



Gratia A. Countryman and Family Papers.

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#9

Tuesday. June 4.
Orleans

My dear friends.

After a quiet peaceful day yesterday wandering around the walls and the little narrow streets and making a trip down into the town outside the walls, we are very satisfied with our stay in Carcassonne.

We departed ourselves early this morning, breakfast in our rooms and catching a 6.48 train to Toulouse, where 13 bags again had to be transferred to another train. We came up through lovely country to Toulouse, running almost parallel to the Pyrenees with their snow capped ranges shining in the sun. They were covered with snow far down their slopes as low as we could see. The country north from Toulouse to Rungis

Was beautiful hilly country, we
shot into numerous tunnels, then
looked out ~~other~~ rich valleys
and streams. It was a most
beautiful country. But beyond
up to Orleans, it was level
and less picturesque.

We are settled at a funny little
Hotel, but the best the town affords.

We arrived early, so we have
been looking about this very old
historic city. Memories of Joan
of Arc are clustered here.
We visited the house she lived
in, went to the square where
her statue is the center of
interest. And had a good visit
to the very fine old Cathedral,
unexpectably fine. All the
buildings seemed to have been
cleared away, leaving it with
great spaces all around it.

It has been a tiring day. The
train landed us in a suburb
of Orleans. We had to see our



Orleans (France) Cathedral.

87 ORLÉANS LL
Maison de Jeanne d'Arc.



2

bags all out, and hustle them
into a local train, then out
again and up to the Lake.

Mrs Bailey, mild and gentle has
been heard to remark several
times, "Those darned bags; I
never will bring but one, again".

Monday. June 5

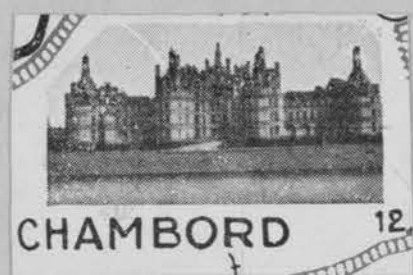
Just 4 weeks ago today we
sailed, it seems a long time ago.

Well, we asked our hotel proprietor
at the Hotel St. Ignace if he
couldn't find us a good auto
and driver to take us to see
some Chateaux. He certainly did
find us a fine one. A man
who owned his own 7 passenger
auto agreed to take us for 30 francs
(20⁰⁰) on a long route. That was
4⁰⁰ apiece and well worth it.

We were to pay for his lunch
and our own admissions.

We have had a very rich day
and although our feet are about
falling off, we are very satisfied.
(nobody needs to read the following)

with our trip. It rained most
of the time, sometimes when we
were in the Chateau and sometimes
on our way in. Our route



led us down through
Cley where Louis XI ~~is buried~~,
is buried in an old church

We didn't stop, but went on to
Chambord, a perfectly enormous
palace. And now I begin to wish
I knew my French history. The Duke
of Chambord expected to be crowned King
~~instead of Napoleon III~~
but missed by only one vote of the
Assembly (Reference deposed. because
I am information for me) There was
his Coaches ready to start for his
Coronation, but never used. There
was the Royal bed, with a crown
on it, that was never used. He
evidently had no doubt about it. I am
not attempting to give figures except
that there 14000 acres in the
estate with 20 miles of stone wall
around it. There were
fireplaces and stairways. It was
a huge place. but the most
interesting thing was a double

3

Stairway, in the center of the great entrance hall. Two groups starting up around a great spiral could go clear to the top without meeting or seeing each other. In a large audience chamber Moliere sat on his plays for Louis XII, while he sat in this spiral stairway as a box. I remember the description in Royal Flush. I had never

seen this Chateau and was much interested.

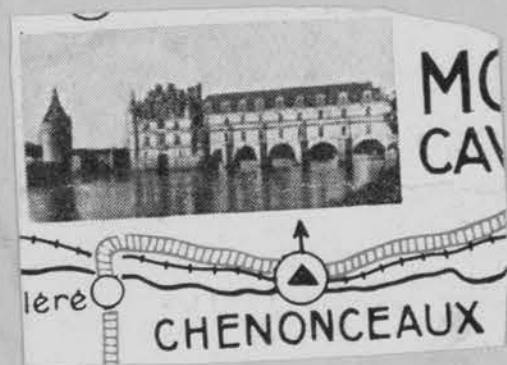
We went on to another one to another (in a heavy downpour) which I had never seen - Cheverny.



It was the only one which was fully furnished, with the family occupying it. There were ^{some} ~~to~~ exquisite Gobelin Tapestries, and some much older than that. Ceilings were beautifully carved and decorated. There were evidences of the occupants, but they evidently allow visitors to see their beautiful old furniture & paintings and tapestries just as they live in it. In other words, it is intact.

I arrived at Chenonceaux just about lunch time and took lunch at a dear little house The Hotel du Bon Laboureur et Chateaux. It was about the nicest lunch, served by the cutest little French girl, that I have had. I will recommend that hotel to anyone. Afterward I went through a long avenue of trees in the rain, and walked back in the rain. I did exactly the same thing when I visited it nine years ago.

I love this Chateau more than any other.



It was built as a bridge across the river Cher and has the most charming setting. Here Catherine de Medici's lived, but Henry II her husband who loved Diane Poitiers has interwoven in the wall decorations and woodwork & carpets his own initial H, with a D and a C. and finally gave this Chateau to Diane.

The Chateau was beautiful when I saw it before, but this time it is full of woodwork, carpets



DIANE DE POITIERS

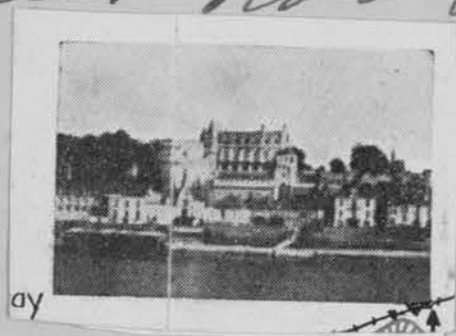
*Née en 1499 Fille aînée de Jean de Poitiers.
Elle fut mariée à 13 ans, à Louis de Brézé, grand Sénéchal de Normandie,
qu'elle perdit en 1531. Quelques années après,
elle devint l' maîtresse du Duc d'Orléans (plus tard Henri II),
fils de François I^{er} et partagea l'influence avec la maîtresse de celui-ci,
la Duchesse d'Etampes. A l'avènement d'Henri II, elle fut toute puissante :
elle fit exiler la Duchesse d'Etampes,
Catherine de Medicis elle-même dut céder à son ascendant
et elle fut faite Duchesse de Valentinois.
A la mort du Roi elle se retira au Château d'Anet,
qu'Henri II avait fait construire pour elle.
Elle y mourut en 1566.*



MARIE STUART

Née en 1542. Fille de Jacques V, Roi d'Ecosse.
Elle épousa en 1559, François II, Roi de France
et devint veuve en 1560. Elle retourna alors en Ecosse où elle
eut à lutter contre la Réforme et contre la Reine Elisabeth
d'Angleterre. Elle épousa son cousin Darnley (1565,
celui-ci ayant été assassiné (1567), elle se maria avec le Comte
de Bothwell, soupçonnée d'être l'assassin de son second mari,
et ce mariage provoqua une insurrection.
Elle abdiqua et s'enfuit en Angleterre, mais la Reine
Elisabeth la fit emprisonner et exécuter après
15 18 ans de captivité ND

Our tapestries are up, evidently the whole thing is undergoing repair. It has been purchased by the Chocolate Millionaire Menier who lives in the second story at present, so we could not see it. I hope he is only restoring it and not building it over. It is too beautiful a thing to improve upon.



AMBOISE

The next was that magnificent castle of Amboise, almost a fortress. Here Mary Stuart, then wife of Francis II, was compelled by Catherine de Medici, the wicked old thing, to sit in a balcony and view the massacre of the Huguenots below. Poor young bride. The loveliest thing here is the Chapel of St Hubert, so delicately carved in stone as to look like lace.

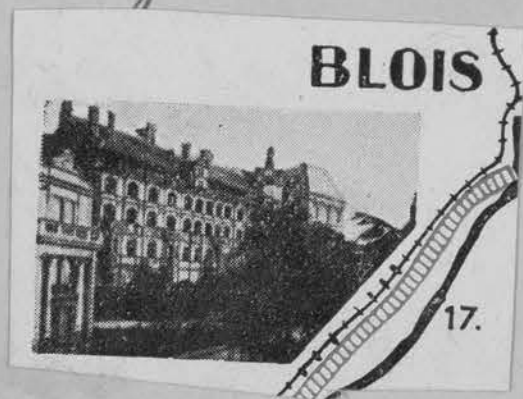
We were only 15 miles from Tours at this point and turned back on the return trip. Our way had followed the Loire down

one side and we crossed the
River to visit Chaumont. Another
home of Catherine de Medici. This
too has much of the furnishings
used by her. The room occupied
by the astronomer who was her evil
genius (I can't think of his name)
was shown next to her own.

The vicious old dame, after the
death of Henry II, compelled Diane
to take Chaumont in exchange
for Chenonceaux. I will
remember from
our last visit
well in the Court
beautiful view down the valley
of the Loire. A most magnificent
avenue leads up the hill to this
Chateau with grand old yew.
It was a long hard avenue
in the rain to climb. But the
auto is not allowed to go up as
it was then when I was here
before.



I will
the old
and the



The great Chateau
of Blois came last
It is really 3 chateaux
or palaces in one.

We were shown the enormous
Halls of State, used by the
Kings of France, most elaborately
decorated, with wonderful oil
tapestries. A sumptuous
apartment. A very fine outside
stairway wonderfully carved is the
most striking thing in the Court.

I went out into the garden
to see a beautiful statue of Joan
d'Arc made by Mrs Hyatt - a
New York woman, which stood
there on our previous visit. I
was so disappointed not to
see it. It has been moved to
the Biongio's garden I was told.
Certainly these old Kings knew
how to select right places for
their palaces - along the Loire,
and overlooking magnificent valleys -

But after visiting them and
being told some of the history,
I don't wonder that a revolution
finally followed. With such
enormous wealth and power in the

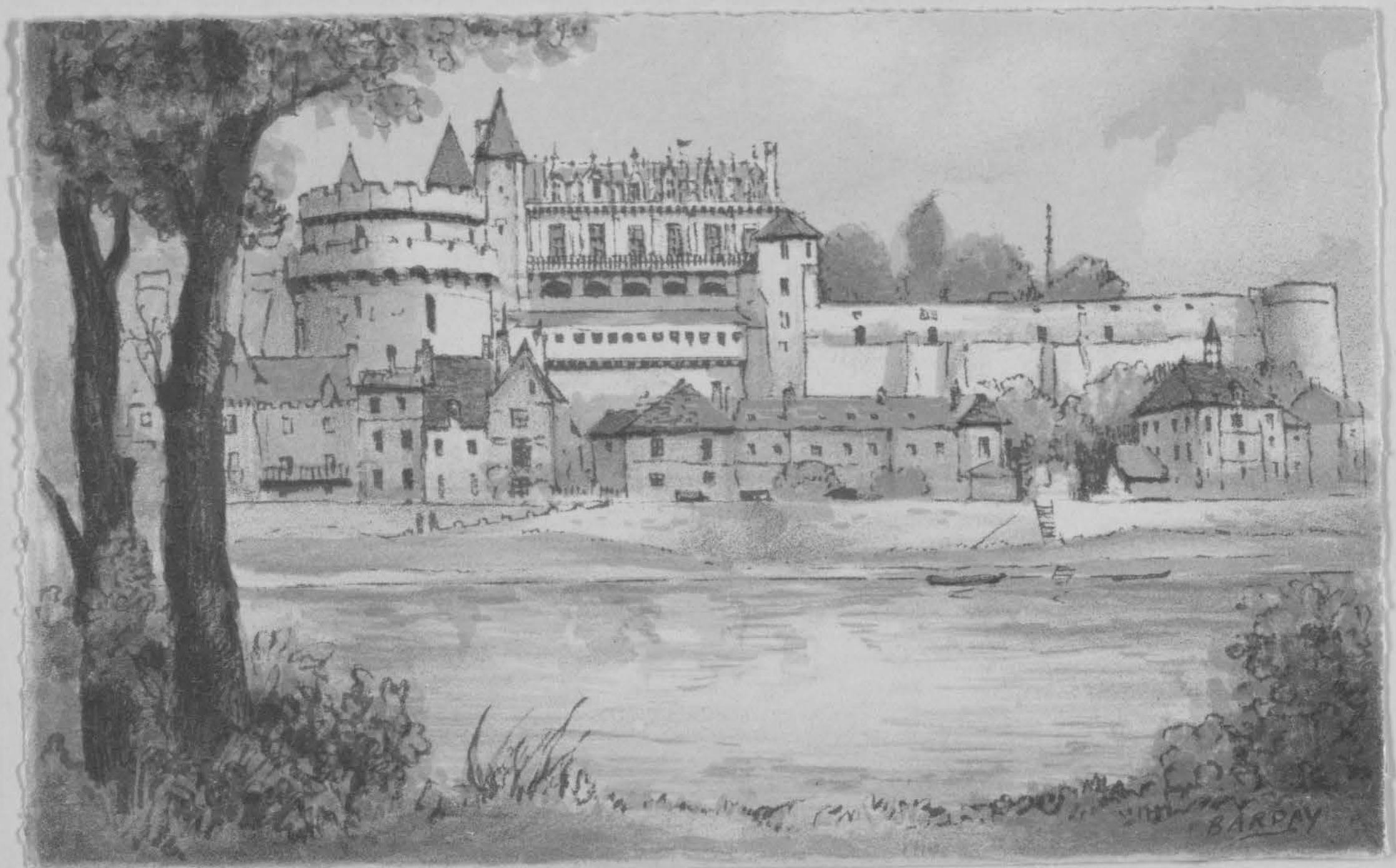
Hands of Corrupt Kings and Noblemen.

I am glad tomorrow that they
left such glorious monuments.

We stopped at one other little
quaint village, evidently very old
where stands a vestige of an old
Roman tower of the XI Century
La Tour de Caesar and a fine old
church.

No wonder we are tired, and yet
if it were not raining, we would
ponder about this old town
of Orleans, where Joan raised
the siege of the English.

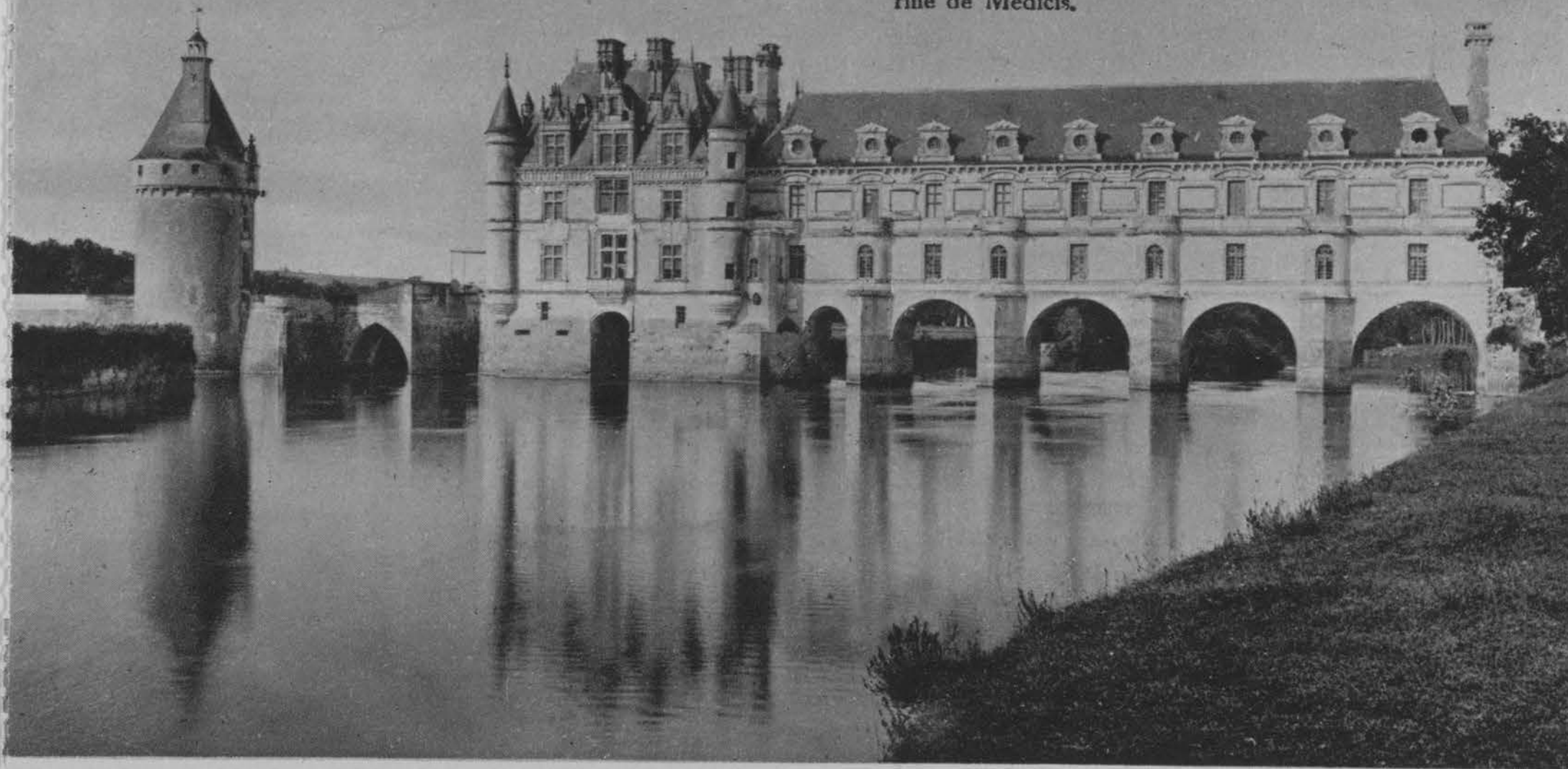
But tomorrow morning, we
are starting to Paris - an hour
and a half away -
Good -



Chambord Chateau.

BARREY

Construit au XV^e siècle par Thomas Bohier,
Trésorier-général des Finances, et par Catherine
Briçonnet, sa femme. Le Pont et la Galerie
furent construits par Diane de Poitiers et Cath-
arine de Médicis.



1 CHENONCEAUX. - LE CHATEAU (MONUMENT HISTORIQUE). - FAÇADE OCCIDENTALE. - LL



Park on
roof of
Chambord.



Chenonceaux



Avenue up
to Chaumont
(Clara & Alice Baldwin)

Same
Avenue
Glorious trees
(Mrs Bailey)



ParisFriday June 7
1935

My dear family.

We started our sight-seeing in Paris by a bus tour with a guide. It seemed the best way to see Mrs Bailey and Alice Baldwin who had never been here before.

It was a very good tour on some of the boulevards, past the old gates of Paris the Tour de Jacques. Stopping at Sainte Chapelle and the Palais de Justice, at Notre Dame + Saint Germain, the Pantheon &c. We will need to go back again to see them better, but it was a good introduction.

There is a fine Art Loan Exposition of Italian pictures here now, and we started over to visit it in the Petit Palais, ^{this afternoon} but the admission was 20 francs, and is only 10 francs on other days than Friday, so we thought we would wait. Instead we took a taxi

and drove out through the Bois,
and back to the frame of the
unknown soldier, where a living
flame plays right and day. under
the Arc d'Triomphe.

Then we drove to the Trocadero,
which we didn't take time to see,
but walked down the long avenue
of gardens to the Eiffel tower. Miss
Jordan and Mrs Bailey took the
elevator up to the first platform
to get the view. We then started
for the Hotel des Invalides, but found
it had closed for the day. But
we were pretty tired and had seen
such a lot for a first day, that
we were rather glad to go back
to the Hotel.

This noon we went to a nice
little tea room - The Miramar
which the Amer. Express recommended.
It was a nice little place run
by a mother & daughter. It seems
impossible to find any very
reasonable places to eat. Prices
are very high. Any dinner is \$1.25 to
\$1.50, and the simplest lunch runs from
75 cent to \$1.25. A cup of tea costs 20 cents.

2

Saturday.

Mrs Bailey and I spent the morning in the Louvre - a very enjoyable morning. Many of the Italian pictures have been taken down and placed in the Italian Art Exhibition. We missed a good many. Mona Lisa was still in the Louvre, but most of Dr Vinci's were moved to the Petit Palais with many others.

This afternoon, Mrs B. and I thought we would go shopping and got quite disgusted in the Magazin du Louvre which is right by our hotel. It was crowded with counters filled with junk - cheap stuff, couldn't find a single counter with good type of things. We were discouraged and came home to rest for the Opera tonight.

The Opera has been a high spot. Pijoletta was sung by a splendid company. All the voices were excellent, and the scenery very fine.

We had very good seats and
enjoyed every minute of it.

But the best part came after
the Opera and was a surprise.

At least we didn't know about
it until we got there. It

was a program of Chopin dances.

The stage was set as a terrace
before a palace, at one side
being steps and balustrade where
the spectators could watch the
dancers. The Chopin Polonaise
began the program, a
procession of men and women
in lovely old costumes came
on the stage and danced the
stately polonaise, in a most
courtly manner. Then they
retired, to the sides, while a
group of wonderful ballet girls
danced Chopin's waltzes and
mazurkas exquisitely. A young
Apollo danced with them, the
most graceful, lithe figure
imaginable. I think he must be a
favorite here, he was so much
appreciated. He was remarkable.



Fat old lady asleep at post
~~between~~ near Eiffel Tower.



Garden at rear of Notre Dame
(Mrs Bailey Seated.)



South porch. Chartres

The dances ended again with the Polonaise, as the dancers disappeared up the steps of the Palace.

Well, it was a grand evening. and we are all excited.

Sunday June 9.

This is Pentecost Sunday and there were very special services at Notre Dame.

Where we went to church.

An Archbishop, and apparently several Bishops were present.

We sat so far back in that enormous church, that we couldn't see much, but the music was beautiful. At the end, the great organ at the rear, which is seldom used burst forth into glorious music which lifted me right off my feet. I was glad to visit Notre Dame at such an unusual service.

We went up for the last part
of the service in the gallery that
looks down on the Choir loft,
and later looked around the
fine old historic church. Where
Kings have been crowned, and
where Napoleon crowned himself.

After the service, Mrs Bailey
and I went across to see
Saint-Chapelle again and sat
there for some time looking at
that beautiful jewel of a
place. It is the loveliest thing
in Paris. Mrs B and I walked
all the way back, enjoying our
slow stroll.

But this afternoon we decided
to go out to Versailles. just because
it wasn't raining, and you do out-
of-door things when you can.

We went out in a crowded bus,
and because it was a nice

Sunday, all Paris decided to
go also. There were have
been thousands and thousands.

We walked through the fountains
 palace with the mob, and
 then sat and rested out in
 the gardens. The fountains
 were not playing, for which
 I was sorry. But it was
 almost worth the trouble to
 see Paris enjoying the palace
 and gardens. - People everywhere.
 We are tumbling into bed with
 aching feet again

Monday. At Chartres.

Another glorious day at
 Chartres, (and it didn't rain)
 We went down by train and
 came home by bus, because
 we expected to get off the bus
 to visit Misses Moran whom
 we met on the boat, and who
 had invited us to tea at their
 farm house between Paris &
 Chartres. We wrote them we
 would try to come, if the bus stops

Tuesday 2 prices, we got a glass of lemonade in Chartres. It cost 35 cents a glass.

Would allow. But the bus was so crowded, and big groups of people at each stopping point not able to get on, that we did not dare get off, for fear we wouldn't be able to catch another one. ⁴ Today is a holiday.

There were special services all morning in Chartres, with music, and long procession of little white robed girls for their Confirmation. Chartres was beautiful, more beautiful in its use as a temple of God, than in its emptiness. But it is supremely beautiful anyway; the sun shining through the glorious windows made a warm rich light.

We walked about, tho' I did not climb up the bell tower as I did before. Nor visit the crypt. While the others did that, I wandered about the old town. Which is so old that Julius Caesar mentions it. Trying to get some pictures.

We were late home to supper dinner tonight, and now I am late for bed -
Gale.



River at Chartres. Cathedral
in distance



Cloister of Chartres

Scenes
in
Chartres



11.

Paris
Tuesday. June 11 - '35

Dear ones at home -

This has been an exciting day. Mrs Bailey and I went up to the Exhibition of Italian Art held in the Petit Palais. We had no idea the exhibition would be so extensive. We knew many fine pictures of Da Vinci's Michael Angelo, Raphael, Botticelli &c had gone from the Louvre.

But we were not prepared to find the finest pictures loaned from the Uffizi, from the Borghesi from Naples and Venice, as from various other cities all over Europe. One might travel extensively and not find so many as our fathers here. We kept coming on surprises and were just thrilled at the richness of the collection. When I finally saw Marie's favorite lady, from Milan, I could have wept

on her neck for joy of seeing her.

We stayed all day, taking lunch
in the Petit Palais, and not leaving
it, until the crowds got so
dense that we couldn't see over
their heads. We made one last
trip around to see our favorites -
De Credis, Fra Angelico, Perugino, Titian
&c &c and left feeling that we had
seen the picked pictures of the
Museums of Europe. Only the very
best were there, the finest
representations of each artist. Well
it was a most unusual treat,
and we had just loved it, so
much so, that we weren't tired by it.

Patience nearly all day.

We came home in the tube, right
from the Place de la Concorde (where
the Petit Palais is) to our very door
at the Hotel.

When the other girls proposed
going to a movie, we were all
ready for it. And the whole
party went to the Paramount - a
big movie house near the Opera.
The show was a good one, too.

It was a French Comedy, very funny, and not an objectionable thing about it. No coarseness, no disgusting previews. After the film was over, it was followed by an orchestra which rose up slowly through the floor as our Northrop Memorial Hall organ does. They played parts of the Barber of Seville, and two singers from the Opera Company sang a tenor and a baritone solo from the Barber of Seville. Then followed some beautiful ballet dancing, and some excellent acrobatic performers.

It was really an excellent show. We walked home in the moonlight.

Wednesday June 12 -

Mrs Bailey and I have put in another busy day. We don't keep track of the rest of the party. Sometimes they are with us for a while but we don't try to keep together.

We usually plan to meet at
lunch or dinner, but we never
wait for each other. It wastes
too much time. Well, Mrs
Bailey and Miss Jordan and I started
for the East Side, going first to
the Luxembourg. Neither of us
cared much for it. Not after
the Italian Art Exhibit. We didn't
take long to look about. Then
we walked through the gardens
keeping under the large horse-
chestnut trees, for it was
sprinkling as usual. By the
way the horsechestnuts have been
in bloom all over France, and
the blossoms are both white and
pink. The pink blossoms, covering
the trees, have been one of the joys
of every garden and of the woods as
well. I think we must plant
some pink blossomed Chestnuts.

We walked over to the Cluny
Museum, such a lovely old

building. I enjoy the outside as
 much as the inside of the building.

The Elumy Collection always
 discourages me. Each Collection is
 so extensive, whether it be the
 beautiful wood carving, or the
 Collections of pottery & porcelain,
 or the armory, or the ivories,
 or the goldsmithery, or what not.
 There is so much of each, that
 it would take days and days
 to really see it appreciatively.
 What's more, one needs to be
 an expert in each art. However
 it fills one with wonder, at the
 accumulation of such extensive
 Collections of so many different arts.
 And the products of so many beautiful
 handicrafts of the past.

We were of course in the region
 of the Sorbonne and the University of
 Paris, and the streets were full
 of students. We went to lunch

at a nice French restaurant full
of students. And enjoyed the
atmosphere as well as the food.
This afternoon we went again
to the Pantheon to enjoy the
Puits de Charonne fresco of
St Genievre - such lovely frescos.
And those of Joan of Arc (I cannot
remember the artist, any one can
refer to the guide book) We sat
here for quite awhile quietly
enjoying them. (We lost Miss
Jordan on our way to the
belong, she wanted to see something
else.) We went down in the
Crypt of the Pantheon, to see
where Voltaire, Rousseau, Emile
Zola, Victor Hugo and others
are buried. Then over to the
fine old Church of St Etienne
with its spiral staircase built by
Francis I. He must have liked
spiral staircases, for he built
Chambord Chateau where we encountered
the beautiful double spiral stairs.

St Genevieve is buried here at St Etienne. She is the patron Saint of Paris. And the legends about her are beautiful. Dear me, I wish I knew more French history.

We are sure to do something different after a heavy day. So tonight, the whole party of six (Miss Krausnick joined us last Saturday from Spain) went up to Montmartre for supper, or I should say, dinner. We wandered first over to the Cathedral of Sacre Coeur which has been finished since we were here before. There is a most magnificent view of the city from this high hill of Montmartre. And we watched the lights come out, and identified different landmarks which we knew. Then we had our dinner at La Mere Katharine's where we took it last time we were here. only this time indoors.

in an open indoor Court. The Moulin Rouge is closed, and the House of Mimi which I saw before has been ~~taken~~ torn down. But the friendly, jolly neighborhood is gay and I enjoyed wandering around the streets, getting home late & tired.

Thursday, June 13 -

We haven't done so much today. Clara Baldwin and Alice started by plane to London this morning. Mrs Bailey and I went over to the Louvre and enjoyed ourselves this morning.

But I have rested most of the afternoon. I went shopping for a while with Miss Krausnick. Miss Jordan went today as she did last Tuesday to visit one of her war orphans. Each one has invited her home to dinner.

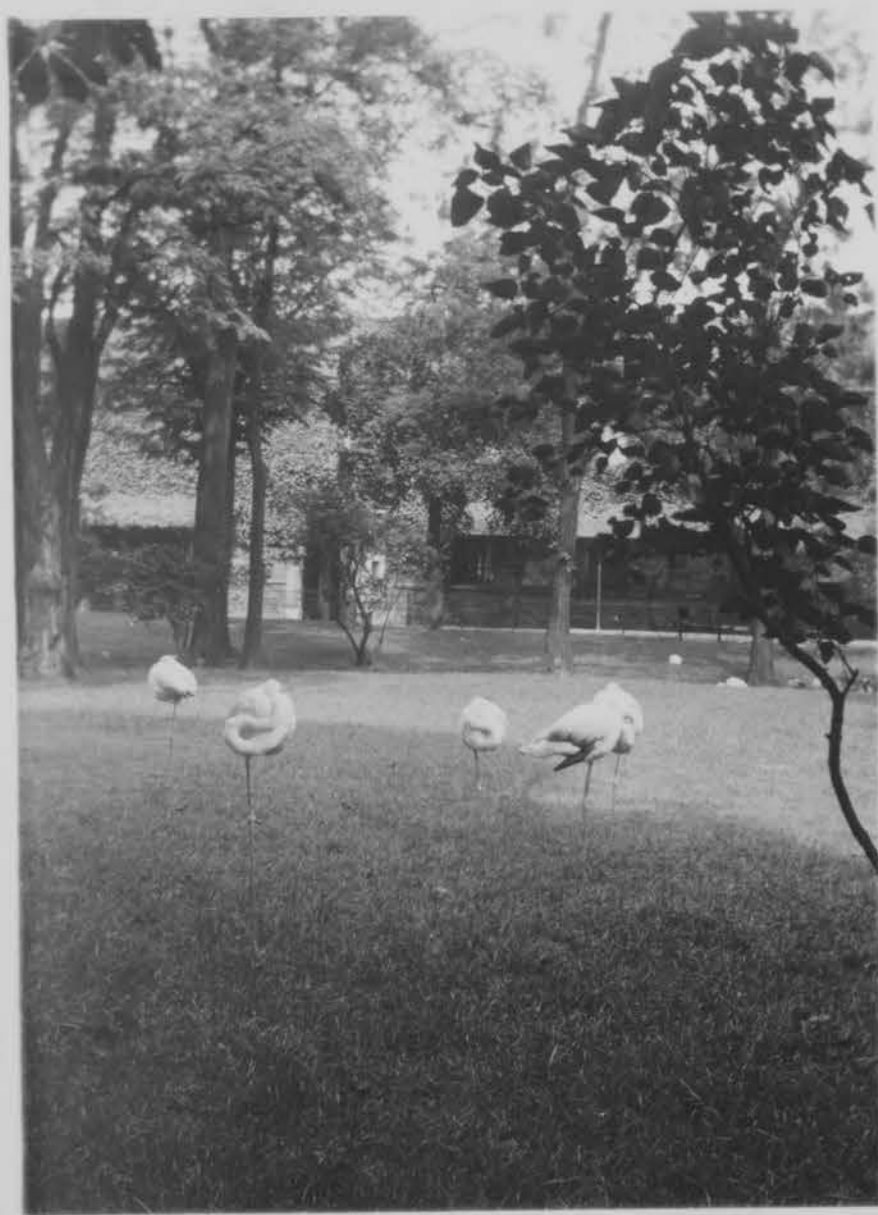
We know we should have been visiting somewhere this afternoon, but Mrs B. and I have to catch up occasionally.





Mrs Bailey
at a fruit
market
in Paris.

Flamigous
asleep on one
leg.
In Jardin
des Plantes



Friday - This is our last day in Paris. We start for London tomorrow morning.

There are a lot of things which we might have done this morning but we are a little lazy. Mrs Bailey and I took the tube and went out to the Jardin des Plantes for a short visit. There are some magnificent specimens of trees out there, every shrub and tree labelled carefully. We were sorry not to stay longer. Marie would have enjoyed the great Copper beeches and the Cedars of Lebanon.

But we have had such a nice afternoon. The woman whose we met on the boat, and who owns a little French farmhouse in a small village has asked us to come down to tea. We tried to go on our way to Chartres, but buses didn't run right. They asked us to come today, and told us just how the buses ran and

Cannot write more tonight. G.A.B.

said they would be there to meet
us. Of course we went. One
of the sisters met us as we
tracked down a country road
to their charming place. It

looks like many we have seen
from the outside, walls on both
sides which give complete privacy
to the yard and gardens inside.

When we walked inside, there were
the most delightful lawns and
gardens and pool with lilies, and
vegetable garden, ^{probably some pears.} The house
inside was a dream. They say
they have changed it very little
except to put in modern plumbing
and steam heat. Every floor still
had its original tiles, and they have
covered them with warm French
Colonial Rugs. They have picked up
odd pieces of old furniture, and it
is furnished simply but with great
good taste. I hope the pictures
I took of it will give an adequate
idea. Every wall was covered with rose
vines in full bloom. We had tea
there and they drove us to the next village
to catch the bus.

French
home
of the
Misses
Moran

near
Chartres
Outside
and
Inside





Tea
with
the
Morans.

(They
bought an
old French
farmhouse



and
modernized
it, without
changing
its character



Eglise de St Etienne



Saturday June 15 - 1935.
London.

My dear family.

This has been such a long busy exciting day, that I hardly know where I am tonight.

Last night it poured, it fairly deluged France and the papers say that it did much damage. Paris is having fetes everywhere, and last night there was to have been a mystery play in front of Notre Dame. Great preparation of outdoor seats & decoration has been made. We were not planning to go, but could not have gone anyway. The rains are disturbing Paris plans very much. They have not hindered us much.

This morning was overcast, and as we were planning for the great event of flying to London, we were sorry.

We packed up and left our London guests regretfully after a happy and profitable week in Paris and set forth for the flying field. Clara Baldwin and Alice had gone by plane on Thursday, and we had had a return letter. As Miss Jordan, Mrs Bailey and I were flying. Miss Jordan had been feeling ill for a day or so, and is still ill tonight, but she was a good sport

and said very little about it

As we were entering the plane, the sun came through the clouds, and we started off with the loveliest blue sky and clouds effects possible.

It was such a delightful sensation to rise into the air, and see the city under us. As we flew on, the light clouds passing ^{threw} shadows on the fields below, and we looked down on beautiful landscapes, little villages, the rivers and roads with sun & shadows effects that were most beautiful. We were so enthusiastic and excited over the whole trip. When we reached the Channel the water was very blue with white surf along the beaches.

We could see little specks of steamers below us. We rose above the billowy masses of white cloud which cannot be described, with blue sky overhead and the glistening water showing through the rifts. England was just as beautiful as France, and as we circled around the flying field, we were sorry to descend. It was such a wonderful trip, in perfect weather. We were so grateful to the weather.

We went right to the Howard Hotel, which Miss Berry had recommended and found it very central & comfortable.

My! how good it does seem to be able to talk to the porters and to people in shops, or to ask directions in your own language. It always makes me feel that I am again at home. Besides I love London very differently from Paris.

* *with Clara & Alice*
 * Clara & Alice met us at the Hotel and after lunch there, we started out on the familiar streets, the Strand, Trafalgar Square, &c. This hotel is on Norfolk Street, a half block from the Embankment and a block and a half from the Strand. Kings College is on one side of us, and then Somerset House, while on the other are the Temple Courts. We turn off the Strand just between the two old churches, St Clement Dane and St Marys. So it is very central.

Mrs Jordan was quite ill when we got here, and went right to bed. She seems much better tonight.

The rest of us started out to Trafalgar Square, and went first into St Martin's in the Fields, and just through interest in Dick Sheppard and his "Impatience of a parson" I looked in to see the old church again, where he let the riff raff of London come in to sleep. He is not pastor there now.

As it looked very much like rain

We turned into the National gallery
and while it poured outside, we had
two very happy hours in there.

It was clear when we came out.
So I suggested that we take a bus
out to Richmond Park where we
did. We took our supper out there
and then walked out on the terrace

overlooking the great park and the
Thames River winding off through the
trees. Mrs Bailey is taking great
pleasure just reading the names of
the streets which are so familiar
through reading - the Piccadilly Circus into
Kensington, then Hammersmith Road into
King Street and so to Richmond Road.

Well. We certainly have made a day
of it. And this morning we were in a
Paris! In an hour and a half ^{we} were
in London. The word seems too fast.
Maybe next time we will come in
the aeroplane. Quite different from
the trip we made on our bicycles.

Monday, June 16th

This morning we were a little lazy
and did not get a very early start.
But we were at Westminster Abbey
at 10.30. A week ago we were at
Notre Dame, and two weeks ago at
St Nazaire at Carcassonne.

On the way we came along the Embankment

Old Waterloo Bridge is being rebuilt.
 It seems that during the war, a bomb
 fell near, and disturbed the river
 bed, so that the bridge piers began
 to sink in the middle, and it was
 unsafe. Parliament Houses have
 scaffolding all over the Big Ben
 Tower. They seem to be cleaning
 off the stone, when we got to
 Westminster, a part of the front
 had been cleaned and looked
 almost white. They are getting
 down to the original color, and
 finding the defects in the stone,
 and replacing the deteriorating
 parts. The Cathedral won't look
 natural, if it is cream color instead
 of black (almost), but that is the
 way it will look, and I suppose
 Parliament Buildings will look
 the same. Some of the other
 buildings near by have been or are
 being cleaned. Inside Westminster
 the Choir end of the Transept has
 been cleaned and is cream color. It
 seems strange, but I suppose it
 will really be much more light and
 beautiful and more like its original.
 There seems to be much reparation
 of public buildings going on.
 Well, after church, we walked a

few blocks, into St James Park
walked on through into Green Park
and on to Buckingham Palace.
where crowds seem to be gathered
and many red coated guards in
big ~~Red~~ Tunics walking about.

We entered Hyde Park, but as
we were rather tired, we got a
taxi to drive us through (or rather
around) several orators were
haranguing people, an interesting
feature of Hyde Park. We stopped
at the Epstein bird bath, built
as a memorial to W.H. Hudson.
I didn't care for Epstein's tables.

We stopped in Kensington Garden
for lunch, with an umbrella top over
our outdoor table to keep the
sprinkle off. We wandered on through
the lovely paths to the Peter Pan
statue where we loitered awhile,
till threatening rain compelled us
to move on. We took a taxi back
deciding on the way that if it were
going to rain, we might as well
go over to the Tate gallery. So
we had three hours over
there this afternoon. I always
enjoy the Tate with its Turner
gallery & Pre-Raphaelites, and many
other familiar & well known pictures.

But I never attempt to describe galleries, with an Art Librarian in the family. My opinion isn't worth much, and I don't always like the right things.

Miss Jordan has been with us today and seems like Lersey again. Any way she has tramped about considerably. We are all content to stay at home tonight. We have been considerable in a day, as a Lark.

Monday.

We were shopping almost all morning. But first we stopped into the American Express and booked for 5 seats on their 6 days motor trip through England.

We gave up driving ourselves, because those whose first trip ought to cover a good deal of ground, could see more on such a motor trip than any other way.

We could have seen more in each place driving ourselves, but not so many places. It seemed best this way. Tho I do love to drive through England. I came very

nearly deserting my party, and
taking a trip through Germany, with
Miss Krausnick, who was with
us in Paris. She speaks German
and has lived in Germany. I have
never been there, and it would have
been a good chance, but I finally
decided not. I did not know then
whether the girls wanted to drive or not.

Well, we stopped about at Liberty
and various shops. Prices are much
more reasonable here. Mrs Bailey
and I took a nice lunch at Liberty.
Then met the others and took a motor
bus out to Windsor. We passed
through Eton as Mrs Bailey was delighted
with the little boys in their tall hats.

Windsor was pretty much closed, the
Royal family are in residence, indeed
the Queen drove in while we were
there. The villages all around about
through which she rode were heavily
and gaudily decorated with paper flowers
and paper garlands, flags &c &c. Very
gay. We haven't seen much display
in London however. But tho' we
couldn't go through the State Department
or the Queen's Ball House, we

did enjoy St George's Chapel - a
 most beautiful example of ~~Gothic~~
 architecture with beautiful fan vaultings
 in nave and aisles and chapels -
 A warden took us about, and showed
 us interesting bits of the tombs of
 members of Kings and famous men.
 In the Choir are the stalls of each
 member of the Star & farther, and on
 each side of the entrance is the seat,
 one of the King and the other of the
 Prince of Wales. We wandered
 through the old cloisters which is now
 the close of the Deanery, and is the
 home of Vicars and others connected
 with the Chapel services.
 The others went up the Curfew Tower,
 which is very historic, but I didn't
 want to climb the steep stairs.
 I enjoyed the view instead. Indeed
 the views all around the Castle
 ramparts are most beautiful,
 over Windsor Park, looking over
 into Eton and even the spire of
 St. Peter's in sight.

We enjoyed loitering around the
 grounds for some time. It is an
 astonishingly big place - the Castle
 is a mile in circumference

bigger than the walled city of
Carcassonne. and kept in splendid
repair altho so very old.

We went to tea in the old
Nell Gynne house - where
Nell Gynne had lived, and where
I suppose King Charles found her
close by. It was an interesting
old house, with a number of fine
pieces of antique furniture. but
what was best to us just then -
a very good supper - of ~~small~~
omelette, hot delicious scones
with Devonshire Clotted Cream
and jam and the best tea I
have had anywhere.

Well, well, we have certainly
done in '2 1/2 days of busy flitting
in London. Mrs Bailey said today,
"why we haven't been to the old
Cheese Cheese yet". We said
"yes!" How long have you been here
and how much more did you expect
to do in that time". She certainly is
getting her money's worth.

Well, we have done pretty well, and
now we are packing up, leaving
our big bags in the Howard, and taking
only little bags on our motor trips
tomorrow. Goodnight, my pen won't go any more
G.A.B.

#13

Tuesday, June 18
~~Wednesday~~
Stratford on Avon.

My dear family.

We are just stepping along through the country. It is a good thing I didn't try to drink, for I couldn't have travelled at this pace, nor shown our travellers nearly so much. Fortunately we have an excellent guide, who is very well informed about every place, and evidently much interested in history. We have found him very correct, the few times we have checked up in our guide books.

We got started promptly at 10.00 from London. We were interested in the names of old taverns, and our guide has evidently been interested in studying the origins and lost or many corrupted forms. For instance "The goat and compass" started out as "God encompasseth us". "The Elephant and Castle", was originally "The Enfant de Castile". The Warwick Coat of arms which is a bear & ragged

Staff gave rise to "The Pig and Whistle" which it seemed to resemble. The guide said he had hunted long for the meaning of "The five ~~Three~~ alls" and has recently found that the sign has once been made up of five lines as follows

A King Head - I govern all
A priest - I pray for all
A lawyer - I plead for all
A soldier - I fight for all
A farmer - I pay for all.

And this had finally been shortened to the five alls.

The guide is equally interested in old legends & traditions, and is not talkative unless we ask him questions. He is quite the ideal guide and is adding to our pleasure.

This first morning we hurried right through to Oxford, and went hurriedly through Christ Church College seeing the great Hall, the Cathedral and Quad, but not lingering long.

We took a delicious luncheon at the ~~White~~ Hotel, and then went so hurriedly through the grounds of

Magdalen College, and into the Chapel, through the cloisters, out to Addison's Walk along the Cherwell, all quite hurriedly. As we again started, we drove by various Colleges which were pointed out, and I trust Mrs Bailey got some little idea of Oxford. tho' it seemed to me a most absurd way of seeing Oxford. But of course it couldn't have been better, unless we could have stayed several days.

Then we drove on through Banbury and on to Warwick. The family is in residence, the young Earl and his wife and baby. The baby was out in the yard and waved his little hands to us. A guide took us through the Chapel and such state rooms as were open. It had been raining most of the time in the bus, but it cleared beautifully here and we wandered about the magnificent grounds so extensive and so well kept. The old moat is now

filled with Rhododendrons in
full bloom - red and white and
pink - nearly all the way
around the castle walls. I
know of no Chateau in France
that compares in size or the
beauty of its grounds or its
perfect preservation with this
great Warwick castle. Nor
could we have seen the grounds
or flowers at a more beautiful
time of year.

Indeed the gardens everywhere
even in village cottage grounds
are perfectly beautiful. The hawthorns
are in full bloom along the
hedges, great bushes covered with
pink blossoms.

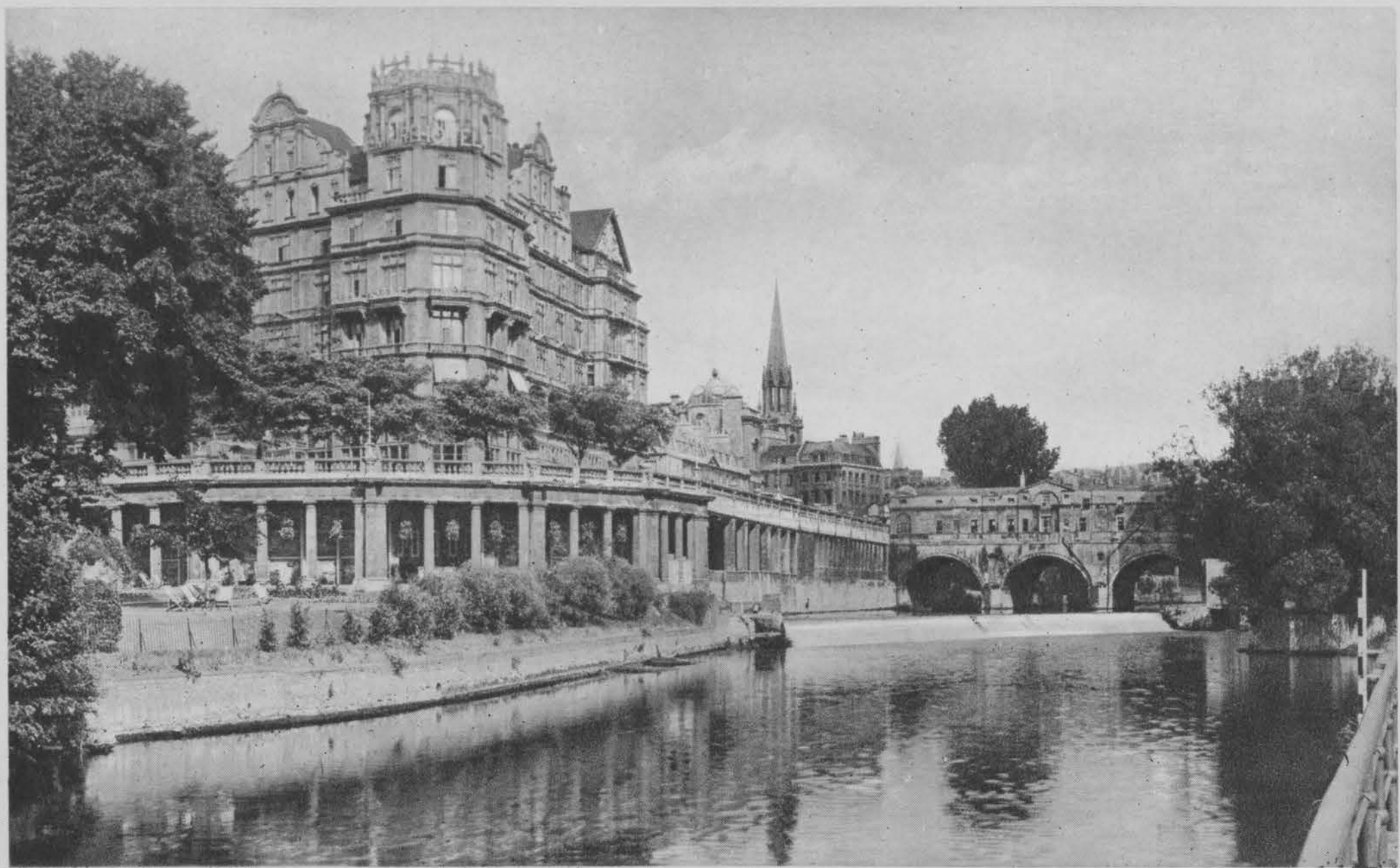
From Warwick, we drove on to
Kenilworth, just to see it, but
did not get out, and then back
to Stratford, where we are
comfortably housed at the Shakespeare
Hotel. In one of the old buildings
timbered outside as all through the
interior rooms - bedrooms & all -



Christ
Church
Oxford.

Guy's Tower
Warwick





EMPIRE HOTEL, BATH

Chara Baermin treated us
to tickets to the Shakespeare
Players. who played Antony
and Cleopatra in the new
theater. It is a very ugly
building on the outside, but
a very modern and interesting
interior. The playing was
excellent and the setting very
good. But I cannot stop
to describe it tonight.

Thursday June 19th Bath

All this morning the party
of 17 went about Stralford
on the usual route. I didn't
care to track about, but
wrote a few letters, and then
rambled about the old town
which is very interesting, even
tho' badly commercialized.
We discovered here - upon signing
the register, that an old friend
of Genevieve's from Lehigh, a

Miss Florence Smith was with
our party. We had a very pleasant
party. Mostly Americans.

We started on right after lunch,
it began raining as soon as
we started, and kept at it all
the P.M. We came through
Broadway, where Mary Anderson
lived, and through Cheltenham -
a watering place, but did not
get out until we came to
Gloucester. We stopped
here to see the Cathedral. I
wasn't prepared for so fine
an interesting a building, some
remains still of Saxon, and of the
Norman building. The cloisters
were the most beautiful
I have ever seen. Here in
the Chapter House, William
the Conqueror ordered the
Domesday Book drawn. But
I can't describe what will be
in any good guide book. except
that I must remember the

Place in the Cloisters where the monks had a lavatorium and across from it a place to hang their tomes, I never saw anything like it. The crypt too was all Norman with many little domestic features of the monastic life.

We came on then, after taking a very nice tea on the guide, to Bath. After getting our dinner, we took a taxi, for it is still raining and drove up around the Royal Crescent and Circus, streets of residences that are built like a great half circle, names plates of famous people who from Lima there appear on names above like David Livingston, Thomas Gainsborough, Lord Byron &c -

I have just looked out of our hotel window which faces the old Pulteney bridge, with houses on both sides, and the fall.

just below our midday
and find that flood lights
are thrown upon them, on
the falls and the bridge, it is
a long night to go to sleep
with!

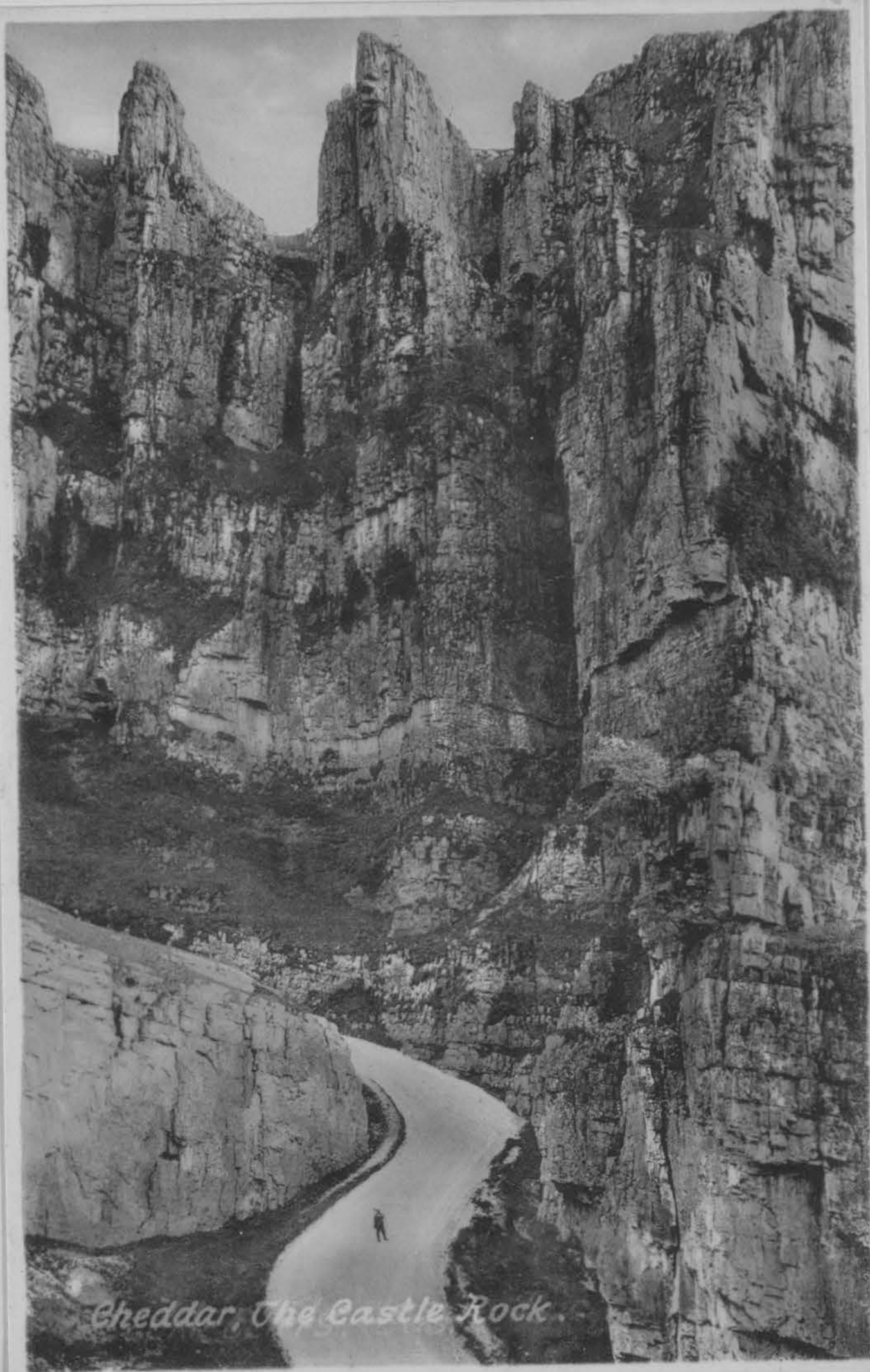
Thursday June 20 - Synton

We are having one night stands
just now, and I can hardly
remember when I was the
night before. and I almost forget
what I have seen during the
day. As I remember correctly,
we hurried over this morning
at bath to get a view of the Roman
baths so extensively excavated under
Bath. The Romans used the same
hot springs as have been used ever
since by the English and the water
is brought up through the old Roman
pipes there. There was no guide
so early, but as I remembered them
perfectly, I guided our party down
and we tracked about enough to get
a very rapid but fairly good idea.



Gloucester Cathedral, Cloisters.

2859



Cheddar, The Castle Rock.

In our way this morning
we passed through the Cheddar
Gorge - a very deep gorge with
towering hills on each side, like
Peaces in Essex Park. We had
hundreds going into the caves, but
some thoughtless young people
wandered off right seeing and
didn't get back until 45 minutes
after the time for starting.

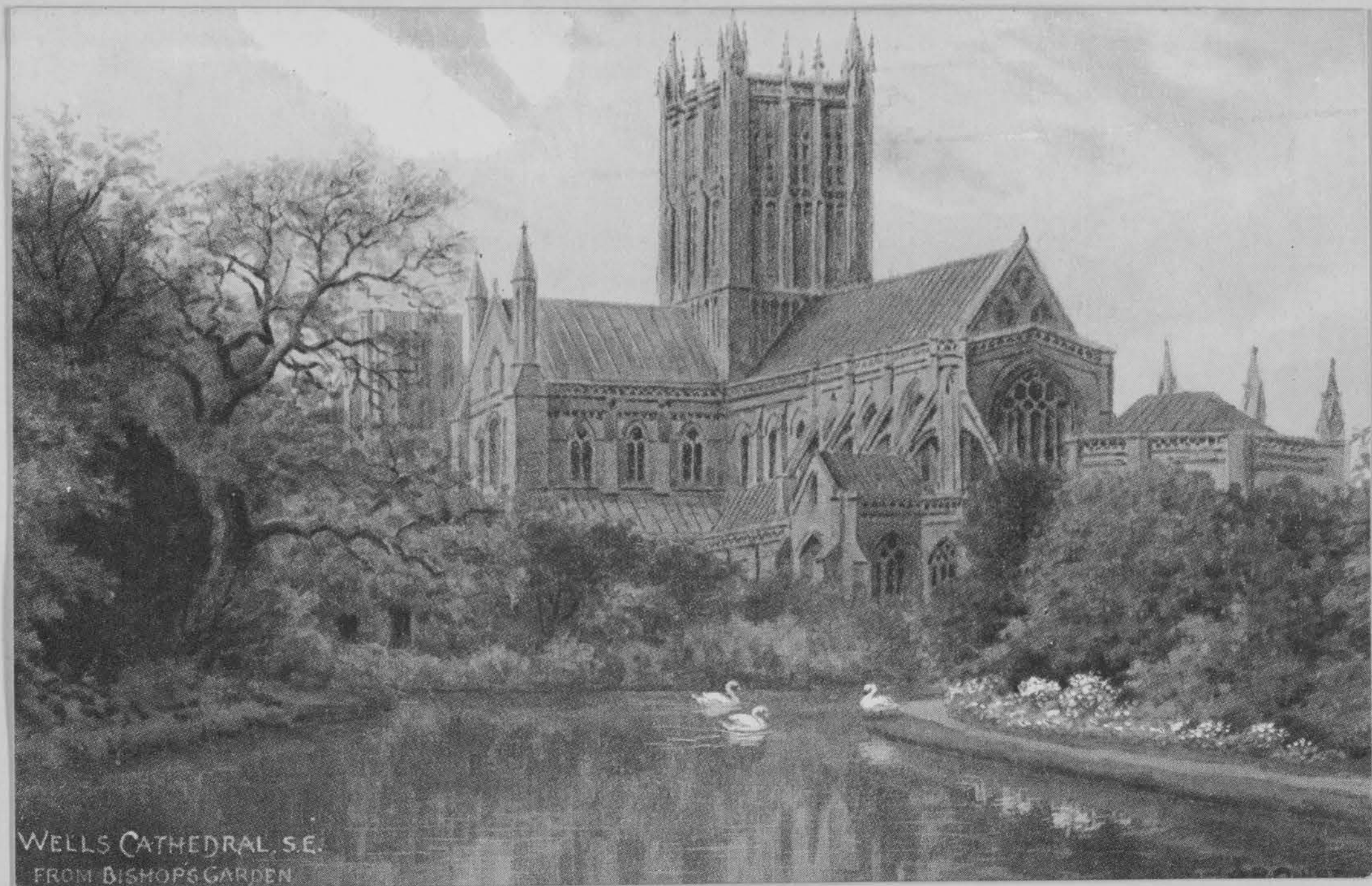
Our guide told us that once in
a storm, a man took refuge in
the gorge ~~between~~ in a cleft of
the rocks. He afterwards wrote
"Rock of Ages, Cleft for me" - Clara
B. was the only one that remembered
the author - Mr Topleady.

We reached Wells a little before
12 o'clock, and went right into
the Cathedral to hear the funny old
clock strike twelve. An old man
gave a raps from the dial of the
clock, pointed on pedals with his
feet and a whole circle of knights
about the clock dial came out
and dance around a circle. It
has been going since it was built
in 1392.

I was very glad to see Wells
Cathedral again, it is the
third time I have been there
and every time I admire it
more. It is a gem, especially
the beautiful Chapter House, with
its central column which supports
in a beautiful fan vaulting over
the ceiling. It rained as

we were all the way, but clear
up, I mean, stops raining while
we go out and in from the bus.

But we only peeked into the
Vicars Close, and couldn't see
the Bishop's garden. We
came on to Glastonbury and
took lunch at the Royal George
Hotel - called on the old door -
"Ye old Pilgrims Inn" - a fine
old building. Our trip through
the ruins of Glastonbury were hurried,
but the excavations which were going
on under the direction of Blythe
Bond when we were here
last time, are evidently finished
and the lawn is growing green
again, but the survey has been



WELLS CATHEDRAL, S.E.
FROM BISHOP'S GARDEN



GLASTONBURY ABBEY

S 500 *W. H. R. 1911*

Marked in the grass,
 showing just where the
 old walls, & Columns were
 located. This is supposed to
 be the abbey founded where King
 Arthur & Guinevere lived, his
 departure from was here, and it
 was supposed that the Holy
 Grail was buried here. In
 the old days Glastonbury was
 a port, later surrounded
 it and it was known as the
 Isle of Avalon. Joseph of
 Arimathea was said to have
 landed here. The legends are
 interesting at least as the old
 ruins keep one's imagination
 It was all very lovely and
 peaceful around the ruins today.
 I failed to learn as soon.

It began to drizzle so
 we started on our way to Fynton.
 I was interested as we passed
 through Cannington to identify
 the little house where we stayed
 over night the last time, but I
 couldn't find it.

After going up and down a
hilly country with beautiful long
distance views in spite of
the drizzle, we came out on
Bristol Channel, and finally
dropped down into Porlock
where we had tea. As we
pulled up the long hill out
of Porlock again, the views
grew lovelier & lovelier. We
followed the road ~~exactly~~ to
Lynton, exactly on the road
which we drove out of
Lynton before, and it seemed
even steeper in the big fog.

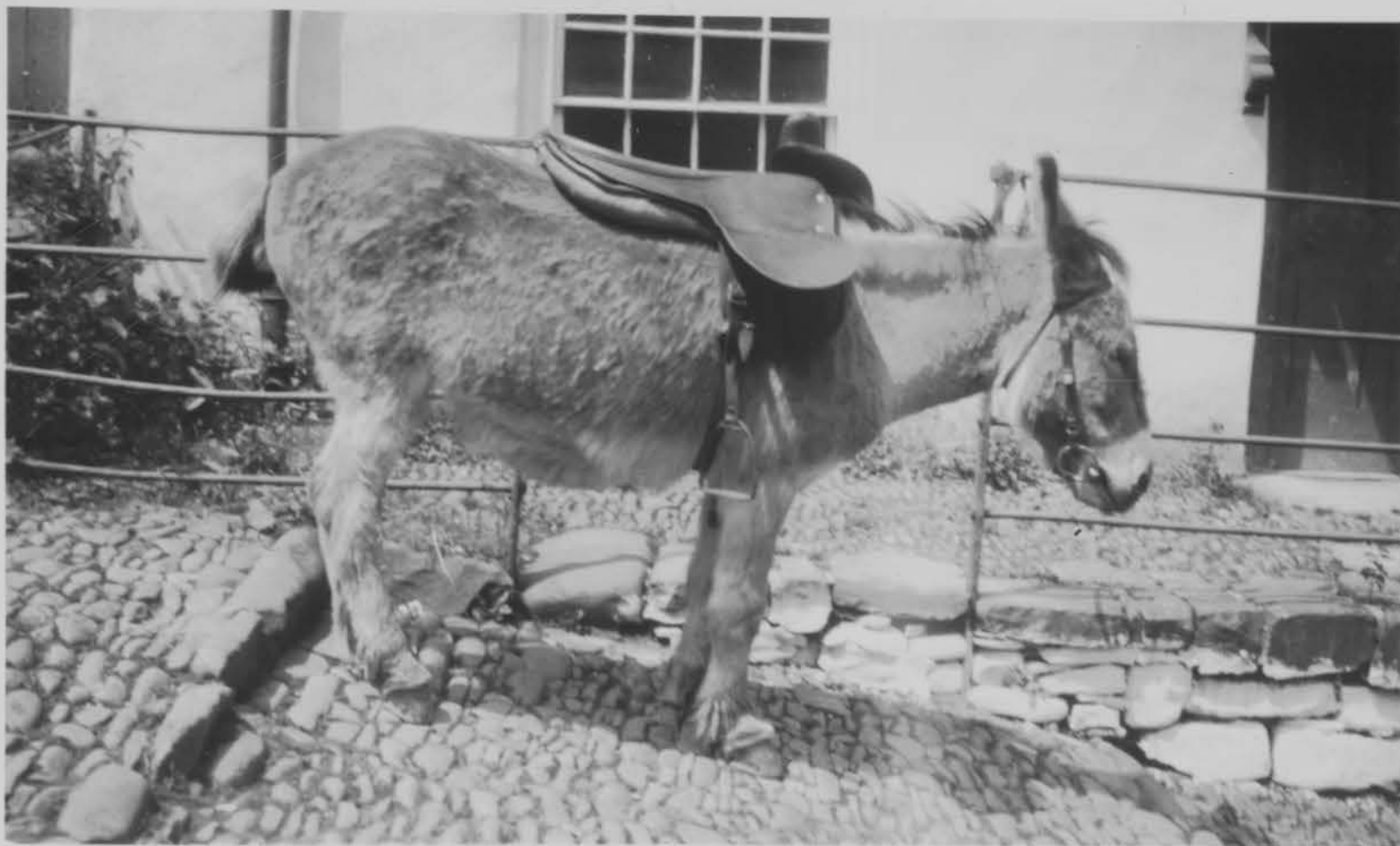
Lynton was looking beautiful,
but we didn't linger, instead
of driving up to Lynton which
is just on the high hill above
Lynton, we took a cable elevator
and rode up the steep incline to
Lynton. We are now beautifully
housed in the Royal Castle Hotel,
with our bedroom windows looking
out on the ocean and the high
hills - a beautiful view - and so
forth. - G.B.



Porlock. on way to Lynnton.



Lynnton
from
our
Hotel
window



Clovelly

