

The Englefield Family  
by Daughter Janet Morris  
English Immigrants  
Aquitania  
March 2, 1948



Editor's Note: Cicely Englefield's diary was submitted by her daughter Janet. Notes that appear in brackets with a capital 'J' after them are Janet's additions to the original text.



Thursday, February 26, 1948

Well, we have just had life-boat drill and are well out in the Channel. There is just enough movement to make things a little unpleasant below the belt but we are eating the meals, keeping our fingers crossed and our minds on higher things.

Janet is lying on her bunk and I am sitting beside her. There are eight of us in the cabin; too many, really, but they all seem to be very pleasant people. Two of them are sitting here with us and one of them comes from Guildford. (My father was in a separate cabin with several other men. J.)

The saloons are over-heated so we are staying here for a while. But I had better begin at the beginning of our great adventure.

Yesterday we had a good journey up to Waterloo and met Elsie and Bob with whom we had lunch (at Lions Corner House. J). Bob had to go back to Staines, but Elsie stayed with us until the train left for Southampton. Les took this photo of Jan and me with Elsie and Bob on Waterloo Station.



Elsie, Bob, Betty & Duggie have given me a really beautiful book The British Countryside in Pictures by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. It really is a perfect parting present.

We were at Southampton well on time and through the customs etc. and



on board by 6 o'clock. There was only time for a quick tidy-up and then we went down for dinner, a meal which I shall not soon forget. You will realise why when you read the menu here.

We did not have a very good night for the cabin was much too hot. Jan was on a top bunk and I was afraid she would fall off every time she turned over so I was up and down all night. I did not sleep after five o'clock and would have given anything for a cup of tea.

At 8 a.m. Jan and I met Les on deck and went to see the tugs come alongside in readiness to pull us out. Promptly at 8:45 a.m. the siren blew and we were off on our long journey.

After boat drill, Les took some pictures of Jan and me with our life-belts on. During the afternoon I queued for nearly an hour for a tin of health salts. You see, as soon as we were outside the three-mile limit the shops on board were opened and there was a mad scramble to get cigarettes, sweets, chocolates, etc. There was no need to rush but the fact that everything was couponless and point-free rather went to the people's heads. There is no limit to the amount of cigarettes, candy, etc. for each person and they were buying 500 Players at 9d for 20 and whole boxes of chocolate bars - 25 in a box. (My mother bought a Hershey's chocolate bar for me and when I opened the package it was swarming with maggots.J)





Janet missed lunch on today as already the ship was rolling rather badly and she did not feel too good but after a nice sleep she was quite alright and came down to dinner with us.

Les and I met one of Les's cabin mates and his girlfriend and after putting Jan to bed we spent an hour or two with them in one of the very beautiful saloons.

The walls are panelled in dark oak and there are some good oil paintings on the walls. Before turning in we had a brisk walk round the decks.

My bunk is the highest in the cabin and to reach it I have to climb a seven-rung ladder. It's a bit tricky when the ship is rolling.

Friday, February 27 - Mileage from 12 noon Thursday to 12 noon Friday, 569 miles

A rather grey day after a very active night. The speed was increased and I was pushed up onto my pillow and thrust down into the bed alternately as the ship rocked. But thank goodness I did not feel bad and was ready for the very good breakfast. Orange juice, cereal, bacon and eggs, rolls, coffee, etc. I had my hair done at the hairdresser's at 10 a.m. and now Les and I are sitting in the lounge. Janet does not feel too good and is in the cabin.

Les had to collect our landing cards this morning. The stewardess who looks after us told me that this was one of the best crossings they had had for quite a time. I wonder! What was even more important, she asked us whether we would like early morning tea. We all said 'yes' you may be sure.



P.M. - After the usual delicious lunch Jan and I had a sleep and felt much better for it. Les called for us at 4 p.m. for tea in the lounge. He decided that it would be a good idea to get some sea-sick cure before we got into the really bad weather so once again I queued.

There was a cinema show on B deck after dinner to which Les and I went but it was so hot and stuffy that I could not enjoy it properly.

Saturday, February 28 - Mileage from Friday noon to Saturday noon - 579 miles

Quite a good night and I slept much better. Most of us were awake at 6 a.m. though it was really 8 a.m. for we have put the clocks back twice by one hour. Now we are waiting in blissful anticipation for our cups of tea.



12 o'clock mid-day - Jan and I have stood in yet another queue, this time for Lux and to change something which I bought in the clothes shop yesterday.

We are now in the lounge having ice-cold orange squash. Another hour and it will be lunch time again. The stewardess told me this morning where to find the washing and pressing rooms. It will be nice to press our clothes before landing for they do get terribly creased in the cabin.

Later - A very nice lunch but somehow I hadn't my usual appetite. The weather is getting steadily worse and the ship seems to be trying to stand on its head. Decided to stay in the cabin.

Still in cabin; in fact, in bed and feeling awful. Three other of our cabinmates are also laid low. They are bringing us water biscuits for supper and even that seems too much.

Sunday, February 29 - Mileage from Saturday noon to Sunday noon - 523 miles

What an awful night!!! The ship did everything but fly. Les was still in the lounge at 4 a.m. We, in our cabin, kept up a continual pilgrimage to the toilet. I have been slightly sick (I can't even write the word) and feel a bit better. We are all praying for calmer weather tonight. I tried to have a

bath this morning but what with the bath swaying from side to side and the water slopping round in waves, it was too much for me and I gave it up as a bad job. How I hate hot sea water. Les is feeling better and went down to breakfast as usual.

6 p.m. - So far I have had no food since lunch time yesterday.

This morning we went to the church service held in the lounge and saw the captain for the first time. He sounds like a Canadian. We had lovely hymns, finishing with Eternal Father, Strong to Save. You may be sure I thought of you both (my grandparents back home in Battle, Sussex)

Jan was very bad before lunch but after the spasm was over, decided she was well enough to go down with Les to eat. She had a good meal and enjoyed it.

I sat in the lounge and felt like death. Decided bed was the place for me and slept soundly from 2:45 p.m. to 6 p.m. Felt much better. When Les said turkey was on the menu for dinner I thought I really must make an effort to get down to the dining room. If only I could have faced the whole meal. There was soup, rainbow trout cooked in butter and wine, roast turkey, cranberry sauce, potatoes and cauliflower. For dessert, Pear 'Something'. It consisted of tinned Bartlett pears on ice cream with chocolate sauce poured over and then to finish, cheese & biscuits and coffee.



Out of all that I had one slice of turkey and one boiled potato but it stayed with me and after dinner Les and I went to the cinema. The ship was much steadier and I went to bed and slept soundly until 6 a.m.

Monday, March 1

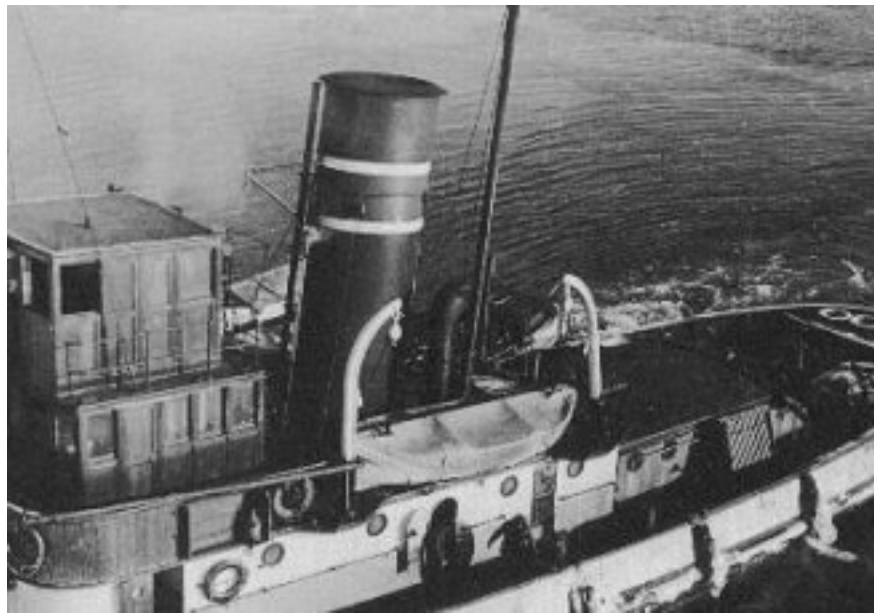
We are all feeling much better and the knowledge

that we are nearing land is cheering everybody up. It is very cold and I am glad of the thick nighties. We have had snow and ice on the decks and the wind is like a knife.

There are rumours that we dock tonight and that breakfast tomorrow morning will be our last meal on board.

The times of the trains have been put up on a board and the railway official will be coming tomorrow morning.

7:30 p.m. -  
Boat still  
heaving and  
rolling. I  
dread the  
night. Janet  
is sleeping  
peacefully,  
thank  
goodness.



At last we  
have reached  
our journey's  
end, as far as  
the boat is  
concerned.

Tuesday, March 2

When we woke this morning the ship was gliding along with no more movement than if we had been on a lake. Heaven. Les was on the deck early and saw the pilot come on board.

WAS IT COLD. The lifeboats and most of the top part of the ship were coated in ice over a foot thick and the crew were already at work with spikes getting it broken up. The temperature was well below zero. Ice was floating on the water and when the pilot came in a small rowing boat

they had to push it to one side.



We could see land faintly on one side and it was good to see. Everything was crystal clear and the fir trees which came right down to the water's edge, were powdered with snow and looked like Christmas trees.

Then the tugs came alongside and pulled us in and we had really arrived.

Breakfast was early and rather hurried, for we wanted to finish packing the last bits and pieces. Then came the business of seeing the immigration people, railway officials and customs. That was a very long drawn-out affair for we had to wait until our trunks were brought up from the hold. The officer who attended to us was not the keen type and marked all our cases with that magic chalk sign when we told him we had no diamond tiaras or mink coats.

Then we went out into the city of Halifax. It struck us as being rather dirty but the shops made up for everything. We bought Jan a scarlet felt hat and a pair of red and blue gloves.

I nearly went silly over the shops, the china, toys, kitchenware; in fact, everything we have been starved of for so long is there by the ton.

We had a hot dog and a cup of coffee and felt very Canadian. I bought three yards of elastic for 15 cents (7 1/2d). I will get some and send home when we reach Vancouver. There are stacks of wool of every shade and I wish I had bought some so that I could do some knitting on the train.

This news story was in the Halifax paper, March 2, 1948.

### AQUITANIA BRINGS 1,278 PASSENGERS

The veteran liner Aquitania, her lifeboats and part of her superstructure ice-coated from high winds and spray during the last day of her voyage, arrived in Halifax early today from the United Kingdom with 1,278 passengers for various parts of Canada and the United States.

Officers of the ship said no damage resulted from the heavy weather encountered off the Nova Scotia coast.

Among the passengers aboard were the last seven British brides of World War II to come to Canada to join their ex-service husbands.



Another large group of displaced persons from occupation zones in Germany also arrived aboard the liner. Among service personnel were nine R.A.F., 43 R.C.N., four Canadian Army and three R.C.A.F.

The Aquitania also brought to Canada on this trip, 33 Polish repatriates and five distressed British seamen.

Among the civilian passengers were Count R. de Chambrun, internationally known lawyer.

Later that day, on the CNR train to Vancouver -

Les was in a panic in case we had any babies or crying children in the same compartment.

The coloured porter who showed us to our seats rather upset us by saying we might have another passenger to share our berth. As there was room for two up and two down only, for sleeping that did not sound too good. However, it was his mistake and the section was for us alone.

Our dinner last night was fruit juice, roast stuffed turkey, cranberry sauce and vegetables. There were all sorts of lovely puddings. Les had maple sundae and Jan and I had cheese.

The porter came along to make the bunks in time for us to get in bed by 10 p.m. Jan went into the top bunk and had a good night but I had not slept a wink at 4 a.m. so got up and took two Aspirin. That was



not as easy as it sounds. To begin with I had to get on my shoes and coat and find the Aspirin, all in a recumbent posture, so to speak. I then had to un-pop the curtains and stagger along to the end of the carriage where there was a tap with ice water

and little paper cups like those you see on films. After all this I only had two hours sleep.

Wednesday, March 3

I was up at 7:20 a.m. as I thought there would be a rush on the wash place. We had breakfast at 8:30 a.m. It was a breakfast too. There were several sorts of fruit juices, cereal and cream, a large jug each. One between us would have been ample. Jan had to leave more than half her scrambled egg. Les and I had ham and eggs (two each), wonderfully cooked.

We came back to the coach and are now on a siding waiting for another train to pass us as this is single track just here. At this rate we shall never get to Vancouver for we have done this several times since we started this morning.

Later - We are nearly at Quebec but only in penny stages for we have stopped twice more and are now at a siding at a small place called St. Noel. The snow is up to some of the windows on the ground floor but I expect they leave it there for warmth.



We have seen people riding along in what a Canadian on the train tells us are cutters. They are sledges, sometimes for one, others for two passengers and are drawn by rather elderly horses. There are lovely little farmsteads dotted about the prairies (?), seemingly miles from anywhere and everywhere the glistening snow, so bright that it hurts to look at it for very long at a time.

We can see the St. Lawrence River on our left and it looks very beautiful.

We are nearing Quebec now and shall soon be getting out to stretch our legs. I am enjoying every minute of this part of the journey, apart from not sleeping.

For lunch we had vegetable soup, poached fresh salmon and egg sauce, peas, diced carrots and potatoes, pineapple pie and cream, coffee and cream. It was grand.

I am going to wash Jan's hair when we have been out for our walk. There is boiling water in the washroom and piles of towels, plenty of soap.



We are beginning to get used to the money and when I went shopping yesterday, managed to give the girl the right piece of money.

The telegraph poles make us laugh for they are the trunks of fir trees just as they are cut down, with the boughs taken off and most of them are far from straight. In fact, they definitely bend in the middle.

Saturday, March 6

I did not write anything yesterday for I was sick most of the time. The movement of the train and the rich food was too much for me and I ate nothing after breakfast until breakfast this morning. I felt awful but, thank goodness, feel much better now.

For the past two days we have been going through typical Canadian scenery, fir trees, high mountains, enormous lakes and snow, snow and more snow. In some places it is beginning to melt and the ice breaking up on the lakes and then we see lovely streams, rather like those in Swaledale (Yorkshire) with small falls here and there.

During yesterday afternoon we went through Algonquin National Park. Les saw some deer but I missed them.

We asked the porter to make up the bunks early and Jan and I went to bed about 7:30 p.m. I slept very well until she suddenly rose up and without a word of warning was very sick. After that there was not much sleep for either of us.

Now we are having one of our periodical stops, tho' only a few are getting out.

We have decided to get off the train at Winnipeg for a couple of days for we are getting tired of these seemingly needless stops. Then we shall get a regular service train and go straight through to Vancouver. We go via

Jasper and not Calgary so will send Auntie (Fan, with whom we would be staying) a wire just before we leave Winnipeg, with the time of our arrival.

Apparently the reason for the constant stopping is that being a special, we have to pull off on sidings to let the regular trains through.



We are already 11 hours late and quite a lot of people have lost connections to other parts of the country.

It seems as tho' we have been travelling for months but I would not have missed a minute of it.

Les went into the smoking lounge after breakfast and one of the men pointed out bear and moose tracks to him. How I wish some of you were here to enjoy this wonderful scenery. I could never begin to describe it adequately.

We shall be going through the Rockies later on and that will really be something.

I forgot to mention that during our 20-minute stop at Capreol yesterday we ran out to the store for apples, etc., and never have we seen a sight like it. There was just everything. We walked round and helped ourselves and paid on the way out. We got apples, bananas, peanuts and a tin of strawberries, tho' goodness knows how we are going to eat them (the strawberries I mean).

It is another wonderful day with brilliant sunshine. We wish we had thought to buy some coloured glasses before we started on this journey for the glare of the sun on the snow is very trying on one's eyes.

Now we are all looking forward to the next stop, for it will be long enough to enable us to get out and stretch our legs. The train is very hot though there was ice on the inside of the double windows this morning.

3:30 p.m. - We have had a stop at Sioux Look-out (don't you love the name?) and were able to walk around for twenty minutes. It was not really so very cold. We shall get to Winnipeg around 8 p.m. tonight if we



don't have too many of these blessed stops.

We are going through some wonderful country. Enormous lakes, some of them must be over five miles long, between very high snow-covered cliffs. There are groups of little log cabins which are

holiday places, I expect. They are right on the edge of the water and must be wonderful in the summer. I saw a bird today, the first one since leaving Halifax. The man opposite said it was probably a buzzard.

I must write this down while everything is fresh in my memory. We arrived at Winnipeg at about 8:45 p.m. last night. How thankful we were to see the last of that train. Only three sleeper coaches were going on and they would probably have to stand in Winnipeg station all night while waiting for another train to hitch them to.

When we walked into the big main hall we were speechless. It was very high with a circular dome arrangement at the top and painted a beautiful sea green. All round were paintings of different ports of Canada, among them a grand one of Vancouver. There was an enormous crowd of people at the gates as we left the platform and they all stared so hard that we felt like people from another world, which I suppose, after all, we were. Porters or red-caps as they are called, were most helpful and I spoke to one while Les was at the YMCA kiosk seeing about a hotel and he said he was in Hastings during the war. They were very kind at the Y and went to no end of trouble to fix us up with rooms.

We went along to the Garrick hotel in a taxi which looked like something out of an American film. The driver had been in Aldershot.

We have had a lovely night and are thinking of soon getting up and finding some food. They do not provide meals here, only accommodation but there are dozens of places just round the corner from here.

But before I say any more I must describe, if I can, the sight that greeted us as we came from the station last night. Neon lights were everywhere, on the smallest, as well as the big stores, a hundred times more brilliant than Piccadilly at its brightest. The taxi driver said that it will be even

more so for later on they have it right across the street which is twice as wide as the front at Hastings. At ten o'clock some shops were still open and we noticed particularly a green-grocer's with just everything including dozens of stems of bananas. The clothes here are wonderful and not expensive and believe me, when I get a job I shall treat myself to some of the things I have wanted for a long, long time.

Before going to bed last night we went into a café and Les and I had coffee which was served in a glass with a little pot of cream separately and Jan had a hot chocolate and we all had chicken sandwiches. Les finished off with a slice of lemon pie. All that was \$1.15 or about 6/3d in our money.

We have promised Jan that she shall go round the stores in the morning. They have to be seen to be believed.

The sun is shining again today for which I am thankful for the cold last night was intense. We were certain that by the time we got back to the hotel we should be minus noses and ears. We saw in the paper that the temp. here was 30 degrees of frost at 7 a.m. and at noon it was 9 below freezing but last night, goodness knows what it was. When we got back here our room was so hot that we had to turn the radiators off and open the windows a bit.



I washed out my stockings and when I felt them after they had been on the radiator for about five minutes they were practically scorching underneath and quite stiff on the top. I should never have thought it possible. Now we are going to get up and have breakfast.

10:30 p.m. – What a day!! One I shall not soon forget. To begin with, we went to Eaton's, one of the largest stores in Winnipeg, for breakfast. Les was not feeling too good so Jan and I had bacon and eggs, toast and coffee and then went round the store; at least, part of it. It would take more than a day to see everything. I cannot begin to describe the wonderful things there were but oh! The food and the clothes. After a while we decided to go to the CNR station to see about our reservations for tomorrow.

We travel on the 11:20 a.m. from here and get to Vancouver at 9:20 a.m. Tuesday morning. We sent Auntie a wire from the station, saying what time we hoped to arrive and then walked back to another enormous store, the building in the background, pictured here, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, where we had lunch.

We sat at a table with a woman who at once asked us if we were from England. I said "Yes; I expect it is written all over us." She said her husband was a Canterbury man and we had quite a chat about England in general and Kent in particular. She told us of several places of interest which we ought to try and visit before



going on, one of them being the museum in the building where we were, containing relics of the old Hudson Bay trading post. Apparently Winnipeg has grown from one of their largest posts, namely Fort Garry and you see the name all over the city. There was a case containing some of the goods which were used for barter with the Indians and the beadwork done by some of them was really wonderful, particularly on the ceremonial aprons and necklaces.

After lunch Les and Janet had had enough of roaming around in the over-heated shops so went back to the hotel while I went on with my gazing and marvelling. I bought some wool to knit myself a jumper (sweater) on the train – English wool – also some silk pants. It did seem funny not to have to produce coupons.

At about 5 p.m. I remembered that the lady at lunch had told me to try and see the Government buildings, if possible. So off I trudged through, now quite deep snow, feeling somehow that it could not be true that, here I was, wandering around on my own in Winnipeg, Manitoba. However, I finally reached the enormous building and walked up the broad steps to the outside glass doors. There was a card saying CLOSED hanging on the centre one, but I ignored that and walked in.

A guard came up and asked what I wanted. I explained that we had just come out from England and passing through the city on the way to Vancouver and did he think I could just peep at the main entrance hall?

He said at once that I could leave my baggage in a little ante-room and he would show me round. So I had a personally conducted tour, all to myself. Words cannot describe, at least I have none, the beauty of that place. The main hall is circular, very lofty, modelled so the guard said, largely on the Greek and Roman architecture, with most beautiful marble from all parts of the world.

As we went up the main marble staircase we passed two life-size bronze bison, the work of a Frenchman, then on to the Chamber where the work of the House is done. On the floor was a magnificent carpet of royal blue and gold which was hand-woven and came from Donegal.

From there we went to a smaller room used by the Conservatives as a committee room. That too, had a splendid carpet. I forgot to say that in the Chamber, looking very out of place among the other very grand furniture was a Victorian armchair, rather like Mum's armchair with the red plush which we had at school house (where my mother spent her early childhood), only this was upholstered in dark green leather and studded with what looked like brass nails. Round the back, at the top, let into the wood, were four brass plates bearing the names of four English kings who had sat there while Parliament was in session. He let me walk round the edge of the carpet and sit in the chair myself. George VI, of course, was the last, when they were out in 1939.

I told the guard that my husband and little girl would be sorry to miss this experience and he very kindly gave me some books for Jan on life, wild and otherwise, in Manitoba. I signed my name in the visitors' book, thanked him and he would not hear of me tipping him, and came home.

After a short rest I was ready to go out for tea (dinner). We went to a café exactly like those you see on the films, where you each have a sort of stall to yourself. Les and Jan had bacon and eggs and I had a grilled salmon cutlet. We did a thing I have always longed to do: put money in a juke box. There was one at each table so we chose our tune, put in 5 cents and out came our tune. Our meal, which consisted of two orders of ham and eggs, one salmon steak with mashed potatoes, cold diced beetroot with each order, queer but rather nice, bread and butter, pot of tea each was \$1.55, roughly 7/5d so I do not think that was too expensive. Oh! I forgot; Jan had a slice of peach pie as well.

Sunday, March 7

The second Sunday since we started on our journey. Snow began to fall yesterday afternoon and this morning is quite deep. Janet says it looks

like film snow. It certainly is quite unlike ours, more like those packets of frost you buy at Christmas.

It is now about 8:30 a.m. and it is funny to think that you have had your lunch and washed up (done the dishes) by now. We shall have to start putting our watches back again when we get on the train. Les can't wait any longer for a drink (cup of tea!) and is now setting off to find a café which is open this morning. We shall have to be at the station by 10:45 a.m. so Jan and I must soon get up.

11:30 a.m. – Well, we are once more on the train, waiting to pull out on the last part of our long journey. This is a much nicer train with quite different type of passengers. We are going to enjoy this part of the journey much more, I am sure. Somebody has a portable radio in the front of the coach and there is a gay atmosphere somehow.

We have just stopped at Melville (6:30 p.m.) and the temperature is 5 below zero. We are waiting for the second call for dinner.

Monday, March 8

This has been quite a day. I did not sleep much last night for the coach



was so hot. It was difficult to breathe. About 5 a.m. this morning we suddenly stopped with a great deal of crashing and shuddering and then there was lots of

running up and down through the coaches and outside on the track. This went on for some time and when we went into breakfast the waiter told us that a coupling under the baggage car had broken and was dragging along the track. I had smelt wood smoke just before we stopped and the man said that it was the friction on the wood. If we had gone on much longer without it being discovered it would have been very serious, particularly if it had happened on one of those narrow trestle bridges.

The above photos shows a workman inspecting the damage to the coupling. We were held up there for five hours while breakdown men came along and welded the parts together. That has made us late getting to Vancouver and we shall miss a lot of the best Rockies scenery as we shall go through it during the night now.

Tuesday, March 9

Janet has been very poorly during the night. She must have caught a chill getting out from the warm coach at one of the stops. I hardly slept at all during the night for she was so hot against me. She was very sick and I was beginning to wonder



what was going to happen when we got to Vancouver. However, a waiter brought a Bromo-seltzer and tho' she took only half of it I think it did her good for she began to cool off almost at once and since has had a nice sleep so she should be alright by the time we get to Vancouver.

It is only another 90 miles which is a mere step after the distance we have already travelled. I cannot begin to describe the magnificent scenery through which we have been passing since early this morning. We need not have worried about missing some of the views. What we have seen is good enough for me.

We have been climbing steadily since leaving Edmonton until we reached a place called Jasper where the altitude was 3, 717 feet.

When I got up this morning the sun was just coming up and tinting the snow on the top of the mountains a wonderful rose pink. From then on the beauty was breath-taking and we did not know which side to look from. The cold was not so intense and we were able to breathe without the back of our nose and throat hurting.

The track winds along the side of the mountain with sometimes a tunnel over the most fragile-looking trestle bridges with absolutely nothing between the edge of the track and the broad muddy Fraser river hundreds of feet below. I just couldn't look.

Once we saw a very queer arrangement, rather like a long drain with an open grating on the top, if you can visualise such a thing. The porter told us it was a salmon ladder to help the salmon when they came up to spawn. Les was able to get a picture of it.

The scenery is not now so rugged and there are signs of towns and villages appearing more frequently. In fact, we can see quite a large place at the base of one of the mountains which may be Vancouver.

Everybody is getting their hand baggage together and the porter has been along and brushed us all down with those funny whisks which you see in films.

It does not seem possible that we are nearly at the end of our long journey and shall soon be seeing Auntie and Uncle.

We are going through the Fraser Valley now and the track more or less follows the river. There are enormous booms of logs at intervals all the way along.

Now here we are at the outskirts of Vancouver and we can see some of the sky scrapers.

Later - Well we have at last arrived and Auntie and Uncle were on the platform to meet us and what a meeting it was. Thank goodness Auntie does not speak with a Canadian accent. We came out to North Vancouver in a taxi and had tea and I am finishing this while waiting for the evening meal. People here have something light for lunch and the big meal at night. I suppose we shall get used to it.

From now on you will know from my letters what we are doing.

So, this is the end of the record of a wonderful journey and an unforgettable experience.