

4/11/39

Colchester, Eng.  
July 8, 1939

Dearest Muth'

Here's an a genda from  
the Irish Free State Parlia-  
ment — & the card is: "Just  
a couple of hostlers"!

So pleased with your  
letters! Felt bad first one I  
got to hear you had had only  
one card from this side of sea,  
but your other letter showed  
you had rec'd one letter. I have  
sent about 6 cards, & have  
mailed a letter every Thursday  
since we landed — of course  
we were at sea 18 days, &  
then it takes about 10 days for  
a letter & some may miss the  
boats & be another week. Felt  
bad about the ship letter cuz it  
was so long & newsy & I'm  
afraid that Steward read it — &  
did I ever see him in it! He



was to have mailed it! Keeping  
 my log up so it won't be  
 too much forgotten - the boat part!  
 What about the clipping in St.  
 Paul paper? What did it say?  
 Thanks for Du Bois' article -  
 we enjoyed it.

Aren't these pictures  
 pretty good, for Chei Kodak's?  
 We love 'em. Here's our maps.

Well, we got rained in &  
 had to stay an extra day at  
 Keswick up in Lake District  
 of England, but boys took me  
 to movie & we had a high &  
 noisy sing song at nite, & liked  
 the hostel a lot the second  
 night! Biked 48 miles next  
 day to Ingleton - Warden away  
 but tea house next door served  
 us meals. Jolly couple  
 here - man & wife about  
 50 yrs. old, taking three



the Mts. on his holidays! Take it slowly but are having a grand time. We & I took the walk that evening (6<sup>00</sup> am. - 12<sup>+</sup>) thru the beautiful glen, past gorge & three waterfalls, & across Mt. tops - about four miles - it is nice to walk at night after cycling during the day. Beautiful walk, & absolutely alone in hills) - would think to human being had ever been there - only the sheep "bawing" to each other as we passed silently by on the green clipped grass - sheep cut it mowed beautifully!

Next day we hiked 7 miles had to race a storm the last three miles - luckily down hill so we really whizzed! Reached town just as electrical storm broke & a man in the bank came out &



took us over to his garage for  
 shelter. Started again later on as  
 the clouds still dark & the  
 countryside not to our liking — all  
 dirty industrial towns, decided  
 to thumb a lorry (truck) as we'd  
 heard other hatters do. First one we  
 tried it on stopped, said he'd ride us to  
 Bradford — about 35 miles — roped &  
 padded our bikes & we got in the  
 cab with him & "were away"! Very  
 nice young man & we had interesting  
 talk while Phea slept — as soon  
 as she gets inside something  
 moving she falls asleep! Nice  
 for a change to sit in warm cab  
 & watch the up hills roll by!  
 But tired of it & were glad to get our & on  
 our faithful steeds again. It rained some  
 more & there were lots of uphills to  
 walk, but finally, at the end of  
 a 2½ mile walk straight up (!) we  
 reached the "Y. H. — "Wood Cottage" — lovely house



on the edge of the moors), in big grounds. House father very nice & had daughter our age & son a little older) — (we think their mother had just died as daughter writing black-edged notes & quite sad. We were only hootlers & were cold, as usual, so were invited to sit in kitchen by stone (only one fire in a house as a rule & dampish notes) & so talked with the family all evening — very interesting people — & enjoyed toasting our toes on the fender — they really do have fenders in front of their fires.

Next day we had to walk up each hill & then use our brakes each down one on other side as hills very steep & long & the sheep are always in the road. We like sheep better than cows — look more intelligent, have interesting markings on their faces & look like they have long black stockings on. They will look up



alertly as you approach, stand their ground till you draw near, then they scamper away & the little lambs always get on the fore side of their mothers, the ewes, & peep over their shoulders at you!

And some of them bawled plaintively over the hills. We bike across the rolling moors, with the wind whistling over them, & the clouds sailing along, & not a soul about — it is then, as you coast down a slope, standing up on one pedal, that you absolutely forget all the hills you've had to push up — it's worth all of 'em! We think we climbed every peak in England's Peak District, but it got better — level — as we reached Hartington village. The Y. H. here is "Hall, a beautiful hall built in 1611 — the owner is in India & has loaned the house to the  
 way over.



Y. H. A. till whenever he may return. Beautifully carved furniture & paneled walls, <sup>and</sup> windows & crests on 'em — & lovely garden & terrace also. Secret passageway (now closed) from the hall to the church — as used to able to claim safety under church roof. Met our hostel friend from Edinburgh here — the one who had paid our bus fare to the Y. H.

Diked 11 miles in shower to Mass at All Saints in Ashborne. Small poor parish but nice young priest with Oxford accent.

Diked, ate a lot as usual, & slept in fields, & arrived 35 miles later on at Lichfield. Next hostel about 40 more miles on so had to be content with only 35 miles today. Beautiful Cathedral at Lichfield — both inside & out.



Not so hot a Y. H. but met  
 another American — Harvard  
 law student, & very nice  
 Britisher. Warden cooked our  
 suppers & didn't give me any  
 silverware. Went to get it & she  
 said Hostlers swipe it so she  
 wasn't giving out any more!

Here we were — good meal but  
 no tools! Harvard boy offered to  
 pay half-crown (about 65¢) deposit so  
 we finally got 'em! Most wardens  
 are very interested in hostlers &  
 will go out of their way for you.  
 American here is worrying about  
 food — he eats in cafés at noon  
 & gets all three meals quite  
 starchy non-vitamin ones,  
 whereas we eat raw vegetables  
 & fresh fruits at noon & at 3 p.m.  
 so don't mind whatever suppers  
 they have — usually pork or mutton,  
 boiled potatoes & firming tough boiled cabbage or peas!



Biked 50 miles to Stratford-on-Avon next day. Country getting more level, & can bike without suede jackets now as it's getting warmer here now.

Lot of people along the way wish us "Good Holidays!" as we cycle by. Arrived at Y. H. at 3:15 (hostels don't open till 5 p.m.) but found warden & got booked in for nite, so went down & took motorboat ride along lovely river Avon, past old Trinity Church & Shakespeare's tomb, & past lovely homes with gorgeous gardens fronting the river. Restful & interesting ride for an hour - one shilling (24<sup>p</sup>).

The Y. H. - big & nice - is just three doors from Anne Hathaway's beautiful thatched roofed ~~has~~ cottage & garden. She was ~~26~~ 26 & Shakespeare only 17 when he used to walk



her along these lanes — so an  
 Irishman here told me! After  
 supper we biked to the Shakespeare  
 Memorial Theatre in the Town Centre  
 where we saw (with fine other  
 hostlers) a performance of S.'s  
 "Coriolanus" — wanted to see  
 "Much Ado About Nothing" so one  
 we knew, but this one was  
 very good & well-done. Enjoyed  
 it immensely — good balcony  
 seats just  $\frac{1}{3}$  — one <sup>filling</sup> + <sup>price</sup> (30¢).  
 Had all to walk our bikes home  
 as no lamps on 'em & against  
 law to bike without. At 7.45  
 mordenes were up in kitchen with  
 hot chocolate for a treat for all  
 theatre-goers! Nice? They are  
 nice people & we certainly en-  
 joyed the surprise. Had to go to bed  
 with candles! About 20 Danish  
 girls here. At either end or  
 beginning of theatre, movie, or



once, they play "God Save the King" & everyone stands in most respectful & rigid silence! Most effective.

Visited Shakespeare's birth-place next day, & were away. Agree to meet Bill & Drew - two Irishmen - at Oxford, as we wanted to bike different way than did they. Cycled 50 miles thru the Cotswolds (Mt. district), thru old <sup>STOW</sup> "Stow-on-the-Wold", & along some lovely moors - with an air station up there - all the hangars covered with grass to resemble mounds, & the other building covered with camafloze (?) paint to resemble the surroundings.

Oxford is quite a large & active city. Grand hostel! Had real, hot baths in a tub! Warden is swell. Good meals. Our dorm, called "Pilkington"! Don't know why!



Aboard "Esbjerg"  
Sun. Aft.!

Wrote part of this at hostel last  
nite & shall finish now so  
can mail it from Harwich,  
Eng., before we sail.

Met Bill & Drew at Oxford  
& went thru town & walked  
about hostel gardens with  
them. Several Americans  
here - look around supper  
table & can tell Americans  
or Canadians cuz we all  
just use one hand to eat.

while all others hold knife in  
the right & fork in the left  
always, using left hand (fork)  
to put food in their mouth!

Visited beautiful old  
Christchurch Cathedral & college -  
" College is the oldest  
& largest of all the Colleges of  
Oxford University & has  
only 300 students enrolled!



Spent next a.m. with the  
Irish men & then were away.  
Got a lorry ride about a  
mile & a half out & got  
right into London! Good?

Went to Hyde Park to hear  
orators on soapboxes there -  
went with two hostlers -  
one a Canadian Scout Master.  
Oke?

Next <sup>two</sup> days went sightseeing -  
Nat'l. Gallery, British Museum,  
Croydon Aerodrome, bus  
rides thru Regent St. & etc.,  
& some shopping.

Left London Sat. a.m.  
& arrived at Colchester about 2:30  
& hostler closed till 5:00 so had  
tea (& cakes!) & to a movie -  
to rest up! Cute little hostler  
here right on river & across  
from beautiful Castle Park  
& 1/28 Castle!



Think, after Denmark, Norway, & Sweden, will go to Estonia & Finland!

Be sure to write often say I enjoy your letters a lot!

Are aboard the steamer  
"Esbjerg" (pronounced: ~~Egbeair~~  
"Es-bee-air") for Denmark!  
Write to AmEx Co at  
COP Stockholm, Sweden  
next.

Will send some snaps.  
in a different ~~letter~~ envelope  
+ some maps. Probably  
cannot mail them till  
we land.

Pat said he was going  
to talk with you about  
Thilda, math? Is she  
all right? You seem to  
think her pretty nice  
from your letters. Think  
it's grand for Pat to be  
settling down, don't you?

+ U Ohe & I are having lots of fun,  
& want to finish our 6 mos. leave, but  
think we'll go back to Wash. Dec. 14 then transfer  
North somewhere! Want to plan to go to St. Ig, on  
way back!

Pat's



Colchester, Eng. July 8 - 37

Here is an agenda from the Irish Free State Parliament - & the card is - "just a couple of hostlers!"

We were "rained in" & had to stay another day at Keswick in Lake District, but boys took us to a movie & we had a high & mighty sing song at night.

Biked 48 mi. next day to Ingleton. Warden away but tea house next door served us meals. Jolly couple here - man & wife (about 50) biking thru the Mts. on his holidays.

Rhea & I took the walk that evening (6<sup>o</sup> ea - 12<sup>o</sup>) thru the beautiful glen, past gorge & 3 waterfalls, & across mt. tops - about 4 mi. (It's pleasant to walk at night after cycling all day.)

Next day we biked 7 mi - had to race a storm the last 3 mi. Luckily down hill - so we really 'whizzed'. Reached town just as electrical storm broke & a man in the bank came out & took us over to his garage for shelter. Started on later as countryside not to our liking - all dirty industrial towns - decided to thumb a lorry as we'd heard that other hostlers do. First one along stopped - driver said he'd take us to Bradford - about 35 mi. He roped & padded our bikes - then we got in the cab with him & were off. Very nice young man. We had an interesting talk while Rhea slept, which she does as soon as she gets inside something moving. Pleasant for a change to sit in the warm cab & watch the up hills roll by. But we tired of it & were glad to get out & on our faithful steeds again.

It rained again & there were many up hills to walk - but finally at the end of a 2 1/2 mi. walk straight up we reached the YH - "Bard Cottage" - a lovely house on the edge of the moors - in big grounds. The housefather was very nice & had daughter our age & son a little older (we think the mother had just died as daughter was writing black edged notes & quite sad)

We were the baby hostlers & were cold as usual. As we were invited to sit in kitchen by stove (only 1 fire in a house as a rule & nights are dampish)

Next day we had to walk up carb. hill & see our brakes on the down side. Hills very steep & long & many sheep crossing. Those had interesting markings on face & looked like they had long black stockings.



We biked across the moor with the wind whistling & the clouds fairly sailing - & not a soul in sight - its then - as we coast down a slope - standing on one pedal - that we absolutely forget all the hills we had to push up - its worth all of 'em. We think we climbed every hill in England's Peak District.

It became more lively as we reached Hartington. The YH here is Hartington Hall - a beautiful place built in 1611 - the owner is in India & has loaned the house to the YHA till whenever he may return.

Beautifully carved furniture, panelled walls, & leaded windows with crests on 'em. Lovely gardens and terrace too. And a secret passageway (now closed - darn it) from the hall to the church - where people of a former day could elude safety from marauders and such.

Biked 11 mi. in shower to Mass at All Saints in Ashbome. Small poor parish but nice young priest with Oxford accent.

Biked, ate a lot as usual, & slept in fields, & arrived 35 mi later on at Lichfield. Next hostel about 40 mi more so had to be content with only 35 mi today. Beautiful Cathedral here - both inside & out.

Not so hot a YH - but met another American - Harvard law student and a very nice Britisher. Warden cooked our supper & didn't give us any silver. Went to get it & she said hostlers swipe it so she wasn't giving out anymore. Here we were - good meals but no tools. Harvard boy offered to pay 1/2 crown (about 65<sup>d</sup>) deposit so we finally got 'em. Most wardens are very interested in hostlers & will go out of their way for us.

American is worrying about food - he eats in cafes at noon so gets all 3 meals quite starchy, non-vitamin ones - whereas we eat raw vegetables & fresh fruits at noon & at 3 PM - so don't mind whatever suppers we get - usually, pork or mutton, boiled potatoes, funny tough boiled cabbage & peas.

Biked 50 mi. to Stratford-on-Avon. Country getting more level & we can bike without jackets now as its getting warmer.

Many people along the way wish us "Good Holiday" as we go by.

Arrived at YH at 3:15 (hostels don't open till 5) but found warden & got booked for the night - so went down & took motorboat ride along lovely river Avon - past old Trinity Church, Shakespeares' tomb, & lovely homes with gorgeous gardens fronting the river. Restful & interesting ride for 1 lb. one shilling (24<sup>d</sup>).

The YH - big & nice - is just 3 doors from Anne Hathaways beautiful thatched cottage & garden. She was 26 & S. July '17 when he used to walk her along these lanes - seen Irishmen



Colchester, England

July 8, 1939

Dearest Mother,

We got rained in and had to stay an extra day at Key<sup>s</sup>wich up in the lake district of England, but boys took us to movie and we had a huge and noisey sing song at night, and liked the hostel a lot the second night. Biked 48 miles next day to Ingleton--warden away but tea house next door served us meals. Jolly couple here--man and wife about fifty years old, biking through the mountains on his holiday. Take it slowly but are having a grand time. Rhea and I took the walk that evening through the beautiful glen, past gorge and three waterfalls and across mountain tops--about four miles--it is nice to walk at night after cycling during the day. Beautiful walk and absolutely alone in hills--would think no human being had ever been there--only the sheep baaing to each other as we passed silently by on the green clipped grass--sheep keep it mowed beautifully.

Next day we biked seven miles--had to race a storm the last three miles--luckily down hill so we really whizzed. Reached town just as electrical storm broke and a man in the bank came out and took us over to his garage for shelter. Started again later on as the clouds still dark and the countryside not to our liking--all dirty industrial towns; decided to thumb a lorry (truck) as we'd heard other hostlers do. First one we tried it on stopped, said he'd ride us to Bradford--about 35 miles--roped and padded our bikes and we got in the cab with him and were away. Very nice young man and we had interesting talk while Rhea Slept--as soon as she gets inside something moving she falls asleep. Nice for a



change to sit in warm cab and watch the up hills roll by. But got tired of it and were glad to get out and on our faithful steeds again. It rained some more and there were lots of uphill to walk, but finally, at the end of a two and a half <sup>mile</sup> walk straight up (!) we reached the Youth Hostel--"Wood Cottage"--lovely place on the edge of the moors, in big grounds. House father very nice and had daughter our age and son a little older (we think their mother had just died as daughter writing black edged notes and quite sad). We were only hostlers and very cold, as usual, so were invited to sit in kitchen by stove (only one fire in a house as a rule and damp nights) and talked with the family all evening--very interesting people and enjoyed toasting our toes on the fender--they really do have fenders in front of their fires.

Next day we had to walk up each hill and then use our brakes down on other side as hills very steep and long and the sheep are always in the road. We like sheep better than cows--look more intelligent, have interesting markings on their faces, and look like they have long black stockings on. They will look up alertly as you approach, stand their ground till you draw near, then scamper away; the little lambs always get on the far side of their mothers, the ewes, and peek over their shoulders at you. Some of them baa plaintively over the hills. We bike across the rolling moors, with the wind whistling over them, and the clouds sailing along--not a soul about--it is then, as you coast down a slope, standing up on one pedal, that you absolutely forget all the hills you've had to push up--it's worth all of 'em. We think we climbed every peak in England's Peak District, but it got better--level--as we reached Hartington, a village. The youth hostel here in Hartington Hall,



a beautiful hall built in 1611--the owner is in India and has loaned the house to the Youth Hostel Association until he may return. Beautifully carved furniture and paneled walls, and leaded windows with crests on them--lovely garden and terrace also. Secret passageway (now closed) from the hall to the church--was used to escape danger--claim safety under church roof.

Met our hostel friend from Edinburgh here--the one who paid our bus fare to the youth hostel.

Biked 11 miles in shower to Mass at All Saints in Ashborne. Small poor parish but nice young priest with Oxford Accent.

Biked, ate a lot as usual, and slept <sup>to rest</sup> in fields, and arrived 35 miles later at Lichfield. Next hostel about 40 more miles on so had to be content with only 35 miles today. Beautiful cathedral at Lichfield--both inside and out. Not so good a Youth Hostel but met another American--Harvard law student, and very nice Britisher. Warden cooked our suppers and didn't give us any silverware. Went to get it and she said hostlers swipe it so she wasn't giving out anymore. Here we were--good meal but no tools. Harvard boy offered to pay half-crown deposit so we finally got them. Most wardens are very interested in hostlers and will go out of their way for you. American here is worrying about food--he eats in cafes at noon and so gets all three meals quite starchy non-vitamin ones, whereas we eat raw vegetables and fresh fruits at noon at 3:00 P.M. so don't mind whatever suppers they have--usually pork or mutton, boiled potatoes, and funny toughboiled cabbage or peas.

Biked 50 miles to Stratford-on-Avon next day. Country getting more level, and can bike without suede jackets as it's getting warmer here. Lot of people along the way wish us "Good Holidays" as we cycle by. Arrived at Youth Hostel at 3:15 (hostles don't open till 5 P.M.) but found warden and got booked in for night, so went



down and took motorboat ride along lovely river Avon. past <sup>old</sup> only Trinity Church and Shakespeare's tomb, past lovely homes with gorgeous gardens fronting the river. Restful and interesting ride for an hour--one shilling. The Youth Hostel--big and nice--is just three doors from Anne Hathaway's beautiful thatched cottage and garden. After supper we biked to the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in the Town Centre where we saw (with five other hostlers) a performance of S's "Carolanus"--wanted to see "Much Ado About Nothing" or one we knew, but this one was very good and well done. Enjoyed it immensely--good balcony seats just 1/3--one shilling and thrupence (30¢). All had to walk our bikes home as no lamps on them and against law to bike without. At Youth Hostel wardens were up in kitchen with hot chocolate for a treat for all theatre-goers. They are homely people and we certainly enjoyed the surprise. Had to go to bed with candles. About 20 Danish girls here.

Forgot: At either end or beginning of theatre, movie, or dance, they play "God Save the King" and everyone stands in most respectful and rigid silence. Most effective.

Visited Shakespeare's birthplace next day and were away. Agreed to meet Bill and Drew--two Irishmen--at Oxford, as we wanted to bike different way from what they did. Cycled 50 miles through the Cotswolds (mountain district), through old Stow-on-the-Wold and along some lovely moors--with an air station up there --all the hangars covered with grass to resemble mounds, and the other buildings covered with camouflage--to resemble the surrounding.

Oxford is quite a large and active city. Grand hostel. Had real hot bath in a tub. Warden swell! Good meals. Our dorm, called Pilkington--don't know why.

Met Bill and Drew at Oxford and went through town and walked about hostel gardens with them. Several Americans here.



Visited beautiful old Christ Church Cathedral and college. Christ Church College is the oldest and largest of all the Colleges of Oxford University and has only 300 students enrolled.

Spent next A.M. with the Irishmen and then were away. Got a lorry ride about a mile and a half out and right into London.

Went to Hyde Park to hear orators on soapboxes there--went with two hostlers--one a Canadian Scout Master, Next two days went sightseeing--National Gallery, British Museum, Croydon Aerodrome, bus rides through Regent Street, etc.,--some shopping.

Are aboard the steamer "Esbjerg" for Denmark.

Love,

Juddie.