

Trouble Arrives in England

MYRA HOLCOMB, College, '44

As we left the harbor I remember I cried terribly I didn't want to leave daddy standing on the pier looking so lonely, but I really couldn't cry long, for everything was so new and intriguing. There was the half-size bunk I slept on, the handsome teller, the vulgar crew I talked to until my mother found out. Even yet I can't forget Johnny, the steward.

Later on in the voyage, I was a rather privileged person, for being nine years old I was looked on as too young to do anything truly bad, and yet old enough to know when to stay out of the way. Little did they know.

People's thoughts about me never did influence my actions; so I would cheerfully go down into the brig and proceed happily from there to the bridge uninvited. But our favorite sport was pouring water down the ventilators onto the people in their cabins below.

That was a wonderful trip over. Still two things stand out in my mind: first, they made us wash in salt water, and, second, they served billious lemon ice cream at every meal.

Of our arrival in Liverpool I recall nothing. From Liverpool we toured southeast to London to see the regular sights prescribed by our guide book. Glimpses return the changing of the Guards, most impressive, as all are over six feet tall, Nottingham Palace, a dull and uninteresting-looking house, Westminster Abbey, an empty church inside, and pigeons of Saint James park who promptly found a place to sit on my bright red beret.

Mom then decided that we should not take a regular tour of England, as most honest tourists do, but visit the quaint places of historic interest. So, our American instincts getting a bit misplaced, we proceeded to lose ourselves in England, Scotland, and Wales. My memory not being very clear on most places, I shall mention three.

First, we went to Illfracomb, whose cliffs contest Dover's famed white

ones. The tide there rose about five hundred yards and almost completely covered these mountains of rock. One day, climbing up on the cliffs, I found hundreds of miniature lakes with fish and seaweed growing happily, waiting for the tide to come up and wash them out to sea or bring food to their hermitage.

From these we went to Clovelly, an enchanting town sprawled down a lazy hillside till it looked as if it might slide into the sea. As we stood on the shore and looked up and sighed over the long flight of steps, an angel offered us a ram in the shape of three sturdy donkeys. Lazy Americans that we are, we rode up the cobbled steps and thereby shocked the citizenry.

After Mother's mildly shocking that town by riding a donkey, we hopped a bus to Scarbourough. Ar-



riving at the hotel, the first day we labeled ourselves ignorant by wishing to know what these "bathing machines" were that we had seen advertised for rent. My sister, finding her courage, asked the doorman. Looking her up and down as if she were a savage, he said: "I believe in America you would call them swim huts." They were, of course, bathhouses.

When we arrived back in London I was set to go home. I did not like the frozen custard they called ice cream. I wanted dinner at six-thirty, not eight. I did not drink cream in tea, and I definitely would not eat poached eggs for tea. So what if I ate with my fork in my right hand, not my left! The nasty English did not have to glare at me. Besides, what if we do like to talk and laugh at dinner? That is no reason that is wrong, even if they don't talk. I was just plain tired of traveling in England!

We stayed another week in London,

sandwiching changing of the Guards between every two experiences. There was Nottingham Palace and the Changing of the Guards, Saint James Park, Changing of the Guards—over and over and over again. I was bored and did not appreciate England any more.

But, as I think back, I feel a lump rising in my throat. Are the ivy-covered castles still keeping watch over the countryside? Are the seagulls still soaring over Illfracomb? Can I ever see the Regent Palace Hotel again in its musty dignity? Do the pink sheep with the long tails still play happily in the fields, and the sway-backed mares look over the stone fences? May I some day go back and find it all the same? Gratefully would I eat poached eggs for tea, and love it.

Sure I Love Him

BETSY BISHOP
College '44

Sure, I love him. Well, who wouldn't? He's just about the best guy I've ever known. He's good-looking, tall, blonde, and arry. He's a swell dancer. Everything he gets into, he ends up at the top—president or chairman, or something. He can also show a girl a good time. But—he knows it. Lawdy, yes, he knows it. Conceited? I should say so. Girls take one look at him, he "sort of" winks at them, and they follow him around for the rest of his life. Sure, I love him. Well, who wouldn't? He's my brother.

"Birddog Franklin"—that's a fine name. It fits him to a tee. You've heard people say, "Yeah, he's a birrr-dog." That's where the name came from. He picked it up in military school and it has stuck. It went through college, insurance business, field artillery, and now in the Army Air Corps with him. Yep, Birddog flies a B-24, and he's darn good too. Sure, I love him. Well, who wouldn't? He's my brother.

About two months ago when he received his wings and commission, he came home for a couple of days. Of

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