

DIARY OF THE JOURNEY TO HAVANA  
Via NEW YORK AND MIAMI  
OF  
PIERRE, JIMMY & MYSELF  
By

Donis LaBelle

Soon after leaving school;! decided to have a training in ballroom dancing.having tried many "things" with a view to teaching, hockey, tennis, gymnasium, singing, violin, piano. I finally decided dancing was to be my career.

I had danced since a small child and longed to go on to the stage but my father, who was an artist himself and knew that it was not all glamour, was against it and so I had to be content with ballroom dar:cing.

A school friend of mine was training with Monsieur Pierre (then teaching in Regent Street) and through her enthusiasm I enrolled as a student of Pierre's - as he was always affectionately called - .

Soon after I started training I had a marvellous break. Pierre decided to have a younger partner and he chose me feeling I had a natural talent and he could, therefore, train me in his ways. I well remember Pierre telling me it would be six years before I became a real demonstrator - well - it was seven! He (before I came on the scene) introduced the Argentine Tango. This he studied in Parise where, at that time, many Argentinians lived.

My name was billed in small letters at first but they became larger and larger and, after seven years of hard work, Mr P.J.S. Richardson gave me a "write up" all about myself - I had arrived. For a few days I "walked on air" but soon realised much hard work lay ahead.

We visited Paris quite often and always visited.a night club in Montmartre called the Cubane Cubane. This was where Pierre first got his taste for the Rumba .

The band were all Cubans led by Alcedes Castellanos and many Cubans visited the Club - especially musicians when they had finished at the clubs where they playe Don Barretto was one, a then famous player who made many records. I wish they were still obtainable. There was a professional at this club, not Cuban, and we thought what he danced must be correct and Pierre evolved the Square Rumba which we introduced in London with great success. Every time we went to Paris Pierre spent much time learning to play the Bongo's, Marracas and Claves. Pierre, beside being a dancer, was a musician.

The war came. No more visits to Paris but knowing well the Cuban Cons-1, every time a Cuban came to England with the American G.I's, he was asked "Do you dance" and if his reply was "yes-", he was hustled to Regent Street. I could not understand why they appeared "out of time". It, of course, was I, not they.

The Jive we had on our own doorstep, but not easy for us to learn (no teachers). I could not understand why they danced. sometimes a single chassee and sometimes a double until one day Pierre had the then champion English Jive dancers to 96 and, when I arrived, he triumphantly announced he had got it and from then on we never looked back.

The Samba is a mixture of the Brazilian Ma.xixe (Pierre learnt from Brazilians before h knew me)/ Figures we got from the G I's, Whisk, Samba Walks, etc. and figures I talk about in my diary when we went to Rio.

The Paso Doble was developed in Paris by a Spaniard called Salvador. Pierre and I demonstrated this

dance with great success. The movements we danced all represented the Matador using his cloak. Nowadays all these figures form a syllabus in dancing societies. You can imagine how I feel when I see the antics many people use.

The Cha Cha Cha we first saw in Cuba in the fifties. The bands were including extra beats in the music and the Cubans felt an urge to represent these beats with their feet. This was the birth of the Cha Cha Cha (three chas please).

To go back to Rumba, Pierre was not satisfied and decided to visit Cuba. It was December 1947. I had to stay behind because the Bank of England had placed a restriction on money taken out of England. By the time the news came to us that we could go, we had so many commitments in England that I had to stay.

Just imagine Pierre's luck, on arriving at Havana Airport and boarding the bus, a man sitting next to him said "Why are you visiting Cuba". Pierre replied "To learn the Rumba". The man was an American who lived in Havana and was crazy about the Rumba. He immediately recommended a Cuban Hotel, only Spanish spoken, but Pierre was fluent and also said he would take him to the only places where tourists did not go and you saw the real Rumba. He also introduced Pierre to Pepe and Suzy Riviera, the champions of Cuba. She danced with Pierre and the first thing she said was "you are out of time" so Pierre had a lesson every day and danced at the Academia's every night. He returned after six weeks having lost a stone in weight but a happy man.

The new timing was not received well here but Pierre said "It will take them five years to accept this timing" - it took eight! The following pages are a

diary of my impressions. They are c.:xactly as I wrote-them, not altered or edited. You young people will not realise my astonishment at the food in New York. We "lere still on rationing in England, not only food but clothes.

The diaries tell of my first two trips but we returned every other year till Castro came to power. Even then we went to Miami to which many Cubans had fled and we met many Cuban friends again, including Pepe.

5.15 p.m, Smda.y, 16th December, 1951.  
Arrive at Air Terminal, Victoria Station, London, and  
find Nonna and other friends there to wish us God Speed.  
Go through ususal fonnalitiea and small talk until  
called to board **bus**. Hoped to smuggle Jean Pnrrigrini  
in bus to London Airport but unfortunatetsy didn't vork  
and ho had to disambark. Wavod goodbye and off we go  
on **our 5,000** mile journoy.

**6.45** p.m. Arrived London Airport, quickly  
hustled th+ough customs.and sit in lounge. **7.5** p.m.  
We board the "Washington" Flight 101 a Boeing B-77 -  
The President Special - whore wo are introduced to tho  
Steward, Stave, and Stewardesses Ruth and Beverley by  
tho Pilot. •It is a wonderful plane with two rest roans -  
one for ladios and one for men, both situated in the  
centre of the plane. On the lower deok is a cocktail  
bar where ware invited to partako whenever we ploase.  
**7.15** p.m. Papers and magazines brou8llt ratmd **by** Stewards.  
**7.10** p.m. Wo're off and heading west with a terrific  
feeling of powor. Pierre studying barcmeter  
to see height and Jilney" intently watching from Window.  
**7.45** p.m. Cigarettes and matchos bro'l8ht by Beverley  
toke sane o.lthoueH I don't smoke, intend to have eve-ry-  
thing going, Pierre **a:nd** Jinmy likewise. **8.15** p.m. All  
have champaeno cocktails and then Manhattans; feeling  
very choorful. Very tasty snacks served with them.  
Tho plane is very roQTIG'w.i.thn wide gangway and much  
more roan than a Constellation - 'Which wna the largoat  
plane I had boon on provioussy. **8.40** p.m. Pilot reports  
25 minutes to Shonnon **am**. does not anticipate aey  
difficuly in landing and n.lthough cloudy tho tampornture  
is **50** dogroos and wo are travoll.ing o.t **250** miloa por hour.  
**8.55** p.m. Wo buckle our bolts - no smoking sign up and  
we begin to desccm.d. **8.58** p,m, "Whistling" - so undor-  
ca.ITiago is loworod {The cockto.ils must have beon very  
strong because wo .111 foal a littlo tiddzy).  
**9** p.m. Jim\v sights Ireland.

9.7 p.m. Pilot reports 10 miles to Airport and we will land in approx. 3 minutes.

9.10 p.m. Landed Shannon Airport, 369 miles in 1 hour 40 minutes. Directed into Restaurant. Menu - Crab hors d'oeuvres, soup; stealc, peas, potatoes, fresh fruit salad, cheese and biscuits with Manhattan cock-tails, red wine and then Gaelic coffee, which comprises coffee, kirsh and lashings of cream. This was delicious and we were silly enough to ask for a repeat, I was the only one that "made" the two and was I sorry. Yes!! for half an hour I sat in the lounge and regretted that second Gaelic coffee, Whilst in the lounge we were informed the plane would be delayed an hour so sat and talked to a very pleasant German woman married to an American, just returning from her first visit to Germany since World War 1. Also talked to 3 American kids aged 14, 11 and 8 returning from school in England for a vacation. Well, well! they discussed women like old men. How grown up American children are! Jim!!! I talked to Pilot, and asked if he was ever air sick! He smiled and said no, Jimmy said "Take it easy skipper I am" He again smiled and said "I will certainly bear that in mind!" 10.45 p.m. Again board plane, Pilot says weather will be fairly good but cold on arrival in New York but runways are clear. 11 p.m.- lights are lowered, seats back, pillows and blankets for each passenger and 11.55 p.m. airborne. 12 o'clock midnight, lights out and we try to sleep. I think it is better to say as little as possible about the next few hours. All I can say is that never again will I drink a "Gaelic Special"!!! Added to this we flew over Atlantic through 1,000 miles of bad weather. We felt plenty of bumps and for those of my readers who have never flown it is similar to being in a train and continuously going over points.

8.50 a.m. 17th December 1951. Pilot reports Islands of Newfoundland in sight and warns us weather 13 degrees Fahrenheit that is 19 degrees of frost.

We are wamed'to put on coats .and whilst they refuel go to the Airport cafe for coffee etc. 9.5 a.m. Undercarriage lowered. See from windows ice and snow everywhere. 9.8 a.m. We land - beautiful landing - 9.55 a.m. Back to plane having experienced the-coldest weather I have ever known. Biting wind with fine snow and was blowing a hurricane. All the airport officials looked like Eskimos with their fur lined caps. •We had coffee and sandwiches at the Airport. Still dark. • 10 a.m. Back to plane. 10.5 a.m. Flgines wa.m up. We are now experiencing the American central heating and for me it is certainly too hot, especialJ.3 as the head cold that I have been trying to ward off has materialized. 10.10 a.m. We're off - we're airborne. 10.20 a.m. Begins to get light, a beautiful sunrise on our left. Weather much leas stormy. 11.30 a.m. Sun right ,out. 12 o'clock middey. Flying over Nova Scotia - just miles of frozen wastes beneath us. 12.5 p.m. Breakfast orange juice, hot rolls, ham and egg , croissants, butter and marmalade, pe fruit, coffee and cream. Pierre is surprised that this huge Stratocruiser with pressurized cabins does not fly as high as the Constellation which he travelled in on his last trip to America four years ago. Then he flew at a height of 15,000 ft. and crossed the Atlantic in six hours, whereas we have not gone fil8her than 10,000 ft. 12.35 p.m. Just passed Halifax. Pilot reports weather in New York is fine but ve-ry cold, 9 degrees fahrenheit and no change in sight-in fact they expect a "white Christmas". The country under ua is now vecy bleak and desolate dotted with many small lakes. 1,15 p.m..rust had "wash and brush up". It is incredible the number of gadgets in the rest room. In this plane you can do everything but have a bath. Although the space is sI:18.11 three or four women can easily wash and then "make up" sitting comfortably at the same time. I get back and Jimmy and Pierre are still sleeping, they prefer to rest than be clean; they intend to wait until we get to -011r Hotel.

1.20 p.m. Pilot says we are now 14 minutes behind schedule since leaving Gandor owing to strong head winds, he estimates two more hours before we reach New York. 1.40 p.m. Steffi tells us to fasten belts owing to rough weather. It is probably to prevent people walking around - It certainly is rough. Pierre is surprised we don't fly higher to avoid bumping. No longer can see land flying through banks of black clouds., 2 p.m. Weather much improved so decide to visit cocktail bar on lower deck. This bar comfortably seats 16 people and has very good vision from all windows. A sweet little baby penguin was travelling in a little basket here. I had an orange juice and Pierre a highball. 2.15 p.m. Pilot announces just passing Lantucket Island and should reach New York in 1 hour. The journey is beginning to be tedious and we will be pleased to arrive. 2.30 p.m. Ruth has been told to hand all ladies flacons of perfume. 2.45 p.m. Had champagne cocktails. On our right a few miles off the coast of America, we are still over Atlantic but seem to be parallel to the coast. 3 p.m. Just passing over Long Island. Visibility is very good and the Island appears beautifully laid out with what appears to be a yellow beach all round. We are still flying very high and the earth looks just like a map. This Island is very, very large and has taken us quite a time to fly over. 3.10 p.m. We are informed it is even colder in New York than previously stated 13 degrees Fahrenheit, - 19 degrees below freezing point. It is a pity I will arrive in New York with a bad cold, but I am determined not to let it spoil my holiday there. I have waited so long to see the Americas. 3.15 p.m. We're coming down. All fields appearing larger. 3.20 p.m. Undercarriage down. We're coming down, Airport in view. We're landed, at Idlewild Airport Long Island. 3.25 p.m. G.M.T. 10.25 a.m. American time.

From now the diary will be written each evening reporting each day, items of interest.

The first slight hitch occurs when the Stewardess cannot find Pierre's hat and he is obliged to leave without one. First have to visit Public Health Department. Upon entering I was presented with a beautiful cyclamen coloured orchid complete with an ornament in the same colour glass containing water and fitted with a pin. In this room we had to wait until our names were called and out of 61 passengers on board we were 58-59-61. We amused ourselves by trying to spot Pierre's hat on any of the passengers. We were rewarded by seeing a man in what looked like an identical hat. Grey with a narrow black band and of course a wide brim. We egged Pierre on to ask the man to take it off and look inside. Pierre went across but, unfortunately, it was not his hat but luckily the man took it in good part and even smiled. I think he had been wondering what we were staring and whispering about. At last in the customs, I have been through terribly "customs" now but never one!!2, slow - contrary to the reports of American hustle - Finally a customs officer arrived and he certainly was very pleasant even asking me - when he had asked my occupation - if I had regular meals and remarking - "Anyway you look well on it". This surprised me as I had a frightful cold and had had!!2. sleep for over .20. hours.

A coloured porter took our luggage and found us a taxi - we had a consultation as to how much to give him and thought that it was better to overtip than under, so presented him with a dollar - 7/- in English money. When we received his fervent thanks and wishes for a good holiday we realised that it was too much by double I would think. It is a ten mile drive from the Airport to New York along a winding route for about eight miles then we cross a fine suspension Bridge and suddenly see many sky-scrapers, but oh, the traffic----

it takes so long to reach our hotel. This journey costs including bags seven dollars or £2. 9. 0. Finally we reach the Bristol Hotel and are conducted to our rooms on the tenth floor.. I have p.evei: been into such a hot room in my life although outside it was 8 degrees fahrenheit. Immediately tbrew all windows open, turned off central h a ing (now al- though 10 p.m. it is.still hot especially inmy bath- room and as many of you u:Lll know if I it is hot - it must be). We hurriedly washed and then w t out to lunch, we walked down.Broadway and across Times Square and then went to lunch at 'Hectors". This is a cafeteria which Pierre has always said we must visit. W},9.t a cafeteria. Every kind of meat imaginable, also fish, marvellous vegetal;>;I,es - all so well cooked. Then for afterwards all the fruits we.find so difficult to get in land these.served with real cream. Finished off m.th.c.offee and the three bills together only costing 3.60 cents or 25/- .. •We th.en sauntered up many avenues but ow.ing to intense cold popped in o drug stores and shops of the Woolworth type. to :get . We also . vi ited the famous store.Gimbel and I saw the stockings I would buy if I have a:ny money on our .return trip to New.York, and as Pierre 'shat is not yet folmd he wa.s com- p lled to spend.precious dollars on a new one. Again Hectors for dinner - another .delightful meal and so to bed to try and make up for.some of our lqst "beauty sleep''•

18th December 1.2.21,Tuesday. . Wake up a.30 a.m. waiter brings my breakfast, pull curtains and find .it is snowing which .later turns .to rain.. It is now 1.30 .a.m. of the next day but-I. feol.l. can't. gg:to sle p until I have chrap.icled our.activitie of to-day.. After break- fast .we.visit the Rockefeller Cnl;i;re. .An enormous sky- scraper with hundreds of arcades:qn the round and lower gromid floor.. On each side .luxurious .shops selling every kind qf go.ods bla. I have not .realised be- fore, how }lings are missing since the war in England. Beautiful. glass and china etc etc.

By the way I can't tell you about the ladies clothes because we have no dollars to spend on clothes so I prefer not to look in the shops. By now the snow has turned to torrential rain and the temperature much warmer. On our way back to the hotel to meet Mr. Nonnan, - we call in a cafe and have a hot-dog and -coffee. Mr. Norman is the very charming American teacher who with his very sweet wife were in England two weeks ago. He superintends several of Arthur Murray's important schools in New York and Brooklyn. He is incidentally the brother-in-law of Arthur Murray. Mr. Norman met us at the Bristol at 1 o'clock and had a taxi waiting to escort us to their Brooklyn Schools. On the way he pointed out many places of interest, including the famous Woolworth Building which I think is the most attractive sky-scraper I have seen in New York, from a distance it looks rather like a huge Church steeple. We passed all along the East River and finally reach Brooklyn and the Arthur Murray Schools. What a School - about eight small studios and four large and I think 50 teachers working there. Each room different with attractive lighting and maple floors. In one of the large rooms about 40 or 50 of their teachers were seated waiting for us and we danced for them the Tango, Slow Foxtrot and the Quickstep. The Tango and Foxtrot interested them very much and we had an enthusiastic reception. Then the pick of their teachers dance, one couple the Slow Lindy, one couple the Medium, one the Fast. After that the Mambo was danced at the various speeds and finally the Peabody. All very fine rum-cars. The Lindy we were delighted to find was exactly as we teach swing or jive, it has not altered. - The Peabody was marvellous and Pierre and I intend to learn it before returning. We then had lunch sent in Sandwiches with two weeks meat ration inside and coffee - the School is equipped with a machine into which you put ten cents and out comes a can of iced fruit juice; On the right of machine is a place to punch a hole and straws are from

another aperture. After our lunch we went into another room and so enthusiastic were the boys and girls - thef mostly are only boys and girls - that we had to d ce again, this time also Mambo, then azlybody who wj.shed asked us to dance - also J:imny - who was a grant success in swing - in fact they all said he danced Jive exactly like an .American. Well I have lost cotmt of how many I Jived and danced Tango with but nil I can say is I enjoyed evecy one" Pierre likewise. They renlly enjoy themselves when they dance. We then went to a smaller;- studio and exchanged a few steps in Jive. We stayed there mtil 7 o'clock, the -time simply flew.

Mr, and Mrs lfonna then took us to a restaurant where :they entertained us to a lovely dinner including of course - what do you think? Steak. In most Cafeterias and Restaurants the sugar is soft and usually in rather last cast.ors fitted with a •lid with a hole, and you :jjust shake it in your coffea or tea, After dime:z- we had coffee and in front of me was a smaller container with 'White ''something" in it, I shook it in my coffee, 4rank some and thought "this is \_queer coffee must need more\_ sugar" again I shook the container, Pierre looked. over end not for my ear alone but so that ev\_ecybody •could •hear said "Ar.a you starting to take salt in your coffee already, because many Cu"Qans drink it this way?" 4\_ Evocybody in- hh eluding the waitress were amused, but quickly gave me ffesh coffee, •It is extra rdinary how many small things are different.

• We travelled back to New York City by metro a very interesting experience, they move very fast. We then decided to visit "Roseland" the Palnis de Danae of New York City, it is a pretty room rather like, only larger than, the ]mpire Rooms. They have an excellent • ba Band and we were most interested to see that the- •S\_qnre or Box. as they call it here is never now danced in the Rumba and all the good dancers dance the Mambo Basic step and on the off beat. The Peabody was also

very well danced. We stayed until 12, we were so interested, then left and went to a cafe in Broadway and had a hot dog and coffee. And so to bed.

19th December 1951 Wednesday. After breakfast we think the first thing to do is to go to the Air Line offices and book our reservations for Miami tomorrow. Imagine our horror when the girl said every reservation was gone until January 8th 19 days ahead. We didn't know what to do but didn't despair. We visited all the Airlines and Eastern Airline gave us a reservation for Christmas Day - six days ahead and put us on their waiting list for an earlier plane if possible. It is so bitterly cold today we would leave within an hour's notice if possible. It is no pleasure to walk about. Apparently everybody follows the same at Christmas - I am not surprised - We had an early lunch and then on to another Arthur Murrey Studios, this time in Fifth Avenue. These Studios are not as large as the Brooklyn Studios but I think even more luxurious and the business? It is a hive of activity. Many rich people go to them, I saw quite a number of milk coats. Isn't it amazing how much business they do when you think that they charge for 10 hour lessons, 96 dollars or about £32. Once again we lectured and danced the English Dances to their teachers, which were greeted with enthusiasm. Then they showed us their dances. Tango, Mambo, Swing and Foxtrot which we were equally interested in. In the American Style they dance very well, stylish and with marvellous rhythm of course. Afterwards we went to another room with a few of the teachers and exchanged ideas. We then had to leave because we were anxious to see if the Airlines had done anything for us, but unfortunately no, so another meal in Hector's and back to the hotel for a short rest before going out tonight.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Norman sent one of his teachers - a very agreeable girl to escort us to

an other popular dance hall on Broadway, "The Palladium" and here they have two Rumba Bands and nothing but Mambo is danced all the evening culminating with a Mambo contest at 11 o'clock. The music was very fast and the dancing exaggerated mostly solo work. Nearly all of the contestants were coloured, so you can imagine the rhythm and footwork. We ourselves were more interested with the general dancing. It is so amazing to think that all New York is now crazy on Mambo and this is the dance Pierre brought back from Cuba four years ago and called - The Cuban System. We in England were two years before New York because it has only been danced here the last two years.

The Palladium is run by a man nicknamed "Killer Joe" he got this name when he was a champion Jitterbug dancer and as he told us himself, he nearly killed his partners. Now he is certainly - in the money - He runs a large car. The hood is made of leopard skin and has his name in large letters on the body.

The place was packed, many more, not to dance but to watch the Mambo competition which is certainly a wonderful cabaret act. Although Mr. Monahan was not with us he entertained us through his teacher, Miss Pat Trymlor, a gesture we much appreciated. We left about 12.30., then into the freezing cold, another snack at Hectors and one more exciting day ended.

20th December 1951. Thursday. Decided to go immediately after breakfast to Air Station. We believe that if at first you don't succeed try, try again. We haunted one counter after another all told the same story. All roads South were crowded. Eventually we try the actual departure desk and there obtained the sympathy of one of the men who appeared to have a girl friend dealing with air reservations and he promised if anything could possibly be done it would, and with that we had to be content. The weather when we left the Hotel was bitterly

cold but after we had had lunch a thaw set in and the clothes we had on were quite comfortable, and added to this it started to pour with rain. No longer will I allow people to think that English weather is the most changeable in the world because since we have been here - three days - it continuously changes. During the afternoon we visited the shops in Fifth Avenue. It is infuriating to see all the lovely clothes and shoes and so cheap compared with ours, and not be able to buy anything. We only have a certain allocation of dollars, and dare not buy anything until we have been to Havana. Living here is very, high and we have to watch each dollar we spend, so anxious are we to be able to do all we went in Havana. At tea we had a marvellous Strawberry mmdae - real strawberries and cream ice of course. Here cream is almost given away. We can't resist having a little luxuries!!

It is now pouring with rain so decide to walk again round Rockefeller Centre hoping the rain would ease. But no - even worse than ever was added to this. A blowing gale. So back to the hotel to write a few letters. Then out to a light dinner and off to Battery. Harlan is about five miles from the centre so went by metro. Every time I travel by metro I marvel that in such an up-to-date City the metro should be so old fashioned. When we reached Harlem we seemed to be in another world. Every shop run by coloured people, the station staff also and on looking into a Hospital we passed, saw coloured doctors and nurses. Finally we reach the Savoy Ballroom where to our delight saw one of the bands was Count Basie. Many of you must have records of his like we have but it was wonderful to think that we actually would see him and his band personally.

It was 10 p.m. when we arrived and on entering the really lovely ballroom found only two or three people there. Another band was then playing - Stan Gelz - rather a be-pop style. The people gradually trickled in

and by 11 quite a number of people were present, nearly all coloured and at least three men to one girl - now we understood why the entrance was 1 dollar for men, 50 cents for women. Count Basie and his sixteen piece band then mounted the stand - Count Basie is quite different from how I imagined him. He is very short, very fat and with a very humorous face. What a band! Now the people began to dance - and how they danced. We were very interested to see that nothing has changed and as is usual with coloured folk they were much less exaggerated than white, but what rhythm. Those who had no partners could not keep still and danced alone. We were amazed at the spins performed this time, we don't know where they get their impetus from this preparation - they just spin. We had a front row table, having ordered coca-cola and beer. and so had a good view. We were interestedly watching one particular dancer - learning some of his steps. actually - he must have seen us and the next dance he asked me to dance. He did not dance a step, but I could not follow, so marvellous is their lead and so exactly as we dance it. In America there is no such thing as be-bop dancing it is a very quiet style played by the bands occasionally. The style of swing in America has not changed since we saw it seven or eight years ago. danced by the G.I.'s in England. Count Basie himself plays be-bop.

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At 12.15 we decided to depart and had to walk five blocks to the station in torrential rain and blowing a gale. Decided to have coffee and hot dog ... before going to our Hotel but found our particular cafe just closed, and as weather is so bad think it wiser to retire.

21st December 1951. Friday. At 9.30 a.m. I am rung up to say that as we only checked for three days and are staying longer they are afraid they must move me, as a particular client always stays at the Hotel for Christmas and has room 1050. So am shifting to 1051 exactly the same type of room. She is certainly a "creature of habit" in fact I think it is a better room I am in, the bathroom is certainly bigger. At 11 a.m. set out again for the air station, but have no better luck and we are reconciling ourselves to the fact that we will not be leaving until Christmas Day. We took the precaution whilst there to book our return passages from Havana - Miami, Miami - New York, New York - London. We then strolled around and decide to try 42nd Street Cafeteria. It is a super Cafeteria with very modern tables and chairs etc. and the food, I still can't get used to seeing all the different hot meats in such abundance and the lovely desserts of every type. With as much cream as you wish. You can also choose from about six different types of bread, including one called an onion roll, which is really delicious. After lunch we call back at the Hotel and have a few phone calls, Jimmy gets in conversation with a man in the lounge. Apparently he came to Jimmy and said he thought he knew him and asked where Jim came from. Jim replied London and the man said: "So do I," but after a little more conversation it appears he came from London, Canada, and he interested us very much by telling us that there, there is a St. Paul's Cathedral and towns named Richmond, Oxford, Kingston etc., and also a River Thames. This was news to me but may not be to you. We then took a bus at Fifth Avenue and went to Madison Square. The buses look rather antiquated with the engine in the back so that as we were sitting at the back it was rather jerky. Also the vision is not good. You pay 12 cents and if you wish can go from one end of New York to the other for no further charge. It is a fixed price. In the Metro it is the same only 10 cents, and for 10 cents you can travel miles. Getting out at Washington Square

where there is a stone Marble Arch - this is the point where Fifth Avenue ends - we walked through Broadway. I didn't realise how far Broadway stretches; it is from one end of Manhattan to the other. It doesn't run straight across but straggles a little here and there. Catching another bus at Broadway, which proceeds down Broadway, past the City Hall, and to Wall Street which is practically at the end of Manhattan. Wall Street is not a bit as I imagined, the Street is rather narrow with magnificent buildings either side. As you walk along it you feel infinitesimal. Many of the buildings are beautiful - especially the Bank of Manhattan. Most offices close today for the Christmas holidays and as it was about 5 o'clock, people were putting their offices all carrying beautifully-wrapped parcels. I think here they make even more of Christmas than we do, for at street corners the Salvation Army are playing carols and huge lighted Christmas trees are in the streets. Every office window had the traditional wreath hung in the window as do all the houses and hotels. Those wreaths seem funny to us, as they are symbolic of a very different nature. We then came back to Broadway. On the way a few blocks passed the lovely Singer and Woolworth buildings. Feeling thirsty we entered an "Automat" where for a nickel (five cents) in a slot you can help yourself to tea, and two nickels a pastry. Jimmy, who had not had much lunch owing to feeling a little sick (you wouldn't be surprised if you had seen the chocolates, sweets and poaches and cream he has managed to consume the last few days), suddenly felt better and had a blackcurrant tart and chocolate cream ice. Pierro and I are a little more conservative in what we eat. After this we paid our ten cents and boarded the lift back to 42nd Street and strolled back to the Hotel.

7.30 p.m., decided to go out to eat at an Italian Restaurant. Had spaghetti with meat sauce and drank Chianti. Did not like the dessert they had on, so went along to Hectors where we had fruit and cream (peaches for Jimmy, of course) and coffee. As we were

rather tired decided to go first to the news theatre (which lasts nearly two hours) and then back to bed.

22nd December 1971. Saturday. Mr. Norman phones and as it is such a lovely day, very cold but sunny, he asks if we would care to see some of New York from his car; we of course readily say yes. He will call for us at twelve. Whilst waiting we go to Hectors to have coffee (Jill!Ul:tyeaches and cream) then back to Hotel. He arrives for us in his .!lfil: dark green convertible Cadillac, a really lovely car, containing many new gadgets. He first presents me with two boxes of nylons, contnin:ing thr o in a box. They are stamped with the name Arthur Murrey. •You can imagine my delight. He then asked where we would like to go, and I sey to see the Queen Mary which docked last night. This we did and Jirmy filmed her; what a huge ship she is when you get clo e. Mr. Norman then took us all along River Drive} by the Hudson River past the Georgo **Washington** Bridge -- a very beautiful suspension bridge - He pointed out many interesting buildings on our right side - The Hudson was on the left - including a church donated by Rockefeller, also about three miles of river bank bought by him and presonted to the nation to preserve it as a beauty spot. Wo went past the sta ue of Henry Hudson, then left Manhattan and into the Bronx. We then came back through Central Park. where I think you get the most beautiful view of the Skyscrapers on three sides of you. Central Park is not like our Parks, more I would say liJ eHnmpstead Heath, left rather in its natural state. From Central Park we entered Park Avenue and here you see the most palatial aportsnts where only rich people can possibly live. The Waldorf Astoria is haro-- an enormous hotel. There is a new unoccupied building built for Lever Bros. It is completely of glass and seems to hang over the street, dozens of floors. As Mr. Norman remarked, a very beautiful building, but not the place to be in during an air-raid.

As we had decided to visit the Empire State Building, Mr. Norman dropped us as near as he could take the car, we thanked him for a very interesting and enjoyable trip. It was very nice of him because we know how busy he is, but both he and his wife Juliette are very kind people.

We paid our money - 1 dollar 20 cents - (about 8/6d) and got in the lift of the Empire State Building. At the 80th floor (you go one floor in two seconds) we had to change and go the remaining twenty to the Observation Tower in another lift. Of course the views are stupendous - skyscrapers which we had thought terrific looked like toy buildings. We had a good view of the Statue of Liberty and the Queen Mary, also Manhattan Island. Of course it must be like the view you get when flying over New York. The weather again gets colder and colder. After we left the building we walked to "Gimbels" and had a strawberry muddle. This consumed we get a train back to the Hotel; we did not walk because so many people are in the City, it is Saturday afternoon combined with the approach of Christmas.

8.30 p.m. along to Hectors and I, as dessert, have peaches and whipped cream which makes the third time in one day that I have whipped cream. At 9.30 along to Roseland, £50 cents tonight (10/6) and very crowded - about a thousand at least. The dancers are very mixed, old and young, but all keen dancers. Onco again we see a room full of dancers dance the Mambo. The Rumba Band "Argu so and His Band" is the band we have heard in New York. We again meet some of Art Linkletter's Teachers, living up to the tradition that one teaches dancing all day and than us a rotation goes out to dance. See some marvellous swing and the Peppercorn also very popular this evening; not so much Peabody. This dance needs - like our English Quickstep - quite a bit of room. Several people learning us speak asked where we came from, and when we said England all seemed

pleased to meet us. One man gave us his address and said to call him if at any time we needed anything. They certainly like Churchill here. 12.30 we leave and on way back gave two orange juices and one hot dog roll. I have specially mentioned the cream etc., which I consumed that day so that you will understand why I was ill all night.

23rd December 1951. Sunday. Feel very sorry for myself and can't eat any breakfast. Manage to drag myself up at 10.30 a.m. because we had arranged a trip to Staten Island. 12 p.m. Caught Metro to South Ferry, 10 cents - a beautiful day but rather cold. Transfer to ferry only extra 5 cents, cross River - about 20 minutes and what a view. We pass on our right Ellis Island where Immigrants whose papers are not in order are detained and also Bedloe Island with the enormous Statue of Liberty in green - this statue, I hear, was presented to America by the French in 1884. Then we look back at Manhattan and see an unforgettable view. It seemed from where we were that all the Skyscrapers were huddled together. A slight haze hung over Manhattan and on the left side - the buildings were invisible but the sun was shining on the windows; they were twinkling and it gave the impression of two or three enormous Christmas trees, lit with fairy lights; on the right is the beautiful Brooklyn Bridge. We arrive at Staten Island and decide to return on the next boat. Wait ten minutes. Jimmy finds time for a hot dog and sauerkraut. I write postcards. Pierre has hot chocolate. Back in ferry boat - the ferries are enormous, must take over 1,000 passengers; they are very warm and comfortable. On the way back we just gaze at the view. This is the first view so many people have of New York City because all the big liners enter this way. It must be very thrilling the first time. To me now it seems like a dream. The view of New York City is incredible. Jimmy took films and we are hoping they will do justice to the view. We disembark and decide

to go back by bus. Walk to Broadway and catch bus to Union Square, where we see the famous Flat Iron Building and believe me it looks exactly like a Flat Iron. Then board another bus along Fifth Avenue, disembark at 42nd Street and have lunch. Still rather a poor thing I have a cheese sandwich. All rather weary so go to Cinema in 42nd Street. See two very indifferent films. Back to hotel where feeling still rather cheap decide to go to bed and have only orange juice. Jimmy and Pierre go each to different restaurants because Jimmy must have his poaches and cream. All retire early. When the Captain of the team is ill everything is disorganised.

24th December 1951. Monday. .Feel much better. We go to Air Station to verify that our plane next day will be running. To our joy all was well but found that it will be a two-engined plane and will therefore take longer to Miami and we will lose the last plane to Havana that evening. Decide not to worry but let things take their course. To our surprise, the Bristol or any hotel here do not accept Travellers' cheques. At the Bristol they directed us to an agent in the Hotel. He was very gushing and gave us the address of another agent in Fifth Avenue. Pierre asked the rate and he said 2 dollars 70 cents to the pound, whereupon Pierre very sarcastically said we would go to a Bank, which we did and got nearly 2.80. Had we gone to the agent we would have lost two dollars (15/-) each on the transaction and as we have to look at every dollar we spend we certainly don't wish to lose on the exchange. We went to the Bank of New York, Fifth Avenue, to execute the huge deal. A very spacious bank and we were received by a man resembling President Hoover who graciously asked us to wait a moment. We then had lunch, went back to Hotel after taking some shots of places of interest and quickly changed as Mr. Alec Mackenzie - he was some years ago with his first wife a well-known teacher - of dancing in England now married to an American and resident in America - was taking us for

cocktails to the Waldorf Astoria. A dre hotel and how it reminded me of films with Xavier Cugat - who plays there - and I believe some of the films he appeared in actually were filmed there. New York is of course a vey cosmopolitan city and many magnates have risen from the worl..ing classes. At the Waldorf Astoria this is vey evident. Evey type of person is represented there. Have tvo Manhattan cocktails, then out to Park Avenue again, where gaily lit Christmas trees illuminated the whole Avenue. Could not get taxi so -walk to Seventh Avenue to visit a teacher Senor D'Avalos who Mr. Mackenzie said was a marvellous Latin dancer. He certainly looks as if he could be; he is Mexic and we promise ourselves a visit to him on our return. Back to the Hotel again to change, this time to go to a Christmas Eve party at 'The Tavern On the Green' Rostaurant, Central Park. Mr. Arthur Muttley had taken the whole restaurant for the evening. i, invited any of his instructors instructi;esses or pupils who were away from home to be his guests for the evening. The invitation through . Mr. and Mrs. Norman was extended to us which we, of course; accepted. It was a very happy ovening. Very good dinner, carol singing and dancing. Mr. Murray h:il'self joined in tho dances and as they were all cuse-me dances he had a busy time. Left about 1 o'clock with the vey charming daughter, Uomo., and son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Norman. Back to \_hotel.

25th December .1951.Tuesda.y. Christmas Day. Pack and leave hotel 11.30 a.m. Take taxi to Air station check in luggage. Out to 42nd Street again and have snack at Automat - Jimmy poaches and cream. Back to Air Station and board bus for air port. Arrive Newark 2 o'clock but don't leave until 3 o'clock. The plane - is a two-engine Martin, similar to the Convair, which are ownad by K.L.M. and run to Holland. After all the fuss and bother to got a plane only 16 people aboard 40-seater. I ppose Christmas Dey is not

the most popular day to travel. 5.30 p.m, Sign that weather is w.nnor; all lakes we cross are now not frozen. Ravo been in this plane for three hours and they haven't given us a thing not even "chicklets". Most unusual. What an austere Christmas Day, and we are all very hungry and thirsty. I find a banana in my bag. Piorre and I share it and Jimmy has a small Hershey bar. 6.20 p.m. Air hostess announces we are just passing over Charleston and that in one hour and forty minutes we will reach Jacksonville where we will land for gas; she also says that dinner would be served in a few minutes. We must ask their pardon. Dinner: Hot Turkey, potatoes and sweet potatoes, which in vain I try to like but finally decide not to try again. Peaches and ice cream. Cream cheese, salad. Quite good but have had no food yet to compare with Air France when travelling London -- Paris. 7.40 p.m. All land for ten minutes and the change of temperature is incredible. Left New York. • two wool coats and fur coat, land at Jacksonville with no hat or coat and then feel warm. -- Attendants at airfield work in shirt sleeves.

7.55 p.m. Engines warming 7.57 p.m. Cruising along. 8 p.m. • Vo airboorne, hostess announces that we expect to be in Miami in one hour forty minutes and fly at 3,000 ft., now I understand why we appeared to be flying so low from New York. In the "President" we flew over 12,000 ft. high and then when you fly at 3,000 it seems that you just miss the house tops. 8.20 p.m. Jimmy getting on very well with Air Hostess. She tells him she comes from Pennsylvania and was a nurse before her present job which she has done for three and a half weeks and loves it. I think this is a job I would like, constantly meeting new people and arranging for their comfort and is a very pleasant way of seeing the world. 8.30 p.m. Just passed Dade County Bench, many lights. From now on passing many famous Florida Beaches on our left, all we can see are masses of lights. 9.20 p.m. Miami in sight, a very pretty sight from the air.

●9.25 p.m. Fasten Belts. 9.30 p.m. We make a perfect landing and I am pleased, I have been a little nervous in a two-engined plane. It was a two-engined plane that crashed a week ago with such a loss of life. These Martins are new planes and land at a very low speed and soon come to a standstill. 9.35 p.m. Get off plane and people meeting friends from our plane look with amusement at our thick clothes and my boots. All the women are in thin frocks and the men with no coats on. Take a taxi and drive through the warm air, after two and a half miles turn off main road and there are our friends, Monty, Rene and their attractive 18-year old daughter - known to many English people as the D'Agramontes - don't you remember what a marvellous tango Monty and Rene did. They are now living with their son and daughter, two dogs and a cat, in a very attractive bungalow in Miami. They had been expecting us for days and had almost given up hope. How pleased we were to see one another. After a meal of fried chicken and rice and a long talk, we retired to bed.

26th December, 1951. Wednesday. All get up fairly late. The day was beautiful, very warm and sunny. In the garden were growing oranges, bananas, grapefruit and coconuts, and many exotic flowers. After breakfast we went by a very modern bus to the town of Miami. The roads seemed familiar. I suppose we so often see films taken in Florida or California that we seemed to know them. First orange juice and then to buy shoes. Shoes which in England are twice the price. Later, to the promenade where huge coconut trees grow, but it was, of course, so hot. Afterwards we went to a Cuban Restaurant and had a lunch of chicken and rice (Pollo con arroz amarillo) finishing with beautiful Cuban coffee. We then looked around a few shops - we had hoped to make Miami Beach, but had not time today, as it is a half-hour's bus ride from town.

Back by bus to the bungalow and saw a very amusing incident. A little boy of about five or six living at the bungalow opposite dressed in cowboy suit, dashing round the lawn of their house on the back of a marvellous little pony named Trigger. A very good rider and he can also perform a few acrobatics, he looked absolutely fearless. I think it is only in America that this could happen. 6 o'clock Ten, then phone for a taxi and once again back to airport. Official who checked us in, very interested in our visit and we had very pleasant chat with him. 7.30 p.m. Board plane. 7.40 p.m. Engines warm up. 1 & p.m. We're airborne.

We are on a D.C.4 seating 60. Five seats in each line, three, then galley and then two. This is the first plane we have travelled on this trip not pressurized and as we fly fairly high, feel pressure in the ears. It is a fairly ancient plane. 8.15 p.m. Steward brings round drinks; he is rather difficult to understand and Jim and I play for safety and take what looks like orange juice. Pierre takes coffee, Pete is jealous because our drinks turn out to be bacardi rum and fruit juice, a delicious drink. 8 o'clock, now flying over Gulf of Mexico. 8.25 p.m. Passing over Key West. 8.55 p.m. Coming down - Pierre sights land. Just arriving over the magic country of Cuba.. The best view ever of a country. The first sign on the shore we see is BACARDI in huge letters, lights of every colour in this City. Passed over Havana, it is about 8 miles out of Town, will have to come back in coach. 9 p.m. wheels lowered. 9.2 p.m. A bumpy landing. Journeys end, Cuba, 5,000 miles completed.

First thing to greet us in the Customs, three large cucarachas (cockroaches) so it wasn't long before we were "squashing the cucaracha". The customs official in a stern voice ordered us to open all our cases. It

didn't seem to matter if we opened small zip fasteners on the sides of our bags, in the usual "Manana." manner he touched the top thing in our cases and that was that. We then paid 80 cents (5/-), we don't know -what for and were allowed to board coach. This coach for which we paid one dollar (7/-) stopped at most hotels in Havana. My chief impression during the journey - it was dark - was that at last I really was in a foreign country. The houses were completely different from America and the warm air was scented with flowers. and also as we neared the City, with the pleasant aroma of cigars. We arrived at the San Luis Hotel. It is like no hotel I have stayed at before. There are no front doors and the floors are of tiles. We were conducted to our rooms on the Fifth floor. A very wide long corridor runs the whole length of the hotel. It has of course a tiled floor, and each side, rooms whose doors and windows. (all open - the windows I mean) look on to the corridor. It reminded me of the pictures of Sing Sing or any other large prison. I expected to see bars and prisoners gazing through. The rooms contain a hall with cupboard and table, bedroom and bathroom with high windows, which I have to climb on my bed to look out of, and the noise. There is such a constant babble inside and the traffic outside that there is no noise - I hope you understand me - I imagine very few foreigners stay here. It is typically Cuban. - that's what we like. The staff are very polite and seem to be all - some very good looking. We decided to go out for a short while - it was 10 p.m. - so just went to a cafe for cheese sandwiches - which turned out to be cheese and bread. - we also had drinks, I had rum and coco cola, this is a white rum and does not taste - it smells like brown rum. They give you half a tumbler of rum. We then bought some bananas. The bananas here are tiny and very sweet.

27th December, 1951. Thursday. Had tea brought to my room at 10 a.m. Decided to have coffee in future. I can say without hesitation the coffee here is the best I have ever tasted. After unpacking etc., decide to stroll round Havana.. It is too early for me to give my impression, all I can say is that I seem to be in another world, -with a constant noise. The streets are narrow and the traffic dashes along. There are no pedestrian crossings so you endanger your life every time you cross the road. We walked through many interesting streets lined with shops. Nearly all the china shops are full of good old English china. Stuff we haven't seen since the war. We saw a very magnificent building, the Capitolio, (a sort of White House) in the Prado, a lovely avenue lined with palm trees. Went to a restaurant called The Oriental. It has no walls or windows on two sides. Got an excellent lunch. Grape-fruit, hot lobster with vegetables, pineapple, coffee. All for one dollar (7/-). Again strolled round the shops, including the famous Obispo Street in Old Havana, meantime weather changes, a very fierce warm wind blows up and a fine rain starts. The rain doesn't last long, but it was still dull and windy, although very warm. On the way back to the Hotel I stumbled and fell because of not seeing an almost invisible step on the narrow pavement. Pierre looked in alarm but for some reason or other although I measured my length I was not hurt in the slightest. Had dinner at Roof Restaurant in Hotel. There is a beautiful view of the coast from balcony. At 10 p.m. went to one of the dances (called Havana Sports) and saw people dancing nothing but Rumba, except an occasional paso doble. The band were on a balcony high above the dancers. The floor was of tiles and lights rather dim. When the band struck up any dance the dancers didn't want, they all clapped and the band went back to the Rumba. It was most interesting to see a room full of people all dancing Rumba, never exaggerated but very rhythmic and all the better dancers on the off beat. This dance - as we

expected - has not changed in the slightest, since Pierre was here four years ago and will not change for many more years, I am sure - is the perfect ballroom dance it takes so little space. Even though we only stayed one hour I learnt several things. We then went to another dancing, Martey Belona, but the dancers were not so good at this hall. Both of these places are just popular dance halls, and very cheap, but I was struck by the refinement and dignity of the dancers. No exaggerated shaking of the hips or exhibitionism, just 'rhythm'. We then walked back and had hot chocolate in a cafe. In Cuba the hot chocolate is thick, you almost eat it and most Cubans dip bread or cake in it. How they like sweet things here. Back to bed 1 a.m.

28th December 1951, Friday. Decide to go to one of the beaches (La Concha) about four miles from City. At 11 a.m. board bus, called here Guala, pronounced - Wa Wa - and what a bus; quite fifty years old. The drivers dash along and inside the bus you shake from side to side. They are usually packed and those who can't get inside, hang on the outside; this Jimmy was doing all the way. Arrived at the beach and had to pay 1 dollar 25 cents each entrance (9/-) 25 cents each, chair (1/9) 5 cents towel. So you can see if you come each day it would be a pretty costly business. There were not many people and although warm the sun kept going behind clouds. We had lunch there - three and a half dollars for really just a snack - stayed until 5 p.m. The weather from 3.30 p.m. was lovely. The sea (the Atlantic) was very rough so I did not venture in. Came back by bus, had to change twice, but the Cubans are very nice and helpful people and one man insisted on getting off one bus and waiting with us until we caught the next. Back to Hotel, then dinner and I for an early night, but Jimmy and Pierre go out to see if they can see any good dancing.

29th December 1951. Saturday. Knock for Jim and Pierre at 11 a.m. and find them just getting up. Apparently stayed at Havana Sports till 2.30 a.m. dancing with the girls. They seemed to have enjoyed it. Have early lunch as we have arranged to meet one of the Cuban Teachers at our Hotel at 1 o'clock. Go to fresh restaurant and have shrimp salad and fruit. Return to Hotel, on way Jim starts the head of a small coloured boy, in two seconds we are surrounded by about twenty asking for a nickel. The day is marvellous, clear blue sky, and still very warm. Meet Mr. Pepe Llorenz and he takes us to his studio - which is attached to his flat and all very modern - where we meet his very pretty wife Aida. After a very pleasant chat we discuss the Mambo and he shows us what it really is. Of course, the foundation is the Bolero or Cuban system with just a few extra beats put in which suit the present Rumba music. He was impressed how well Pierre had taught Jimmy and me to dance this dance. I was immediately able to follow all he did with just a few corrections. We then had drinks and departed.

Having heard that an American, 'Whose brother, Major Eaton we knew in England during the War, was at the Hotel Nacional, we decided to look him up. He had left, so we trolled around the Hotel. It is situated on a hill and has marvellous views. It is a dream hotel with everything to delight the eye, and the shops! A beautiful swimming pool, fit for film stars. After this we decide to walk back to Hotel calling for tea - which wasn't bad - on the way. We lose our way - but what does it matter we are in a new Country and everything we see is of interest. Dinner at 9 p.m. then read until 10 p.m. and decide to visit a club, with very good band about two and a half miles from centre of Town. Decide to go by Taxi, although we have been warned, forget to fix fare beforehand. After losing our way two or three times eventually reach club and it is - closed - nothing to do but to come back and go to Havana Sports. Get out

ask taxi driver how much. Two dollars (14/-) not bad for four miles. The Havana Sports is rather crowded (Saturday night) and decide to have drink and then go. Suddenly an American rushes up to Pierre, embraces him mid to Pierre's surprise is Sidney Trott. He is a well-known teacher lllldlnst time Pierre was here was Host at the Nacional Hotel and put Pierre in touch with the boat Cuban Dancor possible, Pepe Rivera. With him was a Cuban boy, whom he said was the best amn:tcu around. Mr. Trott obtained some tickets for a taxi girl and this boy danced with her. It was mainly exhibition but it was wonderful - if only we could sometimes see these dancers in England - so full of rhythm but such a refined style. Afterwards he danced with me, and Pierre with the girl, Md in the ballroom version we have not a lot to learn. It is impossible for anybody - not South American - to get that something, it is born in them. We stayed until 1.30 a.m. then culled in cafe on was home and bed at 2.30 a.m.

30th December, 1951. Sunday. Get up late and don't go out until time for lunch. Hotter than ever today - We all have lobster prepared in different ways. Afterwards go sightseeing. Jimmy films points of interest. Walk through famous old street, Obispo to the port of Havana. A lovely old spot. All places very old and the post office is housed in what was once a 1:10:mystery "San Francisco". We went over it and had fine view from the top. We saw an English liner in port for two days. (Geraldo was on board). Had drinks at cafe by sea - a two-man band played rumbas to us - would then back part of the way by bus, stopping to get pashmas soaked in syrup, which we discovered yesterday. Then walk back by sea to our Hotel. Jir.111JY has large cream ice on way. 8 o'clock meet Pepe Rivera and arrange lesson for tomorrow. Have dinner and then go on Roof to see the dancing. The roof has been transformed. Fairy lights everywhere and a bar for

drinks, running partly along the side. The floor as usual was tiled and there were several hundred people present. The two bands played at one end of the room and one of the bands was the best we have ever heard, except on records. Out of the hundred to two hundred dancers on the floor at least a hundred were good and fifty fairly good, only a very small percentage not good. It is the custom at dances for two or three good couples to get together and dance a kind of formation, the steps are not arranged, but they dance to phrases of music and change partners at the end of a phrase. They take up practically no space. Many of the couples danced the Mambo and Pierre and I added to our knowledge of it. We left at 12 o'clock and then went on to meet Sidney Trott at the Havana Sports where Pierre and Jimmy had dances with taxi girls. I am learning a lot of the tricks from watching. Home to bed 2.30 a.m.

31st December, 1951. New Year's Eve. Up late again and just go out in time for lunch at Oriental. Jimmy and I have shrimp chop suey and Pierre lobster. Walk back to Hotel, on way buy a few souvenirs and Jimmy two shirts. The sports shirts are marvellous here so much cheaper than Europe. Back to hotel to meet Pepe and have lesson in my bedroom as it has the most space. He plugs in gramophone and it fuses as voltage is different. We are very disappointed as it is impossible to learn without music. So have to arrange another appointment. As we have been invited to a party- decide to have a drink and a snack. - So into bar and all have Bacardi and Canadian dry and 'see turkey on counter; all order turkey sandwiches.

To our hostess when we get the bill, sandwiches alone - three in number - cost us over four dollars, that is 30/-. They certainly had a lot of turkey, but we felt that we had been doing. We change and arrive at Senor Llorenz and his wife's flat at 10 o'clock. Nobody has arrived, so sit on balcony having drinks. We seem to

be in a dream, New Year's Eve, thin clothes and out of doors, drinking iced drinks. At 11 p.m. the other ten guests arrive and soon the party is very gay - curious drinks - all very potent - **and** very nice food. Plenty of -dancing, but once again all Rumbas or Mambos and everybody could dance well. At midnight we were given rattles, shakers and 'Whistles and also a plate of grapes, vvhich we were told we must not eat until midnight had struck. This is a usual custom in Cuba. Oh what a noise, not only from the flat we were in but every house and shop in the neighbourhood. Afterwards more drink, more dancing, still Rumbas and Mambos with an occasional Tango. A very pleasant evening. Left **2.30** a.m. then walk homo long sea front, coffee at cafe, and bed **3.30** a.m. (E\,erywhere R'lllllba were being danced to and m.mg, in the streets many people were singing and dancing - Rumba of course).

•1st January, 1952. Tuesday. Called 11 a.m. with coffee. Decide to go to **La** Concha, the beach we visited the other day•. Opened today outside the beach is a miniature Coney Island, but when you are on the actual beach you hoar nothing of this. Paid out 10/- admission arid the beach and sea were ours for a few hours. We went into the Atlantic Ocean on J"anuary 1st,. sea even wamer than we have ever !mown it in the South of France. Then **sur.**-bathed **am.** then back to **Havana** nnd **a** lesson with Pepe Rivera - the most famous .teacher in Cuba. We went to his flat, I wish I.could describe it, a sort of Patio and he on first floor, we go up iron staircase along very rickety balcony past other flats all with, it appears, no doors, and to Pepe's. We had the lesson in his hall about four yards by two, so you can see what a pratical dance it is. - He has beautiful style and hates anything coarse, so his steps are all good, we learnt three and booked for another hour on Thursday. Back to Hotel and dinner on Roof. -Another dance on roof tonight, so after dinner

minglo with the dancers. Again very crowded and good dancers. Wherever we sit the Cubans always speak to us - they are very friendly people - and tonight was no exception. One of the boys noticed us all watching him and afterwards asked the inevitable question, were we American? He was interested when we said French and English; he asked if we liked dancing and Pierre said, would he dance with me. He politely said: "Yas." We danced and, of course, I followed everything. He excitedly shouted to his friends, that I danced better than many Cubans. I was, of course, delighted. Feeling tired we left and went to bar for drink, there the barman asked many questions of England. It is now 1 a.m. and the dance is still in progress, as my bedroom is on the Fifth floor and roof Sixth you can imagine I can hear plainly; but I don't mind, they are playing the music I love more and more.

2nd January, 1952. Wednesday. Get up late, go for coffee, in fact two coffees, leave Pierre, catch V4 bus and go to La Concha - the beach - Have sandwich first at cafe and am amused because the owner of cafe charges Jimmy and me exactly the same for the two as we had paid the day before for three, having the same things. Everybody thinks we are American and full of dollars. Go to beach, weather glorious, Jimmy swims. I do not because I had a slight sore throat - just sit and sunbathe. Jimmy has race with one of the Cuban swimming and diving champions, he acquits himself very well. Catch bus back (it is about half an hour's ride from Havana). Meet Pierre and have drinks. Then to dinner at the Oriental where we meet French boy on vacation from Harvard University. He tells us he is staying at very expensive Hotel so we recommend him ours. He comes back with us - we stop for drink on way - and are pleased they will have a room vacant next day. Leave him and go to "Academia". We are getting well-known there and have made many friends. Jimmy and Pierre danced with excellent

taxi girl and I danced with Cuban boy whom I had been introduced to the night before. He now goes to Town with me and we had little crowd gather - Not bad for the English!!! Pierre is also admired by many of the patrons. Really getting hang of Mambo and love it - Leave 2 a.m. have milk on way and bed 3 a.m.

3rd JanJacy, 1952 Thursday. Up 11 a.m. Woken by management and -told no coffee, all waiters in Havana on strike. We of course expected all Restaurants closed but were open, as, of course, you can imagine. We found places to eat. Had banana omelette, peaches and Bacardi. Went to change Travellers' cheques and buy records. Bought four at 1.40 (about 11/- each), but marvellous bands. Then got return bookings to Miami, booked on a Convair. Had tea, went to Pepe Rivero for lesson, got more good steps, he is very nice, but a little conceited. Had dinner, then back to Hotel and 11 o'clock to Academia but unfortunately found it was closed - owing to the strike - so ~~SIX~~ we will have an early night but by the time we had walked back looking in all the shops and had hot chocolate in cafe, it was 12.30 a.m. on arrival at Hotel.

4th January, 1952. Friday, Called at 7.30 a.m. when cw brings coffee con leche (coffee with milk) and it a very good thing he did because otherwise I could not have dragged myself out of bed. We had decided to visit the famous Varadero Beach, one hundred miles away and our bus went at 9.30 a.m. at bus terminal. Leave Hotel 8.45 a.m. engage taxi first asking the fare - 70 cents (5/-). Get to bus terminal, a grand building with huge cafe, well-appointed large waiting rooms, and shops of every description and, of course, the inevitable shoeshine boys (how these boys polish. I've never seen Jimmy or Pierre with such highly-polished shoes as they have here.

It is so reasonable - usually 10 cents (9d) and they are at every street corner). The Bus starts at 9.30 a.m.

For about fifty miles the scenery is very uninteresting. So flat and absolutely no cultivation. In fact if it wasn't for the tropical weather it could be described as bleak. A few miles out of Havana we join the only big main road. It runs completely through Cuba, six hundred miles and ends at Santiago. We are on this road for a hundred miles. It is rather narrow but a good surface. After about fifty miles, we reach the town of Matanzas, and we are told we can disembark for five minutes. As soon as we get off the bus we are surrounded by vendors of all descriptions selling shoes, sandwiches, cakes etc., and the usual small boys tapping us on the arm asking for a nickel. In fact I am beginning to get tired of this. Do you remember a few years ago how "Give us a penny for the Guy" was exploited in England. This goes on all over Havana and is very irritating as they won't take no for an answer. Yesterday one cheeky-faced little boy asked us for a dollar! During the five minutes we dash into a cafe for coffee con leche, but it was almost undrinkable, there was so much salt in it. Jimmy after one sip pushed it away in disgust. The Cubans like a lot of sugar in coffee. We again board bus and are soon well on the way. Now the scenery improves and we pass mile after mile of sugar plantations all with their red-sanded road, lined with coconut trees leading, we presume, to the manager of the Plantation's house. We also see fields of pineapples and orchards of banana trees covered with bananas. I had just remarked to Pierre how few flowers except the poinsettias - a large red star-like flower - we saw in Cuba, but as we approached Varadero we saw houses with bougainvillea and another similar flower, only bright red growing in huge clusters. We arrive at 1.15 p.m. and immediately make for the beach. This beach that surely must be one of the most beautiful in the world. The sand stretches

in almost a straight line for five miles. It is silver **and** very fine. The sea was a beautiful deep blue in colour\_m parts, and in other places pale green. White waves were breaking on the shore. The whol scene was really beautiful. Jimmy suddenly realises he pas no sw:im trtmks with him. So we decide that I go in first and then he will try to squash himself in my white lastex .suit. Facing the sea about **every** hundred yards are lovely-Spanish-style houses.with large gardens ending.with a stone wall. I looked tip and -down, saw nobody, the house near me seemed to be deserted, .so decide to change by wall. Looking to my right I see a black face under a s brero, sitting on the wall with a front stalls view (he was the gardener of the house). I tried to st e him out of countenance but, Oh no, he just sat and smoked; so I had to pick up all my belongings and go further away. I then had just struggled into my costume (in Cuba they wish you to wear a one-piece and that made it more difficult) when two of the native children appeared from nowhere thrusting souvenirs made with shells and shouting: "Fifty cents, forty cents." Subsequently we bought many of these they were so pretty. I managed to shoo them a-way and then couldn't understand why my costume pricked so. On investigation, fotmd dozens of burrs - much worse than those in England, stuck to my costume, through dropping it.on the grass which is at the edge of the sand. Then they got in my feet111 I was really hot and bothered - but oh, it was worth it. The sea was delightful, warm sea, very soft sandy sea bed and **:waves** breaking over me. I did not go far out because Jimmy sa,id there might be sharks a.rid Pierre said "Perbaps". I couldn't see anybody bathing ao I thought 'discretion the better **part** of valour'. I came out and Jimmy then squeezes his big body in my costume. I.'11 tell you next time I wear it whether it-is ruined. We then **183** for half an hour **in** the sun and afterwards went for a yalk to find drink and \_fo9d. Spotted a cafe and had

Bacardis with Cnnadinn Dry and sandwiches. Piorre got chatty with the ownor, who complil!J.entod h:im on his Spanish - he is really fluent now. We then went back to tho beach until bu.. depnrtd 4.45 p.m. to Havana. It was, of course, dark nost of tho wny bnck, but I loved looking in the houses. All doors nre open Md like America they o.ll havo thoir lighted Christnas trees - they keep them till January 6th. Thero is usually also a soft light on the balconies where oany are sitting in their rocking chairs, (rocking chairs are in overy house and every hotel bedrocm in Havnna. In fact everywhere baca.uso they nre even on the beach at La Concha, not on tho sand but on a sort of nsphalt platform). In the towns ttle sl,ops wer.e brillian:tly lighted and full of stock, and all the cafes crowded with people. We reached Havana at 8.30 p.m. and go to cafe for a drink. I ask for tea and it was really good. Taxi to Hotel. Leave our things. Catch 28 bus .to Square, into Restaurant Oriental and have an excellent dinner. Walk back to Hotel, practise our steps, then I write diary and it is now 10 p.m. and I must go to sleep.

5th January, 1952. Saturday. Get up 10 a.m. as is such a beautiful dey - hotter then ever, suggest to .Jimmy he and I go to beach for 2 hours and eet Pierre 3.30 p.m. Bus rather crowded, (many of the new buses here are made by the Leyland Motors, England) and it talces us an hour to get to La Concha. Today they only charged us a dollar each (7/-). I suppose we are accepted as part of Cuba. now. The sea was very blue and calm and vecy h:stton sand. I immediately go in the sea and then sunbathe. We stayed for about one and a half hours, then had hot dog and coffee and bus back to Hotel and Pierre. Decide to do a little shopping. The cro'Wds at the shops were enormous and tho noise - a Cuban herself told me that Cuba is the noisiest City in the world, and of the Cities I have seen, I heartily agree with her - after half an hour we docide to give it up and went and had tea etc. We were told the reason

the shops are so crowded is because tomorrow is the Feast of the Three Kings, and children have presents of toys, like our children on Christmas Day. Also grown-ups give presents to one another, and as is usual - especially in Latin countries - everybody leaves present buying until the last minute, that is the reason for the crowds. Back to Hotel by Gua Gua (Wa Wa) to meet our new French friend. All went to dinner at Oriental. Decide to go to night club, near the Port. Walle down Obispo - a very long street - I!Blllylovely toys being sold on pavements. Get to club but although 10.35, it is not really open and upon inspection decide it looks a tourist joint and this being so we would be sure to be 'rooked! So wtead for a change! along to Havana Sports. Rather crowded. Met Pinchot. He is another American friend Pierre met on his last visit here. He is very tall and smart and dances the Cuban dances like a Cuban. I danced with him, also with one or two other Cubans. One very good, but just used me as his stooge, to do all his tricks. I don't like that. Stay till 2 o'clock then back to Hotel. Have coffee on way.

6th January, 1952. Sunday. Up 10 a.m.- Get out 12 o'clock, decide to film President's Palace. When we arrive we find thousands of people mostly coloured, queueing to enter the Palace. We don't know what it was about. Had lunch at Oriental - back to Hotel for Jimmy to reload camera, caught bus out of Town to visit Selba Club. Arrived 3.30 p.m. had been told that time of start of dancing. This club is in lovely surroundings. One covered dance floor (opened at sides of course), with band and bar - and one floor completely in open with band. All round are palms, coconut trees and tropical flowers, the chairs and tables are of many colours. When we arrived no patrons were present and we were informed it commenced 4 p.m. So had drinks and sat in shade.

4 p.m. passed. 4.30 and even 5 p.m., band sitting round talking and no customers. After 5 they began to trickle in. It was infuriating, here was an ideal place for a film in the open and nobody to film. **hiQ.** the band starts in the covered room, nobody dances, they play for about fifteen minutes then have a break. This lasts half an hour: other band strikes up on other floor, by now it is getting dark, still nobody dances. 6.30 first band play again and lights go up, dancing starts, very ordinary. Jimmy decides to shoot, truces about 30 ft. 6.45 p.m. another break, weather has changed and rather cold wind blowing. 1., second band play - an open dance floor - when joy, a marvellous couple take the floor. Jimmy gets camera ready and starts to film them, after a few feet click - camera stuck - and would you believe it, we had waited three and a half hours for this and then we are disappointed. Nothing for it but return to Hotel for Jimmy to examine camera. Have difficulty in getting bus - no taxis around - but eventually arrive back very hungry. Have dinner and once again there is a dance at San Luis - our Hotel - but it starts to rain and all the people wait in dining room where we are having dinner. Rain ceases and they troop on to open Roof where music and dancing commences. It is blowing a hurricane and rather cold but so keen are the people on Rumba that they still carry on - Jimmy discovers a small piece of cardboard lodged in his camera, is quite unable to understand how it got there - he decides to shoot the rest on the roof although the light is bad. Towards the end of the evening we meet a Cuban whom we had met at the New Year's Party of Pepe Llorenz; he is just an ordinary dancer. We get him to do a few steps with me just to show you back in England how the ordinary dancer dances. Have drink in downstairs bar with him and bed 2 a.m.

7th January, 1952. Monday. Coffee 10.30 a.m.  
12.30 p.m. banana milk shake - this is made with two fresh bananas and cream milk - it is delicious. We have

discovered a small cafe near Hotel where we only pay ten-cents for this delicious drink. 1 o'clock lunch Oriental. Afterwards wander round shops till 3.30 p.m. when we have appointment with Pepe Llorenz. Have lesson with ~~mm~~ also film him dancing with me. We were disappointed that his wife had gone to stay with her mother. 5 o'clock tea. 6 o'clock wait for but to take us to Pepe Rivera. Get on crowded bus, nearly reached our destination when Pierre realises he has had his pocket picked, his wallet with twenty-five of his precious dollars. It appears Jimmy felt a very light touch near his breast pocket where he had his wallet. He put his newspapers there in it might be a thief. He saw a coloured man in a panama hat near him with very long fingers but none of this had much significance at the time. Apparently realising that Jimmy was suspicious the thief moved to Pierre who was two yards further in the bus. Pierre felt a touch but there was such a crowd and he wasn't thinking about anything of that description. When this same man hurriedly left the bus, Pierre feels in his pocket, wallet gone. I am also sure he had a confederate, another coloured man. I felt very anxiously found me a seat, I expect I was in the way. Anyway, it had gone and nothing could be done. Went to Pepe and found his partner Susie with him. She is a marvellous dancer and I was able to see her do the ladies' steps of all the steps he has taught us. Stayed talking afterwards, left 8.30 p.m. Bus back to Hotel, and dinner. First practise steps we have been taught, then Academia 11 o'clock. Stay till nearly 2 a.m. Pierre and Jimmy dance with Emmelina and I watch. She has very good, style. Bed 3 a.m.

8th January, 1952. Tuesday. Out 12 o'clock. Sit for time on sea front, have chocolate milk shake. -Lunch 1 o'clock Oriental. Afterwards to Bank - change Travellers' cheques. Leave Pierre - he goes to Southern Music Company for Music, Jimmy and I stroll

about, look at shops. 3 o'clock, call at small cafe near Hotel for drinks, Bacardi and Coca...cola. Hear six or seven records from Juke Box. All Cuban music, of course, and all very up-to-date tunes. This cafe is also a shop and people were buying food. It was interesting to see .them, they.couldn't keep still, marking the Cuban rhythm and as the shop *is* open many people from the street put heads **m** to listen. \_ How they all love the music of their countryJ Bank to Hotel and 5 o'clock meet Pierre, he tells us that ser.{or Rodriguez .of the Southern Music Company has asked us to see and hear Sonora Matan Cera Band - the best band in Cuba - broadcast that evening at 7 o'clock. Mean'While we go to see Pinchot at his flat. A lovely flat with a large balcony overlooking the sea. 6.45 p.m. meet Se?I'or Rodriguez who introduces us -:cSenor Martinez the leader of Sonora Matan Cera Band . What a band - I can truthfully say that never has a band thrilled mo in the manner that this band did. What a riot they would be if they cwne to JtEurope Ten men and with them one of Cuba's famous lady singers - Celia Cruz. •The room was small and tho band loud, as a rule I hato loud music, but the rhythm of this band is so marvellous that it couldn't be too loud for me. We stayed for the next broadcast - another well-lmown band - but it was an anti-climax. Good as this band was they seem like beginners compared with Sonora Matan Cera. Afterwards dinner, then a stroll through the **Arcades**, bought a few souvenirs and then went to the Academia earlier this time, 10 o'clock, where we stayed till 1 o'clock. Jinl:ey"and Pierre dancing with :Emel:ima. and another girl, Marta. I watching a good part of the time; I learn so much from watching these girls, I know well the basic work but it is now the frills I want. All day we have been watching for \_pick-pockets, we think everybody we see is one and we \_have gone to elaborate precautions to protect our money. In fact when we arrived at the Bank to change

our cheques Pierre had hidden his so thoro that  
for sometime he couldn't find it. Jimmy practises  
picking my pocket to see if I feel anything .•  
To bed 2 a.m.

9th January:, 195?.. Wednesday. Awake 9 30.  
Beautiful day with cloudless sky. Jimmy and I go to  
the Beach. Sun warm. Whilst in sea a man insists  
on speaking to me {and its quite difficult if I make  
up my mind I don't want to taJk). As usual asks all  
sorts of questions. Got out of me why I was here.  
Said: 'How strange, I come from Milwaukee and-I teach  
square dancing and.am chief caller there sometimes to  
1,000.people." His attitude.suggested ,his dancing ..  
Yas much more important than mine. Reluctantly left.  
Beach. 2 o'clock had snack. Arriyed back Hotel\_3,.30 p.m.  
Met Pierre who had been buying records - we now ha:v:e 11 .-  
and waited for Pinchot to come. He arrived soon after.  
3.30 \_p.m., went to roof and Jimmy filmed hiin <i cing  
with me. He is an amateur but a very stylish one and  
although I had only danced with him\_once before - and..  
we were only dancing to the beat of the claves which.  
Pierre was play:ing, our steps fitted perfectly as I  
hope you will see in the film. 4 o'clock went for  
more records - now have 14 - Tea and off to Pepe Rivera  
for lesson. He is really a very good teacher d the  
more I know him the more I admire him, both his dancing  
and teaching. Back to Hotel to try steps. 9 o '9lock  
dinner at Oriental then off to Academia. Disappointed  
Emmelina was not there. Pierre danced with another  
girl - .quite good. We stayed till 12 o'clock. I think  
you would be surprised to see how many elderly men  
dance at the AcadeIJia, practically without exception  
all and stylish. Back to Hotel, have drinks  
on way. Bed 2 o'clock.

10th January, 1952. Thursday. Get out 10.30 a.m. Go immediately to the Port to fetch our return tickets which were confiscated on our entry into Cuba. It is a boiling hot day. Have taxi to Bank to change more Travellers' cheques. Lunch at Woolworth's. Don't imagine it is like our cafeterias. The place is very modern and food not cheap. In fact for quite a light meal it cost about a dollar (7/-) each. Do a little shopping, then back to Hotel to fill! Pepe Rivera and his partner Susie on the Roof, Pierre again playing the sticks. He went through all the steps he has taught us. They dance with very good style. All have drink in Bar and then to "Airways" to confirm bookings of planes. ~~2.22~~ call at flat of Pepe Llorell to say au revoir. Back to Hotel for short rest. Dinner 9 o'clock and Pierre is so excitedly talking of the dances we have seen that he absentmindedly blows his nose in his serviette. 10 o'clock. Walking to Academia when meet two boys, two of our friends we have made here - we seem already to be well-known in Havana. The boys took us for drinks and whilst in the cafe, three coloured men - just street musicians - played Rumbas. They were as good as a first-class band. They played to us, so we had to tip them. It was well worth it. On to Academia. Dance with Pepe Rivera and Pinchot. Pinchot really wants to town with me. He saw Jimmy dance for the first time, and said how very well he danced the Cuban dances. He went on to say: "I didn't know you could dance at all, you are so damn modest about it.. How much better to be like that! Pierre danced a lot with Eimolina, - how he is improving. The girls really like dancing with him, that is a compliment, they are a very choosy lot. Stayed till 2 o'clock. Bed nearly 3 a.m.

11th January, 1952. Friday. Up 10 o'clock. Weather rather dull and from my bedroom window sea very rough, coming ever promenade into road. 11 o'clock decide not to go to beach as weather is stormy. Stay

paid. ng. 12 mid-da..y. Go to ou; little cafe for coffee.  
**CLIMMY** and Pierre but a gu,'Yaboro.--thD.t is a cross  
 between a shirt nnd a coat mnde of cotton and worn by  
 most eubanmcn. 1 o'clock Lunch - Lobster etc. 2 till.  
 3.30 p.m. Shopping. Back to Hotel finish pa.eking.-  
 5 o'clock Taxi to Air Tc:noinua to chock luggage.  
 5.30 -p.m. •Leave Pierre who is. meeting Mr. Rodri8uez  
 for d:imier. 6 o'clock Dinnor. },30 p.m. Boa.rd bus for  
 airport. The bus drives along the sen front and fNer.,  
 now and again oosoados of water crone over on to the road  
 and the spray through windows. JiI,m,y and I are vecy sad  
 to be leaving. I don't know wother it is because we  
 know it must be long before returning. It is certain it  
 is also because we have got to like tho countr., and its  
 people. Good-bye Cuba.

8.30 p.m. •Arrive Airport. 8.40 p.m. Weather **very wnnn**  
 although still 'Windy. It is strange to be wearing, a hat  
 again and n wann coat. 9 o'clock. Board plmle on first  
 stage of journey home. 9.5p.m. Engines revving.#  
 9.10 p.m. We've started. 9.11 p.m. We're airborne,  
 passing aver Havana tak:ing our last look at the City  
 which wo have, in such a short time, grown to be so fond  
 of. 9.20 p.m. Loft Cuba and over Gulf of Mexico.  
 9.40 p,m, OrA.nge juice brought round by stewardess.  
 10.'5 p.m. R-nther rough flying through thick clouds.  
 10.10.p.ra. Jimmy eights land, not sorry, like being on  
 rough sea. Wo nre ovor Koy West. 10.20 p.m. still rough.  
 10,25 p.a. OOl!dng down. Stownrdesa:s;J3s will land in  
 5 minutes. Beautitul view of Miami - streets an4 streets  
 of coloured lights. •10,30 p.m, Wo have a bumpy landing.  
 10.40 p,m, Wniting at custans. Customs official tells  
 :ce I am liable for tax on things I pave bought. A blow -  
 I expected this in England t not Amorica. He sees I  
 nm surprised and consults nnothdr official, evidently  
 his superior who is deo.ling -with Jimmy, and to rrzyrelief  
 he says he will let mo through without tax. We-get

taxi and arrive, out our friends the Agrariontes once more. We have so much to tell them and as he is pure Cuban he is very pleased we liked his country so much. And so to bed.

12th January, 1952. Saturday. Arise about 10 a.m., have breakfast and then into Miami. We walked along sort of promenade - not very pretty, except for the coconut trees and palms it could be Brighton front. Many boats going for trips to Miami Beach and fishing, all giving us pointers and vying with one another to get us on their trips. We were not interested. Along this promenade there are many pigeons and a boy showed Jimmy how, by putting its head beneath its wing, you could send the pigeon to sleep. This Jimmy was able to do. We bought some peanuts and soon we were all covered, head, hands, arms etc., with pigeons. Back to the Town for lunch. Then some shopping, back to our friends' house. Dinner then dancing. I taught Mr. and Mrs. Agrarionte some steps I had learnt in Cuba. So interested were we that it was 1 o'clock before we went to bed.

13th January, 1952. Sunday. Up 10 o'clock, do nothing much. Pierre arrives 1.30 p.m. Almost the first thing he said was "What do you think they thought we were at the San Luis Hotel?" that was our Hotel in Cuba. We, of course, didn't know. He said let Circus performers. We have been tinkering for many things but never anything so extraordinary before. If they only knew how scared I am at the top of the Eiffel Tower or the Empire State Building they would know I couldn't walk or balance on a racing horse. Or perhaps they thought we were an indigent and I was thrown from Pierre to Jerry, or perhaps that Jimmy and Pierre were the elves: We had lunch then Jimmy filmed the Agrariontes dancing on their porch. More dancing than dinner, and for some time more dancing. 12 o'clock, bed.

14th January, 1952. Monday. Up 10 a.m.  
Breakfast, out 12 o'clock. Bus to Minni, then change  
into other bus for Miarl Beach. For those that don't  
know - as I did not know before I came to Miru:rl. - much  
of the part which forms Miarli beach is reclaimed land, •  
it is practically surrounded by water and many canals  
criss cross through it. Much fishing and boating  
takes place on the canals. It takes half an hour to arrive  
where the beaches and luxury Hotels are, and what  
Hotels, all with air conditioning and private  
swimming pools, and beaches. They are mostly nine-storey  
skyscrapers and many of the house millionaires, but for  
all that, I did not fall for the place, and if I had the  
chance to stay in such a Hotel it would not be Miarl  
Beach. Our friends know the Maruigonent of one of these  
Hotels "The Sorrento", and we went through to their  
swimming pool. There was a notice 1.20 (about 9/-)  
for guests wishing to swim, Jinny and I paid the  
money and asked where our cabin was. The attendant  
• was very sweet but said that was only for swimming,  
it was seven more dollars for a cabin. £2.9.0.  
She saw I looked horrified and I explained that I  
was en-route to England and just wished to swim in  
Miani, she softened and said, "Wait a minute", she  
came back and said we could change in one of the  
cabins free. Some cabins - two changing rooms,  
another small room with large mirror, drinking water  
And glasses and two chaise longues. It was very kind  
of them, not so much for the saving of the money,  
but it was a gesture because we were English. It was  
delightful in the pool, rather cold, but very buoyant.  
Afterwards we sat in the sun for half an hour. Then  
chilled and as in most streets in Miani, which are  
one way, we had to go along a different road from  
the one we had arrived by, to catch a bus. This road  
was rather attractive, on one side a very wide canal  
with lovely houses on the further bank, all with  
laillachos uored outside. On the other side small  
O:-

Hotels and scncllow these wore prettier thnn tho fnnous ones. They wore lower and had more balconies, but they also had swimming pools, nany wo could see frof.1the road. When you soo thoso hundreds of Hotels, one roalises tho money in A.T.Jerica. Tho strange thing is, beach clothes arc behind tho tines, ond nuny wonon wore Jonns, which I ny\$elf <liscartled last year. In fact I rJyself have nuch snnrter beachwear than I saw in Miani. I was wi: 1.ringtho new tight slacks, and a nan in tho-Sorrento filnod 110, they have not roached Minni yet. Minni 5 o'clock, npre shopping. Back to our friends. Dinner at a.30 p.n. We pack. Taxi cnlls for us and we nre on tho second st.ogo of our journey to Englnd.

11 p.n. Arrive ni.rport. 11.30 p.n. Announce-  
nnt, plmle to dopnrt one hour late. 12 rldnirdlt. Have  
drink, all vory hot owing to thick clothes and ouch  
hnnd luggngo. 12.45 n.n. Board plane. 12.50 a.n. Told  
plnne will fly 7,000 ft., and arrive in New York 6.45 a.n.  
1 o'clock. Plane warns up. 1.2 a.n. plane taxis to  
position. 1.5 a.n. We're off. We•ro airborne. 1.45 a.n.  
Pierre soys we arc 7,000 ft. up. Lights ure lowerad  
and people try to sleep.

•S.50 a.n. Lights up, tolcl to fnsten Our bolts  
and we begin to corlo clown. Tho journey has boon fairly  
snooth. I have not slept, I always find it difficult  
to sloop in a soat, however confortabl. 6 n.n. Pierre  
is chcking tho altitu<lo. lflonro now 3,000 ft. Tho um  
sitting in front of us ws tho only one not to have.his  
light out, ho wns asked once to put it out but .within  
half n.11. hour it was on again. It was shining right in  
tho faces of Pierro and nysolf, so Pierre lonns over his  
sent and requests it dut, tho nan answers he is readi.ng  
and Piorre in a vo-ry sarcastic voice sn.id,. "Oh, you  
aro loaming that po.go by hoort, you have been rea.dine

- the same page for half an hour," which was quite true. He put it out in a few minutes. 6.5 a.m. 'Wheels lowered, the plane is not pressurized therefore it usually affects my ears and at the moment I am quite deaf. 6.10 a.m. We're landed, at Newark Aerodrome, New York City. I find out afterwards that we came in 'With a thick fog - I wondered why we were coming down and then suddenly straightened, then landed almost immediately. Reached Hotel at 7.45 a.m. Very tired, enquire my room available. Dump our luggage and out for breakfast, eggs, bacon and coffee. Come back to Hotel and sleep until 2 p.m. Bath and go to lunch at Hectors. Do some shopping for nylons etc. Found to our annoyance
- all nylon stockings and men's socks, higher priced than before Christmas. Go to Pan American Airways to see if we can change return to London, from Thursday to Friday. Find it is impossible. Back to Hotel have Boarding and Canadian Dry, and try to imagine we are back in lovely Cuba. The weather here is very mild and rather damp. Have small dinner Jimmy very aggrieved no peaches (tinned) in New York at the moment, at any rate not where we have been. Film Times Square and Broadway lights in colour, hope it is successful. 10 o'clock to Roseland, where we compare Mambo with that danced in Cuba and although basically the same dance, much too exaggerated in New York City and arms used far too much.
  - The Cubans have much more style. Learn more steps of Peabody. 12 o'clock midnight, tired and go back to Hotel. Fresh orange juice on the way.

16th January, 1952. Wednesday Up 9.30 out 11 o'clock. Go to Bank of New York to change Travellers' cheques. Walk along Fifth Avenue and purchase a few things. Find that many things we saw and liked in shops before Christmas had been sold and not repeated. Had lunch at Kelloggs. This

is o.rostaurent. owned by tho Kelloggs finl of Cereals.  
Exoellont lunch for about 1.50 (10/-). nck to Hotel  
to loo.d.-conoro..

3.30 p.n. Go to Arthur Murray's Schqol, to  
filnu a few of their couplos. Got grnd -welcoco fron  
all the tGachcrs and Mr. nnd Mrs. Norrmn, who had arranged  
special spot lights. I repeat how kind we found Mr. and  
Mrs. Nomml; and I hope on thoir next visit to Englnd,  
that we have tho opportunity of returning their  
hospitru.ity. We filnod anong others - thoir chiuf  
assistant at the Fifth Avenue School, dancing with that  
lovely dancer Miss Shannon. Also tho son-in-law of  
the Nornans with n partner dnncing MBubo. We loft  
the School nt .5 o'clock. Taxi to Ginbels, whore I  
bought nore nylons .o.n then on to tho Rockofellor  
Centre, to noet Mr. Nomn.n. We took a lift to the  
65th floor, a mnttor of seconds and suddonly wero .tnms-  
ported into a sort of droaru.and. The fauous Rainbow  
Room. It is a largo circular roon, beautifully lit  
and tho sides completely glnss windows. You cnn inagino\_  
the wonderful view of Now York City frcu all s:ides.  
Although it was dark there nre so oany lights in-New  
York that you could pick out evocy street mnd building.  
I an afraid it is beyond description. Buildings three  
and fo nilos awa:y were absolutely clear. We sat o.t a  
table by one of tho hugo windows and hrui a farewell  
drink with Mr. Norrm.. Left 7 p.n., n.swe -waited for  
the elevator we could hear tho wind howling round the  
building. Back to Hotel where we hnd an orgy of  
Bacardi and Co.nadinm Dry. We have each a bottle  
but as you doubtloos lmow it is not possible to bring  
full bottles through Custons. 9 o'clock dilmor, again  
at Kolloggs. I had roast boof and tho neat conplotoly  
covered ny plate. At all tho ooals I have hnd in New  
York I au given .much too ln.rge a portion. Stroll  
round Broo.dwny - 11.30 p.n. Go to well-lmown nightclub,

HavSlla Madrid Greeted in Spanish, seemed like being back in Cuba. The club is rather like any other night-club, only rather colourful pictures of Spanish type, round the walls. Quite a good Rumba band and we must congratulate Arthur Murray on what he has done for dancing in America. Eighty-five per cent of the dancers danced the style he teaches; 1. Quite elderly men looking very dignified wore dancing the back and forwards-basi steps, with a few simple variations, a routine which we recognised as Arthur 'Murray's'. The old box step was non-existent. There was an average cabaret. Departed 1.30 a.m. 2.30 a.m. Bed.

17th January, 1952. Thursday. Up 10 a.m. Pack and go to Aifva.ys Terminal - 1 p.m. Check baggage and go and have light lunch. Board coach 2.30 p.m. start on our final journey back to England. I depart with mixed feelings. Sorry to leave in some ways, but glad as I always am, after visiting another Country, to get back to England, and the Studio, especially this time with so much to tell and teach. 3.15 p.m. Reach La Guardia Airport. 3.30 p.m. Told that plane will leave - one and a half hours late - that is 5 p.m. Go to cafe and have coffee and cake. 5.30 p.m. Another announcement, still further delay, and we are to proceed to the restaurant where dinner at the expense of Pan American will be served. Very good dinner costing P.A.A. 3.50 each. Cocktail, salad, huge portion beef and veg, mmdao (two) coffee and Liqueur. 7 p.m. Told to board plane. Flight 100 a Boeing "President", no lights, everybody fumbling in darkness, but all very good natured, half an hour to get lights working. 7.30 p.m. engines warming. 7.40 p.m. We're off. 7.41 We're airborne, on route for Boston first stop. 8 o'clock. Weather a little rough, not flying very high. 8.20 p.m. bogging to go down. 8.25 p.m. Weather very , going from side to side. 8.30 p.m. Landed, Logan Airport, Boston.

Such a narvellous landing, that I was busy writing mid did not lmow we hnd lruided. Pilot mm.ounces 35 ninuto\$ in Boston. Just wander around tho Airport. 9. p.n. Bnck to pL.me. 9.10 p.n. Engines warĎn:.. The service on this plnne is not as good as an our journey out, perhaps its because we paid £4 suppler-lent nnd it was cnll.od the "Prosidnt Special." 9.12 p.n. Taxi-ing for position. 9.15 p.n. Eng:i:nes revving. 9.20. Pilot reports he will givo it to us straight froo tho shoulder that there is Bagneto trouble nnd wo are going back to tho nirpo . Just as we nre nll confortably instnlled. Passengers are getting A. little irate as four hours ln.te leaving, and now what? Anyway it is better than leaving in faulty plnne to fly ovor Atlc"ltltic. 10.45 p.n. Back to plnne, having been sitting in Airport lounge, whore they grwE3 us coffee and cakes. The nagneto, we hope, is nended and once again we are all confortably settled. The pilot romounces that we should roach Ga.ndor in three hours and a quarter and we will fly 15,000 ft. Gander is 1,000 rrl.ies. 10.50 p.n. Taxi-ing for position, passing plenty of snow. 10.52 p.11. Engine revving, we nU keep our fingers cross.oo. 11 p.n. We're off, we're airbvrna, and clinbing very high. 12 o'clock rridnight, now flying 15,000 ft. This plnne is pressurized at 3,000 ft.

1.50 a.n. BoBinnine to cone down, cnn't sleep although very confortable. When travelling at great height, tho enB1,nes just seea to pUIT. It soens that all boing well we.wil.l land an t:ino at Gandor. The night is beautiful, .but I expect Y.2a. cold. 2 a.n. Very buapy, passing through clouds, as we descend every now and ago.in wo eot the sensation of going clown in a :fast lift. 2.5 a.n. Stoward says wo land in ton ninutes, ho advisos us to stcy in plnne ns woathor\_is 12 degrees below froczing. 2.10 n.n. We fasten our belts, n snold.ne. 2.12 a.n. Undercnrringe down. 2.15 n.n. landed, with a roar and .abunp. Decided to land. Very cold and n biting wind. Ground so icy that sand ws down to walk to .airport. Given tickets

to obtain coffee or tea and a renll3 love]3 turkey sandwich, Bought a pnper-weight in the form of a baby aol. Pierre and I pooled our last two dollars to purchase it. 3 a.o. Book t;oplM.e. 3-10 a..I:1. Pilot announces we **are** due at Shannon Airport in seven hours and will again fly at 15,000 ft., he added, breakfast will be served on aircraft. 3.15 a.n. engines revving and :ti.xi-ing for position. Pierre sits with his compass in his hA.nd. 3.25 a.n. We 'ro off, we •re airborne, mnd. climb:ing high. ta. out and we all try to sleep. •The sun rose at:5.30 Now York City time, a most beautiful sunrise. I slept for !'think about two hours, StewardQsS brings breakfast round at 7 a n. Han rind eggs, rolls mnd butter.,. coffoo and ta,nto juice. It is now very clourly, ev'on though we f4'" o high it is amazing, when you look out and see the clouds, how the pilot keeps such a straight course; well, it isn't anazing, I suppose, n.s it is done by the uae of inatruments and radar, 9.15 a.n. Pilot announces we should land in ten or twelve ninutos. One hour at Shamlon Airport, where lunch will be served. Tanperature 40 degrees. 9.50 a.n. Beautiful view of coast of Ireland. Over Atlantic we travelled 2!fil:300 nilaa per hour. One littlo boy coning to Englnd to school is not feeling too good. He's travel.ing alone. Circled round airfield twico, ovor :runway. **Wo'ro** do\tlll. 10 a..n. Shannon Airport, Ireland. To land it seems that we only niss the swoops by a few yards, that of course cannot be so, but I an sure the pilots have littlo oargin. 11.15 a.n. Back to plane after very good lmich, crab cocktail, soup, stoak and vegetables, mmdaea, choose, with Manhattan cocktail, Rod Wino and Gaolic Coffoo. Yos! After n.11 I said, I couldn't rosisit the Gaelic Coffoo, but only one- this tine. An American Padro eat with us at lunch, .: he was o.nost RDUSing character. Very travelled. • and spokio Dc'U\Y'languages. He liked to laugh at his

own jokes, but it was so infotious, that we laughed with  
 bin. 11.17 a.n. Pilot ~~fill~~ Otmees arrival in London, approx.  
 1 hour 35 minutes. 11.18 a.n. Revving ong:ines. 11.25 a.n.  
 We're off. 11.27 n,n. Wo-re airborne. Avo-ry auusi:ng  
 passenger speaking to Pierre in Spanish. He speaks  
 fluently in ten Langunges, and is mi. Indian, his DEDe is  
 Chief Big Wolf. 11.30 a.n. Flymg high over Ireland.  
 There seems to be snow on the high grounds, also plenty of  
 swaraps. 12.10 niddaY. Over Englnd. 12.20 p.n. We're  
 cooing down. 12.25 p,n. Passing over Bristol. 12.40 p.n.  
 Coning down. 12.59. Nearly down, coning rapiclly. Owing  
 to tho change in tine we have only bad six hours deylight.  
 12.55 p,n. Very windy - plane swaying ond again. circling  
 Airport - two or three times - very windy. 1.5 p.n.,  
 We're lnded. 10,000 rules canpleted safely. Thnnk God.

1.5 p.n. New York Tina.

6.5. p.n. G.M.T.

## Impressions of New York City

1. The men are all rather big and tall. It is unusual to see a man without a hat (or a woman). This may be owing to the extreme cold. Women never wear boots, always high heeled-shoes, no matter the weather.
2. The wonderful Christmas decorations not only in and outside the shops but in the streets throughout.
3. The casualness of the shopkeepers, waiters and hotel staff/
4. The lovely Churches, and St. Patrick's Cathedral in Fifth Avenue sandwiched in between skyscrapers.
5. The taxis are not only on Broadway but every Avenue, these must be seen to be believed;
6. How easy it is to know your way with Fifth Avenue running through like the backbone of a fish and the roads running out from this bone east and west, always knowing the distance you have to go. Ten blocks represents half a mile.
7. The congestion of traffic in the centre of the City is very great, but it is interesting to see large taxis of every conceivable colour and colours. The fares are about the same as in England, but they are sometimes difficult to obtain.

- a. In all Hotel bedrooms there is a bible
9. nie thick china used in most cafes, much thicker and heavier than ours.
10. The post boxes for letters and cards. You have to understand them to know how to post a letter.

## Impressions of Cuba

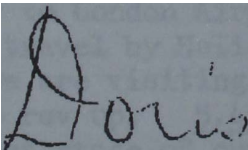
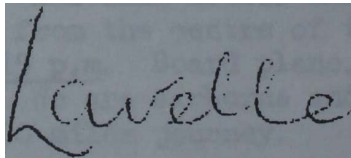
1. The terrible pallements, huge pot holes everywhere. The friendliness of all the people. The cleanliness here, everybody, no matter how poor, in spotless clothes. When in the buses which are usually packed and including many coloured people, there is no odour of any kind and when you realise it is usually 85 degrees, I think it is amazing.
2. The plumpness of the girls, even young girls, not only behind but in front.
3. Never see hairdressing of styles which we associate with La. in countries, just amply dressed and never side whiskers on men.
4. A very handsome race, good looking men, many pretty girls. Good looks about eight out of ten.
5. I am very pleased to see in this country equality of black and white. The coloured people here seem happy and contented and although it is not usual to see a white man and coloured woman or the other way round, they all appear to mix well, and talk with one another. I have lost my heart, to the tiny piccaninnies and would like to take one back with me they have such sweet innocent solemn faces.
6. The wonderful tropical sunsets. One side of the sky gives the impression of a storm, although there are no clouds, a sort of purple colour, the other side beautiful pink and yellow lights, it is quite awe-inspiring.
7. The very narrow streets, never wide enough to walk three abreast, and sometimes only wide enough for single file.

8. The noise is terrific and the buses and cars. 'Whizz by\_ We never speal in an undert e, alWcWS shout. •
9. Girls don't go as much to hairdressers, for hair do's as in England, but who can afford it have ma.nicuros, before a special holiday, you can see them sitting in rows being manicured, it is a strange sight

FLYING DOWN TO RIO  
(and bac via. Cuba and U.S.A.)

This is the diary **ot** PIERRE and LAVELLE  
and JALJES .ARNELL (the camera man) in  
their voyage of discovery (dancing)

- BY -

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Doris".A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Lavelle".A small, handwritten signature or mark in cursive script.

Flying down to Rio  
(and back via Cuba and U.S.A.)

16th December 1953.

7.50 a.m. Awakened by electric teasmade, jump out of bed. and hastily open blinds and am delighted to see the fog has disappeared. The fog we were dreading might mean we would lose the plane tomorrow in Paris taking us to Rio.  
9.30 a.m. Say "Au revoir" to our two dogs, Quinto and Gussie, who look as if the bottom has dropped out of their little world, when they realise we are leaving them in kennels, Quinto with Alsations and Gussie with other poodles. 11 a.m.. Have hair shampooed and set. • 1. p.m. Lunch at Sherrys, Hampstead, and I am sure we won't find any better food on our travels, certainly not better pastries. Bought four (2/- each) to take to French friends who think we in England starve and certainly never have a proper pastry. 2.15 p.m. Get taxi to take us, Jumny (who I will in future refer to as J) and myself to Waterloo Air Station. Fortunately we were not in a hurry as we trundled slowly along, reaching the air station at 2.55 p.m. Wait for Pierre (in future he will be P) •. He turns up at 3.30 p.m. Have luggage checked, go to bar for cup of tea etc., and board bus at 4.5 p.m. Such a slow journey to London Airport. How much better when - if ever - we can travel by Helicopter from the centre of the big city which we are visiting. 5.15 p.m. Board plane. 5.40 p.m. Engines rev up. 5.45 p.m. We are airborne and we start on the first stage of our 16,000 miles journey.

6.40 p.m. Over France. 6.50 p.m. Just finished meal of cold beef, chicken, salad, cheese roll and butter, egg mayonnaise and a very enjoyable pastry. Looked round at passengers, rather an ordinary crowd except a petite and very well dressed Eastern girl who was being photographed at London Airport. 6.55 p.m. We begin to descend P is looking at his barometer and he says: we have dropped 1,000 ft.

in a very short time. We are told to fasten our belts - by a very good looking French boy. Everything is a little muffled - and it is not the wine I have been drinking - but these planes are not pressurized. We are, by the way, on a D.C.4. and I was very interested to see that altho' we are on a plane that only goes between London and Paris, even so they have a separate room for 'Dames' and 'Messieurs' ... surely a gesture for the English who travel on their planes!!

7.0 p.m. We land. 7.15 p.m. Have gone thro' Customs and 7.30 p.m. which owing to the difference of time in France, here it is 8.30 p.m., board bus arriving Aerogare at 9.10 p.m. where P's sister Dadette is waiting for us. Owing to the fact we have thru tickets to Brazil all transport and hotels are arranged for us and what is better still - paid for by Air France. We are driven to the Hotel California - Champs Elysees, where they have booked us very excellent rooms. Three separate rooms bathrooms etc. and each with two beds. I very much amused the porter who escorted us to our rooms by saying, how nice the rooms were and everything he needed but where were the "belles filles"? He replied that it was easier to find a "belle-fille" in Paris than 100,000 francs. 9.30 p.m. We decided to eat our pastries and it was reluctantly admitted that they were very good. 9.40 p.m. We proceed to the Champs Elysees where we have drinks and ices and a long chat to P's Sister. The Cafe we chose is the Colisee, it being an unwritten law, that we never visit Paris without a drink at the Colisee. 11.30 p.m. Back to bed - very tired - but happy and looking forward to tomorrow.

17th December, 1953 8.30 a.m. Awakened with breakfast at 8.30 a.m. Another trip to Champs-Elysees, this time to get coffee. 10.30 a.m. Car calls at Hotel to take us to air station. Formalities completed and once again board bus, this time to Orly Airport. 11.25 a.m. There seems an air of excitement or perhaps it is me that is excited, anyway people get friendly and start to talk with one another. English is heard but I think only J and myself are English, quite a number of French, some Spanish, Swiss and of course many South Americans are in the coach. A Frenchman, wearing a beret and the inevitable scarf that

all Frenchmen seem to wear, got into conversation with us. He knew Rio well and we asked him many questions, including whether the bathing in Rio was very dangerous - as we had been told it was - he said "Sometimes" but then the red flag was out.. He also said that life guards were posted a few hundred yards apart all along beaches but that they never warned anybody but waited for them to go down the third time, saved their lives and were awarded 100 cruzeiros (about £1). • 12.5 ~~pm~~ <sup>1/2</sup> Arrive Orly Airport. 'Then going thro' customs - fortunately P spots that my suitcase had lost label marking it to Rio. What a tragedy to arrive without luggage! 12.15 p.m. Have drinks at bar, J "shoots" with cine camera of plane. The day is wonderful, just like Spring.

1. 0 p. Board plane, a Lockheed Super Constellation. It is very roomy with Cocktail Bar at end of plane. We make a dash to front of plane just beating a South American who was rather cross but he didn't stand much chance against our determination! Altho' this plane is not as large as the Stratocruiser we last travelled in to America, nevertheless it gives a feeling of space, wide gangways and seats placed far apart with two toilettes near the front of plane. The capacity is I think 50 passengers. 1.15 ~~pm~~ Engines warming up. 1.22 ~~pm~~ We take off. 1.23 p.m. We are airborne. 1.35 p.m. Hostess brings round menu, and what a menu - by the way J has just remarked "What a snappy looking hostess". The menu is in size about 12 inches by 8 and has the most lovely views of buildings in Paris. In fact J's and mine are already away and we will have them framed. They are etchings but very slightly and artistically coloured.

#### THE MENU

##### Dejeuner

Canape Assortis  
 Delices de Sole en Bellevue  
 Medaillon de Veau Vallee D'ang  
 Riz Pilaw  
 Coeurs de Laitues a la farisienne  
 Salad Flamande  
 Fromages Assortis  
 Petits Fours  
 Glace Mascotte  
 Fruits de Saison

Vins de France  
champagne

Aperitifs	Cinzano	--Dubonnet	- Cocktails
Liqueres		Cognac	

2.0.p.m. Our tables have been adjusted for us and we now sit and wait *for* our food. I am on the outside seat; so I report progress from kitchen and I have just reported "snappy" hostess coming with aperitifs. 2.2 p.m. I have Dubonnet also J<sub>I</sub> but P has Cinzano. 2. 7 p.m. P has just told me his barometer registers 23. atmospheric pressure which means that. We are now pressurized; we are fl about 7,000 ft. 2.12 p.m. Hors d'oeuvres has arrived including caviar also a bottle of Perrier Jouet Champagne. 2.15 p.m. J reports: we are over sea, so have just passed over Bordeaux.

2.25 p.m. Very good gold Dover Sole with mayonruose. 2.30 p.m. Rather bumpy, evidently weather not good over Atlantic: cannot see below, flying over bank of cloud. 3.0 p.m. We sight the Pyrenees Occidentales the distance. Have just consumed a huge plate of veal, DIW3hroonps, spinach and salad. The host brought more champagne, this time "Heidseick" and Pierre is definitely merry, and now comes fruit and casata, as P says we will certainly be ready *for* a sleety afterwords.. 3.5 p.m. And now a marvellous view of the Pyrenees. 3.13 p.m. Passed over Pyrenees so now over Spain. Have just refused cheese and petits fours, cannot eat another thing, coffee has arrived and P informs me we are now: flying 18,000 ft. high. 3.37 p.m. Just finished excellent coffee. Our meal has lasted practically from. Paris to Madrid. We are coming down and the notice is up not to smoke. There are three compartments to this plane and we are in one of the small ones with only eight seats, we were wise, several children are on the plane and I can hear one howling in the distance. 3.40 p.m. Brandy arrives. We share two small bottles between three and put the other in my bag. Our French acquaintance of the bus visits us and is jealous of our seats, he seems quite merry and says I must drink much more champagne tonight as he will. Not a bad idea. At least it will send me to sleep.

Very clear view of the earth, now scenery seems very wild, no habitation and on our right a wonderful sight of snow capped mountains called "The Sierras Nevada". (Not the mountains in South America). 3.50 p.m. We're coming down, fasten belts, Madrid in view. Just given P the rest of diary, must keep clear head to write diary. Land very well cultivated now. Just passed over an airport and later a main road with many cars. 3.53 p.m. Over Madrid and a Cemetery with thousands of graves and, of course, the inevitable cypress trees, also see very clearly a bull ring. 3.55 p.m. An excellent landing. The "snappy" hostess tells us "Une heure d'escale" (1 hour to stretch our legs).

5.0 p.m. Once again on board and engines warming up. Rather disappointed with Madrid Airport. It would be improved if they were to modernize it. Bought a few souvenirs, including flags to add to our collection. Then J asked "snappy" hostess if she would mind being filmed, she of course consented. Had Spanish 'cafe con leche' (coffee with milk) 5.5 p.m. Engines revving and "snappy" hostess announces next stop Dakar in eight hours, altitude 18,000 ft. She announces dinner will be served during flight. These announcements are made in French, English, Spanish, Portuguese and German. 5.10 p.m. Engines still revving, view from airport rather barren, dried up land and bleak hills in the distance. 5.17 p.m. We're off - We're airborne. Feel rather tired, so will try and have a snooze. 6.45 p.m. For the last hour and a half have relaxed. Our seats tilt very far back and an attachment is fitted for the feet making a seat almost like a bed.

7.0 p.m. Just left Portugal. We flew over the extreme southern end of Portugal to avoid bad weather, over the Straits of Gibraltar, and are now over the Atlantic and flying 18,000 ft. high. On our right the sun is just setting. 7.10 p.m. No smoking notice up and told to fasten seat belts, going through rather rough weather; it is not very pleasant. We are now skirting the coast of N.W. Africa and will soon pass Casablanca. Our friend of the coach came to visit us but as it was rather unpleasant standing he has gone back to his seat. He is very gay.

7.25 p.m. Unbuckle belts. 7.40 p.m. Buckle belts, more bad weather.. 7.45 p.m. Our "friend of the coach" has decided to join our section of the plane, that makes six of the eight seats occupied. 8.17 p.m. Weather still very rough, in fact J feeling "under the weather". P and I "never say die" and are now drinking an aperitif. The plane is rather noisy and I have a slight headache. 8.40 p.m. Weather a little calmer and J decides to try with food that has just arrived. Pate, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, Champagne 1st Course..

8.55 p.m. Passing by the Canary Islands which lie to the west of our route. We are supplied with very clear and complete maps of our journey. 9.5 p.m. 2nd Course - Casserole of Chicken and mixed fresh vegetables, really delicious, to follow was cheese, butter etc, then salad in wine, baba au rhum, and finally fresh fruit. We have all greedily taken a huge pear each, and none of us can eat them. 9.20 p.m. Weather calm. One of the pilots has just passed and tells us the rough weather was caused by a depression centred over the Straits of Gibraltar...It is interesting to note that P predicted one hour ago, that in about one hour we would be in the zone of tropical calms. He studies the climatic conditions, in various parts of the world, in book; written by his grandfather's - Zurcher and Margolle, written 75 years ago. 9.50 p.m. Our friend of the bus has entertained us for 15 minutes; he tells us that he does business at each airport we land, and usually drinks a whole bottle of wine during the transactions. 10.0 p.m. Lights out, and we try to sleep. Unfortunately, one man decides to do his office work and keeps both his lights on, which completely prevented me sleeping.

1.45 a.m. Dakar in sight and we are told to fasten belts and at 1.50 a.m. a rather bumpy landing. It is a strange sight when we alight, a team of coloured boys waiting to board plane to clean up. Flowers and tropical plants around us, and a very, very warm wind that is completely unrefreshing, especially as we are rather weary. We go to lounge where light refreshments await us, served by coloured boys in white shirts and a type of black skirt.

We could eat nothing, but all had a drink. Disappointed no pennants for sale, only the Arab merchandise, which you can obtain everywhere. We then sit in the open air but I feel I can hardly breathe. 3.15 a.m. Back to plane where a crew await us. 3.20 a.m. Engines revving. Two more planes have just arrived, one Air France and the second B.O.A.C. from England, an Argonaut. It is insufferably hot in the plane.

3.26 a.m. We're off. •We're airborne and now for the longest session, 12 hours no more stops until Rio "All being well". 3.30 a.m. All-lights out and everybody prepares to sleep.

December 18th, 1953. It is now 11.15 a.m. - By my watch the time is a little confusing because now the schedule of the plane is working by Brazilian time which • is 7.15 a.m. - Greenwich li.T. 10.15 a.m. Had a fairly good night but rough at times, suddenly dropped two or three times - once the worst ever - I was asleep, but awoke with a start and found myself clutching P's hand who was sitting by my side. He was so interested in checking his Grandfathers' book that he hardly slept all night. He woke us both later to see the wonderful sunrise, I am glad now but was not then; J filmed it but is afraid will not be good as he was half asleep and had I believe, not the correct lens. In the latter part of the night, we passed the equatorial zone (between 5 degrees of latitude north and south). This is how P's Grandfathers' books describe this zone: At this latitude the earth is circled by a ring of clouds which, if they were luminous would make the earth appear like Saturnus viewed from another planet. • In this part of the world it rains nearly every day. It constitutes one of the worst passages for sea-navigation. Under a heavy clouded sky the atmosphere is stifling and sailors experience an invincible feeling of lassitude, lightning is almost continuous in the sombre "dais" of cloud and continuous peels of thunder can be heard: The above was confirmed by P and I seeing the rather terrifying spectacle of many streaks of lightning sometimes lighting up the plane

and illuminating the mountainous -clouds above which ,re were flying. How interested P's Grandfathers would be if they had known their Grandson would one day put to test their scientific quotations? -..

• At 10.30 a.m. •Breakfast was handed around - not very good - some sort of patties a brioche and butter,, marmalade and tea or coffee. I made the mistake - as I was very thirsty - or having tea, it was terrible, so for my second cup, I had black coffee - very good ..Afterwards a "wash and brush up" and now just waiting for the time to pass - 2 1/2 hours, we hope, and then Rio. I look out of the windows and see nothing, but a dull grey sea, and much cloud around. 12.0 a.m. Still a little rough and very airless. All men now in shirt sleeves. J trying to sleep. 1.20 p.m. Just had a glass of champagne. P also, but J, Perrier water. The Hostess tells us we have caught up 30 minutes, so will only be 1/4 hour, instead of 3/4 hour late in Rio.

1 .m. Land at last - Brazil very desolate. Everybody to take photographs including J. We are skirting the coast because on our left we can still only see grey sea. •Unfortunately, the schedule of the plane is controlled by time, as in Rio, so now it is only 10 o'clock, that means that we do not get lunch on plane. J was "livi in a fool's paradise" he said. "Why do you drink champagne, when we will soon have lunch with champagne"? and I had to break the sad news that we would not be having lunch. On our left, we are also over land, and it looks very curious from the immense height we still fly, just like a leopard skin brown and fawn, with what looks like wonderful beaches all along the coast. 2.30 p.m. We're coming down altho' still well above clouds. 2.35 p.m. We must be below 7,000 now because we are not pressurized, my-bearing is muffled. It is also rather rough, as we are going thro' banks of cloud. The clouds appear to be in layers, we have now clouds above and below Fasten belts - no smoking up - Good view of earth, now, which is still very barren. 2.40 p.m. Going thro' second layer of cloud. 2.42 p.m. Now under clouds, earth still barren and very hilly and no houses visible but a few roads.

Hore clouds appeared, must be ver:y low cloud. 2.50 p.m. Rio in sight. We are over a large bay studded with small islands and ships. From the distance; Rio reminds me of the New York Sky Line, many sky scrapers with high black hills in the background. Many of the Islands ve red earth. 3.55 p.m. What a horrible feeling! We seem to be landing in the sea. 3.56 p.m. We've landed over 6,000 miles from London. 11.56 a.m. Brazilian time. Kept waiti..'l.gthe longest ten minutes of my life in an absolutely airless plane; whilst they sprayed l.mand ou.r belong l, s with a ver:y bad form of Flit. Everybody wa.s sneezing, I think the intention was to spray the plane but som how vre got it. We were told it was because son:ebody brou;ht a mn:iquito - an iiu'ected one I presume - from Dakar and it caused fever

We alighted and the vtea.ther was warm and hu.mid, but we were welJ prepared after our last 10 mi!i.utes in .the plane. Going thro' the Custo s did not take long as not many people were for Rio from our plane, mostly going to . Buenos Aires - The Officials were very terse - not what one expects from South Americans - but we have been told to expect this. The inspection of luggage took the longest, as they cannot work qujckly - the heat overcomes them occasionally and they must rest-- nevertheless they roughly handled our possessions and at last we vwere clear. We then realized we had no Brazilian money, we enquired and were directed to a rogue who gave us only 80 cruzeiros for one pound, and as later we got 1\$0, nothing more need be said. At least 5 porters seized our luggage, carried it 15 yards to a taxi and then demanded the equivalent of five shillings. We then had a long taxi drive thro' rather nondescript Avenues and finally landed at the Presidente Hotel - one which we -had had recommended in London and the taxi driver told us probably had rooms. All the others we mentioned he said were full. Tourists come from all parts of Brazil for Xmas and the New Year.

1.0 p.m. We have got a suite of rooms with a bath-room and loi.mge hall all for about £3 for the three of us. This was most unexpected as we had always heard how expen- • sive Rio was. The rooms are ver:y well furnished. It is

rather noisy - altho' we are on the 9th floor, but if you could see Rio teeming with cars, buses, trains, taxis and thousands of people you would not be surprised.

1.30 p.m. - From now Brazilian time. After unpacking and changing we sally forth to lunch—~~1~~? and J left it to me to find a restaurant. I usually am lucky. I look down a side street - a sign restaurant - I look inside - nice people - decide to go in. We had a wonderful lunch; on the menu a dish was named which we know is very popular in Brazil. It is prawns with vegetable and a lovely-sauce, hot with red pepper. •-This we chose and had it with rice. The dish is named Came.roes a Caiana (cooked in the Bahia fashion). Afterwards the waiter said it was usual to have soup filled with a sort of macaroni and vegetables, but we refused and had banana -fritters, these were made with the very small bananas and just fried brown in a lovely sort of fat. With these dishes we had two bottles of beer and then three coffees, and the whole meal with tip was less tnazi 30/-. We then went to a Bank and changed some cheques, afterwards strolling along some of the DBin streets.

The famous Avenida Rio Bianco rather reminds me of the Cannebeire in Marseilles. Not only the wide street with similar buildings but the mixed types of people. lly general impression though, is that I feel I am in a dream and have been transported to another world. In the streets the people are 7 coloured or partly, the pavements badly ne 9;-repair, they are also very narrow. Mainly the people walking look working class, the others are in cars of numerous makes, many English. I have not yet seen really poor people, everybody seems respectably dressed and well fed.

I am, owing to the heat and I suppose lack of sleep, suffering from an intense th st. I have ready had a bottle of beer - which I never touch in England - a glass of iced fruit juice and vihat they call "vita.mina". This is a del:cious drink of squashed fruit, thick sweet yet fruity, also three coffees, but still I am thirsty.

5.0 p.m. Back to Hotel where we all are ving a short rest.  
8.0 p.m. Once again to the same restaurant, where all being

"creatures of habit", have the same dish, having enjoyed it so much at lunch, and J had banana fritters again, but P and I had salad. Stroll around and have two more- vitaminas these with their foundation milk and then whipped with fruits - delicious. 9.45 p.m.- All very tired- so back to bed.

December 19th, 1953. Awake 6.30 a.m. but. try to get more sleep, noise outside incredible, only to be compared to Havana or the main Marseilles - Paris road at Marseilles. I am certainly getting used to noise and can even ignore it. 8.20 a.m. Breakfast at Tives. Coffee, a kind of melon, very sweet and a little scented, oranges prepared - and bananas. Rolls, a large portion of butter which is a little like cheese, also cheese and a type of jam. All very good. J is in bathroom, my turn next and then P and once again out into the sun, which is shining from an absolutely cloudless blue sky. It is now 8.30 p.m. and I will try to describe our day.

First, we asked the way to Radio Tupi that is one of their radio and television headquarters, we had an introductory letter to Miss Ida Gomez, one of the officials there. P asked the way and unfortunately, we were directed the wrong way and walked quite a mile along a very crowded street before discovering this. It was a very interesting walk, once again down the Avenida Rio Branco, but this time the opposite way from yesterday. We came to several large buildings, one of these. The Theatre Municipal which P tells me is a copy of the Opera in Paris. I can see a slight resemblance but as is usual here, squashed in between other buildings of doubtful architecture. This happens as far as I can see all over Rio, churches are difficult to find, the few I have seen have no forecourt and have buildings connected - or so they seem - on each side. Anyway, eventually we found Miss Gomez at 12.30 p.m. presented our letter; she was very interested but was working on a programme and asked us to come back at 2.30 p.m. So out again and this time to lunch, we all had shrimp salad and then pineapple, it was too hot to eat heavy food, but all the other patrons were eating huge platefuls of steak,

potatoes, peas, etc. etc. Into another cafe for coffee and then back to Miss Gomez, she took Pierre in to see the "big chief" and almost immediately he offered a booking one month ahead and when P told him that we were only here fifteen days, said he would try for next week. . All the progadlles are sponsored and arranged several weeks ahead. Miss Gomez then took us to a room where w saw and heard a radio programme which was being broadcast. There was a band and about five different singers, four sang Samba's and one a Rumba, t e band of course played Sambas. We left at 4.30 p.m. proceeded to a square called Place Maua, where we boarded a large taxi and for the price of five cruzeiros (8d) we and five other passengers were taken to the famous Copacabana Beach, 15 kilometres away. About one mile from the town's centre, you reach the sea and from there to Copacabana it is rather Q autiful. The first beach you pass is Boto fogo which is a bay, on one side the famous Sugar Loaf' and th other side the Corcovado (Hunchback). Tle Corcovada has a huge statue of Christus Redemptor which you can see for miles around. Both of these look from the distance like hills but are huge blocks of granite. Then on to Copacabana, this an even larger bay with beautiful almost white fine sand, a greeny coloured sea but Qh, the ugly buildings the other side of the promenade. Huge modern blocks of flats and the last word in moiern hotels, including the fam;us Copacabana Palace, all looking from the distance like matchboxes on top of one another. There is no colour, eve here just white. and here and there a lovely old Brazilian house wedged in between them. Hmv beautiful this bay must have been, when there were only these lovely private houses - not a commercial proposition of- course!

At 6.0 p.m. we found another taxi to bring us back, my how they drive! The pedestrians have to be very very careful. Another fruit dririk, my second, P's third J's fourth, and then decide to have early dinner, steak.etc. and afterwards pi, neapple it is very sweet and tender - and back to hotel before going out tonight. 10.30 p.m. Out once again and first the inevitable fruit drink. Then a walk round the quarter where the popular dance halls or "gafieiras" as they call them here. Listen outside first and as all

wind<Yns and doors are vride open, it is easy first to hear the band before venturing inside. Finally we chose the Dragoa . Paid to go in, only P and J had to pay, I went for nothing, I suppose to encotu-age the girls to come. Theypa: id 20 cruzeiros. ea.ch. .we found a vacant table and ordered drinks. We: stayed about one hour and during that time the band played Sambas and Ba\_ia-os all the time but once, then they played a tango. The floor s very cro\ved and anything but basic steps was practically out of the question, altho' here and there a variation was danced. We w re very interested to see how they all moved r.otind the line of dance, nobody cutting across the centre, also that the J)asic step we have been teaching for many years was •lited quite a lot. Even from this quick visit we learnt.:- cyro or three. steps, not very difficult f'or us, because. for op year w have been in London working on the typical Brazilian style, and all we really want now are some good and genuine steps.

We left the hall at 12.15 m. and to our consternation it was pouring with rain, so q.ecided to return to hotel. On J switching the light on, he saw - to his horror a huge cuccaracha, P rushed forward to squash it but was too late and J; I think, dreamed all night that huge cuccarachas were crawling over him. So to bed 1 0 a.m.

9.15 a.m. December 20th.. We to find day very dull, disappointed because hoped to go t9 beach. It is also very humid and bot\_h yesterday and again today, I feel a little "under the weather ". Had breakf'ast and now it is 11.30 a.m. and we have not decided what to do. Strol ed along to Rio Branco and sat at cafe and drank cinzano. P and J had shoes cleaned. Looked at .shops 'and I am not exaggerating when I say 4/Y% of the shops are men's outfitters, 40/, ladies' shoe shops and the remaining 2ofo mostly b by shops (which are very necessary as I think in about six months the population will be greatly increased) and the rest divided between the usual shops but with a complete absence of ladies' wear. I 4ave until now, only seen one shop containing a few dresses and those rather stodgy. There must be some explanation for this. Also we noticed the enormous number of English cars, Austins of all types,

even we saw today one drophead A. 90. The next in order of popularity is the llorris. We lunched today again at Silva's, quite good but decided that we must go somewhere else for a change tonight. In the afternoon, weather still dull, so decide to ascend the Corcovado 2,900 ft. high and at the summit there is the figure of Christ the King; this is 150 ft. high. We took a tram to the beginning and then changed on to a special train. The trams are open and very cheap, we paid 70 cents, about 1/4d. for half an hour's ride. The train was about 2/-d. each, this also took half an hour - it simply crawled. The scenery was interesting, very wild, with tropical flowers and plants everywhere; huge fruits, "the mameo" growing everywhere. Here and there through the trees a lovely view of Copacabana beach. Unfortunately, it started to rain when we were only half way up, although the hill was enshrouded in fog and by the time we reached the top it was pouring, so had to wait half an hour for it to return, and when half way down were stopped and the guard said we must wait 20 minutes while the train coming passed, we realised how in this country the expression - *manana* would apply as well as in Spain. At last we were down and back to the centre where we had dinner, this time at a new restaurant. J and I chose something that was on the menu: as veau or veal. As cooked in France, never have we had veal in this way, but was excellent. Afterwards back to Hotel fruit juice on way - with intention of going out to dance at 10.0 p.m. but it is now nearly 11.0 p.m. and it is pouring with rain. Yesterday when we were out I saw an umbrella-shop with hundred of umbrellas, I laughed and said I wondered when they had a sale. I didn't laugh today but wished I had one. Everybody had umbrellas. It looks so strange to see everybody with umbrellas but never mackintoshes, it still remains very warm even when it rains.

December 21st 8.0 a.m. Breakfast, day still dull and damp - oh where is the beautiful weather we were promised in Rio? We always all breakfast together:- in 11\Y road; and today was no exception. P and J are always discussing aircraft and today first through breakfast they were having an argument (pleasant fortunately). I get so tired of aeroplanes that I have just suggested they retire to the

bathroom - one to have a shower the other a bath and continue the argument there!!!

5.45 p.m. and just back after a very interesting day in Rio, mainly spent with various offices of Pan Air do Brazil, arranging in return for publicity when we get back to Europe, special facilities for travel in Brazil during our stay which we of course intend to avail ourselves of next week. We visited and lunched at the Airport Santos du Mont named after the famous Franco-Brazilian Airmen whose original airplane is on view at the Airport. We have an excellent lunch, chicken salad - not as we expected but shredded chicken, celery, apple, onion mixed with mayonnaise and served with lettuce and tomato, afterwards ices and coffee. Owing to our having had such a favourable exchange, this lunch at a good class restaurant only cost 10/- per head, and that included beer. Whilst at one of the offices of Pan Air I got talking to one of the officials who asked why we were here, and was very interested in being told. He said he lived at Copacabana, and would be very pleased to show us two or three clubs where only Samba was danced and these he said, although night clubs, were very reasonable. So we arranged to meet him in Copacabana at 10 p.m. tonight. Also purchased a marvellous Samba record. I have seen traffic congestions in many cities but never as in Rio, they just crawl one after another all blowing their horns and although my bedroom is on the ninth floor there is absolute pandemonium outside. It is still very dull, but were told today it is usual in summer, summer is the rainy season, I thought that was only in England!

7.30 p.m. Miss Gomez has just rung to say we are to appear on television Saturday 26th December at 9 o'clock for ten minutes!! 8.15 p.m. Dinner at Silva's very good but I ate too many banana fritters and have been suffering ever since. Took bus to Copacabana, they are small buses seating 14 and charge the same as the taxis. Then to meet our friend of the morning and our worst fears were realised, he took us to one of the many many night clubs in Copacabana, this one called "nsirroco" rather artistic inside, supposed to represent France but as usual nearly dark. The music

for the first quarter of an hour was indifferent foxtrot with couples dancing the style you see all over the world. We all had rum and coca cola - an attempt to copy the Cuban drink but the rum they used was very watery, P was quite happy as our friend had brought a razilian girl and he was bus7 learning Portuguese trom her. We got away as soon as we could with politeness and caught a bus ack to Rio and another dance hall, this time one with taxi-girls, rovr's ot them. It was quite different from last Saturday, P and J paid five cruzeiros but for me 30!! This is ecause •they encourage the men to oome and dance with the taxi girls - . who, believe me, do pretty good business. J was dressed as in Cuba, Tropical suit and sports shirt but no tie. He had to pay 10 oruzeiros extra and they lent him a tie, a terrible red check. The dancing on the whole was not good but we finally established that they dance the same steps to Samba and Baia.o also we are now getting an idea what • they dance to the slow tl.lles. • We stayed here about an hour and then walked back to hotel, cool and pleasant, back 1.45 a.m.

December 22nd. 9.0 a.m. Br a t and-weather a little better so J and I decide to go to the beach,. P will do various jobs in Rio. 6,0 p.IL Just returned from beach at Copacabana not much sun but perhaps as well because my face feels sunbm-nt. Sea very rough and red flag out very strange- to see J who is a good swimmer, t going a terr yards in The current is so strqng that when you stand on the edge the sand recedes and drags you with it. Was a.musing when we ordered lunch, usually P is with us and aa he speaks Portuguese very well, he does all the ordering. We asked as always first "Do you speak English" •. A vigt>rous "No", -so the pantomime started, he kept saying "Bit" and I asking tar some sort ot salad •. In the end we gave in and - had also salade de tomate, Anyway the food s good and we finished off with chocolate ices and coffee. - We then boaried a bus and let it take us as tar as it would go, Ipanema. Frcm the bus we walked to the sea and saw a curious sight,. huge breakers and spray forming a mist all along the beach. We walked back along the promenade about two miles, marvellous sands all the way, again boarded bus

and reached our hotel 5.30 p.m. where we joined P. Still having our vitaminas (fruit drinks) never seem to tire of them.

. Rest Wtil 8.30 p.m. Again all had the shrimp dish, it really is delicious and we never tire. I think they are amused at the restaurant. On the menu there are at least 10 meat and 6 fish dishes and day after day we have the same dish. I am afraid that after dinner we "draw a blank". Walked to a gafieiras which Mr. Ricardo, our Brazilian friend in London said was the best in Rio and unfortunately they close on Tuesday evening. By now the weather had turned hot and sultry so got a taxi to another address Mr. Ricardo had given us, but no sign of this place, evidently closed down. Our taxi driver sisted another place but it was a night club not the place to see good dancing. As all were very tired decided on bed and to try again tomorrow. Unfortunately there are no teachers o'f Dancing in Rio, so our only way of leaning is to watch.

December 23rd 8.30 a.m. Breakfast, weather unny. Just imagine two days to Christmas nothing except the date tells me that this is so. 10.0 a.m. Go to Bank to change more cheques, sit at cafe in Rio Branco and have drinks. Afterwards as we were crossing road P says to me "Can you see what I can see?" I look up and "Lo and behold" a sign "Professor de Danson". We enter but a notice to say he arrives at 3.30 p.m. Decide once again to go up the Corcovado and film, but crowds are so great that it gets too late, also once more clouds were covering the statue. All very v,ea:ry, so back to cafe and have "cuba libre" (rum and coca cola) then once more to the Professor and after waiting twenty minutes he arrives. He wanted to give us 21 hours lesson tomorrow and charge 500 cruzeiros but when we explained only P and I would be learning, he reduced to 350 and we are splitting it up into two separate hours. Have early dinner as P has appointment at 8.0 p.m. I have fish with a very salt sauce but 'fish very good. J not feeling too good just has fried bananas. P has lamb which he says is good but we know by the tone of his voice that it is not so good. We all go back to Hotel but P's appointment does not turn up - he is a well known musician - and we have a letter for him from England. 10.0 p.m. Decide to try

again the Gafieiras that was closed the previous night, but to our disappointment was closed again. But we were assured it would open tomorrow. On the way back to Hotel we saw a sign Academia de Danca, thought we would snoop around. Walk up three floors and see two quite nice small studios. A girl received us and said if we would wait the principal would be in and could give us information. We seated ourselves, she I suppose thinking to give us a treat - put records on so loudly we couldn't hear ourselves speak, and danced first a tango, then a Samba with (I hope) a client, because they were really bad. So deciding that they could do with lessons from us, not we from them - we gracefully made our departure suddenly remembering an urgent engagement. We continued our journey back and when nearly there, heard a band and saw from the road what looked like a Gafieiras called Eldorado so decided to risk a visit. Once again, J and P paid five cruzeiros and I 30, this telling of the presence of taxi girls. The room was rather dimly lit, tables all round and a raised dance floor in the centre, with the taxi girls sitting around. Two very good bands and here at last we saw some good dancing. Isn't it ironic that we have tried so many places and right on our doorstep such a good place. Many of the men were in white suits and shoes and it suits so well their dark hair and complexions and the girls were mostly in white or light colours, many in tight dresses. In practically all cases the hold is very close, the style very refined but very rhythmic. We really learnt quite a lot this night. • Back to Hotel 1.0 a.m. Bed 1.30 a.m.

8.30 a.m. 24th December - Christmas Eve

Phone rings for P to tell him musician will come on Christmas Day at 2 o'clock. Rings again this time Liaa Gomez to make further arrangements for our television appearance. 10.30 a.m. J and I decide to go to Ipanema Beach as sun is shining, so board bus and reach Ipanema about 11.0 a.m. These buses hold 14 people, they have light bodies and powerful engines with strong acceleration, and they can round the corners like racing cars. Woe betide any pedestrian who loiters in the road, here the

road is for tra.f'fic and the pedestrian does not count, in fact sometimes it appears they would like to run you down. I have never been on the alert so much before. Walk to beach, take film because view is ma.gnificient from this bay. Go into sea, red and white flags today, meaning only semi dangerous, lovely in sea, huge waves, once I was standing with my back to vrave, therefore did not see it coming and it forced me to run forward about eight steps. I did a few strokes and J was able to have short swim. Then. dry on beach, sun very hot, -it would be very dangerous for J and me even though we are used to sun, to be on beach longer than half an hour. Walked to Copacabana, then got bus back to Hotel, met Pat 2. o'clock who was quite jealous of our brown skins and says will come tomorrow. Lunch 2.30 p.m.- at new restaurant, Gruta do Norte very ggod indeed - very crowded, many pe9ple celebrating Chri tmas Eve. 4.0 p.m. On to television to make arrangements with producer and pianist, then to our lesson with Senhor Oscar Leal and his daughter. His studio is in the best street in Rio Avenida., Rio Branco. He is a very charming man and altho' he no longer has a dancer's figure he has got some-thing; very elegant feet and very good rhythm. He started by warning us that his style was ror the salon only and not exhibition. Anyway we as always got something from our first lesson, not spectacular steps but useful steps. We have arranged to talce a fow fcct of film of them on lvionday and have another lesson this time in the slow Samba. 6.45 p.m. Out a.gain in Rio Branco and go to.cafe for "cuba libre". I am sorry to say we saw many men the worse for drink, it seems the thing to do is to celebrate this evening. It seems incredible to us that it is Christmas Eve and I have sometimes to pinch myself to make sure I am not dreaming. There was only one more woman beside JT\YSelf at the cafe and this is a peculiar thing at Rio. In the restaurants and cafes you see one woman to every 20 men. Gangs of men are everywhere especially tonight. Practically everybody is carrying parcels and nearly all wrapped in bright pink paper. 8.0 p.m. Back to Hotel and short rest. 9.30 p.m. Out to dinne and once again the restaurant that we went to lunch, Gruta do Norte. Then on to the Gafieiras that had been closed the last two

evenings. At last our patience is rewarded and we enter! It was packed mostly with coloured folk, all in their best suits and dresses, men mostly in white. or pale blue suits and the girls in a variety of styles and colours but never bright colours. I think perhaps because the light colours with the dark skins look attractive.

We were very disappointed with the music and dancing, they played everything but Samba. We were told that it is the vogue at some places to play dance music and dances foreign to their country and here certainly was an example. The only dance they more or less "went to town" to was the Mambo, and this they dance. similar to a Samba. They have not the slightest idea how to dance swing or Rumba in any dance hall we have visited. We stayed about an hour and a half hoping they might get going but they seem to have put on their best behaviour with their best clothes. Although the dance hall was packed everybody was very orderly and very little alcohol was drunk. Back to Hotel 1.45 a.m.  
Christmas Day

25th December, 1953 Christmas Day

9.0 o'clock Breakfast, beautiful day, absolutely clear blue sky. Phone rings and Senhor Ayrton Amoein the musician has turned up so I have to hurriedly dress and go downstairs. As the day is so beautiful, decide to again ascend the Corcovado. First J films views of Rio, whilst filming a boulevard a coloured boy carrying water on his head solemnly places himself in front of the camera, J films him but all the time a man who was either drunk or crazy was we were sure begging money from us. Thinking to shake him off we go to cafe for coffee, he follows us shouting all the time and demanding a coffee but we stuck to our guns and would not be forced to give him money, eventually he went shaking his fist at me and shouting.

• We again board train and reach the top at 12.0 o'clock. We have some magnificent views of Rio. The Statue most of the time "had his head in the clouds". • I managed

to film him and all of much of the scenery. The only drawback was the lunch, at a very nice restaurant we ordered salad lunches and waited 50 minutes for two to arrive but left before the third arrived. Descended at 2.30 p.m. and with the stops, waited for other trains to pass it takes about one hour to descend. Took taxi to Boto fogo beach but only stayed ten minutes. Caught bus to Ipanema beach - here and I bathed and then at 4.30 p.m. sun still hot. Christmas Day!!! Back to Rio Branco and a very strong "Cuba Libre" in fact, P was very talkative!! We watched the Brazilians pass all in their best clothes. The little girls dressed as if they were going to parties. They have a very feminine style here, rather fluffy frocks, and the children look sweet. Usually their frocks are almost ballerina length. It seems here it is the opposite from England. Everybody on Christmas Day goes out, the weather isn't like a difference I suppose. Back to Hotel 7.15 p.m. and get ready to go out to our Christmas Dinner which we have promised ourselves. 9.15 p.m. Back at Hotel after very good dinner, Fillet mignon, fried potatoes, tomato salad, Pineapple etc., and a bottle of red Brazilian wine. The only difference from our usual meals was the bottle of wine. Then we tried to find a cafe for coffee, none were open. Isn't it strange in this Country of coffee you cannot get coffee at the restaurant, you have to get it at a separate cafe that usually sells black coffee only. Lovely coffee. In the cafe for coffee we frequent, we are served by pretty young girls, some coloured and all dressed in blue with spotless white collars and cuffs but today being Christmas all cafes are closed. Write two letters and 15 Post Cards, and bed 11.0 p.m.

26th December, 1953 - **Boxing** Day. Waking up to a clear blue sky we are now having the weather that our Brazilian friend promised us. 94 F. very hot sun. I went to beach but as I got a little burnt on shoulders yesterday decided was wisest not to go as I didn't want to appear on Television with a skin like a lobster. Went shopping, discovered a type of shop like Woolworths, bought cottons and palmolive soap. P went to see musicians and arrange for one to take us out tonight to Gafieiras we

hadn't see . All met at Hotel at 1.30 p.m. Lunch again at Gruta. do Norte, excellent lunch P B.Qd I remaining faithful to cama.roes and J to steak. Finish lunch 3.0'clock have coffee at usual care. and back to Hotel to rest before practice for television; Get taxi and go to Radio Tupi the heat was tel.Tif'ic. The size of the floor for us to dance on was about the same size as in England befo the War. We were to do five dances. Rumba, Paso Doble Sw., Engli h Wrltz and the Ma.xixe. The floor was ver:--:rough some sort of composition and as music, we only had a pianist but rortunately a very good one. Our rehearsal only lasted a quarter of an hour and after that it was "in the hands of the gods". 8.30 p.m. Get taxi to Radio Tupi, change. A coloured girl assisted me to change and not a word passed between us. I then sat before a mirror to put the finishing touches and she solemnly sat next to me, didn't take her big dar eyes off me, she watched everything I did, it wa most embarrassing. The weather was eltering and we were very hot before v,e started. 9.0 p.m. arrived and we could hear the announcer telling how -we had acme from Europe and were going to dance the dances of the Cowitries we had visited, so on this tiny floor th t}?eweather 94 .F. in the shade, we made our debut on Brazilian Television. J filmed as we danced. I think we we danced quite well only one mistake which I am sure none of our audience noticed and which I felt was not bad with such a sho rehearsal.

9.30 p.m. Back to Hotel, change and meet two musicians, one colour ed named Louro and one white Alfredo Ribeiro, joint canposers. Lo o composes the rhythms and tunes, Alfredo writes words and puts finish to tunes. They wrote several prizewinning Samba's and Marcha.'s for the 1953 Carnival. The competitions are held officially at the Town Hall and judged by a Jury of Maestros of Music. First we catch bus to Copacabana and visit the Lido. This is a restaurant on the front and is c;pen on all four sides. You pay-. if you only come for a drink - 50 cruzeiros and there is a tiny dance floor and a "not too bad" band. Once or twice Louro sang some of his own compositions with the band, I feel this was the reason he had brought us here because the dancing was no better than you see in restaurants all over the world.

I became a little restless and perhaps showed it, because a suggestion was made to come back to town so on to another bus and to a gafieira.s. This was an all coloured dance, but we got in because Louro told them at the entrance we were reporters from Europe and would film. We were escorted to a little balcony, somebody was turned away from a front table and, we were able to watch the dancing. Here there were some quite good couples, but you have to watch intently because it was very very crowded and it is their footwork which is worth watching, they have some very tricky movements. Then Louro and managers after much strategy managed to practically clear the floor, and four good couples were asked to dance. I filmed them, the light was not bad so we must "hope for the best". At this Confieiras the band was very good and played Sambas clearly all the time we were there. On to another gafieiras it is now 2.0 a.m. This was not quite so interesting, the band not so good, again nearly all coloured and very crowded. In both Gofieiras many of the men's suits were absolutely soaked with perspiration, legs of trousers also and several brought out their handkerchiefs on the floor.. Once the band starts playing they usually play for at least forty minutes and no dancer sits down, they are absolutely indefatigable. We are again escorted to a tiny balcony. The band played a Marcha. This tune was the final number in the Show "Braziliana" which was at the Stoll Theatre in London recently. Those of you who saw this Show will remember how the same melody goes on and on and the dancers on the stage get very excited - well the same thing happened here, everybody sings and many do solos. I could just imagine what it is like at Carnival time. The balcony we were on started to shake, all the girls and boys on the balcony were singing and dancing and we thought it time to retire. In fact a policeman went up to the balcony to stop the dancers, from down below you could see it shaking. 3.30 a.m. Hot and tired retire to bed.

27th December, 1953 Another blazing day about 96 F. so J and I go to Ipanema beach. It was wonderful. Huge waves, warm sea, warm sand but lovely breeze. Back to Hotel 2.30 p.m. and lunch- another good lunch. -

P and J steaks and I salad etc. Back to Hotel and write cards and letters 'till 5.30 p.m.; 'catch bus to Copacabana. First sit at bar on the "front" and all have Cuba Libres. Time is about 7 0 p.m. Still very warm, hundreds of people promenading and also h eds of cars flashing by and it certainly seems that e British. We had promised our Brazilian friend in London that we would visit his Mother also deliver some books to her, This we did. She lives in a flat practically facing the sea at Copacabana. She was very pleased to see us and to talk about her son, who she had not seen for three years. P conversed with her for at least one hour and a half in Brazilian or (Portuguese) he seemooalmost fluent and this is really remarkable considering he only .started to learn Portuguese three months ago • from our pupil Jose Ricardo. Back to the centre. As it was Sunday, many people had gone to Capocabana for the day and we had difficulty in getting transport-back., finally we got a tram, they certainly take.their time, it is usual for the driver always to wait some .-seconds before the tram start you never see anybody rush about here, and we are getting just the .same,. even we are late it is impossible to hurry. Owing to taking so long on our journey back, our favourite restaurant was clos d sq tried a new one, not bad but rather expensive compared with the others we have been to. 11.0'clock. Decide to visit once more the f!Eldorado", once ago.in, as at this "dancing" there were taxi-girls, I paid 35 cruzeiros 8lld P and J only five ea.ch. We chose a table at the side.by open.windows and settled to watch. How luck;ywe were tonight, several very good dancers and at l:i.stwe begin to see daylight -- here was what we were looking for. It takes some evenings of watching before you can actually learn anything and tonigh the evening had arrived when we could learn. All the taxi-girls were good dancers, vccy elegant and usually rathar well dressed, mostly vccy very tight dresses. Often the girl's head is against the ma.n's and it is wonderful to watch the rhythm of legs and feet whilst shoulders and head are completely still. All you can see at times a slight rmay or contrary body movement but in complete unison. We stayed until 1.0 a.m. then back to Hotel.

28th December, 1953. Hotter than ever over 96 F. Did not sleep well owing to heat. Breakfast 9.0'clock. Catch-bus to beach, wonderful there, sea breeze and sea a little calmer so could swim a little. Back to town and lunch, 2.0 p.m. 3.0 p.m. Go with P to fetch music to bring back to England. Weather still unbearably hot, people who know me, know how I am always cold in England, but here, and especially today I am always damp, it is impossible to keep powder on your face, so I just never powder my nose. 3.45 p.m. Go to Studio of Senhor Leal. First take short film of h with his daughter dancing Samba as danced by average dancers. Afterwards have lesson in Slow Samba. Had drink with him, a Brazilian drink, similar to Port Wine. 7.0'clock. Go to cafe in Rio Branco for Cuba Libre, heavy clouds have been forming and lightning continuously and now the rain comes. We stay at cafe 'till 7.30 p.m. and decide to walk back through rain. It was quite an experience. We found quite a bit of cover on way because most shops are built with a stone coping and we hugged the shops but of course, we had to cross several roads with no cover and although it was raining hard we were all lightly clothed, it was so warm we didn't seem to feel the rain, and our clothes dried immediately. 9.15 p.m. Out to dinner, all had marvellous steaks and a bottle of Brazilian Red Wine - not bad but they have a lot to learn about wines from the French. 10.30 p.m. Back to Hotel and as weather is still not too good decide to remain in Hotel and do a few chores. Bed 12 Midnight.

29th December, 1953. Breakfast 8.30 a.m. Go out listen and buy records - all Samba's. Meet Mr. Hunt 11.30 a.m. and a very charming Englishman who has lived here 30 years and was introduced to us by Mr. Arthur Franks of the Dancing Times. He took us to lunch at the Airport, where we had an excellent lunch and a very interesting hour and a half talk with him, he giving us information of things and happenings which had puzzled us. 2.30 p.m. Go to Music Publishers to get music and photo graph Senhor Mangione, who is the most famous publisher in South America. The weather is still unbearably warm and I for one, will not be sorry to get somewhere cooler. It is such a damp heat, even the

wind is warm and no relief. To y it is overcast, so decide not to go to beach, but after leaving publishers have Cuba Libre - all you want to do here is to drink - and then buy souvenirs and small presents to bring back. Back to Hotel and write another twelve cards, have now sent about titty. 9.0'clock. Dinner, came. roes again, we have this dish at least once a day, it is delicious. 10.45 p.m. Out again to visit Eldorado and watch dancing. It was raining so hard that we dodged from one shop to the other, fortunately it is near our Hotel. We were not so lucky this evening, not many good dancers turned up and altho' there was a breeze it was very humid, also, the band played a lot of interesting music, but 8.10 so, P learnt something. I am afraid the weather had got me down, also my eyes were very bloodshot, it seems that the sea here upsets my eyes. We stayed until 12.45 a.m.. Bed 1.30 a.m.

30th December, 1953. 8.30 a.m. Breakfast. Weather seems fine again and not quite so warm. J and I go to beach, how wonderful it was! Hot sun, a refreshing breeze and very buoyant sea. J was able to swim quite a bit. Altho' sea was rough, white flag was out meaning "not too dangerous". I did not stay in long because of my eyes which were a little better today.

The roads in Rio are really in an appalling state. We saw a girl crossing main road, suddenly her leg disappears down manhole. She cut her leg and lost her shoe and was lucky that a car just missed her. It is absolutely normal here for manholes to be broken and holes in roads, it is strange to see the modern blocks of skyscrapers going up everywhere and no attention paid whatsoever to the footpaths or roads.

Left beach 2.30 p.m. went to lunch, had taxi to Bank and changed the rest of our travellers cheques. Took tilma. 5.0'clock Had Cuba Libre and then did a bit of shopping, arriving back at Hotel 7.30 p.m. Twice we have been recognised from our appearance on Television. Each time, after they have stared very hard and then plucked up courage to ask us. Once to P in

Portuguese and once in English. P's Portuguese is terrific and he can now converse with anybody, he resents it if he is answered in English.. 9.0 p.m Dinner. All had steak which lived up to its reputation, every steak we have had here has been tender. 11.0'clock. Out.again to Eldorado, Band very good and evening much cooler, we sit by open • window and have refreshing breeze. Dancing also much better, one or two very good. P sits with eyes glued on Band because today he has bought a tamborine and he is-watching how they play it. A Negro from the Band comes to us and asks why we don't dance, we say we enjoy watching. It is no good us getting up to dance until we have had some practice of this.rather new style. We hope to borrow a studio in Havana, otherwise in one month it is easy to forget. Left at 1.0 a.m. and on the way back again saw the Southern Cross. The first few nights the sky was cloudy and P always had his eyes to the sky looking to see if he could see the Southern Cross, he told me where it should be and about three nights ago I spotted it. It is a little disappointing., just four stars in shape of a cross, not very bright. I suppose the most interesting thing about it is the fact that we cannot see it in Europe.

31st December - New Year's Eve. Breakfast 9.0 a. Lovely day again, must pack and vacate-rooms by 12 noon, which is rather a pity because taxi does not come for us till 9.0 p.m. to take us to airport en route for Cuba. J very disappointed we are going today because P has just read from Newspaper to say that there is to be a Carnival in the Rio Branco tonight to usher in New Year. P and I are not sorry because there is to be a battle of confetti .- which I hate - and as in Rio walking anywhere anytime is like Wembley on Cup Final day, I can't imagine what it will be like tonight.

I suddenly have a brainwave and suggest we book one bedroom and put all our luggage there, and it means we have a "pied a terre" for the day. This we did and altho' we had to pay the full price it was worth it. From the window of this room we had a good view of a native village built on one of the many hills which ring Rio. These hills

are not very high and there are about 50 - 100 very ramshackle houses only made of wood, the roofs appearing to be just strips of wood laid across, how they weather the rain is a mystery. No water is laid on and you see the women with huge tins balanced on their heads. Dozens of children run around ants; yet with all this, they seem to be a clean people.

J and I go to beach. It is a glorious day, sunny but not humid. All buses are crowded because being New York. Eye: many people are on holiday. On the beach it was delightful, sea warm, lovely sand, hot sun and yet a breeze to prevent you getting too-hot. The beach was crowded but being such an enormous one, there is room for everybody. J got I think, some good shots with his camera. Back to the centre at 3.30 p.m. and meet P who has been shopping. Decide too late to have lunch but will have early dinner. More shopping and then "quba libre" at the in Rio Branco. Once again as Christmas Eve, it was packed with parties of men all drinking one another's health in pints of beer. Dinner 6.0 p.m. for the last time comrades. A waiter at this restaurant had really taken an interest in us, I think we were for some reason his one bit of excitement each day. When we said goodbye today and that we were leaving, he seemed quite startled and stood just looking after us as if he couldn't believe it. Then back to Hotel and wait for taxi to take us to airport. 8.30 p.m. Taxi arrives - say goodbye to staff - some of whom I think were sorry we were going - then to airport. Go through usual formalities, then purchase books at bookstall and buy with our last cruzeiros, books and what may seem strange, maps and guides of Brazil. If you knew P and J you would understand this.

10.59 p.m. Board plane Super D.C.6. Hostesses dressed smartly in blue uniform. We will fly 12,500 ft. high. 11.0'clock. Hostess tells us her name is Gloria Napoleon and the other hostess Stella Vega. She also says we should reach Caracas in 10 hours 15 minutes. J has just been speaking with pilot and he says, should be smooth except for about 30 minutes over the equator.

11.5 p.m. Taxi-ing along for position. 11.10 p.m. Engines warming up. 11.14p.m. We're off. 11.14?, p.m. We're Air-borne. J and P having last look at Rio. We're climbing rapidly, wonderful view of Rio de Janeiro. It really looks lovely from the air. The thousands of lights twinkling like diamonds, never have we seen such a beautiful panorama. of a town, we see the Corcovado ever predominant, the Statue on top floodlit. 11.45 p.m. Hostess brings rather dry sandwd.ches and watery orangeade. We are travelling in a Pan .American N.C.6. rather similar in design to the Super Constellation we came over in. We have seats in the identical position, right in the front of the plan . This is a 50 seater and only nine passengers aboard. I suppose people don't care to travel on New Year's Eve. 11.55 p.m. Five minutes to go and it will be 1954. Two years age> we spent Christmas Day in a plane travelling from New York o Miami and now we will be again in a plane for the .New Year. Hostess has asked us to come to back of plane to celebrate New Year. They are so long opening bottles that the New Year comes in before we are all served. Everybody starts to talk with one another and the Hostess with DW' help sings "Auld Lang Syne". J dances Samba with Hostess and we have more drinks.

Have just gone thro<sup>l</sup> rather a rough period.

12.30 a.m. Prepare to rest, rather difficult for first hour or two rather rough. Could not help now and then thinking of Pierre's words saying that we would be passing over very wild country inhabited in places by cannibals! Whilst we were sleeping again pass over the Equator, weather not as bad as last time on our outward journey. 7.30 a.m. Rather indifferent breakf'ast brought roWld, after a night in a plane, I feel like a more tempting breakfast, not dry scrambled eggs and bacon and indifferent coffee, but to improve matters fresh pineapple. 8.30 a.m. Just had a wash and feel much more wide awake. 8.45 a.m. Now over Venezuela the Country looks very wild, we are flying very high so it is difficult to distinguish very much. Recently passed over the .Amazon and the Orinoco Rivers. The Amazon is the biggest river in the World and in some places is 2,400 ft. deep and width at its mouth 200 miles. It is 3,000 miles

long - some river.

9.5 a.m. Passing over a desert. -9.15 a.m. Earth still very wild with mountains in the distance and many very dry rivers. When looking down the earth resembles a plasticine map. 9.35 a.m. Now over the Caribbean Sea. 9.45 a.m. Travelling along coast and over jungle. At the edge of beach white patches visible, these are huge patches of dried salt. 9.50 a.m. We're coming down, buckle belts. Still over sea but hugging the coastline, nothing but sea one side and Jungle the other, a very formidable sight. Some houses appear, we're turning in to land, just passed port of Caracas, modern blocks of flats appearing. 9.55 a.m. We've landed at Caracas - marvellous landing. 9.55 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. Had to go through more formalities than ever before, altho' only transit passengers, even having to show our vaccination certificates. Interviewed by six men in all, and had to satisfy four for passports alone. At last finished, - only to find that the plane we were booked on had ceased to run in morning and only ran in evening flight. Fortunately, there were seats on the Delta line bound for Chicago and stopping en route at Havana.

Once again time changes, and it is now 9 o'clock Venezuelan time. Go to airport balcony. The heat is intense, and the breeze at Dakar, only making us hotter. Very interesting position, saw planes landing and taking off and also looked out to sea. Had three cuba libres (could not taste the rum) and three coffees, cost 10 dollars nearly £1. We were well and truly caught. V/h I say, three, we of course only had each.

11.0 o'clock a.m. Venezuelan Time. Boarding plane. 50 seater Conatellation Delta Lin (American). Hc, tea in grey. Only twelve passengers aboard this large plane. 11.0 a.m. Engines revving. 11.2 a.m. We're off. 11.2 1/4 a.m. We're Airborne, First time in experience of flying, we had a demonstration of putting on the safety belts. Nothing to see flying over Caribbean Sea.

11.45 a.m. Just passed over the Island of Curacao. I don't know about my readers but I am learning a lot of geography on this trip, because I thought Curacao was a drink! Even P whom I have always thought had nothing to learn about geography, thought the Island of Curacao was in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico.

Just had drinks "on the house". Bourbon whisky, ginger ale, well iced - very good. In this plane there is a very up to date toilette for Dames and something new to me - I was looking for soap and I spot some small sheets of paper, labelled "soap tissues". Upon dampening these and rubbing on hands, hands become covered with lather. I look around and nearly everybody sleeps, I expect like ourselves they have been travelling all night. I am very tired, but I don't want to miss any of the scenery, although at the moment it is just sea and will I think be for some time. 1.15 p.m. Lunch over and not very good. I suppose planes starting from these hot climates take aboard frozen stuff which they heat up. There was plenty of it. Meat and three different vegetables, salad, apple strudel, coffee and nuts but all rather stodgy. P and J did quite well though.

1.35 p.m. Approaching Jamaica, land just visible through clouds. Coastline getting clearer. We're coming down. Passing by Kingston. Jamaica appears from the air to be very well laid out. 1.45 p.m. We're still losing height and expect to land at Montego Bay in ten minutes. This is an unexpected pleasure, we had not expected to land in Jamaica this trip. Very low cloud, passed through cloud. Buckle belts again. Sea on our right and left, again appear to be landing in sea! 2.0 p.m. We've landed.

I think in Jamaica today it must be at least 100°F. the heat positively hit you as you came out of the plane. We have noticed that in the smaller airport in these parts of the world they only have one runway and that against the prevailing wind.

2.30 p.m. Back to plane having had marvellous "cuba libre" - on the house - at airport, many people rushed to buy French perfume, which is very cheap here. I just asked modestly for a Jamaican flag and the girl serving said, "We have just one left", and triumphantly produced a Union Jack. I explained I really needed a pennant and to our disappointment once again, there were none. 2.35 p.m. Eng: in warming up. 2.40 p.m. We're off. We're airborne. We are expected to fly 19,000 ft. high. 3.30 p.m. Sight coast of Cuba in the distance. Every now and again the pilot bellows thro' the mike the latest football score between Oklahoma and I can't hear the name of their opponents. 4.0 p.m. We're coming down again, very thick clouds. Buckle belts still thro' thick cloud. Now under cloud but still over sea and on right coastline thro' thick and dark clouds, looks stormy. 4.10 p.m. Land visible, just passing town. Our approach this time is quite different from two years ago. Then we just flew over Gulf of Mexico and first sign of land was, Havana, this time we approach from the other end of Cuba.

4.15 p.m. we've landed in Cuba, about 10,000 miles of our trip. I noted. Very different weather greeted us from our last entry. Grey skies and very wet roads but even so, warm.

Only two other people landed with us; one strangely enough an Englishwoman with her husband of a different nationality. We were a very short time with formalities, but again as last time, in the Customs the who examined the luggage thinks he is a little too important, makes us open every bag and turns our luggage upside down. The English woman was furious. I very annoyed, but I had expected this. We get a taxi, four dollars, and are driven thro' wet streets to the St. Luis. It was a pleasure to come back, we were made see a fuss of by the Staff. Again we were offered a suite, but on, as we knew the noisy side of the corridor, anyway we said we would try it. The rooms in this hotel are rather bare but everything necessary is there including bath and shower, the furniture what there is, is very old fashioned but nevertheless, has character,

and you certainly would not :imagine you were in a European Country. -Five windows all wide open, look out **on** to corridor and the noise coming from the corridor has to be heard to be believed. Other windows look out to street, these windows are vevy spaa.ll owing to constant sun and are very high **up**, -a terrific din comes in these however, constant.buses and cars are passing and they believe here in much honking.

I remember last t:une I was horrified at the noise, but coming from Rio and the noise th re, it'a almost like a rest cure In the coITidor we look do,m on to a sort of patio. All corridors are a different colour and it looks very attractive, lime green, blue, pink, green The rooms • themselves are an unattractive buff and white.

After unpacking and washing, go for a walk. First visit bar near sea - which we used to drink in - and have the first real cuba libre. Then walk up Neptuno, look in shops and realise ow muc}l ore expensive everything is tha."lRio. On to dinner at the Oriental. Sorry to see. several of the waiters have left since we were here two years ago, otherwise it is just the same - price has not varied and still the same Spaniard serving in the Kiosk where we bought cards and, cigars. Back to hotel and see by the crowds using the lift that there is a dance on the roof of our hotel. It is **9.30** p.m. and decide to have short rest and then go up to see dance. I lay fully dressed on my bed and the next thing I knew it was **1.0** a.m. A terrific din was going on above us on roof. I look in at P and J and both were fast asleep on beds fully dressed, even shoes on. Owing to travelling all night the previous night we were all exhausted. Decided to go properly to bed.

2nd January, **1954-** **9.0** a.m. Bre ast, if you could call it breakfast., very good coffee and milk. Bread and butter. Bread quite peculiar to Cuba, very airy and light. **10.30** a.m. P decides to take it easy. J and I go for a walk. Have coffee at our usual little cafe. Walk along sea frollt into town, go to bar, have Cuba Libre, put 15 cents in Juke Box and hear three lovely rumbas. The

proprietor of the bar marked rhythm with his fingers and smiled all through records.. Back 12.30 p.m. to meet P. Out to lunch again at Ot-iental, very good lunch and waiter begins to know us. Afterwards all still feeling weary, sit under trees in Square for half an hour.. Then into Woolworths. What a shop! It must surely be the most modern Woolworths in the world. Since we were here last they have built another floor connected to the ground floor by an escalator and it is amusing to see that an assistant stands both at top and bottom to assist customers on and off. Havana is not yet escalator minded. There is a marvellous Ladies rest room with modern settees rest room such as our most up to date Stores have. Also a cafe, the last word in modern style and food, it is air conditioned. We then went into cafe for coffee. There was such a noise that every time we spoke we had to shout.

Back to Hotel. I washed a few nylon articles. J said if we would come to the bar he would stand us a Cuba Libre, we of course didn't hesitate to go. The San Luis bar is very attractive, tiled in Spanish style and very pretty lighting and of course a juke box - now you can guess why J was so anxious to get us down there - It is five cents for one tune, we put six, five cent pieces in but were disappointed with our selections. Whilst we were drinking the Manager of the San Luis came in and almost embraced us, he was so pleased to see us and immediately asked for our glasses to be filled. He had with him a Spanish girl, so drinking together were two English, one French, one Cuban and one Spanish. He's just what you expect a Cuban to be, gay with dark merry eyes. We felt after this we should eat in the Hotel but it wasn't too good. For the vegetable we had cooked banana - very stodgy - I like them fried but these were boiled!! Then back to our rooms to rest before going to Academia. 11.0 p.m. Off to Academia...

For those who did not read my diary of our previous trip I will explain that all public dance halls are called Academia's. This hall is fairly large and open to the air on two sides. The floor is tiled but strangely, delightful to dance on and the band play on platform just

below the ceiling, so no space is wasted. There are two bars and seats all round the floor. At this Academia there must be at least 100 taxi-girls and it seems to be the fashion for them to have large stomachs. In fact once or twice with the thin girls we were sure they were padded, they looked supernatural, practically all dresses are very tight. Everybody starts to dance in one spot and does not leave it and the girls seem to have a favourite position. We made for the same place as 1st time and there were some of the same girls. The good one always in great demand. The band played better than ever. To our great delight, J spots Pinchot the man everybody admires so much on the film of our last trip and who was dancing with me. He was quite excited to see us and we all had a drink. He then pointed out the good couples and I had a dance with him to which HG said very good, high praise from him, as he is rather keen with compliments. The Hamburg, we noticed has gained in popularity and we got a few good steps. We stayed watching and sometimes dancing till 1.30 a.m. then walk back to Hotel, have coffee on wny and bed 2.30 a.m.

3rd Jan , 1954 Breakfast 9.30 a.m. Another beautiful day so I decided to go to beach. Get V4-bus, conductor takes one look at towel in my hand and hands us two tickets to the beach "La Concha". Two years ago we thought the roads in places were terrible and I remember J wondering how the buses stood up to it, well the particular road is just the same, and the buses still stand up to it. Many are English Leyland Motors. We reach beach at 12.0' clock and found the price was still one dollar thirty five cents - nearly 10/-. This does include a chair, you must pay extra for that. The beach is small, but busy, it was rather crowded but then it was Sunday. The sea was very blue and I can say without exception it was the warmest sea I have ever been in. J did not enjoy it because it was so smooth. How different from Rio! Also he said it was not refreshing. Anyway I did, I don't mind how warm the sea is. We did not have lunch at beach because it is very expensive and our dollars are very precious to us. We

got a bus back to City centre and had lunch at Oriental at 2.30 p.m. Just dithered until 6.0 p.m. then went to cafe for a Cuba Libre and then my restaurant for dinner named Hollywood. - The food very good...

• Back to Hotel, - est til 11.0 p.m. then to Academia., this time to Martey-Belona where the sextets Habanero were playing a very famous band - To our delight Pinchot was there and he introduced us to Aida whom he said was the best dancer in Havana at the moment. Of course we watched and learnt. • Altho' she is an excellent dancer and has beautiful feet, I myself still prefer Suzy, Pepe Rivera's partner - whom we hear are now married and in Miami giving exhibitions - We drank many Cuba Libres, learnt several steps and had an orgy of rumbas. Leave at 2.0 a.m. Walk back to Hotel having coffee and cakes on way. Bed 3.0 a.m.

4th January, 1954. Wake very tired and scratchy. 9.0 a.m. Drag ourselves out at 12.0 p.m. and have strong coffee. Walk by sea front, lovely breeze. Lunch at Oriental at 1.15 p.m. then back to Hotel to collect our Samba records to take to Pinchot's flat. His flat is on the top floor of a small block with a large balcony nearly as large as our Greek Street Studio - facing the sea. It is very nicely designed and very cool. We started listening to records at 4.0 p.m. and finished at 6.0 p.m.

We taught him much of the Samba we had learnt in Rio - this of course reminded us of the steps. His nephew mixed us Cuba Libre to drink, he made them very well, just enough Bacardi. Coca cola, ice and lemon. Not content with the two hours music, we then go to a cafe opposite and between us put in enough dimes to hear twenty records of Rumba from the Juice box. It is wonderful in these cafes to see the pleasure on the faces of the girls or men serving behind the bars. They can't keep their hands and feet still, also quite a few people gather outside, all smiling and happy. Pinchot is just as crazy as we are on these rhythms. We of course had more Cuba Libre. This drink is indispensable with rumba. On to the Oriental for dinner. Just as we were finishing a man came to speak to UB. He

was from Lancashire and seemed very pleased to speak English with somebody. He had been almost round the world, w tried nosily to find out his business but he wasn't giving anything away. Left him 9.30 p.m. Walked back to Hotel along Neptune. This is one of the main shopping streets and it is a sight, to see at night. Every shop fully lighted and all coloured electric signs and festoons stretching from one side of the street to the other. Hotel . 10.0 p.m. Bed at 11.0 p.m. All tired out with constant late nights

5th January, 1954 Breakfast 9.30 a.m. J and I decide to go to La Concha, so catch 43 bus. A little boy' got on at one of the stops, he had a pair of maraccas with him. Standing at the top of the bus he sang three Rumbas and accompanied himself on the maraccas. Everybody stopped talking to listen and the Conductor stood listening with smile. It is of course a business because he then made a collection. Travelling in Cuba by bus is quite different from any other Country I have been in, everybody smiles and chats together, white or coloured. Nobody need feel sorry for the coloured people here, they are practically treated as equals and are very happy. Once again - as in my previous diary - I must mention the Piccaninnies, they are so pretty, beautifully dressed, especially on Sundays. The little girls usually in pink and white with ribbons in their hair to match and even many with little earrings and of course bracelets. When very small they remind me of sweet little puppies, espccially poodles, with large black eyes. I don't know what they are like at home but in the street they are very well behaved, To get back to our J(=)ming:-

It was delightful on the beach again and very few people. The water very warm, we are by the way having i.lumner weather thon usual, it has been 80 F. and over the last few days. Isn't it strange to think it is winter here! Left beach 1.45 p.m. meet Pat Oriental at 2.30 p.m. for lunch. 3.30 p.m. Stroll to the office of Mr. odreguez the ianager of the Southern Music Company here - there is a branch in London - He was very pleased to see us. Went to get records at R.c.A. Victor. Mr. Rodreguez had given

us a letter of introduction. Stayed an hour listening and eventually bought. 7.0 p.m. Bus to the 20th Century Cafe - the last word in JJ10demity - and Cuba Libre and some cakes soaked in a delicious syrup. Back to Hotel. Write cards and-letters then dinner in Hotel - not bad.- and rest before going to Yarte-y-Belona. 11.0 p.m. Bus to Central Park and then walk about the hundred yards to dance hall.

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5th January is the eve of Los Reyes. (The Kings) and everybody was out buying presents, especially toys, because this is the night that Santa Claus visits the children. Thousands of people were out buying and most of the transactions are done in the street. The toys are wonderful. Suites of furniture for children, upholstered exactly as the real thing. Huge life sized dolls, motor cars - exact copy of Fathers - called Kid-dilacs-Keobanical toys - a motor bike with the rider getting on and off, monkeys climbing up and down ropes, big cucaraohas running around etc. At last we pushed our way through to Marte-y-Belona. It was fairly crowded especially with taxi-girls. No sooner had we arrived than Aida presented herself to us hoping I expect that J and P would dance with her. • P went to desk and got 10 tickets at 10 cents a - • These tickets you give to partner at the commencement at , sometime during the dance a man comes and punches the ticket. - Usually I am the only female not a taxi-girl and quite often, the men come to punch my ticket, not so often now, - think they remember me from two years ago. P and J danced with Aida, I just waited. I had not been feeling well all day and did not wish to dance, I was tired out with so much travelling and late nights. The - **na** again excellent but after the 10 tickets - gone we left. It was then after 1.0 a.m. but the street vendors were still hard at it selling toys. • There were also a few side shows. One man had four small cages with a bird in each, two canaries and one budgerigar and one sweet little fellow with a red beak. We gave the man 20 cents and they did their tricks.

First the budgerigar opened his cage, took our money in his beak to the man. Then the red beaked bird

laid on his back as if' dead. The two canaries each with their beaks took little papers out of packets which the roan gave to us. They were our fortunes!· Then came the "piece de resistance". On the stand was a miniature cannon, the man put \_a tiny ball into the cannon, the budgerigar pulled a lever and the little ball shot out and hit me in my hair!!  
1.30 a.m. Coffee at 20th Century Biglo Cafe. Bed 2.0 a.m.

January 6th Breakfast 10 a.m. Felt much better but don't hurry to go out. 12.30 p.m. Cafe for Cuba Libre and listen to six trmes in Juke box. 1.30 p.m. Oriental for lunch, afterwards sit in Central Park whilst P had hair cut. 3.30 p.m. Go to see Pepe Lorenz and his wife - another Aida and a very beautif'ul girl - talk dancing, have drinks, he dances for us and we leave 6.0 p.m. On to 20th Century Cafe for sickly cakes and coffee. Back to Hotel to write letters. Out 8.30 p.m. Have dinner at the Oriental, decide to go to Academia earlier than usual, arrive 10.0 p.m. but practically empty. Sit down and wait in the hope of some good dancers arriving. We stay until 12.30 a.m. but only see one really good couple, a short dark man dancing with one of the taxi-girls. we have seen before. We think he must be Kiki - who has a great reputation here and whom we have had described to us. Hotel 1.0 a.m.

January 7th Breakfast 9.30 a.m. J and I decide to go to La Concha, the temperature has dropped a few degrees and it is amusing to see everybody out in coats or woollies and most windows in bus closed. Only about ten pe9ple including ourselves on beach, sea very warm again. Back to centre. 2.30 p.m. :Meet P for lunch Go to Bank to change traveller's cheques, but B.ITive when they have closed. Walk round Woolworths and again marvel at the goods sold in this store. On to Pan American to reserve our plane to Miami on 21st JanuarJ. We are rather anxious to get reservations on Convair as the D.C.4's also used on that route are rather ancient. We could only provisionally book our seats because on our entry into Cuba they take away our return tickets and these are only returned to us a few days before our departure. Back to Hotel to change into wanner clothes, then on to 20th Century Cafe for some sickly

cakes and Cuba libre for P and I and J a malteada of pineapple. a.o p.m. ~~Think~~ for a change we will go to Cinema., so choose "Call me 11'adam."at the Rex, a very modern Cinema. with seats .that tilt back as in planes. \_Supper at "Hollywood" 10.30 p,m. then sat.mter back down Neptuno looking at shops am.,seeing.rith regret all illuminated decorations being.ta.ken down, we bad- got used to the benign face .or Father Christmas looking down at us every few yards along.this. street.\_ 12.30 a.m. Bed.

8th .January, 1954. .Breakfast 9.30 a.m. Still • much cooler..'. 'but.slcý a beautiful blue. Go to Bank of. Canada -to change traveller's cheques, get appro::rlinately 2.80 to thef ,sterling•. Have early lunch, go back to Hotel to collect camera and board bus to-Zoological Gardens.

The.bus takes us on a very pretty route, down one of the ma.in.wide boulevards previously named 5th Avenue and now re-named Avenue Gen. Batista after the present Presidente. .This man and his wi.:f'eseem to be doing much good in .Cuba. In the two years since we last visited this Count<sub>ry</sub> very lovely houses and fiats are going up evey-where, but we are pleased to see that they are keeping to the oharaot r and they remia. \_lvery Spanish M design. There seems to be an air of prosperity here. We arrived at the Zoo after about twenty minutes journey in bus. It . is not a Zoo as pe ps we know a Zoo M England, \_ but a very lovely park where sane animals are kept in their natural surroundings. There is no payment on entering and a notice in English welqanes visitors. We stayed two hours wandering about and watching the animals, especial.ly the monkeys. Took bus back to centre and had ouba libre at oafe with Juke box which we made good use of. 6.30 p.m. Back to .• Hotel. 9.0'clock Dinner at Oriental, st ed until 10.30 p.m. then on to llarte:.y-Beiona. Were canpelled to go back to Hotel first to get coats. .Reople were walking about in leather ja.okets and short -f coats, .they think it 'is very' cold when temperature f"alla to about 62. F.

Once again Havana Sextets were playing so was rather crowded. Enjoyed -watching Pinchot and Aida; lea.mt

quite a few steps. Pierre who was watching a good Mambo or "Cha Cha Cha" couple also learnt quite a bit. Pinchot danced with me which was good practice for the steps I had been watching. J and I danced once or twice and each time had a little cl-owdatch, they are of course astonished to see us dancing so correctly their own dance. As Tanged to film Pinchot and Aida. Aida we will be paying not Pinchot, he is an amateur. Back to Hotel - on way had coffees - at 2.30 a.m.

. 9th January, 1954- Breakfast 10.0 a.m. Beautiful day back again in the 80's. Everybody casts off winter clothes after one day of winter. J a'zldI go to beach. How blue the sea! A few more people than on our previous visit. Sea a little cooler owing to coolness during night. •It was more refreshing than previously. I stayed in sea a long time, J swam out to diving raft and stmbathed tr ere. When he returned to beach he decided to go to bar and listen to Juke box. A policeman came up to him and indicated by signs his costume was too brief. He returned to tell **me**, who also had on a bikini and whilst we were talking the policeman approached with another man who spoke English. Unhurriedly I nonchalantly draped a towel round my middle. Apparently the policeman had not seen my costume but just wanted J to know it was because it was not the custom to wear such brief costumes there. It is rather silly because every man on the beach that day could only have had two more inches at the most. Anyway, we have decided that it is not yet the time to wear bikinis. We only had them on because in each case they are nylon and they dry so quickly.

Cuba Libre at cafe near La Concha beautifully cool. Caught bus and only seat we could get was at back, not very pleasant, sun on us all the time. Met P 2.30 p.m. He was talking to a policeman who was very pro-British, educated in Honduras. It was a job to get away from him. I again had sun on me. P. adsalad lunch and suddenly felt very faint - most unusual with me - had brandy, felt a little better, decided to go back to Hotel and rest. It must have been the sun. J and P went to shops for records.

Out to dinner 8.30 p.m.- Tried different restaurant, Pullman, was not too good and anyway I wasn't hungry. Walk back to Hotel, P and J window shopping for Cuban shirts all the way. Into bar at Hotel, have drink and listen to about eight tunes of Juke box, then back to bed 11.0 p.m.

10th January, 1954. Another lovely day - very warm but still not feeling too well, I also have a rash and we have decided it might be because every day for three weeks at least once a day, I have had shell fish and maybe it has disagreed with me. Walked along sea front, sat under trees in Prado, had very light lunch at Oriental then sat in Central Park again under trees for two or three hours. Had tea - the first tea for three weeks - no bad. Tea is put in sachet in cup then hot water poured on. Walk back to Hotel have Cuba Libre, feeling better - no more, rest at Hotel, then out to dinner. P and J go on to the artery elona and I back to Hotel, did several jobs, read my book then bed 12 midnights.

11th January, 1954. Breakfast 9.30 a.m. Feeling much better, day very dull. We were to have filmed Pinchot and Aida but he phones to say weather not good enough, will try again tomorrow. Walk again along sea front then again light lunch at Oriental. Clouds forming and gets darker and darker, then, at 19 comes the rain in torrents. Sit in restaurant till 3.30 p.m. then decide to risk rain which had eased and wander round shops.

Delighted that we find eight marvellous restaurants, P and J visit all shirt departments. P likes the green check - it suits him. Still raining so into cafe, for cafe con leche and oapuchinos - these are the small cakes in very sweet syrup - The waiter was rather chatty and he said the best drink in Cuba was Daikiri - this is crushed ice, bacardi white and lemon - It was still raining so thought we would try one. We were disappointed, it is obviously a drink to sell to tourists and when we had the bill, it was exactly twice as much as if we had had cuba libre which contains far more bacardi.

5.30 p.m. Rain ceases, so back to shops, where P and J still look for shirts. etc. At last we go into a fairly small shop, where wireless was on and Sonora Matansera was playing and a very charming Cuban boy speaking fairly good English was serving. This combination might have been the cause of P and J purchasing a coat each - Cuban style - and having to borrow some of my dollars. Anyway I was pleased to lend them, it means that for the next ten days I won't have to gaze in all the men's outfitters of Havana as we have very few dollars to spend on clothes. 7.0 p.m. Back to Hotel. Change; then out to dinner,

10.30 p.m. On to Academia, very lucky, at least six very good dancers, sat and learnt many tricks. Since they have introduced Cha Cha Cha into many tunes the dancing during the Cha Cha Cha is very interesting to watch and altho' tricky is still very controlled, Danced with Pinchot and he put an extra very in very good. He also said many of the dancers were very complimentary to him about me. That is good in this home of Rumba. Arrived back 1.30 a.m. and until 2.30 a.m. practising with Pierre many steps.

12th January, 1954- Breakfast 10, a.m. Slept badly, heard tunes and watched dancing all night. P leaves at 11. a.m. to meet leader of band "Havana Sextets". J and I walk along sea front. Could not walk on side of sea, huge waves coming over on to promenade and even some reaching other side of road. Cars drenched with water and crawling along. Accident - three cars collided. I suppose front one blinded by sea. Meet P and lunch Oriental. Meander round shops, back to Hotel 4.0'clock to rest. 7. p.m. Out again to cafe and have two Cuba Libres and listen to Juke box. Weather was by now rather cold - in fact Y!&J/.for Cuba - and I was wearing my drainpipe slacks and blazer. This attire seems to be a source of amusement to the Cubans but it was so cold I braved their stares. 9.0 p.m. Dinner at Oriental. Suddenly a man rushes in, wrings us by the hands and lo and behold Sidney Trot. He is the man who helped Pierre on his first visit here six

years ago and he himself was the first to introduce the backwards and forwards basic steps in Rumba to the States, and was very successful. He told us he now lives in Miami and has opened a record shop, where we can get any records we desire. He was so excited to see us. On to Martey-Belona. My entrance in trousers was greeted by a sound like the twittering of many birds and everybody stared and some almost stopped dancing to look. And J tried to lose me and not be with me. I just stood and looked - I hope - as if I couldn't see or hear anything. After a few seconds it seemed to me - the excitement died down. Pinchot dances with Aida. Pinchot turns up and Sidney Trot. They dance with the girls. I would not dance I thought it better to remain as inconspicuous as possible. I just watched the girls - drinking in their style. Home 1.45 a.m. Hot chocolate. en route as it is still rather cold and windy. Bed 2.30 a.m.

13th January Breakfast 10.0 a.m. Look anxiously at weather as we had arranged to film Pinchot and Aida willy nilly, this morning. Weather warmer, but still very windy. Arrive Pinchot's flat 11.30 a.m. Aida not arrived. Introduced to the present girl friend. A little pretty dark and half Chinese girl. 12 mid-day. Aida arrives. Pinchot would like to dance indoors but J thinks light not good enough. He has large verandah but very sticky floor. We compromise part indoors, part outdoors. Pinchot and Aida first had neat Bacardi in ice. Everything we hope, went well. First Pinchot and Aida then Pierre and Aida and Pinchot and myself. Afterwards I filmed J dancing with Aida. •• Much to the astonishment of the girls I took Aida and danced as man. Maybe she thought "now I know why she wore trousers last evening"! •• She was very surprised that I could lead so well, she doesn't know that that is part of our training in England. After all the filming we all, I am afraid got a little merry on Bacardi. • Pinchot suggested we go on to Chinese Restaurant so all piled into taxi and go to Havana's China Town.

Get into a lift and taken to tenth floor. It was fairly large with big verandah holding about ten tables and

from here a magnificent view of Havana. I can't say I was crazy about the lunch but anyway I had things cooked as never before. Mixtures of fish *soup*, chicken soup and something called vegetable *soup*, not vegetables that I am used to. Followed by fried rice, pigeons, large fried • shrimps (these were delicious) also pork and sort of peas in shells, which is all edible. Unfortunately, we couldn't stay longer as we had an appointment with Pepe Lorenz, otherwise Pinchot was ordering a sweet which he said he was sure I would like. 3.30 p.m. Back to Hotel to fetch another film and on to Pepe.

Fi Pepe with his wif Aida - what a lovely face she has - have iessop. with also brandy and soda. Leave 6.0 p.m. and walk back to Hotel and on way have coffee which we all peed. Both P and I have headache, are you surprised after all the drinks'? I'm not. 9.0 p.m. Oriental for dinner.

Whilst vva.iting for bus at .2.10 p.m. noticed the moon was directly above us, have never seen this before. Also the moon is on its back and just at the moment it looks like a pudding basin.

Then walk to Academia, pa\_ss by .Capitolio.. liary cafes around here have tables outside and one goes a little further and has a band and what's more a nLadies band". All the musicians have white trousers and• friliy shirts. It is amusing that the only Rumba band we have seen here wearing frilly shirts is an "All Ladies" band! and believe me they are very good, especially the piani t. We listened for a ti.me then strolled to Academia: •On the way,. we saw a strange and rather pathetic sight, two tiny kittens.sitting on the pavement, one :with his little wh t paws on the back of the other, somebody had obviously l"eft them there hoping they.would be picked up. 'We didn't know what to do, had we been in England gr Frarice we would have taken them, anyway we.decided to leave them, it s. warm and many people were looking at them, they are such nice people here I am sure somebody would take them. They.were on my mind all the evening. We went back to.the spot on the way back from

Academia and looked in the Capitolio Gardens but did not see them. Arrived at Academia 11.15 p.m. but very bad night. Band not good so as a result, no good dancers. Sidney Trot turned up and it was amusing to watch him. He knows every trick that every Cuban dances. He has good rhythm but his style is not subtle. Left 1.0'clock Walked back and had orange juice. at We - it is so sweet here - Bed at 2. a.m.

14th January 9.0 a.m. Awakened by cable for J from England. 10.30 a.m. Catch bus for La Concha, -weather is once again warm and cloudless sky. Beach very deserted. J wore his bathing trunks - but I still wore my bikini but compromised by tying a selp" round my middle which changed my b"i.l.d.ni into a two pie\_ce costume.. Sea .very warm and I th I am improving my swimming. J met the Cuban boy whom p.e used to swim. th two years-ago. •He has:.changed., he had a •smash on his inotQr-cyole and killed a girl, he is just recovering, but he says it is still rather on his mind. Met P •2.0 p.m. at Oriental and went to port to get our return tickets which they had retained. Then to Western Union Cable Office to cable England. On to Pan 'American Air Of'fic .to change our reservations from Miami to New York, instead .of tr vel.ling by night we decide to go by day.

Weather turned cooler and high wind blowing, so have coffee but on way back to Hotel can't resist an ice cream. 8.30 P..M. .Decide •to try New Restaurant so went to "l6arni". It looked rathe;r nice.but not unduly expensive, but when we were handed the menu- we had a sho•ck. Instead of having the courage to walk out as later we saw two •Americans do, we decided to make. the best of it and be fairly care:f'ul what we ordered. It was quite good but certainly not worth wha\_t '.we paid, compared to other restaurants here. .Later, we read in a guide book that it was noted for its food. Decide to have coffee at the cate where the La.dies Band play d. On the way had to pass the \_corner where previous-.night we saw kittens, and lo and behold there was one.of' the kittens in exactly the same spot. We were h9rrified. It was so tiny., only six •or

eight inches long. I lifted it and it appeared to have a full tummy and purred. We wondered how we could be sure it had milk. P had a marvellous idea to get cartons out of the machine into which you put five cents and out comes first a carton and then it fills with pineapple juice. It took us quite a walk to find a machine, eventually we did and ask pineapple - altho' none of us wanted it - P then went into cafe and got them filled with fresh milk. Back we went, there was the "puddy tat" - that was our name for him, but he wouldn't look at the milk. - We left him and went to cafe, listened to three or four Ruin.bas, then back to "puddy tat" and this time I dipped his little nose in the milk and he appeared interested. Whilst I was fondling him, three Cuban boys came up and saw how worried we were. One who spoke English well said:- Oh this often happens, -they are stray cats who have kittens in the shrubbery of the Capitolio and they just get food how they can. It seemed so callous to me but I suppose it isn't to them. We decided to leave him and go home, the evenings are very warm in Cuba. Bed about 1.0 a.m. Had intended to be early but "puddy tat" episode prevented us.

•15th January, 1951+. Up 7.30 a.m. and leave Hotel at 8.30 a.m. to catch bus to Varadero Beach. On way call in cafe and have coffee also get milk for "puddy tat", but he isn't there. A man was watering the shrubs all around the Capitolio., my cartons had disappeared and he watched me suspiciously when he saw me in that corner, I waited till his back was turned then hurriedly put milk down.

Bus departs 9.0 a.m. They are very comfortable. The 100 miles is done in 2 1/2 hours. Travel over 60 miles per hour. The try as I said in my previous diary is very dry and in places bare. They - on this route anyway - seem to only cultivate Pineapples, Coconuts and Sugar. The only flowers that grow in any profusion are poinsettias the large red starlike flower. Arrived at Varadero 11.30 a.m. and proceed to beach. Once again miles of white sand, blue sky and sea. Here the sea is much rougher than La Concha and large waves break on the shore similar to Copacabana in Brazil.

Stayed on beach, bathing and sunbathing until 2.15 p.m. then on to cafe which we visited two years ago for Cuba Libres and sandwiches. Pas 1 st-time, had a long conversation in Spanish. Stayed about one hour then on to cai'e where we caught our bus back to Havana. • Finding we have one hour to wait, have cafe-con-leche and play records in Juke box. Bus arrives 4.30 p.m. Super bus - with seats that could be tilted back as in an aeroplane. We stopped at JJ t nzas and some school girls got in. One looked at me shyly and said in English "I hope you are enjoying your stay in Cuba". She asked if I lived in America and when I said I was English her face lit up and she said "England"-and then added.t' That is the Country of Gentlemen! " This was her 'remark, not mine, but I didn't contradict .her. Again travelled for about 20 miles along\_ by the s a. Rather bleak, no beach but rocks which look queer,. .rather- like lava.

Last. time we made his journey, we remarked about the lack of cattle-but not this.t-une. All the way along the route, young cows and calves are grazing. We wonder\_ if President Batista, who seems to.be doing so much good for Cuba has had the\_m impo ted?

-Back.in Havana\_ at 7.0.p.m. So on to Oriental for dinner, then back to Hotel, on the way looked for "puddy tat" having made 'LJ\_our minds .if he is still there to find a vet and take him there, because even if they are wild . cats, I felt he was mine and I couldn't think of him being left to fend for himself, but he was not there, how I hope somebody has taken him home with them.

On to Oriental for dinner and find it half full of American Sailors, all with: pa.roe , there are many presents you can buy here.if you.have the dollars. Unfortunately with.the.coming of.the American Fleet it has increased the numbers of beggar.s and little boys tugging yoi sleeves and asking for money. It infuriates us because many obviously don't need it. We saw Sailors angrily shaking them off. Back to Hotel to wash and change,

also rest for while, as all rather tired. 11.30 p.m. - I anyway. feeling much more like bed than dancing - we make our way to lfa.rte-y-Belona. On arrival Aida comes to us and P gets tickets and has some dances, but J and I feel too tired to dance and just watch. Pinchot and Sidney Trot arrive and P gives up Aida - as she is really Pinchot's property - and dances with a tall blond girl. Meanwhile J and I are getting more and more weary and decide to go back, so stroll back having pineapple juice from machine on way and bed 1.30 a.m. arrived back 2.30 a.m.

16th January Up 10.0 a.m. Unfortunately my phone rings at 8.30 a.m. • Was Pan .AmeriGan confirming our bookings for next week. P has to see music publishers so J and I go to La Cpncha, hotter than ever, yesterday 8) F. today must be at least 88 F. More on beach as it is • --- Saturday, also an invasion of the American Fleet. They must have plenty of dough because they are everywhere that costs money. Stay till 1.4-5 p.m. then back to Havana and meet P for late lunch not arriving till 2.45 p.m. as our bus was a different number and we went all round Havana to reach the centre. Decide to go to Cinema, very poor show. Cyrano de Bergerac and one with Gary Cooper. It was very cool, all cinemas are air conditioned. Arrive San Luis 7.0 p.m. meet P and have Cuba Libres in bar and play Juke box. 9.0 p.m. Out to dinner. Oriental quite full of Yankees and which seems to be quite usual in all Countries when the Navy's in Port, girls of a doubtful type strolling about. It is most unusual in the evening to see girls unescorted but tonight quite a number. A very nice type of young man seems to be in the .American Navy, they are exceptionally well behaved here. On to the Academia - here many Americans - but not a dancer amongst them - and certainly they have no idea of Rumba or old. P and J danced with two of the best taxi-girls, we have named them Blondie and Fatty. It is impossible for me to dance with anybody not in our immediate circle because the management would be annoyed as it takes money out of their pockets. We stayed till 12.30 a.m. walked home. d. "fruit juice on the way and bed 1.30 a.m

. 17th January, 1954. Breakfast 10.0 a.m. and then  
 out to an early lunch before going on to "Tropical". This  
 is gardens attached to the Tropical Beer Breweries and it  
 is the custom to have dances in these beautiful grounds of  
 tropical plants and flowers and to engage six of the best  
 Rumba bands including Sonora Matancera, starting at 1.0 p.m.  
 -and finishing at 7.0 p.m. We arrived at 2.0 p.m. and one  
 very good band was playing. It would take pages to  
 properly describe the scene but I will do my best in as few  
 words as possible. The band is in the centre, the floor  
 is patterned stone, the dancers mainly cool. Fred, very well  
 but a little over dressed, men in felt hats and sober suits,  
 others in white suits or guayaberas, many in coloured  
 shirts. The girls in every colour imaginable, some dresses  
 skin tight, others very full and so many very very pretty  
 girls especially the mulattos and what dancing! 7  
 marvellous dancers, dancing with grace and such dignity even  
 when the new 8:15 popular cha cha cha came in the music,  
 they certainly went to town, but never lost their dignity.  
 This band played one hour and J filmed some of the dancers.  
 In the distance we heard more music and decided to  
 investigate, as we got near, we knew without seeing who it  
 was, they have no equal yet here, Sonora Matancera and the  
 crowd! You could have walked on the dancers' heads. We  
 stood on some stairs and had a wonderful view of dancers  
 and band. They played for a little under an hour. When  
 the floor had cleared P went and introduced himself to the  
 leader of the band Senor Kartinez whom we had met on our  
 previous visit here - he greeted P like a long lost brother  
 and immediately suggested all having a drink with him, this  
 drink or drinks lasted over an hour. What a charming man  
 he is! and what a true representative of the Spanish race -  
 he is half Spanish and half Cuban - They have a habit here  
 between men of embracing one another - the same custom is  
 in Brazil - and Mr. Martin & every time P or J said  
 anything to amuse or please him heartily embraced them.  
 P told him in Spanish how when two summers ago I was in  
 Monte Carlo I danced at the Sea Club where a well known - in  
 Europe - Cuban band was playing, I spoke to the leader and  
 said how I had been in Cuba the previous winter. The  
 leader introduced me to two of his men who had recently

come from Cuba and I asked them if they knew Sonora Matancera, they looked at me with awe and breathed SONORA MATANCERA as if that were almost supernatural. Mr. Martinez was very intrigued with this tale, called his band over, one at a time, and told them this tale, by the time he reached the last **one**, he was hands together and on his knees when he said "Sonora Matancera"!!! He invited us to attend his broadcast that evening at Radio Progreso at 7.0'clock, we of course were delighted. We had drinks and coffee with him and he invited us to have a sandwich, and altho' we all were longing for one, they looked so marvellous, we said "no" as we didn't want to appear greedy - even if we are. He then returned to play for another session and the minute he had **gone**, we rushed to get a sandwich. The bread here is **very** light and crisp and in between they put lean pork, cheese and gerkin, they are delicious. By then it was 5.0'clock so we returned to City Centre to be in time for broadcast.

Radio Progreso is a new building with three studios on the ground floor, all very modern and up to date, The main studio where the broadcasts are open to the public, seats about 400. By the time we arrived it was nearly full. We were escorted to the front row and whilst waiting for the broadcast to begin, Mr. Martinez showed us over the Studios. Promptly at 7.0 p.m. the broadcast started and I must repeat my words in my previous diary, the half an hour passes like five minutes. Every musician is a master of his instrument. They work in teams, two trumpets, well on the right of stage, drummer and conga drummer in middle, pianist and double bass on left of stage and in the front Mr. Martinez on guitar, maracas player and singer. With some of the numbers, the band is augmented by Celia Cruz the most famous coloured woman singer - of that type - in Cuba. I have never heard such a voice, so powerful without effort and what rhythm, she has no irritating mannerisms but is just natural, it is no wonder she is so popular!. The audience love the band and it is quite unnecessary to tell them to clap, many join in the numbers. The audience is three quarters coloured. When this broadcast was finished we caught a bus to Radio Salas - this is not such a modern building - to hear the Havana Sextets broadcast. This band is quite different

fran Sonora Matancera and it would be silly to can.pare.  
 They are not so up to date in their style and are all  
 complete Negroes. Nevertheless they also have exQellent  
 rhythm. After they had t shed, three negroes with  
 musicians descr.ibe i Cuba.as "A:tro Cubano", they.interpret  
 the African rhythms. About six girls sang and chanted, it'  
 was all vey dil'ficult to 'llllderstand and the girls were  
 ra:ther ugly so as soon as possible.we left and went to have  
 dinner which we were all very much in need ot. Tl:,l.en to  
 Academia but no many good dancers present so left about  
 12.0'clock and walked baak to Hotel, having pineapple juice  
 on the way\*.

18th January 9.0 a.m. Breakfast and J and I at  
 11.0 a.m. depart for La Concha. When travelling by bus,  
 many vendors ot lottery tickets and trays of sweets -  
 wrapped separately in papers - try to sell their wares.  
 We have noticed how often people buy the sweets, today we  
 thought we would try one each. They are similar to a  
 super barley sugar and very good and only one cent. Anyvray  
 •they keep you employed tor the rest of the journey. The  
 -driver was smoking a cigar and many ot the passengers spoke  
 with him. The conductor pa.id one cent and had a sweet.  
 How different from other Countries. Yesterday at.  
 "Tropical" a policeman joined in the dancing complete with  
 revolver, truncheon and handcuffs. There were at least  
 four very pretty girls on the bus. How pretty the girls  
 are here! nobody is really plain. They spoil themselves  
 many times by bad make-up, especially their .mw:uths.

Anot e lovely day and bathing delightful. Meet  
 P at Bank - he is .late because llr. Uartinez called at Hotel  
 and asked us out tonight - we change more traveller's  
 cheques Then lunch at 3.0 p.m. Take short stroll round,  
 then back to Hot l to change before going to Radio Progresso  
 at 6.0 p.m. Once again a wondertul feast of reythm, this  
 time the band had gue t singer, Nelson Pina.do from Col\mbia.  
 He has a very sweet tone. Sonora Ma.tanoera finished at  
 6.30 p.m. They were followed by another band who played

Spanish style music. 7.0 p.m. ;onoraback again and this  
 tile Celia Cruz ith them. Another enthusiastic and packed  
 house. llir.i.ia.rtinez and his son - who speaks English quite  
 well - took us to a bar "Las Vegas" for drinks. A curious .  
 bar vnere you put your glass on a horse on the colllter.  
 There was a wheel that turned - sort of like roulette - and  
 if your horse turned up you won a free drink. We then went  
 on to a real Cuban Restaurant and had an excellent meal.  
 Heeting us tiere was the car - or brake - of the band. They  
 have tvo special cars, one large and one small, we were in the  
 :3mall one. All around is the name Sonora -iil.atancera and it  
 •was amusing to see people peering in the car - because **ot**  
 •course this name is a h;o"useholdword in Cuba, they  
 broadcast everyday inaluding Sllliday. I think some people  
 expected to see Gelia Cruz, not me. I certainly could  
 ot be mistaken because however long I sunbathed I could  
 not get that colour.

We were taken about ten miles out or the town to  
 the "B.AMBU", a club that gets its name because of the bamboos  
 all around. •The club is open on all sides and tables all  
 round the dance floor. The grotmds are very pretty with  
 a floodlit lake where people swim. Mr. Martinez of course  
 was greeted with much- embracing and he seems very well liked.  
 I am not surprised as he is very modest and not at all  
 conceited. The cabaret co.me on as soon as we arrived.  
 It was very mediocre. One girl excited a good -deal **ot**  
 comment. She had a :f'igure like an hour glass, very broad  
 shoulders, wide hips and very small waist. She wasn't  
 much of a singer or dancer but that didn't matter! I  
 said she was like Mae West but P and J were very indignant  
 so she evidently had something. After the show P danced  
 with her.

We left at 12 midnight and just saw the finish  
 of the eclipse of the moon. Mr. Martinez suggested we had  
 a "promenade" in his car and he very sweetly took us about  
 fifty miles It was a brilliantly moonlit night and vecy  
 warm. We went to a monument, specially built to commemorate  
 the victory or Jose ifarti in the yeo:r about 1850. It looked  
 wonderful in moonlight. We could see a panorama. view of

the lights o'f Havana in the distance. We then came back thro' streets we had never a en. ..very wide .boule s th many es pen:- and brilliantly -lit, a tho' a'fter 1.0 a.m. Back to ~~Hotel~~ very tired.- and ed 1.30 a. All -thinking how kind of Mr. Martinez because it could not have bee.p. exciting 'fo him altho' he seemed to enjoy him.self.. Sonora Matance a•s band have been together 'for thirty years and still many o'f the original. men are in it and in the. case of the double bass, the son of the original.bass player has taken over from his Father who is **now** in the qffic .

19th January, lt• Breakt"ast 10.0 a.m•.and J\_and I go to La Concha. Brilliant day and we bathe and sunbathe until 1.30 p.m. then back to Oriental for lunch with P. .Afterwards shopping for souvenirs then I go back to Hotel to write up diary which is rather behind. D er .9.30 F•m• at usuaJ. re•staurant. The waiters are so .used to us now that they bring us almost too much fqod. One waiter whom we called Poker Face and he we always tri,eq. to avoid, but somehow he chased us and we found ourselves n arly always under his care, he keeps bringing us extras and we never find them on our bill. He is Chinese as are so many-waiters here. In fact there seem to be hundreds of Cltj.nese here.

Then on to Marte-y-Belona.. Quite crowded and. two very good Runi>a Bands, also many Yankee sailors. P and J danced with Aida an4 Blondie, I must say I can see improvement in both. .In honour of the Yanks, the Band played several Swing numbers but the Yanks were not good dancers. Pinchot started to Jive in a mild way so J and.I also sl;arted to Jive. In no time we were surrounded by quite 200 dancera and we got a gra.rid reception, in fact - against my will - we were forced to dance an encore. They of c•ourse appreciate rhythm in others because they are a rhythmic Nation, they are also a very generous Nation. Each evening I get many compliments from the taxi-girls on my progress in the Rumba. When we danced the exhibition Jive;r gave' an exhibition in more ways than one, I f'ound af'ter dancing, a strap had burst and as I was wearing a thin nyIon blouse, I am just hoping f'or the best and that it gave way at the end

of the dance and not the beginning. We stayed until 1.30 a.m. then home to bed with more pineapple juice on the way. Bed at 2.30 a.m.

20th January, 1954. Breakfast 10.0 a.m. Another very hot and sunny day. J and I decide to go for a last bathe at La Concha. I am afraid that it didn't "end happily ever after". J often dives with the Cuban Diving Champion whom we met here two years' ago. The Cuban dived then J. The Cuban suggested to J that he dived again but kept his feet straight on entering the water. J did a fine dive but unfortunately he dived deep and hit himself on rocks and cut chest and arms rather badly. There is a resident Doctor at La Concha and he soon fixed J up. We left at 1.45 p.m. and met P at Oriental. Shopped for the last time then went on to bid farewell to Pepe Lorenz and Aida. Many photographs were taken and "Highballs" drunk. A friend of Pepe's, very keen on dancing, called with his Wife and we had an informal dance. We danced tango, which Pepe is very fond of, and Pepe and his Wife danced Guaracha and the friend with his Wife danced Son. Afterwards all changed partners. Back to the Hotel to pack, then on to dinner at 10.0 p.m. followed by the Academia.

Blondie, knowing we were coming and P and J would be dancing with her, was very smartly attired and wore rather pretty jewellery which she proudly told us was given to her by a friend from Mexico. We stayed until 1.30 a.m. P and J dancing with Blondie and I dancing with Pincopon sometimes, but here I prefer to watch. I learn so much. Finish with last drink to say "Au revoir" to Pincopon, then sadly back to Hotel and bed 2.30 a.m.

21st January Breakfast 10.0 a.m. Finish packing then out to last cafe-con-leche at cafe, then back to Hotel for luggage. 12.20 p.m. Load luggage on taxi and away to airport. The heat is terrific and here we are in thick clothes and I carrying a fur coat. 1.0 p.m. Arrive at airport, pay three dollars for taxi and get luggage checked. We are allowed 30 Kilos each and are relieved when our luggage only weighs 70 between us. We are •

carrying at least the other 20 but they don't weigh this. We have three bottles of Bacardi and about 40 records plus music and presents. 1.35 p.m. Board 'plane, a TWO engined Convair of the "Pan American". These 'planes are very fast and all being well we should arrive at hliami in one hour. 1.38 p.m. Engines warming. 1.40 p.m. We're off, we're airborne.

We get our last glimpse of lovely Cuba. Now flying over the Gulf of Mexico. Once again we are sad to leave Cuba. It is not so much the actual beauty of the Country - because other Countries are more beautiful. It is the climate, the music and above all the charm of the people. The Country still retains the Cuban character, altho it is a little more Americanised than on our last visit. I hope this doesn't increase! There were many more American visitors to Havana than on our last visit, parts of the City are a little spoilt by these "trippers". Also their presence here has encouraged small boys who are a positive pest - asking for nickels. They clutch your arm. Wild shout at you; 2.0 p.m. Pilot has just announced that 'feare flying 285 miles an hour and flying at 71000 feet and all being well, will reach Miami under the hour. Just past Key West on our left. 2.10 p m. Flying directly ov r the Gulf Stream - so blue here, isn't it strange to think this stream flows all the way to England. Pa si ng over many small islands, all of which. are QOnnected by a bri'dge - this bridge stretches over 100 miles and goes all the Way to Key We:lt one way and into •Miami the oth r. 1.30 p.m. Passing over The Everglades, a part of America very marshy and wild, and inhabited in parts Y small bands of Seminole Indians. 1.35 p.m. Weather already changing. Flying over clouds and getting an occasi<>nal :lump. We're coming down, flying tbro<sup>l</sup> clouds. 1.40 p m. over JJi.am<sup>i</sup> on our right; see airport. We're coming down: We'r nearly down. 1.42 p.m. \V'e've landed at Miami International Airport and our eighth Country. Proc ed by taxi to our friends, the Agra.montes, after having been as long at the airport as it took us to travel from Cuba by 'plane. There is much red tape here, but for .some reason or other we were not asked for our

vaccination certificates. hlonty, Rene and Eleanor were very pleased to see us and after a talk and dinner we caught a bus to go to the Rote Biltmore (where our friend l.:onty teaches dancing and is the host) at Miami Beach. As this Hotel is at the extreme end of Miami Beach, it is the house at which we are staying is three or four miles from the centre of the T, it was a long bus ride with one - hange, and the journey took one hour and a half. It was very interesting however because I have never seen this "itillionaires' Paradise" with all the lights up before. It is almost impossible to describe the lushness of these innumerable hotels. I can only say that even the American films of today had not prepared me for the Hotels of Miami Beach. The most important road stretched one mile with hotels all the way. Everyone seems to be more extravagant than the last. They are all at least twenty floors high, nearly all have floodlit trees outside and flights of many stairs to reach the entrance. It is of course, the height of the season here, so many people are going in and out and it is strange to see how the people are drawn from all classes. These hotels shout wealth at you. Neon lights are everywhere and every hotel has a swimming pool shaped in different ways - one like a heart. Before reaching this street of Hotels you pass many shops, the like I have never seen before. Wonderful lighting and window dressing, all displaying exclusive clothes especially beach wear. Arthur Murray has a Dance School here and it is of course in keeping with the rest, the last word in luxury. After this mile of Hotels, which by the way all look out to the Ocean and have their private beaches, you pass many private houses; these lie back from the road and are I believe just as luxurious as the Hotels. Eventually we reach the "Biltmore" - a hotel just completed one year ago. We walk up the stairs and find ourselves in an air-conditioned hall beyond description. Very modern furniture in colours of grey, blue and wine. Part of one side of the wall was of bamboo, and cages in the same colours: as the furniture were fixed in the wall containing love birds or all colours. We arrive at the ballroom. This is furnished in blue, with a small maple floor in the centre and a smartly dressed four-piece band at the end. This room was in very

good taste. The dancing was the same, as you see in smart hotels all over the world. • We went to see the swimming pool and walked thro' another large room. • The only way I can describe it is that I felt I was walking thro' a film set. The pool of course was a curious shape - it had a small "Waist" in the centre. All around the pool was sand. A delightfully warm wind was blowing from the Ocean. This Hotel as usual, had its private beach beyond the pool. We left about 12.0 p.m. Fortunately the 'bus took less time to return and 'Viereached our friends' .home soon after 1.0 a.m.

. . 22nd January:, -1954 Breakt'ast 10.30 a.m. Vecy s\_unny day but ccasional showers. Out about 1.0 p.m. and look round the shops in Miami Town. We buy a few things and have late lunch at Walgreens. P and J go to Miami Beach to see Sidney Trot and get more records. Back to the house where Rene prepares food. Sit and talk, and'.. bed 12. midnight..

23rd Januar,: 6.30 a.m. Rene calls us and at 7<sub>1</sub>30 a.m. Taxi calls to take us to airport to board 'plane to New York. Board 'pla e at 8.15 a.m. A new D.C.7. This 'plane even has radios over each seat. 8.45 a.m. Announce slight delay. 9.10 a.m. Engines warm up. 9.12 a.m. We're off; we're airborne. 9.30 a.m. Just passed over Palm Beach. Pilot announces "ire will fly at 19,000 ft. 10.18 a.m. Breakfast over and a very indifferent one too. \_The soggy scrambled eggs and hard sausages reminded me of war-time Engl.and.. •Brea ast seems the one meal at which no airline has been able to serve appetising food. .The coffee was quite goqd but noho was offered a second cup which is unusual. The air hostesses - especially one, a platinum blonde - float arollll.d.as if they were film stars. It is vecy. unusual to see this type as air hostesses, they are usually pretty but likeable and make you feel they are pleaed to do anything for you but these oday "confer a favour". We have heard it is very very cold in New York, we just can't realise what that means.

12.0'clock midday. Pilot just announced 323 more

miles to New York and temperature there 28 F. that means below freezing. I still find it hard to realise what that means. 12.45 p.m. Fasten belts. We're coming down, plenty of bumps going thro' thick cloud. New York on Right and over sea on left we see skyline. 12.50 p.m. We're nearly down. Still over sea. We've landed at Idlewild Air Port., New York.

Decide to have a taxi instead of the airport 'bus which charged 1 dollar twenty five cents per head, found our mistake too late. Idlewild is the airport farthest from the City and by the time we reached the hotel - 11 o'clock - registered six dollars fifty cents plus luggage. In all eight dollars - nearly three pounds. Check in at Hotel "Bristol" on W48 Street - As I said in my last diary - to find your way in New York is very simple. Broadway runs right thro' the centre and the roads branch out east and west. Every street is numbered and is prefaced with either east or west. We were remembered and told prices were higher but as we were here two years ago they would let us have our rooms at the same price as last time. All have rooms on the fourth floor. Each room is small with bathroan and everything you need. 3.0 p.m. Freddy Camp 'phoned. Many of our friends will remember him and his charming wife Edith at our Wednesday evening dances. Also many will. • remember him as a very good Amateur dancer before the War, always in the last six of a very big contest in English style and he had a great reputation for the tango, which in our opinion he was rather instrumental in spoiling when he • introduced the staccato style at Blackpool in about 1935. He himself did it extremely well, but the imitations were terrible. He was of course delighted that we have arrived in New York and wanted to know if we could call and visit him and his Wife that evening, and this I promised we would do.

We all have baths and change and unpack and at 5.0 o'clock we go out into the cold. The wind was very cold and the temperature was just freezing. The centre of the town on Saturdays is packed with hundreds of cars. They park each side of the road and progress is at crawling pace.

That means that every restaurant is packed and altho' only 5.0'clock everybody was ordering hot meals. We had quite a good meal. J and I-as dessert having peaches and cream. J doesn't seem so crazy on them this time as on our last visit to New York. It is because many of the things here are now obtainable in. ngland, therefore it is not quite such a treat. 7.0 p.m. Embark on the subway at 6th-Avenue to 181 Street where Fredey lives. •Find he has an extrem.el-y• nice flat, very arti\_stically urnished. He has,• I am pleased to say in the.very short time he has been here, ma.de good at his JQb ot shoe-designing and is alrea<\Y doing very. well. He, his Wi.fe and their two boys seem very happy and we spent a very pleasant evening with them. Arrive back at the ho el 12.0 midnight, all very tired and so to bed.

.23rd January, 1954. Breakf'ast 11.0'clock with very good tea, only served with cream instead of milk. 12.0'clock J and I go for a stroll. Still very cold but not quite like yesterday.

We notice how extremely dirty are the streets, one excuse we are given is that as oars always line both sides of the road, they can never be properly cleaned. This may be so but definitely something should be done. This is not only my oriticism but many Americans asked me if I fowid New York dirty?

2.0 p.m. Lrmoh at "Hectors" a new o e opposite Roseland, back to hotel where P announces he will not come with us this afternoon as he feels under the weather. 4.0 p.m. Freddy and Edith meet us at the Hotel and first we try to get in the Motor Show at Waldorf' Astoria but huge crowds are waiting to go in. We stroll down Fifth Avenue and look in shops, but owing to intense cold decide to have tea. Walk to Rockefeller Centre and find many people watching the open air skating there. Go to restaurant at the side of the rink and are entertained throughout tea with skaters of all grades. Music is played, so some take advantage of this and dance, others are doing "figures". This must be difficult with so ma.ey just tottering rowid. Many small children were skating very well, whilst others

w-ere being held up by instructors. We had tea and pastries. The tea was not bad but why m.tl1st they put sachets in the pot? Ours simply would not get beyond a very pale yellow. Freddy asked for more sachets, even then, it wasn't very .s-trong, how much bette-r if' they .just put ea in the pot. I am convinced -it would draw quicker. I am told that more and more Americans drink afternoon t. , it is quite a habit now.

•Freddy told us how wonderf'ully the Rockfeller Centre was s.decorated on Coronation Day; in 'f'act he said decorations were everywhere and Americans were as interested as we were. He also said the Queen was loved here. The Coronation was on the American Television on the night.or the Coronation.

Stayed talking until 6.0 p.m. then bade Freddy and Edith f'arewell. Back to Hotel to find .P feeling better so out to Hectors for food and then a stroll down Broadway, looking at the various Dance Halls and deciding which evenings we would visit them. Orange juice - which by the way is now 30 cents, it was 20 cents two years ago - then back to bed 11.15 p.m.

24th January Breakfast .9.15 a.m. Having been awake since 8.0 a.m. with the most aw:ful din outside my window. Two road drills and a crane were at work continuously, so bathed and dressed and down to desk to -ask for a change o room which was :immediately done. Up to the seventh floor, much lighter and quieter. 11.0 a.m. Out to Bank of New York to change Travellers' cheques arid once again I must remark on the great cour.tesy shown to us at this Bank. Then on to "Pan .American" to confirm bookings to London next Sunday. We fly on-the "President" flight and if weather is good, should be a non-stop flight of 15 hours. Look in shops; this time P looks in, all "Bow tie" shops. I am beginning to be heartily sick of bow ties. I have not yet seen Q.nything I.will bey, I suppose now we can get everything in England, it is more difficult to spend the few dollars I have put aside -f'orsomething for myself. Nylon stockings are in some cases more expensive

than in England.

In passing I must say what a change in mens' hats, very small brims and suits much less exaggerated. Also ladies' shoes - no longer does every woman, irrespective of weather, walk about in very high heels. I see fewer low heels, "flatties" and even boots, which seemed to be unknown two years ago. June 1.30 p.m. Then back to Hotel to floss up to go and see Mr. and Mrs. Norman at the Fifth Avenue, Arthur M. Taylor School - "floss up to go" Norman's expression, he taught me that two years ago. - 1.0 p.m. - Reach school and have a marvelous reception from Mr. & Mrs. Norman and many of their Teachers whom we re-encounter from our last visit. Have chat then watch class for prospective teachers in progress. ...

They have a course lasting a month and work eight hours six days a week. In this time they of course do not become expert dancers but are taught to teach routines for all the popular dances in vogue. Whether their method is as good or complete as ours in England I would not like to say, but it serves very well the Arthur Murray School which seem to be prospering.

Later P and I danced the English Waltz and Argentine Tango. Then J and I danced the Cuban Rumba, all of which were greeted with enthusiasm. They replied with 'Susie Fresh' (who danced for us last year) and her partner. (who is a member of the Staff and of Italian Nationality). They danced the Jive and Mambo, the American version, which does not appeal to me - and a lovely Paso Doble. This dance had more character than the one we dance in England and was not so "electric". We then asked Lewis, Arjio, the manager of the Fifth Avenue Studios, to dance. ... many of you will remember on our previous film, danced 'the Paso Doble with his partner Miss Shannon. Unfortunately, she was on Television and unable to dance with him, so he danced a tango with Miss Fresh. Everything he does in very good style and I would like some of the people who say the Americans can't dance to see him and others at the Fifth Avenue School. They would be compelled to "change their

tune". We then had "High-balls" with Mr. and Mrs. Norman. They were departing for Jamaica the next morning for a short holiday. *How* sorry we were; we had grovnm t-o like them so much. Lewis Arnold. invited us to dinner at a Japanese Restaurant, but. we were very disappointed to find that they closed on Mondays, so instead went to "The Gotham".

Before departing, .Mr. and Mrs. Norman with their usual kindness gave us a very nice watch each. These watches are given to pupils who (I think I am riglt in saying) get a gold medal.

We have a very good dinner, c9.mmmencing with a -• favourite dish of mine - Shrimp Cocktail. The Restaurant- is decorated with everything to q.owith boats a.I).fishing; fishing nets all around, fish on the walls and lamps similar to t.hose used on fishing boats. After dinner Lewis took • us to see Mrs. Charlotte Hess who teaches and live-s at Carnegie Hall. She has a th(;'orywhen teaching which is • briefly, that the bo makes the legs move, not t e legs: and :teet the body. She is very keen about this and talked to us at length. She has writt n a book on this s ject. • We left her al;out 10.0 p.m. Had coffee and lat r fruit juice Reach Hotel 11.15 p.m. and after. writing up diary, • bed •• 12.30 p.m.

25th January Breakfast 10.0 a.m.- Out 11, O'clbclc, First call at book shop owned by Mr. arid Mrs. Kaiwi" whom we •had got to lmow thro' correspondence re P's book. They • were out when we called but would be back in an hour.-- •Wa:J.kal to Central Park; first watched skating then the little squirrels being fed. They are so tame, one • came ;md took a peanut from J's hand. Back to book shop. This shop must surely be one of the most unique in the world Every book obtainable on any branch of dancing frQm any Country-is on sale at this shop. Mr. Kamin is of Polish origin and his Wife Ukranian. Very channing and hospitable people, in a few minutes we seem to have known them for years. They have visited England many t:unes, love it, and have many friends there, mostly dancers - not ballroom. . Anyvray we feel they have some ballroom friends now. We have arranged

to visit them on Friday at their home.-.

Lwich at 1.30 p.m. at Kellogs. This is a rather superior cafeteria. The food, especially the meat, very good., Afterwards we take the Metro. to <>uth Ferry, then on Ferry to Staten Island; wait at the Island till a.m., then back on the Ferry to New York, but on the way film the skyline of New York. The last time we filmed it by day and that was lovely, but by night, with all the skyscrapers lit up and the Statue of Liberty holding her lamp, it is unbelievably lovely. I must revisit this scene - it takes your breath away. I have never felt that the parts of New York I have seen have any great beauty, but the skyline is something no other City in the World equal.

Back; to the Hotel. Change, then to a meal at Howard Johnsons. Very-good - and on to "Roseland" the famous Dance Hall in New York. Here we met Freddy and Edith. The bands were very good and the dancing, especially the Swing, Paso Doble, and Paboczy also were very good. • The Tango was rather exaggerated and the Rumba, (which is unfortunately called Mambo here) was very good by some couple, it is certainly gaining in popularity. On the whole the dance is good, and I believe some of the teachers here are rather annoyed with an article which has appeared in an American dance magazine (and is written by -- Englishman) which predicts that New York is Twenty five years behind in dancing. Admittedly, they can't dance, the Slow Foxtrot, but perhaps they don't want to, and - Only "Roseland" would be large enough. I can say without hesitation, that in no dance hall that I have visited in England have I seen so many different dances danced in their correct style and by so many dancers as at "Roseland" tonight. We must not judge other Countries' dances only by our four standard dances, but stop to think how our couples would get on in other Countries, dancing their dances. To continue: -

We at first watched the dancing and at 10.30 p.m. there was a competition in the old Rumba. It was really awful - the old Rumba at its worst, and I prefer to pass

quickly-on to the demonstration dances held at 11.0 p.m. It is strange that the competition was in the old Rumba because all the demonstrations were in the modern style - dancing in the rhythm we teach - and altho' rather exaggerated, certainly they have learnt from the Cubans. It is a pity they have to exaggerate because they were quite good, but having just come from Cuba, we realised many of the movements used by the couples were rather crude in comparison. Afterwards we danced: P and I the Rumba; J and I Salsa Rumba and Freddy and I Slow Foxtrot, which they play very well in Roseland.. Leave about 12.30 p.m. Go to Drug Store and have orange juice, say farewell to Edith and Freddy and back to the Hotel 1.15 a.m. Bed 2.0 a.m.

26th January Breakfast 9.30 a.m. Rather tired and rather very muggy. What varieties of weather they have here. • 11.0 a.m. Out to Broadway to visit "Seeco" Records; on the way we have coffee. Lunch at 1.30 p.m. then J and I go to the Cinema to see "The Bigamist" an excellent film with Joan Fontaine, Ida Lupino etc. We meet P at 5.30 p.m. Look at shops and all buy "Dacron" shirts and I buy a blouse. whilst in the shop the assistant asks me where I come from and I say England. Later in conversation he asks me if we have television in England?!! I wonder where he thinks England is? I am sure he must think we are savages. On the way back to the Hotel it starts to pour with rain and thunder, we take cover for ten minutes, then decide to get back at all costs. Arrive rather wet. Go to P's room and drink Cuba Libre. Have a bottle each. We must open them all before going through customs in England, so start on the good work. I am afraid when I went to my room I almost saw two Lift Girls! 8.0 p.m. Out to a meal then on to Palladium, which is a dance hall and the home of Mambo!!! It is run - as I explained in my lost diary - by a man called Killer Joe. He explained to us he was called that name because he was once a jitterbug champion and he "Killed off" all his partners. We arrived at the Palladium to find we had to pay five dollars twenty five cents; thirty seven shillings for the three of us and when we got in

already there were about 1,000 people present. "Killer Joe" must surely be a millionaire by now. Two bands, one the well known Tito Puente who plays the small drums. They had just come on to the stand when we arrived, and did the boys and girls go to Town! The dance they dance all the evening is called Mambo, but except for the use of the forward and back basic step and some of the dancers using the correct rhythm, it otherwise bears no resemblance to the Mambo. They work so hard and use unnatural arm movements. If English people saw this exhibition it would ruin the chances of the Mambo, as the Jive is ruined in the beginning by over-exaggeration. At first we thought we would cut our losses and leave but as we were at 11 o'clock the exhibitions and competitions would be on, decided to stay and sit where we could not see the dancers. I myself learn unconsciously so much from watching that I didn't want to spoil my memory of the real thing. : 11 o'clock p.m. arrives and "Killer Joe" gets on the microphone and announces the competition couples, most of them are coloured, but first we have an exhibition by a small coloured girl of four. She danced Mambo. It was very good but personally I don't like to see babies dancing the movements of grown up dancers. Then followed the competitions, each one getting more exaggerated than the last and "Killer Joe" announcing between each one "You ain't seen nothing yet, and when I say GO you GO". The competitors were nearly all clever dancers, especially the men but it was not ballroom but exhibition and very clever exhibition, but could have been danced to any good swing number and not necessarily Mambo, although many couples kept to the Rumba rhythm. Then came the "Piece de resistance". The exhibitions by professionals in the audience and they were mostly terrific, obviously many ballet trained, again especially the men who performed marvelous spins. Most of the men were coloured and we really had a taste of rhythm. Sometimes rather vulgar movements were used and this was a pity - not with them all of course. The hour flew and to finish, Tito Puente came on the floor and gave a magnificent rendering on his drums. We leave at 12 midnight and have orange juice and buy ties on the way home. Isn't it extraordinary how nearly all the shops

except the stores are open all night? Also restaurants and  
Cinemas are open. Bed at 1.30 a.m.

28th January, 1954. Breakfast 9.30 a.m. All  
rather tired. Lounge around during morning, early lunch  
then fetch camera, and go to Murray's at Fifth Avenue.  
The wind was biting, colder than I ever remember. We  
arrived at 3.0'clock, meet Lewis Arnold and ask if we can  
do a little filming. First we go to the class which  
Mr. Laval is taking for prospective teachers. He continues  
with the class and we shoot various movements. Then at  
our request the two who danced for us the other day danced  
also. Doble Jive which J filmed. They have very good  
style. Afterwards Mr. Laval with Miss Fresh showed us  
their version of the English Waltz and believe me it's not  
bad, again very good style but could perhaps have more  
swing. We are always impressed by the French - shown  
by all the staff at this school. I think they were selected  
for their pleasant manner as well as aptitude for dancing.  
Back to the Hotel, change and 6.0'clock out to the Subway  
to 181st Street again to visit Edith and Freddy, this time  
to dinner 9.30 p.m.. After an excellent dinner and also  
the pleasure of meeting Freddy's Mother, whom we last saw  
in Paris in 1938, we all departed for the Savoy Ballroom,  
Harlem - What a cold night!!! Harlem is a complete  
hotbed of coloured folk in shops, hotels, Station-Office etc.  
and of course, all coloured people at the Savoy. It is a  
magnificent Ballroom and very well decorated, beautiful  
lighting and a really lovely maple floor. Seats are  
very comfortable and you sit in "boxes" on coloured leather  
seats. Two Bands are there both excellent Swing Bands  
and the dancing is practically all Swing, if they play Rumba  
most dancers do a form of swing. We were struck by the  
number of very tall negroes and negroesses there; really fine  
specimens and very well dressed. The entry is one dollar  
for men and fifty cents for ladies. A policeman and  
policewomen (coloured) were on the door but they certainly  
were not necessary, I have never seen such an orderly crowd.  
We all had soft drinks but I saw on many tables whisky which  
seemed to be the popular drink there. We saw some fine  
Jive dancing and at 12.30 a.m. there was a Lindy competition.

At six couples competed. The speed they danced was  
: redoubtable. They gradually whittled the couples to three.  
Judging was by the audience. I never thought it is  
satisfactory, because it is usually the popular and not the  
best who wins - and it was the case here, a man with a  
beard and, a very tall negro s clowning their way to first  
place, the second and third were just terrific no other  
word would suit their dancing. We leave at 1.0 a.m. and  
have a long and freezing jaunt home. Arrive 50th Street  
at 2.0 a.m. Call and have hot dogs - delicious - and coffee  
before going back to the Hotel. Bed at 3.0 a.m.

29th January, 1954 Breakfast 10.30 a.m. Then  
out.- still very cold - call at Pan American for overnight  
bags, then Revenue to prove we do not owe any Income Tax,  
and on to the Bank to change our last traveller • cheques,  
and finally lunch, afterwards spending all that we could  
spare on souvenirs etc. We had a cup of tea in Vfalgreens  
and at 5.0'clock were back at the Hotel, Bacardi and then  
to my bedroom to try and get the diary written up to date.

8.0 p.m. Out to have food. We first paid the  
Hotel Bill, to know exactly how much money we could spare  
for presents etc. 9.0'clock On to visit Mr. and Mrs. Kamin  
who have a flat in a Hotel about seven blocks from our Hotel.  
Their flat is very comfortable, furnished in an unusual  
style as you would expect if you knew these quite unusual  
people. The colour scheme was green and red with plenty  
of curios about the room collected from all parts of the  
world, I am sure. Mrs. Kamin was dressed in flowing silk  
trousers, a jumper of gold and flat silk shoes of many  
coloured stripes. All the time we were there - when she  
was sitting of course - she sat on a very low stool, I  
would think most uncomfortable, but she liked it that way.  
They are a very interesting couple and can claim friendship  
with stage dancers all over the world. We enjoyed our  
short visit and certainly we knew much more about New York  
when we left. We had coffee with cream and a beautiful  
rum cake, baked by Mrs. Kamin. We left at 1.0 a.m. • The  
time certainly passed quickly!

Orange juice on the way home - it was freezing but  
all cafes are warm Bed at 1.30 a.m.

30th January, 1954. Breakfast at 10.0 a.m.  
Then out to take our last look at New York shops. It was  
snowing. In one week we have had all weather possible,  
springlike, freezing, thunder and lightning, torrential rain  
and snow. It is impossible to know in the morning what the  
weather will be like in the evening. We go round all big  
shops; Saks, Saks Fifth Avenue and Macy's and spend the dollars we  
have left, then call in at the main Post Office in  
Pennsylvania Road. As everything in New York, it is about  
ten times larger than any main Post Office I have ever  
before seen. When we came out of the Post Office, the  
weather had changed, snow disappeared and becoming very cold  
again. We go into Drug Store for lunch and very good too,  
then back to the Hotel to start the disagreeable job of  
packing. 5.0 p.m. Meet Freddy in lounge and have a long  
talk on "old times" for two and a half hours. See him to  
Subway and go back to the Hotel. 9.0 p.m. Out to get food,  
this time to "Kell's". I had roast beef, and there was  
enough meat to last me for about four meals, also had a  
large plate of peaches and cream, then again out into the  
cold air and we have a last look around the shops and spend  
our remaining dollars on articles we cannot get in England,  
or at least we haven't yet seen. I must say on this visit  
it is very difficult to find things now unobtainable in  
England. 11.0 p.m. Have a last large orange juice in one  
car and a hot chocolate in another, then back to the Hotel.  
11.30 p.m. Continue packing.

31st January, 1954. Up 10.0 a.m. and complete  
packing. 12. midday Out to drug store for light meal.  
1.0'clock p.m. Settle bill and order taxi which takes us  
to Air Station. This is a new building built since our  
last visit. Whilst waiting, go to Air Station Bar and  
Restaurant called "Heavenly Heaven", and on the menu are  
many dishes called Heavenly Hamburg, Heavenly Sandwich etc.  
We had Heavenly coffee - but I didn't find it different  
from usual.

2.50 p.m. Board bus for airport. Arrive 3.45 p.m.  
Board plane 4.0 p.m. A Boeing Strato Cruiser. The famous  
President Special that runs each day and as always is  
Flight 100. This Flight costs a little extra but it has  
so many advantages and when your fare costs so much anyway,  
what does a little more or less matter?

4.5 p.m. Steward announces we will fly at 15,000  
ft. first stop Prestwick in approximately ten hours.

4.7 p.m. Plane cruising and the stewardess is giving  
instruction in the use of life jackets. 4.10 p.m. Plane  
warming up and the stewardess brings round mints. .

4.15 p.m. We're off. We're airborne circling the airport,  
everywhere water is frozen. The Pilot has just announced  
the bar will be open in twenty minutes and that means free  
drinks on the "house" for the rest of the flight.

4.35 p.m. Chief Pilot Captain Dicken announces we are now  
at 15,000 ft. and all being well we will continue that  
height to Prestwick. We are now passing over the coast of  
U.S.A. and will pass over Gander in about four hours. In  
all American planes now, they regale you with "light music"  
in fact it is the rage in New York. Nearly all Hotels are  
fitted up with loud speakers to broadcast music received  
from a central studio in New York. The organization  
supplying this music is named Muzak and it seems that they  
always play light music never dance music of any sort.

4.50 p.m. Cocktails brought round, I chose a Manhattan.  
With the drinks very tasty "canapes" are served. 5.5 p.m.  
Another Manhattan and Pilot announces Massachusetts on our  
left and the Atlantic on the right. 5.15 p.m. P feeling  
a little merry plays Samba rhythm on his tamborine which  
very much amused the men sitting around us. Everywhere I  
look it is "men". I suppose there !!! some -women on this  
plane but not near me. Everybody talkative, drinks  
are really "flowing" on this plane. J sitting next to a  
very nice man, we have been flying one hour and twenty  
minutes and they haven't stopped talking together.

6.0 p.m. Just finished dinner, not so good as A France,  
altho' they say it is "Flaxims of Paris"!! menu. Soup'-  
chicken, saute potatoes and asparagus, cassata and biscuits  
a quarter-bottle of red wine and coffee. 6.25 p.m. Liqueurs

Cointreau or Creme de Menthe. P and I have now four "dead men" in front of us and both are feeling "very mellow." This plane is exceptionally quiet and must be a very modern one. They promise us a smooth journey. I hope they are right! 7.30 p.m. Journey very smooth. Everybody reading chatting. For snoozing, I am reading "Moulin Rouge" the book is even better than the film. 8.5 p.m. Over Newfoundland we are told to fasten our belts... I suppose rough weather ahead! P and I have ordered "High Balls" that is Bourbon Whisky and Soda. 9.15 p.m. All bunks are out and everybody who has booked one has retired. You see we retire early because the time is gradually changing and although we start with American time we end with G.M.T. which is different by five hours. 11.0 p.m. All vainly trying to sleep. Very difficult, we try because we know that within a few hours on the trip and if we don't sleep now, in a few hours they serve breakfast and after that the hustle and bustle begins. P and I have just spotted the Northern Lights which is - electrical phenomenon referred to in French as Aurora Boreale (Northern Dawn) 2.15 a.m. Lights up and breakfast brought round, I had just managed to doze at about 2. a.m. P went and sat in one of the vacated seats - many seats were empty owing to their owners being in a berth - and I put my feet up on his seat. I was quite comfortable with three pillows and a blanket but I always find it difficult to sleep in a plane especially with P behind bumping my seat in his excitement to see as much of the Northern Lights as possible. 2.40 a.m. Have just spotted the most marvellous sunrise of blazing reds and yellows. You must remember I am still quoting American time. G.M.T. would be 7.40 a.m. Breakfast was not bad, the usual bacon and scrambled eggs, coffee and buns, also orange juice served by a very pleasant and pretty hostess. Still flying over sea, but land on the right side and it seems we have crossed the Atlantic in six hours. 3.40 a.m. Pilot announces we have just passed over the Isle of Man and still at 15,000 ft. and now, over the Mersey and should be in London in approximately 50 minutes. We have flown over Ireland, and not Scotland as announced when leaving Idlewild, also we appear to be non-stop to London. I suppose the weather is good for flying. The land here is covered with snow. This was my third crossing

of the Atlantic and certainly the smoothest, hardly a tremor. I've once more referred to his Grandfathers' book to find out more about the Northern Lights and their description is exactly as we saw it and the direction of the magnetic pole of the earth. It appeared to us like an arc across the sky, lit up from behind, with occasionally a streak of light shooting vertically like a beam of a searchlight. 4.5 a.m. Or perhaps now I should revert to G.M.T. - 9.5 a.m. The earth below is still covered with snow. We're coming down having been very clear, now going through thick clouds, decreasing speed, it is a curious feeling, - as if for a few seconds you stand still in the air. 9.20 a.m. Still through thick cloud, ears beginning to be muzzy. 9.26 a.m. Still through cloud. • 9.30 a.m. Pilot announces that we will land - all being well - I put this in - in five minutes ahead points out to us to notice that immediately we land they reverse the engines - we hear the engines roar - and this acts as a break. Can just see land. We're coming down, see clearly now, over airfield. We're down, engines revving. We must thank God for a safe landing after our over 16,000 miles trip.