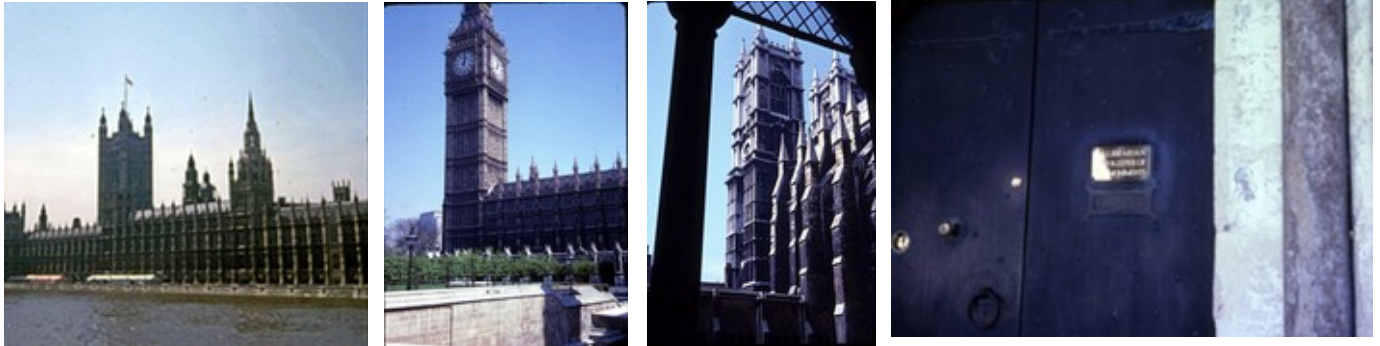
Statue of Queen Victoria; The Horse Guard's sentries; 10 Downing Street.

Went thru the back of the Horse Guards bldg taking pictures of the colorfully costumed Guards (the one on foot broke his statue-stance to glance at me as I walked by!). The two on horseback looked so young. From there we walked down Whitehall Street and turned off to see 10 Downing St. Maggie's car pulled up to get her, but she didn't come out so we moved on.



We crossed Westminster Bridge to get a good picture of Parliament. Big Ben struck one as we walked around to Westminster Abbey. That was an amazing place – so much history in every nook & cranny. The sanctity of the place was a little spoiled by the sound of a vacuum cleaner cleaning one of the tombs! From there we thought we would try to find the Mexican restaurant we had noticed in a guidebook. We took the sub to Farringdon station, walked thru a lower class neighborhood (bought stamps from a nice fellow at the Post Office and got directions from an equally nice person) only to discover the street we were

looking for was wrong. We had to go all the way back and over to Piccadilly Circus only to find the restaurant had closed! We did get to see this interesting theater district, but we were tired and frustrated so we trudged our sore feet back to the train station, caught the commuter 5:34 to Cambridge and took a taxi home. Lin & Smoot picked up fish and chips for supper. We both took hot baths hoping to help our poor feet and to get the layer of London dirt off. Then to bed early w/ an alarm clock to get us up early enough to get in for our 10 am tour.



Parliament; Big Ben; Westminster Abbey; door to 'Librarian and Keeper of the Muniments' (writings defending titles to property) at Westminster Abbey. "The Westminster Abbey Muniments is a collection of muniments and manuscripts comprising archives of Westminster Abbey from the tenth century to the present "

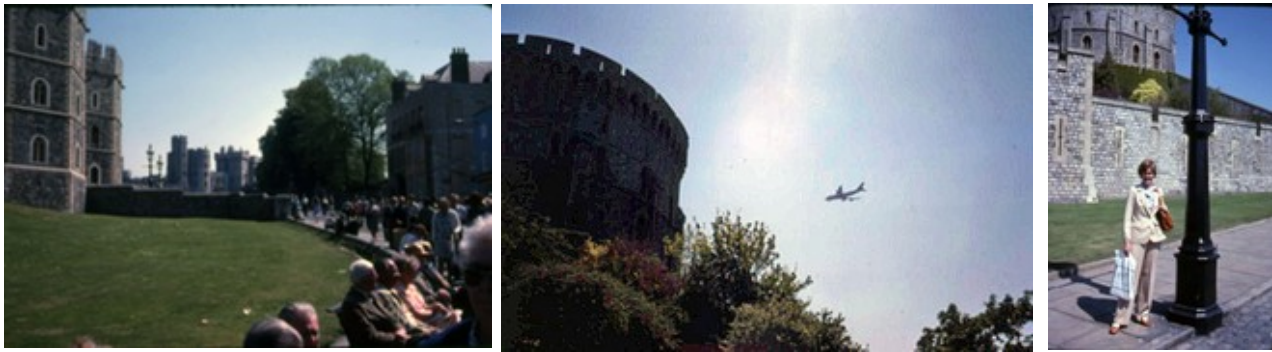
Tues May 13 – We missed the 7:17 so took the 7:54 (as planned) to Liverpool getting in around 9:15. I thought that would give us plenty of time to reach Victoria Station but the subway was so slow that we had to run to get to the Coach Station by 9:54! The tour was great, our guide (Jim, photo list says Jack) was very knowledgeable and lunch was good. All around well worth the 10 pounds.60 each we paid.



Left, the Iranian Embassy; the Albert Memorial; Windsor

We went to Windsor Palace [Castle] first but had a running commentary all the way on interesting sights we could never have known about or noticed or gone by on our own such as: Iranian Embassy where terrorists were routed by the SAS, the church where Benedict Arnold was buried and William Blake married; Harrods (to be changed to Harabs), Maggie's house, etc. Windsor is 22 miles from London. Another amazing place w/ history oozing out of every corner. Jim's explanations were helpful in trying to describe a fortress/chapel/royal residence. (Heathrow airport is near and the sight of a 747 flying by an 11th century castle was ironic.) We had lunch at the Harte & Garter Inn (chicken, peas 'chips', ice cream – very good). On across Runnymede Meadow where Magna Carta was signed then on to Hampton Court Palace. Built by Cardinal Woolsey but given to Henry VIII to avoid treason charges after not getting a divorce from Catherine. The house was being restored and w/ the beautiful weather we just walked around it and the gardens. (Herb garden in style of Elizabeth I, bright and beautiful

garden from Henry VIII and more subdued garden from Enlightenment period. Guide said gardens reflected politics of the time. Smoot went thru the Maze and I hit up the souvenir shop, then thru Bushy Park (royal) to see the Horse Chestnut trees in bloom and the royal deer.



St. George's Chapel Windsor; 747 framed against the Round Tower; me at Windsor



Looking back at St. George's Gate at Windsor; Our tour guide; Leaving Windsor Castle



The River Thames; Hampton Court Palace; Astronomical clock on the inner front of the Anne Boleyn's Gateway.



A close-up of the clock; Inner courtyard of Wren addition; East front; Smoot by garden



Hampton Court herb garden; Pond garden 1700; Later garden



A postcard of The Maze at Hampton Court; Looking East with William & Mary paths & trees;
More William and Mary

We got back to the train station just in time to catch the 5:34 again then home for veal casserole supper and visit w/ Maureen to another local pub. We then had tea at her house and on home, tired after a long day. We talked w/ 2 friends of Maureen's we ran into at the Pub (Nigel & Keith) both nice. Keith was going on a tour of the states in August and was interested in what the weather would be like. I tried to explain what 'hot' really meant! So far the 'locals' have primarily been nice. Perhaps the beautiful weather is making everyone friendlier.



Price Albert Memorial Bridge, London; Mathematician Bridge, Cambridge; Lin, Maureen, me
in Oriel Room, Cambridge University Press

Wed May 14 – Strike Day so we stayed at home, slept late. Had to jump up and wash our undies ('smalls') to get them on the line before we met Lin for lunch. We walked to the Press and met her colleagues – Michael Block, Ann Parr and saw Maureen again. We went to another pub for lunch (chicken & wine pate) and cake. I had admitted that the local drinks (hard & soft) really don't agree with me. After that we went to the market to get supplies for the evenings chili supper we were making. We found limes and avocados, restocked on lettuce, tomatoes and cheese and then Lin had to get back to work. Smoot and I went to Sainsbury (the equivalent of Safeway) for chili meat, tomato sauce, nuts and crackers. After a 'discussion' in which I wanted to do further gift shopping and Smoot wanted to go home, we went our separate ways. I got

Mother a spoon w/ Cambridge on it and an English china rose. I got us two Cambridge, Eng t-shirts and some pocket dolls for the nieces & nephews & 4 linen tea towels w/ the Union Jack on them. I walked home by myself to find that Smoot had been sleeping, not getting the chili started nor had he taken the clothes off the line. I did that and he started the chili. Lin came back and started her brownies. I made the guacamole salad. Maureen arrived first and was shown the tequila we had set out and the Texas decoration. I had gotten a cassette of country-western music for appropriate background played on the recorder Ron had sent over with us.



Maureen Leach; Carl Baron and Lin; Helen Baron; Andy Brown



Lin Vasey; Jane Hodgart; me; Maureen and Smoot

Carl & Helen Baron and Andy Brown arrived next. Andy was dressed in cowboy hat, leather jacket, boots and Dos Eces t-shirt! Jane Hodgart completed the party. Smoot demonstrated how to drink tequila – salt on hand, slug down drink, and bite lime. Andy was first to try, then Maureen, Helen and Carl. Lin and Jane declined. Then onto supper, chili, guacamole, salad, wine (Barons brought) and bread. For dessert pralines and brownies. Seemingly everything was a hit. The chili disappeared, at least. It had been 2 alarm (hot) so we watered it down with a can of tomatoes. After supper, coffee or tea. Then conversation into the night. Andy was ‘on-stage’ very entertaining and helpful to get the party going, but it did become a little tiresome. Lin mentioned in the kitchen that he was really a playboy who liked young bar maids. The conversation ranged from Andy to Press politics to literature. Helen and I had a nice chat about the American work ethic and short vacations. They plan to visit the US in August. I invited them to visit with us and let us show them around. The party went on until 12:30 making it a little hard to get up and going the next morning but it was fun. [Ironically, our long lasting memory of that party was that the attendees finished off the entire bottle of tequila but I don’t say that in this journal.]

Thurs May 15 – Trip to Bath. We caught the train to London after dropping Lin off at the press on our taxi run. The driver’s daughter had married an American Navy man and was living in the States. He was to visit her sometime. He was very nice. We have had several diff varieties of driver – quiet, talkative, curt. The train to London was smooth, as usual. The subway was slow and we were worried about making our train to Bath, but we did and got there around 1.



Bath Abbey; The Great Roman Bath; me in front of the Great Roman Bath; Hypocaust for a hot room. Floor would have rested on pillars.



Circular bath - a cold plunge after the hot room: Lead pipe; Great Bath. Roman stonework at bottom; Bath Abbey late 15th century

We found the Visitor Center and info about buses to Stonehenge. We saw the Roman Baths first. They were fascinating. There is still excavation going on, with the Temple to Minerva hopefully being opened in 1983 or 84. From there to the Abbey and a walking tour of Bath.



Sally Lunn's house; Jane Austen's house; Duke Street & North Parade - Camden Crescent on the hillside; Great Pulteney Street

Saw Sally Lunn's house, oldest house in Bath, originator of Bath buns. Saw where Jane Austen lived. City is almost entirely Georgian. On the way back down Great Pulteney Street we stopped at a development of renovated Georgian townhouse and asked to see an example flat. They were all filled, but we looked around the office (that would become an apt) and looked at example floor plans and pictures. Smoot asked about the cost and was told the flats were from 550 sq ft to 800 and ranged from 29,000 pounds to 55,000, about \$100 a sq ft about equivalent to Vail, Colorado. By then it was 5:30 and we decided to call Mora. She had just finished grading her exam papers and was ready for a drink. So we joined her for a visit to a 13th century inn - [claims to be] oldest continuously licensed inn in the country - The George Inn at Norton St Philip. [Still exists] The medieval courtyard was lovely. We had our cider and beer and went back into town for a delicious supper at Ainsleys in Bath. I had pork with prunes and cream,

Smoot had lamb. We shared 3 desserts – bread and butter pudding, chocolate mousse-like pudding and bananas, cream and jelly.



Pulteney Bridge and weir - River Avon; Countryside on the way to the George Inn; Elizabethan courtyard in George Inn



View from balcony; Mara and Ch quaffing a pint; Church behind Inn

We rolled home to recover. Smoot and Mora played Bao, an African game played with beans in a series of cups. Lin called to say that Daddy had another heart flutter and was going to stay longer in the hospital. I tried to get a call thru but got no answer. The international operator was very chatty and said I sounded like Dolly Parton! We each got a hot water bottle to warm our beds. Smoot gave me his and he stayed up reading a book on Everest. I conked out after a bath in Bath!



Stonehenge

Friday May 16 - We were awakened at 8:15 by Mara with tea (as we had been warned we would be). We had tea and dressed for our trip to Stonehenge. Mara dropped us at the train station for our trip to Salisbury where we caught a bus for Stonehenge. (Cost for bus included ticket for monument 1.65 pound each which was certainly better than 13.60 pounds each for guided tour from London Transport.) The trip to the Stone Circle took about 45 minutes with local stops. The facilities there were well planned. The concession area and entrance are across the highway (motorway) from the Circle and below ground level so you have an unobstructed view from the plain. It is very impressive coming up on it from the road, but is really smaller

than one would imagine when you get to it. There was a cold wind blowing so even with the bright sun it was cold. I walked around the first circuit, as close as we could get behind the barriers added because of vandalism, sadly. We then went around the far circuit with the explanatory boards. Stonehenge is really three different stages and may even have been made up of stone from another monument elsewhere. After taking several pictures we went to the concession area for me to buy my now-traditional guide book and postcard and to get out of the wind.



Stonehenge; City Gate in Salisbury; Street, Tithe barn and St Cyriac's Church in Lacock

We had a quick lunch there (I had 'salad' sandwich – tomato, lettuce, cheese and cucumber, really very good) and caught an earlier bus back to Amesbury where we caught a bus to Salisbury. We had hoped to run by the cathedral if we had time before the next rain back to Bath but we didn't have time so we walked to the station (passing the *old city gates). We got back to Bath around 2:30. I had tried to call Neon in Salisbury but couldn't get an international operator. I got an operator in Bath but, once again, no answer at home. That and the long bus ride to Mara's put me in a bad mood. I called Lin to see if any other news had come thru.



Another view of the church; Us in front of a timber-framed house in Lacock; Solid beam in house in Lacock; Manor house in Lacock. Fox Talbot's ancestral home.

It hadn't so we went on a drive to Lacock Village, a medieval town completely owned by the National Trust. It was beautiful. We only had time to walk around it briefly, looking at the Manor House and dropping into the Fox Talbot museum. Since we only had 10 minutes, the woman at the counter let us wander around without charge. I bought some cards and books on the place to take back to HRC since we have a Fox Talbot collection in Photography. Mara drove us to the Chippenham station to pick up the train to London. We didn't get back to Cambridge until 10:30 pm and found Lin had a cold. Maureen had left her car for our trip to Oxford so we were set for that the next morning.

Since I was not able to reach Neon while we were in Bath, I tried again Friday night and still no answer so Lin called Ron. .. She turned the phone over to me because I was hoping he would know more about Daddy. Ron said he was better and in fact that Neon had said not to tell me because I would worry! We chit-chatted about what was going on back home. The angel tank

had cracked and Neon had Aquarama people come in to transfer the fish to the most appropriate environment. The other critters were fine.



Oxford - walking down street with Humphrey, Lin, Ch; Sheldonian Theater; Humphrey & 'Pickle' Clare, Lin and Ch in Sheldonian Theater

Saturday May 17 – We had planned to set off at 10, putting us into Oxford at 1 when Humphrey Carpenter had expected us for lunch. We were ready in time but Lin decided to go so we didn't get off until 11. We filled Maureen's car up and after one false start, got out of Cambridge and began the 80 mile trip to Oxford. We took a back way thru several little villages see a lion carved out of the white stone mountains. Smoot did very well on his first attempt at English left-handed driving. Lin was the navigator. We got into Oxford around 2 and got to 61 Observatory St to find Humphrey, Mary (and 19 month old Clare) had already started lunch. We joined them for quiche, salad, new potatoes, beans and pate and sherry and orange juice. After lunch we launched into our walking tour.



Beam in attic of theater; View from cupola - Tower of 5 Orders, Magdalen College Tower, Radcliffe Camera; More towers - Bodleian

We started at the Sheldonian theater cupola to get an over-view of the City of Spires and then walked thru the colleges. Since Humphrey was a native he would just wander into places that said 'No Visitors'! It was great.



Hertford College, Bodleian to the right; Blackwell's Bookstore. Bldg to right, New Bodleian; Balliol College



Steeple, Exeter College; Students on the way to a party; Trinity College Chapel; All Soul's College Chapel with reredos statues destroyed at reformation, replaced 1875



Looking from New College Cloisters, Oxford to courtyard; New College Cloisters (Used for filming location in Harry Potter movies); Waiting in courtyard; Smoot, Humphrey and 'Pickle'



'Pickle,' Mari and Humphrey Carpenter; Bell Tower, New College, Oxford with faces, gargoyles or grotesques; Old City Wall



Old Oxford City Wall & Robinson Tower from New College; Catte Street doorway to Bodleian Library with 20 college, University and royal crests; Wysteria

We went to Jesus College and went into the dining room to see a painting of Elizabeth I done during her life-time. We comment on how unprotected it was. Smoot wandered up close to see if it at least had glass protecting. (It did, non-glare) when a porter appeared out of nowhere to say the area was off-limits. We had pushed our luck a little far, but luckily had already gotten a

picture of it. We also went thru Blackwell's Bookstore, the famous shop, to see how they had expanded underground.



Christ Church chapel & Tom quad, Oxford; Looking to the Thames, Christ Church meadow, Lewis Carroll area; Merton college, mob quad courtyard; Portrait of Queen Elizabeth I



Christ Church Cathedral chapel; Choir practice; Merton College; Reading the Bible aloud for contributions; Magdalen College, Founder's Tower; Humphrey's garden

We also saw a book by Humphrey on Jesus. I commented on Michael Grant's book and he said he disagreed with its conclusions. Interesting. After our long walk Humphrey dropped us off at a pub and went back home to get Mary. We had cakes and beer. He came back alone saying Mary was getting ready for the evening so he treat us to another round and we drove back home in his ancient (1956) car with flick-up turn signals. We had soup and lunch left overs and then started back to Cambridge. He had recommended we go back instead of staying over in and bed & breakfast because of the bad morning traffic.

We took a more straightforward route home and made it by 10:30. We were glad to hit the sack. [Strangely, I don't say anything in my trip journal about my opinion of Oxford. What I remember now was that Cambridge was much prettier and that Oxford was big and dirty. Had we seen Oxford first, I might have had a better opinion of the city.]



Mari washing up; Back in Cambridge with Barons and Andy at pub at Grantchester; Lin and 'bashful' Helen

Sunday, May 18 – We got up late, shared a tepid bath (we forgot to turn the water heater on the

night before). Smoot went off to fill Maureen's car up & wash it & check out the train station for trains to Edinburgh. He wasn't back when Carl & Helen came by so I went with them to pick up Andy & Lin stayed to show Smoot the way. Caro & Helen didn't know the way to Andy's so we stopped at their place to call Lin (Andy doesn't have a phone). Their house was amazing with (I learned) lower middle class or working class interior design (wild carpeting & purple wall paper!) I met Mr. Baron & their recently operated on cat. With directions we went to pick up Andy. I wandered into his flat to see his stereo system with Helen. We talked about records & tapes most of the way to the Red Lion Pub at Grantchester. There was a communication mix-up when Andy's girlfriend/bar maid didn't tell us that Smoot and Lin were already there waking along the river so we waited for them finally running into them at the salad bar. I was upset because I felt left out of the Baron's and Andy's conversation and resented their comments about my accent. I was also upset that Smoot had thrown our plans off. That put me in an off mood.



Locals soaking up the unseasonable sun; More locals punting and cavorting on the Cam; a 'Mirror' shot

After lunch (roast beef & salads) we wandered by the river to watch the locals cavort in the sun. Then we set off our separate ways – Andy with his girl friend, the Barons in the BMW & Lin, Smoot & me in Maureen's car. We went by the University Library (UL), a fake-old building that was really ugly. Then home to rest before tea with Jane. We dressed up a little more for tea, having worn jeans & our new Cambridge t-shirts at lunch. I wore my blue skirt and Smoot wore his suit slacks. We were warm in that. Helen said the statisticians were saying that we had had the longest stretch of continuous sunshine for these dates in 50 years! How handy for our visit. Tea with Jane was very different from our lunch. She had her brother and sister in law (Stephen & Leah) staying with her and one of her brother's school friends (Victor). The goodies were rich and delicious (as we had heard they would be) gingerbread (heavier with molasses than ours), shortbread, scones, chocolate/cream roll cake, bread & butter, ?, Devonshire cakes (oatmeal shaped like muffins) and tea, of course. I was nervous, as was Smoot, but we survived. Victor and Stephen seemed interesting in talking with us and asked us questions (something the Press group had not done). Victor admitted to being a reactionary (no divorce, etc) but was pleasant. He seemed pleased I was in Latine and that the Classics were making a come back in the States. He was disappointed we didn't have 'afternoon tea' in the States. After an interesting talk on politics (with Victor strongly supporting Pres. Carter) they left and we had a tour of Jane's house. It is almost 100 years old and she is having to buy out her brother and father's part of the house from the estate of her grandmother (seemingly a messy situation). But things seem to be settled now. I had felt surprisingly more comfortable with them than Andy and the Arons earlier, because though formal they seemed more interesting in us and asked several questions about our backgrounds, etc. I was feeling better when we got back home.

Monday, May 19 – Left Cambridge at 10:21 and reached Peterborough at 12 to link up with the 125 to Edinburgh. The 125 train was very crowded and we had to stand in the hall between the

cars until Durcaster when I saw a woman leave and I grabbed her seat and the one next to her. We had been stuck with a 'refugee' family from Canada who had 3 children. They were fairly well behaved but just being children I was ready to get off in York and try to get another train later. Luckily I was able to find the seats and we rode comfortably into Edinburgh (30 minutes late). We went to the Tourist Centre by the train station, as Humphrey had recommended, to make arrangements for our accommodations. The center was very nice and modern. There is a computerized system that will compare your price range and requirements and tell you what is available. We got a Bed & Breakfast guest house on Eyne Place run by Mrs. Milne. We took the bus there, rang the bell to be answered by this fat, bossy woman who was Mrs. Milne. Her daughter showed us our room on the 3rd floor. The bathrooms were on the second floor. We dropped our stuff off and went to look for the restaurants Mara had recommended. We had decided to eat supper and go to be (!) early. It turned out to be Victoria Day and most places were closed including Mara's recommendations. We walked up Hanover St and went into an Italian place. It was pretty good. I have cannelloni, Smoot had spaghetti. We divided each so we had some of both. Soup, entree (no bread) and trifle for dessert. We walked back home. We had to rouse Mrs. Milne's to get her home number for an emergency situation. She wasn't going to give it until I went thru my sob story of father in hospital, etc. She finally gave it. We then called Lin so she could pass any message along. Then we went to bed. Since the place had a shower we were able to do that instead of a bath (yeah).



Edinburgh, Monday, Smoot being sexy at Mad Mrs. Milne's Guest House; View of castle with train smoke; Guards at Edinburgh Castle

Tuesday, May 20 – The bed (esp pillow) wasn't very comfortable so I had a restless night. I woke up before our break for breakfast. We had a 'British Breakfast' (eggs, sausage, bacon, toast, fruit, tea) from 'Mad Mrs. Milne's' (ordering everyone around), then we were off to the Transport Office to see if we could get a Grand Tour (by bus) of Edinburgh. I had bought guidebooks (of course) for the Castle and Palace of Holyrood House. We got to the office to find the regularly scheduled tour was full but they were putting on another bus earlier. We waited for it in the first misty day we had had while here. Our tour guide/driver was a friendly Scot who gave a running commentary on interesting sights along the way to our major stop, the Castle.

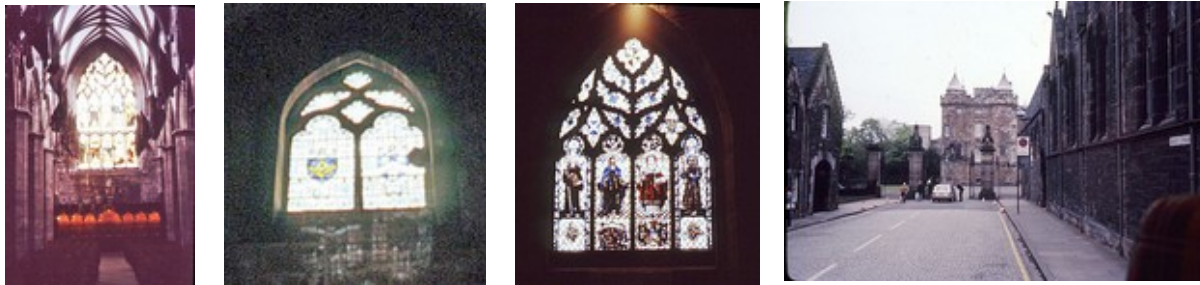


Through first gate with statues of Robert the Bruce & William Wallace; Portcullis Gate with the arms of the King of Scots; 12th C. St. Margaret's Chapel; Ch at 15th C. bombard Mons Meg.

We had thought we would see the Palace but since the General Assemble of the Church of Scotland was meeting there we couldn't. (That fact knocked the price down to 3.4 pounds instead of 4 pounds. Saw Sir Walter Scott memorial (big and gothic looking). We went into the Castle through the 7 gates to the inner fortress. Saw the Crown Jewels (oldest in Europe, Cromwell had melted English), the room where Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James VI/I and St. Margarets chapel (oldest building – Norman.)



View from castle; Looking towards Arthur's Seat; Stairway in castle; On way down Royal Mile looking down 'close' or passageway. Advocates Close, Edinburgh,



In St. Giles Cathedral, High Kirk of Edinburgh (Home of Presbyterianism); Masonic window. Craftsmen of Edinburgh Coats of Arms. Wrights and Masons; Saints window depicts four Scottish saints, St Columba, St Andrew, St Margaret and St Mund; Gates to Palace of Holyroodhouse



Another view of Holyrood Palace; View of city from Arthur's Seat; Our tour guide

We then bused down the Royal Mile to St. Giles Church, 'Mother Church' of Presbyterians, and saw the Chapel of the order of the Thistle. Service for Gen Assembly was beginning so we left. Drove past John Knox house and around the Palace. Then around Arthur's Seat (over 800 feet) and other points of interest (Greyfriars Bobby monument). Weather was still grey but yellow 'weed' over the hills was beautiful. All over the flowers haven been beautiful. Gardens everywhere, just like 'How to be an alien' said. We've decided it's because of days like this, gray and dreary; they need something bright around to cheer them up. Back to Coach station then off to Hanover St again for lunch, Mara's place still closed, so we followed a crowd of locals into the Queen's Arms Pub and had a good and inexpensive lunch (90p each – I had steak & kidney pie, Smoot had lasagne, both came with 2 mounds of mashed potatoes & mixed

vegs). After that we went looking for the good shop Mara had recommended to buy Scottish wool. We went all the way down one side of the street without finding it. We had almost given up when coming back on the other side we found it! I splurged and bought myself a kilt and scarfs, ties and placemats for gifts.



Visit of the High Chancellor's visit to John Knox's house; The brochure for our Scottish Night Out; The room for Scottish Night Out; Postcard showing scenes in Edinburgh

We went back to the B&B to drop off our loot and took the bus back to the Royal Mile to see inside John Knox's house but when we got there, it was closed in preparation for the imminent arrival of the High Commissioner, the Queen's representative to the Gen. Assembly. We waited around and saw him driven up and met by local dignitaries of some sort. His guard was carrying the Purse (like the one we had on display at HRC during the Magna Carta visit!). We snapped off a couple of pictures; I hope they came out. After that we found the other shop Mara had recommended and I finally got a Scottish doll I liked for Holly. Back to Knox House, still closed, but got Rusty's soldier doll in store downstairs. We were tired so we stopped at a pub for a drink. Smoot played the Space Invaders game there (!) and said it was sluggish. We went back to Mrs. M's to rest and plan the evening. I wanted to do a Scottish Night Out like I had seen in the guidebook. I talked Smoot into it and called Pipers only to find it no longer had the Scottish Evening. They directed me to another place that was full but who recommended Kingsway Hotel. They had places available (13 pounds each!) so we got reservations. We rested and got a taxi over, getting there early. It turned out to be the place I had seen advertised our first time into Mrs. Milne's, but I had ignored the brochure because I thought we would be going to Pipers. It was a great evening and delicious meal. Meal was [there was a blank line in my journal but according to the brochure for the Scottish Night Out we were served Whisky or Sherry reception, Crofter Broth, Abroath Platter, Haggis, Roast Rib of Prime Scotch Beef Balmoral, Lairds Brose and red or white wine during dinner. A feast!]

Then the show began with Scott Paul Young. He tried to loosen the crowd up by asking where groups were from and then singing a song from there. There were people from Germany, large group from Canada, one from Australia, England, only us from US, 3 women from Libya (he couldn't sing a song for them so one of them did a short belly dance to loud applause.) and a man from Mauritius who sang a lovely song (also to loud applause). When he got to us we said US, planned to sing Eyes of Texas but he launched into Dixie so Smoot and I joined in. He leaned over and had a duet with Smoot! It was fun. The show consisted of 4 Scottish lassies doing traditional dances (in several changes of costume), a woman singer and an amazing accordion player (only 18 years old!). Midway thru the show the Piper piped in the Haggis & Scott recited a poem by Robert Burns while cutting it. Very impressive. During the intermission we ate some. It was strongly seasoned but surprisingly good. The second half of the show was similar to the first with one addition: the lassies did the Sword Dance and Scott asked for 4 volunteers to 'wear the kilt.' He 'volunteered' Smoot so off he went to put on a kilt with 3 other men! They came out with swords and were asked to do the Sword Dance with the lassies! It was hilarious and we hadn't brought our camera!! We finally got a taxi home and after another shower (!) hit the sack.



Postcard showing The York Minster from the City Walls; York Shambles, once meat-butchering Norman center, now shops. Keeping medieval look; York Minster and Bootham Bar (old city gate)

Wednesday May 21 – We packed up, had breakfast (same as before), paid off Mad Mrs. Milne (who had called a taxi for us) and went to the train station to catch our train to York. Left at 9:15. Got to York at 12. We had reserved seats after the fiasco the first day, but didn't really need to. Once again we went to the Tourist Info Center to check on Guided Walking Tour. Still 2:15 so we went to Betty's (guidebook recommended) for lunch. Similar to pub fare but more expensive. Had extra time so went by Shambles and bought cards and proverbial guidebook. By market to buy cheese. Back to Betty's for bread and a Bronte cake. Then a quick look at the Minster before the Tour. We didn't know if we would be guided thru it or not.



Roman multi-angular tower in York; Looking toward the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey; Coat of Arms (1600s) on Kings Manor now part of York University; Looking through Bootham Bar arrow slit



Walking along the York City Wall with Dean's Park to the right; Across Dean's Park, archbishop's palace chapel and York Minster; Another view of York Minster; East front of York Minster

Joined free tour and were led by Roman ruins, shown Roman, Saxon and Norman levels of city, then thru Bar (Gate) and Gate (Path) and along city wall. Told there we wouldn't see inside Minster so we peeled off to do that ourselves. Went around inside (overwhelmingly beautiful) then down to Undercroft where they had uncovered Roman and Norman ruins while re-supporting the Central Tower that was about to collapse! Fascinating. Smoot walked up the Central Tower (245 steps) and I went to the bookstore. (Bought book on St. Paul that

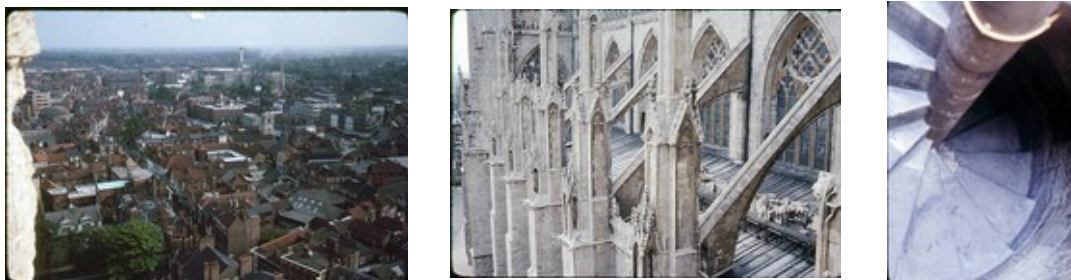
Humphrey had recommended) and bought a minute of history (costs a pound a minute to maintain the Minster).



The Rose Window in the South Transept of York Minster (early 16th cent - red & white roses of Lancaster & York); York Minster from Nave looking to Choir, screen of the Kings from William I on Henry VI on right. (Took 25 years to carve); Close-up of Kings Screen from a website; York Minster East Window (1405-08) largest Medieval stained glass in one window in the world (size of tennis court); West Window containing panel of Norman glass (c.1150) from the earlier cathedral



View of ceiling & clerestory windows; Straight up to the top of the Central Tower of York Minster; The twin towers at the west end of York Minster, seen from the roof of the central tower; View from Tower



View of the City; Flying buttresses; Spiral staircase in York Minster

We rushed to the train station to catch the train to Peterborough, Ely and Cambridge. Was around 8pm when we got back but Lin was already in her robe. She listened to what we had seen, done and bought then took our paper and went to bed. I washed enough clothes for the rest of the trip. (I had had to wash undies in Edinburgh to get us thru.) I finally got to bed at 10:30.

Thursday, May 22 – We slept in late, took a bath, then taxied to Market Square where I changed the rest of my travelers checks and then to a florist to order plants to be delivered to Lin, Maureen and Jane on Tues (Mon a holiday). Took train to Kings Cross (change at Royston) then on to Victoria Station to check on train to Gatwick and reconfirmed our plane reservations. We were told the plane would leave at 11:15. Somehow we thought it wasn't leaving until 2, so

we suddenly had another very early morning of connections to make. Trains go to Gatwick every 15 minutes so we were sure we could make it.



Boat trip up the Thames with Big Ben and Parliament in the background; Cleopatra's Needle, 3,500 years old; St. Paul's Cathedral built by Christopher Wren after the Great Fire in 1666.



Tower Bridge (1894); Postcard of the Tower and Bridge; The Tower of London, view of White Tower built by William the Conqueror in 1078

After that we took the tube to Westminster Pier and got on a boat ride to the Tower of London. Crew pointed out Cleopatra's Needle, St. Paul's (as well as the house where Wren lived while building it and the steps he used to get to his boat that by law must be preserved forever!), floated by Traitor's Gate, under Tower Bridge and then back to Tower wharf. Decided to eat first so went into tourist place for another steak and kidney pie lunch (this time 2.90 pounds and not as good as the Edinburgh pub!) But it filled us up and we were ready to take on the Tower.



Our Yeoman Warder tour guide; The moat; The Bell Tower, 12th century; Traitors Gate

The tickets cost 1.50 pounds each but included a guided tour by a Yeoman Warden if you wanted to join one. We walked up just as one was starting so we joined it. The Warden was in his 'bork blues' not the dress scarlet Beefeater outfit. He was very funny, trying to elicit responses from the audience. We walked thru the four gates, by the Round Tower (where Sir Thomas and Princess Elizabeth were held at different times) then by the Queen's House (that was built for Ann Boleyn but only occupied by her before her execution), by Traitors Gate, up by the White Tower where the famous Tower ravens live (paid 15p a week for meat to keep

them happy!) then stopped by Gallows green and on into St Paul in Chains Chapel. Guide explained about bones found during excavation in 1876. Seven people were executed on the private scaffold on the green (6 women, 1 man including Ann Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey and Earl of Essex). “Most tragic chapelin the country.” Then we were let loose to sightsee on our own. Went to see Crown Jewels – almost unreal looking so huge and jewel-bedecked. Then to the White Tower – started by William the Conqueror in 1078. Then to Bloody Tower where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned (‘trip’ stair interesting) and [Lower Wakefield] Tower to see exhibit of devices of torture. Horrible examples of man’s inhumanity to man.



The gate through the Bloody Tower; Ravens; The Waterloo Barracks or Block houses the Crown Jewels.



Norman Chapel of St. John the Evangelist in the Great White Tower; Looking back toward the Bloody Tower; Me asking the way to the dungeon!

By then we were ready to get away from the 10,000 screaming French schoolkids infesting the place so we left. Tube to train then to Cambridge and taxi to Maureen’s for supper. Lin and Marcus (friend of Maureen’s) joined us. Had roast beef, potatoes, peas & carrots and Yorkshire Pudding (not a pudding at all, more like a popover). Had rhubarb pudding for dessert, a little strong for my taste. Lin was tired so we went home early to get ready for another early day to London. I stayed up doing some preliminary packing, since I knew after the play Friday night I wouldn’t feel like it. I had started my period early so I was awake and cold but finally got to sleep.



The British Museum; The Palace Theatre; Bertram Rota's, HRC's book dealer

Friday, May 23 – Lin went in with us to London (on business). We went off to the Victoria &

Albert Museum only to find it was closed on Friday! Smoot went over to the Science Museum and I went to Harrods to buy some Waterford crystal for Mother and Daddy's anniversary. The store was amazing! It really looked like it had everything – for a price. The clientele was mixed local and foreign. (The banks on the way to it had signs in Arabic!) I got my crystal and VAT forms and met Smoot at the Science Museum. We decided to go to British Museum for the rest of the day since we were to meet Lin there at 3. We ate lunch in its snack bar (cardboard sandwiches) then on to the most overwhelming collection of antiquities I have every (or will ever) see. It was overwhelming. Smoot and I went our separate ways – me to Roman and Egyptian and he to Maps and Roman Britain. I saw the Rosetta Stone, the Portland Vase, the Elgin Marble, giant statues from Babylon, mummies from Egypt. I was in shock from it all. Of course I bought a guide book! And some scrolls for the kids and an Ashanti lion for Ron. Smoot and I ran into each other and compared notes, showed each other our favorite items, looked at their Gutenberg (modestly displayed with other early printed books!), Magna Carta, Anglo-Saxon Chronicles, Lindisfarne Gospels, on and on.

We met Lin in the bookshop and went to tea at a hotel close by. We then spent over an hour (after picking up our tickets for the play) trying to find a restaurant Lin had eaten at. We gave up and went into Bertram's Rota's to see Arthur Uphill and say hi from Maria. He was very nice and remembered fondly (?) his time in Mss and the people therein (!). He remembered a restaurant nearby so we limped in there for Chili & Veal. The chili was pretty hot; Smoot finished it for me. We took the tube to Queens Theatre to see Tim Courtney in "The Dresser," a play about an actor's dresser. Very well done. I was surprised at how casually people were dressed. London is certainly not as formal now as it used to be. We got out of the theater at 10:40, caught a taxi and made it to the Liverpool Station by 10:55 to catch an 11:14 train to Cambridge. It was raining when we got there. We staggered home and finished our packing so we could get up and go in the morning. Smoot and I shared a bed again to keep each other warm. It had gotten cold.

Saturday, May 24 – We got up at 6 to bath and get ready. We woke Lin up to say goodbye. (Smoot got two warm kisses and a hug!) She seemed touched at our leaving. We had left her 20 pounds to cover her extra expenses and left Miss Brown our last box of pralines. We caught the 7:08 to Liverpool getting in at 8:36. We took a taxi to Victoria Station and caught the 9:18 train to Gatwick. The airport was crowded and it took a long time to check in. We finally got through Passport Control, Customs (where we turned in our VAT forms for our Scottish goodies and the crystal), Security and onto the plane. Our baggage had increased because of all the goodies we brought back – ours and Lin's. But we got on to find the seats we thought we were getting, we didn't. We had asked specifically for the seats at the front of a section so we could stretch out. We were told we had them, but we didn't. That was infuriating as was as a screaming child two rows up and the galley obstructing the movie screen. Oh well, we survived. We sat next to a nice lady who lives in London, but is from Oklahoma. She was flying in to visit her daughter. We had a nice visit about what it's like to live in other countries. (She had lived in Libya and Iran!). I spent most of my time catch up my journal (!) which is, thank heaven, done for now. We landed at 2:57, a full 8 minutes early and a smooth landing at that! We survived the crush through Customs having to turn over our oranges! We made the connection for an earlier flight into Austin so we won't have to wait 3 hours in DFW. We have run the gamut of transportation this trip – plane, train, bus, subway, car and boat!