

1946 - JUNE 1947

With all war work at Bamag's ended, I was now fully engaged in developing plans to sell oils and fats plant throughout the world. The company moved to larger premises in Rickets Place, a short cul-de-sac near Earls Court. We built a pilot plant station there where we could develop new processes and also a workshop. I made my first "invention" and on 24th January filed a patent on "Improvements relating to the production of fatty acids and fatty alcohols". It was published in Britain in 1948 as no. 607,064.

As I had left the drawing board some time earlier I thought it logical to leave the draughtsmen's trade union and join the Association of Scientific Workers (AScW), which still exists under another name. Both these unions were affiliated to the TUC. But as much as I tried I wasn't allowed to make the change, by my old union. I made written applications, appeared before an official of the union but the answer was always NO. I felt "A plague on both your houses" and tore up my union card for good.

Exhibit 157, showing a SMH Students' Committee meeting, was taken in spring 1946. My first business trip was to France. I flew from Croydon, which was then London's civilian airport, on 5th July and returned by train and boat via Dieppe and Newhaven on 25th July 1946. All British business men had to stay at the Hotel Scribe not far from the Opéra. Many of the hotels were still used by American, British and other Allied forces as HQs and officers' accommodation. Some hotels used by the Germans were in an uninhabitable state. (The Continental, where I later often stayed - now the Intercontinental - was one of these: it was the GESTAPO HQ). Paris was not bombed and saw no fighting except for the rounding up after the liberation of traitors and for shooting them. There are still some houses on the rue de Rivoli which show marks of bullets on the wall against which the traitors were shot. Otherwise Paris looked very much the same as I had last seen it in 1938 with Paul Mejer. The cafes and restaurants were full, buses were packed like tins of sardines and the shop windows seemed to have more goods than in London. There was no noticeable rationing and prices for me were low. I went in for some heavy eating; there was plenty of meat and wines were cheap. The French did not fare badly during the war except in the last stages when two mighty armies fought themselves across Normandy and from the South, causing much damage - but not in Paris. The French savoured the peace and their new-found freedom fully and appeared to worry less about the future than

the British. DeGaulle was at the height of his popularity.

We had a business agent called Teddy Brackman. A short, somewhat plump man with a Hitler type of moustache, constantly smoking cigarettes and with a nervous twitch in his eye. He was not a very good agent as he knew nothing about chemical plants. His own business was buying and selling of oils and fats, oil cakes, residues, fish meal and the like. His merit was that he knew everybody in the industry and guided me from client to client, making all appointments and arrangements. He also knew his way about Paris restaurants. (He died some 15 years ago and his son is carrying on the business. I met him on several occasions, the last time in September 1983 at a congress in Montreux.) One of the outstanding memories I have of that visit was the celebration of the Quatorze Juillet. A young man of about my own age, English, and whom I knew from SMH - I forget his name - had taken up his studies in Paris. He stayed at one of the International Student Hostels on the left bank. He invited me for a frugal meal for the evening of 13th July in the hostel's refectory. Three or four of us started to walk after the meal in the general direction of the Sorbonne. The streets were beginning to fill with people, strolling apparently aimlessly in pairs or groups and in high spirits, determined to celebrate en masse. The cafés were thronged and wine flowed freely. There were accordionists and fiddlers on café terraces or on the pavements. The Boulevard St. Michel and the square in front of the Sorbonne were full of young people dancing, singing, laughing and exchanging jokes. It looked as if everyone knew everyone else. It was a hot evening and the girls were at their most coquettish, the men at their most gallant. I had lost my little group in the crowd and found myself engulfed in the whirl of jollification. Wine was free and plentiful. "L'Anglais" - that was me - caused a minor stir and I was welcome by all and sundry as the news got round of my presence. One moment I was dancing with a sweaty girl, the next I sat at a café table, glass in hand and the next a line of us, arms linked, marched down in the middle of the boulevard. We walked along the Seine, the water reflecting the street lights and met other revellers walking in all directions.

It was the first really free Quatorze as the one in the previous year had come too soon after VE day for people to indulge in it fully. Parisians celebrated with complete abandon, oblivious of the morrow. Early in the morning I found myself in the flatlet of some students, overlooking the Seine, having consumed more wine than necessary to quench my thirst. As the sun rose on the now deserted cafes and streets I walked back to the hotel, tired, dishevelled and slightly intoxicated. It was broad daylight by the time I got into bed.

Next day was a holiday with no work to do. I went to the Molitor open air swimming pool in the afternoon. This is in the fashionable 16^e arrondissement close to the metro station Michel-Anges-Molitor. I was well rested after a good night's sleep. It was hot and I looked forward to a refreshing dip. As I walked towards the pool I felt all eyes on me. My skin was white, whereas everybody else's was coloured in various hues of tan and bronze. Nearly everyone was young. All girls wore bikinis of the tiniest and flimsiest size. I had never seen anybody in a bikini before. I met one or two bronzed nymphs who seemed to have the leisure to come every day to relax in the sun but I had to work the next day and never returned again.

My two pre-war trips to Paris had been as tourist, using business and meeting French people gave me a good insight into the mentality of the people and we exchanged experiences and views about the war. My knowledge of France was enriched by travelling to other towns. We visited Lille. Pre-war it was a nice



157. 'SMH STUDENTS' COMMITTEE spring 1948. Members I recall: sitting from left, 4th Mary Trevelyan, 5th Henderson 6th an assistantwarden, 8th I, 9th Hilde Newlands (now Fisher); standing from left: another assistantwarden, Rubin, second from right Musry

Next day was a holiday with no work to be done. I went to the Molitor open air swimming pool in the afternoon. This is in the fashionable 16^e arondissement close to the métro station Michel-Ange-Molitor. I was well rested after a good night's sleep. It was hot and I looked forward to a refreshing dip. As I walked towards the pool I felt all eyes on me. My skin was white, whereas everybody else's was coloured in various hues of tan and bronze. Nearly everyone was young. All girls wore bikinis of the tiniest and flimsiest size. I had never seen anybody in a bikini before. I met one or two bronzed nymphs who seemed to have the leisure to come every day to roast in the sun but I had to work the next day and never returned again.

My two pre-war trips to Paris had been as tourist. Doing business and meeting French people gave me a good insight into the mentality of the people and we exchanged experiences and views about the war. My knowledge of France was enhanced by travelling to other towns. We visited Lille. Pre-war it was a mixture of Manchester and Leeds and had many textile and engineering factories. It had suffered badly towards the end of the war and it was difficult to find rooms for the night. After much searching Mr. Brackman found two tiny and rather miserable rooms. The oils and fats factories we visited were small family businesses containing old-fashioned and inefficient plant. The shock of two wars had left their marks on the businesses and the elderly owners. Yet they were interesting to talk to and had delightful manners and old-world charm - but knew nothing about modern technology. We also travelled to Bordeaux. It is a long train journey. In our compartment was a woman of Hungarian origin whom fate had somehow taken to France. She travelled to Bordeaux to see the consul of a Latin American country to obtain immigration papers for herself and her family. She was good-looking, dressed in typical Hungarian fashions and had big sad eyes. We spoke in Hungarian a little but in deference to Mr. Brackman mostly in French. He ordered a bottle of champagne at about 11 am in an attempt to cheer her up but she remained as sorrowful as before. In Bordeaux I took her for a ride in a rickety old fiacre drawn by two decrepit horses. It was a hot night, the streets were dusty. We stopped for a drink at the Hotel Splendide (I didn't stay there, though on later occasions I did) but she hardly smiled the whole evening.

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I made my second trip to Paris flying from Croydon to Le Bourget on 29th September. I followed up the contacts I had made earlier but we never got any orders from France. Lethargy prevailed in industry and it took the French a very long time to modernise and rationalise. I returned by train

from the Gare de Nord on 9th October arriving in Dover the following morning. I capitalised these trips having had published an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ page article on "The French Oilseed Industry" in the issues of 21st February and 6th and 20th March 1948 of CHEMICAL AGE.

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The Attlee Government introduced a great deal of legislature including Acts for nationalising the railways, gas and electricity. There was not much opposition from the Tory benches as shareholders of many of these undertakings had received hardly any dividends for years and the Government paid a fair compensation. Like their French counterparts - as I had experienced - many British companies were oldfashioned and had an inefficient management structure. The nationalisation of the coal mines and the steel industry became, however, a hotly contested subject. Foundations were also laid for the welfare state, financed from the proceeds of an American loan negotiated by Maynard Keynes at the end of 1945. Unfortunately a condition of the loan was the convertibility of Sterling which in 1949 led to the devaluation from \$ 4.03 to \$ 2.80.

Already in 1942 the liberal, Lord Beveridge (who died in 1963) had prepared his famous Report. In 1944 he expanded his views in his FULL EMPLOYMENT IN A FREE SOCIETY. The Government used these reports as the basis of their social legislation. Both the Tories and the Liberals supported it. The problems came later when money ran out. Sterling's devaluation was a contributory factor in the demise of the Labour Government later on. Compared with France where life was quickly returning to normal under De Gaulle's national Government, things in England improved slowly. House construction was totally insufficient and meat rationing was not abandoned until 1952.

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On October 31st SMH held a grand fancy dress ball in a large hall at University College. I wore plus-fours by turning in the bottom part of a pair of trousers; a cloth cap; had French newspapers under my arm and smoked a Gaulloise from the corner of my mouth and meant to be a Parisian newspaper boy. There was an excellent band and a jolly good-hearted atmosphere enhanced by the fact that many of the dancers knew each other. My eyes caught a girl with dark long hair, laughing eyes, two big rings dangling from the ears and wearing a colourful gipsy skirt, bodice and shawl over her shoulders, who was much in demand by male dancers. I had never seen her before. Suddenly I noticed her standing and talking with Rose Scheuer and Ken Knight (who later got married on the same day as us), whom I both knew well. I dashed across the dance floor and was introduced to Joan.

We danced and danced again together.

Two or three days later I noticed Joan sitting on the carpet at my philosophy "class". Afterwards we met casually again at SMH once or twice and then we had our first walk in a park, Joan wearing her short fur coat with her hair pinned up. We talked and talked. Joan's Bedford College had returned to London for the autumn term in 1944 just in time of the doodlebugs, She had taken her First Class Honours degree in History and was working on a higher degree. We discovered that we were both interested in the philosophy of history. I told her that I was planning to visit Czechoslovakia shortly. I had no intention of staying there for good but if there was any doubt about that before, I was now certain that I would be back and we agreed to meet again as soon as I was back in London.

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My trip to Czechoslovakia was a combined business and private trip. I was grateful to Bamag for this as I couldn't have financed a trip to Czechoslovakia myself. The Czech Škoda factory made certain machines called expellers which are used to press vegetable oils from seeds such as soyabeans and groundnuts. We wanted to buy some for clients of ours. We had written and I was sent to negotiate the deal.

I travelled on my old Czechoslovak passport which I had extended regularly at the Czechoslovak Embassy in London. The passport also carried a stamp from the Alien's Registration Office at Piccadilly Place which clearly stated that I was a resident in the United Kingdom and hence I had no problems in re-entering England every time I had been abroad.

I had written Pali Adler about my arrival date. I flew on 8th November with a certain dread. What would I find ?

Beneš was President again. Ján Masaryk, son of the first President, was Foreign Minister. Klement Gottwald, leader of the Communist Party was Prime Minister, despite the fact that the Communist Party had only polled 38 % of the votes in the post-war elections. (Czechoslovakia always had proportional representation and the number of deputies was strictly in proportion to the votes cast.) Gottwald was in Russia during the war and had followed the Russian army into Prague. In 1945 he drew up a blueprint for the new Czechoslovakia while he was in Košice, in the eastern part of the Republic, which became part of Czechoslovakia again, and was the first part taken by the Russians. The Government was split into the pro-Russian Gottwald fraction and the pro-Western Beneš/Masaryk fraction. The Ministry of the Interior which controlled the police was in Communist hands and the Russian army was on Czechoslovak soil as were a large number of Russian "advisers"

in the wings. Beneš and Masaryk were virtually prisoners of the Communists but to what extent transpired only later. (In 1948 Gottwald formed a predominantly Communist Government which called for new elections which gave him 89 % of the votes. Only Communist candidates were fielded in that election and the only protest vote was a blank one which it was very risky to cast as voting was not secret. Beneš resigned and died two months later. Jan Masaryk was thrown out of a window and killed. The Government said it was suicide.)

From London Czechoslovakia looked like a reasonable democratic state - at least so it appeared in the press and I expected conditions to be not very different from what I remembered from before the war.

The human brain has the capacity to forget sad experiences and horror. That is no doubt necessary for survival. I have only the haziest recollections of my visit to Czechoslovakia as if a grey veil had been drawn over it. I can't for instance remember where I stayed nor other details. I recall only some events. I was in a sort of trance all the time.

My plane landed at Ruzyne airport, outside Prague, in the afternoon. Prague was as beautiful as ever. It had hardly suffered in the war (except for the ancient clock on the square of the old town) and it was good to see the familiar streets, Vaclavske Namesti, the church spires, the gate towers, the trams, cafes and all the familiar places I knew from student days. The streets were full of people, cinemas were open and neon ads twinkled gaily from the roof tops. But there were changes. The old newspapers had disappeared and there were new ones - though the Communist one was still called RUDE PRAVO (Red Right). Of course there were no more German papers as 3 million Germans had been expelled and it was dangerous to speak German in public, which was understandable.

I met Petr and his wife, whom I had not known before. He was now a well-established doctor. How he survived and managed to live I still don't know. He told me that after I had left our shared digs in January 1939, the police visited him several times and grilled him about my whereabouts. He himself tried to escape via Poland but was caught. Anyway there he was. We had much to talk about. Judy and Olda, who had returned were both working as doctors and it was good to see them in a nice flat with their little Yarka. I met one or two other friends who had survived miraculously. One of them was Jenö Steiner, ex-Bratislava. (I met his older brother in New York in 1985; they both died since). I went to my old university. Many of the old professors had disappeared and I hardly knew anybody. I told those I met about my chemical engineering studies in London and the type of work I was

now doing in London and I was offered on the spot the equivalent of a readership. I was not keen. I also called on the Skoda office and they were very helpful and eager to export their machines. They gave me a lot of information, leaflets and outline drawings of the machines. I called on them later again before leaving Prague.

In Bratislava I met Pali. He told me about the terrible events during the last months of the war and the last time he saw Mother and Anni. He was one of the few who survived the concentration camp. All his family had disappeared and he was destitute. He gave me a bundle of papers from Mother which I have perused to reconstruct some episodes of their and Boris' lives in Hungary and Slovakia during the war. I was sorry for him and told him that, subject to Jean's approval, he could have one third of the value of the jewels which Mother had deposited before the war in a Swiss bank safe. They were virtually all the jewels Mother had ever possessed.

Another person who survived the concentration camp was my school mate Zsuzsi Geröfi (she wasn't married when I met her as far as I can remember). She was in the same camp as Anni and Mother and told me of the unspeakable horror they all went through. I was shattered and couldn't take it - as if it happened to someone strange and not to my flesh and blood - something one reads about and not actual experience. Bratislava was for me a ghost town. My Jewish friends were exterminated and my German school mates had either been expelled after the war or had died too. I looked at our old flat from the outside. Probably some commissar was living there now.

In Nitra I met Paul Verö, Dodo Strak and Schnuki - almost the only survivors there. I made some enquiries in various offices and banks about Father's farms. All property had been distributed and father's old bank accounts were overdrawn.

People I met - waiters, hotel attendants, shop keepers - were morose and unfriendly, certainly compared with London. Only the Skoda people were friendly, gave me quotations and hoped for business. I said good-bye to my friends in Prague and went to the airport. The armed emigration police noticed that I had spent the whole war in England - like Benes and Masaryk - which they didn't appear to like. They made me take everything out of my suitcase and brief case. They found the Skoda drawings. How did I get them? What were they of? What were they for? They took me into a small interrogation room. Two armed men questioned me using rough language. I showed them an official letter from Skoda which made it clear what it was all about and which contained the written quotation for the export of the machines. They did not want to admit that they had made fools of themselves nor did they know how to extricate themselves from this situation. The time of my flight departure had come. Were they trying to make me miss the plane? A member of the crew of the British aircraft

let me know that they were holding the flight for a few minutes. In a last desperate attempt I shouted as loud as I could at the interrogators, gave them a "piece of my mind", dashed out, threw my belongings higgledy-piggledy into my suitcase and ran with it and my brief case to the aircraft. A stewardess helped me up, locked the door - the propellers were already revving and we rolled forward for take-off. A last glance at beautiful Prague from the air and my old home-land disappearing beneath the clouds. Good-bye Czecho.

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It was the 20th November. I had to do some business in Holland and in about two hours we landed in Schiphol, Amsterdam. It was my first trip to Holland. It had suffered very much during the war. I visited Rotterdam, the first town which suffered heavy bombardment in the war, The whole centre was virtually obliterated, except for the town-hall; much worse than anything I had seen in London. Rubble had almost been cleared and the Dutch were re-building at a furious pace. Their approach to re-construction appeared to me much more positive than in England. I noticed no food shortage and business-wise all went well. I only stayed a few days and landed in Croydon on 24th November 1946.

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I told Joan about my trip to Czechoslovakia and that I couldn't possibly return there. Joan went home for Christmas at the beginning of December. I gave her Lewis Mumford's THE CONDITION OF MAN as Christmas present.

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I spent the 8th Christmas at SMH. It was my last one there. We also had a Bamag party. I was now part of the management team but at the party there were no distinctions made and we all celebrated together in high spirits.

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In January 1947 Joan returned to London. She was staying at a girls' students' hostel in Cartwright Gardens only a few minutes walk from SMH. We met several times and went for walks in Kensington Gardens. It was one of the coldest winters for years. The Attlee Government's honeymoon with the unions was over. Although this was the first Labour Government Britain had and despite the nationalisation legislation, there were withdrawals of labour and all forms of energy were extremely short. There were electricity cuts and only the merest flicker of a flame in the gas fire in my room in Leinster Square. Joan and I had to sit in the dark with our coats on or lie on the bed underneath the covers and cooking an omelette on my little gas ring took ages - but we didn't care.

On 1st February the philosopher Donald Mackinnon gave another talk to SMH. My little philosophy group continued its meetings. Joan usually came. On one of these evenings, after everybody had gone, I stood on the steps of SMH, ready to walk to Goodgest station but instead, my steps took me in the direction of Cartwright Gardens. Joan had only been in a short while and wondered why I had come at that time of night. I proposed to her but didn't get a definite answer for about 24 hours. When I left Czechoslovakia in 1939 I had been given a heavy gold ring which belonged to my maternal Grandfather. It was of Victorian design and made for a man. It had a large ruby in it. I had pawned it to a pawnshop near Victoria station, partly for security. Probably on the Saturday we went down to redeem it. We had coffee in a small cafe and I put the ring on Joan's finger. Many years later the stone came out and disappeared down the kitchen sink.

We didn't tell anybody at SMH about our engagement except Mary Trevelyan. At the weekly dance on Saturday evening she interrupted the dance and said that she had an announcement to make. We received congratulations from many of our friends. Victor, who was back in London, came to me and asked: "Why didn't you tell me?"

A week or two later I was invited to meet Mummy and Daddy in Haslemere and I stayed overnight at LAVENHAM. We said that we wanted to get married as soon as possible but they didn't agree. Joan was studying for a MA and getting married would interfere with her work, they thought. They were too polite to say but clearly they had not envisaged their daughter marrying an impecunious foreigner. We agreed to postpone the wedding until June. Mummy took up some references about me. She consulted Mary who warned her that I might try to seduce Joan and that she, Mary, was not sure of my honest intentions. Mummy also went to the Czechoslovak Embassy (though I didn't know that at the time) who were apparently non-committal and didn't say anything, in the best diplomatic manner. I visited LAVENHAM several times and gradually Mummy and Daddy gained a measure of confidence in me and realised that my intentions were entirely honourable.

Joan moved to a College-approved hostel in Frognal. Audrey Nicholson (now Hudspeth) also stayed there and they became friends. As luck would have it, Piroška and Raja had got married and had a flat in Broadhurst Gardens near Finchley tube station. They were leaving for Singapore but as they were not sure whether they would stay there for good or not, they kept their flat in London. Victor and I moved in on a short rental basis. The flat was only a few minutes' walk to Frognal, so Joan and I met virtually every day. One weekend we spent with Jean, John and Patricia at their

lovely house in the Elham valley. Patricia had a little tricycle and was cycling round the garden path.

Round about this time, Jean, having given permission for Pali to take one third of the value of Mother's jewels in the Swiss safe, we sent him the secret code number of the safe and asked him to have the jewels valued and take his share out. When Jean went soon after to Switzerland to take out our two-thirds she found one single ring which Pali left, only because he was unwilling to pay several years of rental for the safe. Jean had to pay the rental for all these years and one ring is all she got. Pali felt presumably entitled to the lot, having spent a great deal of money on Mother, Ernö and Grandfather during the war. We had no further contact with him. I understand that he was imprisoned for a while for some financial deals, that he married again and died some time in 1984.

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On 22nd March 1947 I embarked on my first sea voyage - other than a Channel crossing - in Newcastle. I spent two nights on the boat; had a comfortable single berth cabin and enjoyed the food and leisure. I arrived in Oslo on the 4th, the first time on Scandinavian soil. I stayed in an excellent hotel and had fish two or three times a day because there was little else to choose from the menu, though there did not seem to be a shortage of most things. One of my business calls I had to make was to the Norwegian subsidiary of Unilever called DENOFA. I was told at the reception that I would see a Mr. Egil Gann. When I was ushered into his large office I could hardly believe my eyes. Egil Gann had been an officer in the Norwegian army in London. Like all Norwegians, Danes etc. who had escaped after Hitler's occupation of their countries, he did not use his true name as this could have endangered their families at home had they become prisoners of war. Egil, under another name, was a frequent visitor to SMH and a very popular member particularly with the girls. He was tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed and a delightful humorous person. He had an advantage over me when I entered his office, because he knew whom to expect. I spent an evening at his flat and met his wife. I saw him on a few occasions again in the ensuing years in Oslo and London and we ~~still~~ sent Christmas cards to each other, until he died in 1985 or 1986.

My next call was in Bergen. I took the day train travelling first in a northerly direction, then in a north westerly direction via Honefoss from where the track ascends to a broad plateau, turning towards the west. It was a fast train in the valley but on the plateau it stopped at every little halt such as Geilo. I could see skiers from the train and at every

halt, groups of them boarded the train and got off two or three halts later. They were all in high spirits, chatting and joking. As the train approaches Bergen it descends gradually, the track forming many bends and offering a continuously changing view of Bergen, its port, the islands and the North-Sea beyond. I liked the town very much and did some good business, selling some plant to the fish oil refineries. (L, M, V and N came here years later). I embarked on 2nd April on an old boat that had seen many years of service. It was made in a British ship yard. Its walls were in timber and the decor and furniture in matching style. I am glad that I had the chance to travel in such an old and cosy ship.

Nylon stockings, only made in America at that time, were difficult to get in England but there was no shortage of them in Norway. I bought a couple of pairs for Joan. When I went through customs in Newcastle (4th April) I put one pair into the pocket of my mac and declared the other one. The customs officer looked me up and down and said, pointing to my bulging pocket "Is that the other pair?" He gave me a stern warning never to try to smuggle again and let me through. I have never tried again. I had tried to do something unlawful and all I got was a warning. What a contrast to the Czech officials at Prague airport.

I had a 4½ page article on MARINE OILS OF NORWAY published in "Chemical Age" but instead of having to wait many months as in the case of my article about the French oilseed industry, it was published already on 24th May 1947.

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The vicar in Haslemere refused to marry us as I was a Catholic. I called on the vicar of St. Pancras Church (the one built like a Greel temple complete with imitation Caryatides, on the corner of Euston Road and Upper Woburn Place) and for a few weeks I took lessons with him about the CoE. I had some interesting theological discussions with him. The CoE recognises Catholic baptism, communion and confirmation and therefore there was no need for me to take these sacraments. At the end of my short course there was a conversion service. Only the vicar, Joan and I attended. The essence of the service was a declaration on my part to abjure the Pope and to promise to follow and uphold the Defender of the Faith. I was given a piece of paper stating that I was now a member of the CoE. My banns were read in that church. We handed the document to the vicar in Haslemere. The last obstacle to our wedding was removed.

Preparations for the wedding on 21st June went ahead.

I possessed a double-link heavy gold watch chain which belonged to one of

my Grandfathers and which was given to me before I left Bratislava in 1939. We took it to the jeweller in Haslemere. He used a part of it to make our wedding rings, duly inscribed inside. The rest of the chain disappeared in 1953 in the first of our burglaries. Joan had her wedding dress copied from a design from Balmain in VOGUE by a Haslemere dressmaker.

At Bamag's we had a savings scheme. Every week we contributed 2/6 and from time to time this money was used to buy National Savings Certificates. I had accumulated some of these; I can't remember how much but perhaps £ 25. I cashed them all. Out of this I bought sweet Tokay wine for the wedding reception and a bracelet each for Jean and Audrey who were matron of honour and bride's maid respectively; the rest was used for our honeymoon. There was no money left for the wedding bouquet. Fortunately the Pettets were well known to the local florist, so I got the bouquet on credit and paid for it a few weeks later. On getting married my firm increased my gross salary to something like £ 500 a year. Joan had a £ 250 annual scholarship and on the combined incomes we could live decently. But where? We found a large furnished bedroom with bathroom at 11 A Maresfield Gardens, just off Fitzjohn's Avenue (close to where Sigmund Freud used to live). The rental was £ 6/6/0 a week including breakfast. It was rather more than we could afford but we didn't expect to stay there long. (We remained there for a few weeks, then rented a two-room flat with kitchen and bathroom in 17, Boundary Road where we lived until July 1952 when we moved into Shepherd's Hill).

At last the 21st June arrived. The night before I stayed with John and Jean in a small hotel in Haslemere. The wedding day was warm and sunny. Jean put on her flowery dress which was identical with Audrey's. I wore my double-breasted dark suit. John was my best man. I think the service started at 10.30 am. The church was decorated with summer flowers. There I stood in front of the altar, John next to me, the vicar facing me. Suddenly there was a stir in the congregation, the organ pipes sang out and I reminded myself not to turn round. Then Joan stood next to me, beautiful and radiant.

After the service and the signing of the register Joan and I walked out arm in arm, and received congratulations.

The reception was at "Lavenham". Its garden door was open and the guests and we strolled on the lawn and admired the garden which Daddy always kept beautifully. We had a tight schedule as we had to catch a train. I found recently a crumpled piece of paper which I nearly threw away and which I had forgotten. I smoothed it out and discovered that it was the timetable I had written out:

12.00 Coat (Mr. F. or Hanson)
 12.30 Cake
 12.20 Photographs
 12.30 Change

The guests were mainly relatives of Joan's and friends and neighbours of Mummy and Daddy. Apart from Audrey, Joan had been allowed to invite only two or three of her friends. I had only invited Victor. All went according to plan. I made a rather solemn speech about things astronomical (the longest day of the year, etc.) We were all standing close in hand. The cake was cut, photographs were taken. The time for Joan to change into a nurse and guests cheering and saying where there was just enough entrained again, changed in Delabole (the next port then) house rocky 10-min No had we had It had a year Exhib 5/2/ Two Two



(S) SOUTHERN RAILWAY—EXCESS FARE TICKET. (Stock 401/42.)

Train 7-27 Date 21-6-47
 No. of Ticket held by Passenger } From Lauunceston
 To Delabole
 exceeded to
 Available until 21-7-47 Date

No. of Passengers.				CAUSE of EXCESS and description of the fare paid (viz. Ord. Cheap Day, etc.).	Amount Paid.	
Single	Return	1st	3rd		s.	d.
1st				No Ticket :- Ordinary ... Cheap Day ... Workman ...	9	10
		2		Third to First :- Ordinary ... Cheap Day ... Workman ...		
				Child over age ... Over Distance ... Difference in Fare ...		

Receipt No. 531 54969 Station DELABOLE Collector. [Signature]

This Ticket must be shown and delivered up if and when required. Passengers paying an Excess Fare should demand an Excess Fare Ticket in all cases. No claim for the refund of an Excess Fare will be entertained unless the Excess Fare Ticket is produced or its number is given, with full particulars of the journey.
CONDITIONS ON WHICH THIS TICKET IS ISSUED.
 Not Transferable. Issued subject to the Bye-Laws, Regulations, Notices and Conditions published in the Company's Bills and Notices.

(S) SOUTHERN RAILWAY—EXCESS FARE TICKET. (Stock 401/42.)

Train 2/50P Date 21-6-47
 No. of Ticket held by Passenger } From Haslemere
 To Exton Btl
 exceeded to 9s
 Available until Lauunceston Date

No. of Passengers.				CAUSE of EXCESS and description of the fare paid (viz. Ord. Cheap Day, etc.).	Amount Paid.	
Single	Return	1st	3rd		s.	d.
1st				No Ticket :- Ordinary ... Cheap Day ... Workman ...		
		2		Third to First :- Ordinary ... Cheap Day ... Workman ...		
				Child over age ... Over Distance ... Difference in Fare ...	24	6

Receipt No. 544 13519 Station [Signature] Collector. [Signature]

This Ticket must be shown and delivered up if and when required. Passengers paying an Excess Fare should demand an Excess Fare Ticket in all cases. No claim for the refund of an Excess Fare will be entertained unless the Excess Fare Ticket is produced or its number is given, with full particulars of the journey.
CONDITIONS ON WHICH THIS TICKET IS ISSUED.
 Not Transferable. Issued subject to the Bye-Laws, Regulations, Notices and Conditions published in the Company's Bills and Notices.

158. Or return tickets. Total cost £ 5.109

12.00 Toast (Mr. P. or Rector)
 12.10 Cake
 12.20 Photographs
 12.30 Change

The guests were mainly relatives of Joan's and friends and neighbours of Mummy and Daddy. Apart from Audrey, Joan had been allowed to invite only two or three of her friends. I had only invited Victor. All went according to plan. I made a rather solemn speech about things astronomical (the longest day of the year, etc.) We were all standing, glass in hand. The cake was cut, photographs were taken in the garden and then it was time for Joan to change into a summer suit and we were driven to the station, the family and guests cheering and waving us on our way. We had to change in Exeter where there was just enough time to visit the beautiful cathedral. We entrained again, changed in Launceston and arrived late afternoon in Delabole (the last part of the railway track had been dismantled since then) which is about three miles from Tintagel. We stayed in a farm guest house by the tiny hamlet of Treligga. About $\frac{3}{4}$ hour's walk away is the rocky bay of Trebarwith strand with fine sand. Treligga bay is only 10 minutes from the farm and we had its rocky beach to ourselves. We had a warm and friendly welcome from the couple who ran the farm. We had booked in for the first time as Mr. and Mrs. Schwitzer. It had been a long day, the day we had been looking forward to for half a year. We had a cold supper and retired to our room.

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Exhibit 158 are our return railway tickets. Total cost for both of us £ 5/2/2 equivalent to £ 5.109face value. This was made up as follows:

Two monthly returns Haslemere / Exeter @ 32/2	£ 3/4/4
Two monthly returns Exeter / Launceston	1/8/0
Two monthly returns Launceston / Delabole	0/9/10
	<hr/>
	£ 5/2/2