

SWITZERLAND 1952-53

Our stay in Bern was so long ago that it could just as well have taken place in the primeval dwellings of La Tène, raised on stilts in the Lake of Neuchâtel. It is, at the same time, very distant in mood—so distant from 1990 that few will believe what I am about to write.

In Geneva (city of Calvin) there is, it is said, a malaise called *Suissetude*, in which ordinariness so lowers the spirit as to result in despair. The Swiss most often blame this on the *Föhn*, a south wind from Africa coming over the Alps. Oppressive and foreign, felt but not seen, the wind seems as much to describe as to cause their sadness. (The dream-like debility of Eric Rohmer's film, *Claire's Knee*, set on Lake Geneva, perfectly represents *Suissetude*.) Sometimes the sadness is blamed on the lake itself, lakes seeming in their flatness to be melancholy.

While the *Föhn* is felt also in Bern, its effect there is vastly different. Instead of lowering spirits, it raises them—in the diplomatic corps, to states of manic frivolity. When Bob first arrived in Bern, he went immediately to a doctor to discover why his heart was beating so rapidly. He was told that it was the altitude, but I believe it was the onset of *Suissetude*—as manifested in Bern, an ecstatic disordering of the mind.

If I say that Bern is a medieval city with arcaded, cobblestone streets, a Bear Pit, and views of the high Alps—its inhabitants including, while we were there, an American minister who summoned his legation staff to have them ring cow-bells; a Peruvian who received from his government a hardship allowance because he lived in Switzerland; and an English diplomat who, after his wife died, sent out old invitation cards with her name struck off—you will understand that the city's life was operatic. If further you expect mistaken identity, flirtation, absence of universal suffrage, and a game played with a board called a *hornfluhschwägel*, you will be right. As we were busy, we did not at first notice all this, but quite soon the city revealed itself—a shimmering, snow-capped dream of inconsequence.

We came in June 1952 by plane from Stockholm, then by train from Geneva, and for the first few days stayed at an inn at Muri, a village just outside Bern. The inn was close to our house, 67 Pourtalèstrasse, and on the short walk to the house one could see the snow-covered peaks of the Jungfrau, Munch, and Eiger appearing from different perspectives.

Ours was a luxurious house. Newly built by an engineer of the cantonal electric authority, it was an electric enterprise in itself with, in the basement, an immaculate control room having an “accumulator” and featureless metal boxes that hummed. It had a two-story-high entrance hall whose marble floors were heated by electricity, a large and bright kitchen, many bedrooms, also with electric-marble floors, a living room with double-folding French doors which could create a wide, unbroken opening to the lawn, and a study that overlooked a nasturtium bed. There were also outside roller-blinds which, even when not lowered, made the house seem impregnable—against whom we could not say. When we arrived Mark was 18 months old and so taken up with driving Jeff’s pedal-car into the street that someone had always to watch him. (He couldn’t reach the pedals but could get inside and run). We would think him safely in the house, then suddenly there he was, in the car again, plunging into the street. Fortunately Målfred, a Norwegian girl, had come with us from Stockholm. Between us, we could just manage to watch Mark.

As Målfred had soon to return to Norway, we looked for another nurse, and found Marie Angela, a young Swiss woman from the Italian-speaking Ticino. From the first moment she watched over Mark with humor and tenderness, speaking to him in French (this, I suppose, because she thought he wouldn’t understand Italian) and letting him ride in Jeff’s pedal-car all the time.

One evening Bob answered the doorbell, and there on the steps was a small woman who asked if we needed a cook. (When I ask Bob how old she was, he says he couldn’t then imagine anything over fifty. I think she probably was nearly sixty.) Without a moment’s hesitation, perhaps because she looked so kind, Bob said,

“Yes.” This was Theresa. She had been working in a large house just behind us, but decided to leave when the house was suddenly sold to the communist Chinese. She was born in Austria and had trained there from childhood in the kitchens of a large castle.

It always mystified me that she was happy in our household, but I think she was. She was a superb cook, in a class that is no longer known. Although we gave many luncheons and dinners, and the children were always in the kitchen, she still was happy and liked to do things besides cook: unstop the plumbing, plant and tend a vegetable garden, and beat carpets in the snow. One day Bob came home to find her washing the car. She was fierce only with the butcher’s delivery boy, who came by bicycle. She had him wait, and if the meat wasn’t satisfactory, he had to take it away and come right back with something that was. I liked to go into the kitchen and find Marie Angela feeding Mark and chatting in German with Theresa. It seemed so intimate, peaceful and friendly there.

Although in Bern diplomatic life was all, we were in the first summer able to travel about with the children, ride on all the cable cars, and see the glaciers and mountain pastures. We returned often to the high mountain passes, particularly the Grimsel and the Furka, which runs alongside the Rhone Glacier, immense and yellow. Bill’s friend Peter Southam came from Stockholm, and I remember them in the dusk riding bicycles with lighted sparklers attached to the handlebars and rockets and other fissile objects shooting out. (Bill seems always to keep in mind a formula for explosives—sugar and potassium hypochlorate; as does Ted—sulphur, charcoal, and potassium nitrate.) Later Bill went to stay with Peter at the Château Ferney, which then belonged to Peter’s grandparents, and once belonged to Voltaire.

Bob was in Geneva in the summer of 1939 and has from that time *Switzerland, A Short and Handy Guide*. Conspicuously absent from it is the subject of skiing, mentioned only as a “useful adjunct to a visit.” (Until after the war skiing was, as in other countries, still largely thought of as mountain transportation, the skis long and flat with primitive thong-bindings.) Instead, one is advised to take lake steamers and postal motor coaches, to walk, swim, and ride

horseback—it is still the country of the Victorian traveler. Most beautiful is the Guide's description of the high alpine meadows with "*ranunculus glacialis, eidelweiss, hepaticas, narcissus, anemones, fritillaries, blue gentians, scillas, soldanellas and oxlips*".

I had a vision of a flower bed that I would dig and plant at Pourtalèstrasse with asters, sweet peas, chrysanthemums, zinnias, bachelor buttons, and pinks. I had tried a small garden at Carin's house in Stockholm, but the ground was stony, and whenever I mention it she scoffs. With Jeff's help I set about this. (Jeff was five.) The results were extraordinary. The land was very fertile—perhaps it had been pasture—and the owners of Switzerland's most prominent seed company lived just next door. They gave me small green plants that seemed unpromising but became magnificent delphinium. The garden was so brilliant and successful that I was sometimes a little embarrassed at the display. (It may have been this which caused Jeff to dream that he was lying under the ground pulling down the flowers.) Jeff was principally interested in vegetables, and he had a little package of carrot seeds which he stealthily planted amongst my flowers. Later there would be a beautiful aster and next to it—a carrot. Because the air is bright and cool, some flowers grow especially well in Switzerland, amongst them sweet peas and large spider-chrysanthemums.

First among our guests was Gunilla Kugelberg, who was Swedish and had come to Marion with us a few summers before. She was young, affectionate and pretty and came from a talented family. Her short stay could, it seemed to me, have had a libretto. She came with an introduction to Tage Pousette, a young and very handsome Swedish diplomat (who had recently been in Germany hunting wild boar), and after three days they were engaged, a marriage of true love which has endured.

While she was there, Bob gave a formal lunch at our house for visiting officials. The girl who we expected to serve did not appear, so Gunilla immediately said, "I'll do it." She had been to a hotel training school and knew how to fold napkins in the form of swans and crowns, so all went very well. That evening Tage took Gunilla to

a nightclub, and there she met the guests who had such a charming impression of her at lunch.

Another luncheon brought further intrigue. An attractive Swiss couple arrived whom I had never before seen. They also had never before seen us, but we both concealed our surprise. Later we discovered that we intended to invite others of the same name. As we only slightly knew those we intended to invite, it mattered very little. In the glow of Bern's vast entertainment spectacle such things were hardly noticed. So little did it matter who came or went that we all might as well have been guests in bird masks.

Diplomatic life in other capitals was not like Bern's. In most countries there were grave post-war problems, but diplomats sent to Bern in 1952 were young and indiscreet, many feeling that they had survived the war only by a miracle—for instance, an astonishingly beautiful Yugoslav, named Irma Flis, who had been a fighting partisan, as had her husband Drago. Their names alone still have for me the sound of danger and romance. (I thought of Irma when I later read Marjorie Sharp's novel, *Tigress on the Hearth*, in which a young Englishman marries a beautiful Albanian partisan. When later in England he is in a close political contest, she stabs his rival.)

Latin American diplomats in particular seemed to have little to do in Bern. I think that in spite of the "hardship" nature of their post, they never grasped its essential solemnity. Each day at the Tennis-Sporting Club they were to be found playing matches in which, young and lithe, they excelled. We sometimes played with them, but I played chiefly (before office hours) with Henry Pleasants of our legation—I can remember bicycling to the court in the early morning through fields of daisies with the mountains rising behind. Henry must have been in the CIA. One never knew who was in the CIA, and at the same time one always knew. Those in the CIA were inevitably tall, cultivated, and expert skiers. I once saw another friend from our legation, Barney Koren (*very* tall), coming down a mountainside at Gstaad, his small son Tony just behind. He was skiing with perfect ease and grace through deep powder snow, thus demonstrating that he was in the CIA. Henry Pleasants later became

music critic of the New York Times and wrote a book called *The Agony of Modern Music*.

But even the CIA's bright aura was dimmed somewhat in Bern, not I think for want of intrigue or espionage (Melinda McLean was at that moment living in Geneva, poised to join her husband in Moscow), but rather because it was difficult to take anything seriously. The Secret Service had greater bravura when there for two weeks before Margaret Truman's visit, spraying screens against bees—and probably wiring up this and that.

In the autumn Bill and Jeff started in Swiss schools, although there was an English-language school run by the U.S. military. It seems now to have been heartless to send them first to one foreign school and then another, but we were sure that the teaching would be more serious and the wider experience best. Jeff walked to his kindergarten, fetched each morning by small Swiss children who stood outside the house and called, "Yeffli." Bill bicycled about a mile to the Muri primary school. How different he was from the Swiss children it's easy to imagine. While the instruction was in High German, the children's language was Swiss German, so there were two languages to learn. When I ask him about this he says, "It was a fine school." We have his copy books, very tidy and quite dramatically illustrated with colored pencil.

When the ski season began, so did the social season. In fact, it's scarcely necessary to separate the two, as one was likely to dance until morning, go to the railway buffet for breakfast, and then to the Kleine Scheidegg to ski. In case anyone might frown upon such exaggerated behavior, I should say that I am now, like my brother Ted, entering a *Divine* period—one becomes interested in Betelgeuse and the space telescope, and God looks down from heaven, leaning over its edge to make statements. In the case of frivolity in Bern, he says, "This generation was born into Depression, Totalitarianism, and War, and now in this beautiful, natural, if medieval, paradise, they will briefly be perfectly happy."

If you doubt the truth of this I will say that just at this time, 1953, by chance or divine intention, Bern had its 600th anniversary.

The city, built on a small island, closed its bridges to cars for a week, had nightly bonfires, dancing in the streets, and daily processions, commemorating the Black Death, of grimacing, black-robed figures – white skeletons painted front and back. This was, of course, a signal for unimaginable celebration. I remember riding at night, with others, on children's scooters down a long hill that led to the Bear Pit. I've had greater happinesses but few so starry and fast.

In 1952 the world's horizon was darkening (having only just lightened). The first hydrogen bomb was exploded on Entiwetok, and communist witch-hunts of astonishing paranoia had begun in Washington. We were far from unaware of this—one of Bob's official concerns was trying to negotiate with the neutral Swiss restrictions on the sale of strategic materials to the Soviet bloc, then also in the dread grip of paranoia. But life seemed to have, just the same, a hedonist inevitability. Queen Elizabeth was crowned in England, and needless to say, this did not go unnoticed in Bern. The British Counselor held a dance at his château which lasted until dawn, the rising sun changing the colors of the snow on the mountain tops from a dark shadowy grey to a visionary rose as we danced on the outdoor terrace. Carin and Bertil came from Sweden for this dance (although Bertil had, I think, more serious business in Zurich), and Carin went to the dance with pneumonia. Who would stay at home just for pneumonia?

Carin and I for many years had highly imaginative sewing projects. These reached their zenith in Switzerland when we decided to crochet hats like one we had seen, worn by a woman on the chair-lift at Grindelwald. The woman's chic in her crocheted hat caused us to think that we, with only a little crocheting, could be the same. In the evening we each started, but, as with all our projects, things began to go badly wrong. The hats got smaller and smaller, finally becoming so tiny that they were no longer chic, in fact they seemed to be more like golf balls. But we persevered, as we always do, and kept the image of the woman on the chair lift constantly before us. Finally when the hats had become like marbles, we were so undone that we decided to leave Bern altogether and drive the next day to Roquebrune in the south of France. Until then Bertil, probably

wisely, had stayed at home to write—he said that he could imagine Switzerland—but he did come with us to France.

What were the children doing? As children do, they were doing this and that. In a letter to Bob in Washington, I say that Bill has just attached the hose upright to a fence post and turned the water on full. There is a tremendous rush of water into the sky, and Mark is running around, waving his arms and shouting, “Swimming place! Swimming place!” One could reach Kleine Scheidegg in half an hour by car to Lauterbrunnen and then by mountain railway, and on week-ends Bill and Jeff went skiing with us. Kleine Scheidegg is very high, beneath the summit of the Jungfrau (11,000 feet), and even on the cloudiest day in Bern it is sunny there. After a day’s skiing, one took an easy, open trail that led downhill for nearly an hour through pastures and alpine villages back to Lauterbrunnen.

Just before Christmas we and other families went to Zermatt to the ski instructors’ ski school, a school for teaching instructors how to teach. There one wakes to see the snow-covered peak of the Matterhorn like an immense eye-tooth, iridescent pink. From the town, a small train goes to the Gornergrat (10,291 feet), where the view of immense glaciers and Monte Rosa (15,217 feet) is one that could be described only by Dante. It stays always in my mind, an icy, celestial region which I didn’t enter—although I intended to. When sufficiently fit one could go on skis with a guide over the glaciers and down the far side of Monte Rosa into Italy, a trip of several days. Some people in the legation (CIA) did this, and I longed to try to enter this vast, forbidding and heavenly region—but we didn’t stay long enough. A trail back to Zermatt led down through forests and across narrow ledges, very steep, icy and difficult, not too enjoyable. Finally one came out of the woods into pastures and reached the town.

Gstaad also was not far from Bern—nothing was far except the Engadine in eastern Switzerland, where the Parsenn Run from Davos to Klosters which takes a day to descend always beckoned, but again we didn’t stay long enough. While the slopes in Switzerland were as unlike the brutish, steep, rocky, enclosed trails of New England as is possible to imagine, the difference in social climate was

dumbfounding, and Gstaad was an example. Here the aristocracy went in its fast cars, slim and elegant parkas, and arctic wolf coats, to be photographed for the newspapers. To me the most distressing thing was that they also could ski, descending like rockets. Today the ski slopes, in Austria at least, look like Space Worlds with mysterious, nylon-wrapped forms in insect helmets flashing by on what seem to be flattened plastic swizzle sticks. The saddest thing of all is that I never learned to really ski and always kept the style of the hill beside the Briggs' henhouse.

Our Minister, Richard Patterson, was lent a *châlet* in Gstaad by the Guinness sisters, and he in turn lent it to people in the legation. One Guinness sister may have carried Swiss frivolity too far. Elsa Maxwell in 1954 wrote about the "strange case of Mrs. Benjamin Seymour Guinness," who was also the Princess Donna Maria Nunciato di Mignano. In the summer of 1953 Meme, as she was called, while visiting her friend, the 92-year-old Baroness Pfyffer von Altishoffen at the Villa Hansi in Lucerne, was caught making off with a silver teapot belonging to her hostess, carrying away as well, in her Rolls, \$14,000 worth of china, antiques, and family jewels. She was later found also to have stolen etchings and eiderdowns from Anthony Eden. When questioned, she said, "I thought Mr. Eden could afford to buy new eiderdowns. I may be a bit peculiar."

In Bern we were required to have Cantonal trash barrels of a heavy metal alloy with, on the top, the words BERN and an impression of a bear. We kept these for many years, and in Washington when the local plastic trash barrels were blown into the park or run over by the garbage truck, the Swiss cans remained solid and undented. (The Cortesi's, our neighbors, had several American, striated-metal cans which through various crashes became so odd in shape—crushed in the middle—that trash had to be inserted, torturously.) These magnificent and enduring Bern garbage cans may have been the closest I came to the Swiss as they are. Our friends in the Swiss Foreign Office were urbane, intelligent, and fun-loving, and our neighbors were multilingual, hardworking, and kind. The traditional Swiss—burgher, or member of the *Cercle de la Grande Société de Berne*—I really didn't know. Bill must have known the Swiss better, as he could speak their language.

However, there were things which, like the garbage cans, spoke of Swiss tradition. There was life on the Aar, the icy-cold, rushing torrent that sweeps through Bern. In summer the entire river is a carnival with family picnics on rafts, jodelers on rubber floats, swimmers, dogs, children. The joy and danger of the river is its great speed—everyone streaks by—and the fact that just before the current reaches the city there is a tremendous weir over which the entire crowd could plunge. I was advised to try the river and with some trepidation did. It was cold (the water directly off the glaciers), fast, and exhilarating, and there was always the wonderful possibility that one wouldn't get out in time. Barney Koren broke his toe trying to reach the shore.

There were also the small stamps, given away by greengrocers, that one could save and paste into a little book. Theresa did this, and when she had filled several books won a day-trip to Thun and return by tram. And there were the gifts given each month by the pharmacy when we paid their bill, a small bottle of cologne or some gum drops. Finally there was the ancient stone barn that Bill and Bob remember, whose walls were of four-foot-square granite blocks. It was close to our house and was demolished while we were there. Bill for many years had a large, ornate iron key that belonged to this structure. I think he remembers more of the landscape than we, because he was always in it—in the forests, in the rock quarries (one so steep and perilous with vertical cliffs that he doesn't like to think about it), down by the Aar which rushed by like a dangerous beast, in a marsh, and at the still-existing working farms. As Jeff was only six when we left Bern, he was not, I think, in the fields and forests alone.

I've had much to say about the mountains, but perhaps not enough. (I haven't described the view from our house: the house of the communist Chinese stood between us and the alps, so to see them we had to pull down a ladder, go into the attic and then, as Bill says, stand on something.) Like other Proustian objects of recall—cardboard milk-bottle tops, pastel-colored cotton socks, children's sandals, things seen under water—mountains affect one in an inexplicable way. I may say that although I know the Alps are

pushed up by the movement of African geologic plates, that knowledge influences me not at all. Mountains are purely celestial, related to the intricate beauty of insects and other mysteries.

Towards the end of our stay, Bob and I went to St. Moritz and decided to stay at the Suvretta House—we thought one night couldn't be ruinous, but we were wrong. It is immense and dates from the early days of fashionable hotel-keeping, when princes and rajahs came with steamer trunks—there were, in fact, such trunks in the halls when we came. Everything was splendid, but the bill was staggering—not with wildest speculation could we have thought of such a bill. We have a letter from them asking us to return:

Again has a beautiful Engadine summer come to an end, and while the surrounding mountains already wear a white crown the valley itself is getting ready for the cheerful wintertime.

This, of course, we could believe.

We should have stayed forever, but the darkening horizon came also to darken our lives. We had been unaware that our stay in Switzerland was foredoomed by events absurd and diabolical. In June 1952, shortly before we left Stockholm, a senior Embassy officer told Bob of a report that he had been seen early in 1952 having dinner at a restaurant with a Swede suspected of espionage. Bob was mystified and disturbed. He questioned the Embassy man who had received the report, discussed it with the CIA chief at the Embassy, urged that the report be investigated, told his Treasury successor and the Ambassador. That was the last he heard of the matter until August 1953, when he was called to Washington.

After inconclusive investigations, the State Department had notified the Treasury. Bob, in Washington, was shown a photo of the man and asked if he recognized him. (He was at the same time warned not to "imagine" that he recognized him; this people do quite commonly when shown a photo. For some time the face did seem hauntingly familiar to both of us.) He didn't, but in the night dimly remembered that he once had dinner in a restaurant with a Swedish businessman at the request of his secretary, who described

the man as a personal friend. He couldn't remember when this occurred, nor could he connect it with the photograph, but he reported this, and the Treasury decided that while awaiting results of a full investigation it would transfer us back to Washington.

I do not exaggerate the danger and paranoia of this era. Respected public officials of great accomplishment and dedication, such as John Carter Vincent, were accused of having fostered the communist take-over in China and summarily dismissed. The entire China Desk in the State Department was decimated. Vincent, I think, never recovered from the injustice. Bob maintains, however, that the Treasury's action in his case had no connection with the hysteria of the McCarthy era. The allegation, he feels, was specific and in everyone's interest required investigation. When he returned with this news the weather was flawless, and the music from Jeff's wind-up victrola—songs about *Babar the Elephant and Queen Céleste*—were a background to our baffled thoughts.

Bob has a thick file on the subject. A Swede named Krueger had told Albin Johnson in the Public Affairs Section of our Embassy—whom Krueger had known since World War II when Johnson was stationed in Stockholm by our Office of Strategic Services (forerunner of the CIA)—that a retired Stockholm policeman, named Jonsson, then in the pay of some intelligence organization and engaged in watching a Swede named Lumholt, suspected of espionage, had seen Lumholt in Riche (Stockholm's most popular restaurant, with large windows overlooking the city's most frequented square) at about 8 pm on January 7, 1952, together with another man who got into a taxi, which Jonsson followed, he said, to our address—a seven-story apartment block with three front entrances, occupied by foreign diplomats and Swedish Foreign Office personnel. The man, Johnson said, went into our entry, and a light came on in a window of our apartment which was on the top two floors. The next day Jonsson identified Bob by a photograph in Swedish government files.

It would have been best if Bob had found among his papers in Bern a record of a dinner meeting with Lumholt on January 7, 1952, which might contain an explanation. Instead, he found a note

indicating that on the evening in question he had driven twice to the Stockholm railway station, first meeting Målfrid, a Norwegian *au-pair* girl arriving from Trondheim at 6:35 pm, and about two hours later taking her predecessor, Turid, who was returning to Stavanger to a 9 pm train, as well as friends of Turid who went to see her off. The Treasury arranged for the Norwegian police in Stavanger and Trondheim to question the girls, who confirmed the date and times, said that Turid and friends left the apartment with Bob at about 8:15 pm, that he went with them to the train platform, and *that Bob had dinner at the apartment before his first trip to the station.* All of this seemed to mean he could not have been at Riche with Lumholt at 8 pm on the same evening.

In September a very smart and cinematic narcotics agent named Siragusa, stationed in Rome, (later described in captions to French news photos as, “célèbre détective de l’Interpol” dancing “le mambo aux bras d’Elsa Martinelli”, went to Stockholm and after a time summoned Bob from Bern. Siragusa and Bob had dinner at Riche while Jonsson sat somewhere in the same large room. Jonsson’s report: he wasn’t sure. Siragusa also got in touch with Lumholt on some pretext and met with him at Riche while Bob entered the restaurant in line of sight, the idea being that Siragusa would watch Lumholt’s face for a sign of recognition or surprise. There was none. (Lumholt later told Siragusa that he’d like to work for him!)

Siragusa found that June Egeland, Bob’s secretary in Stockholm (meanwhile transferred to another post), had a Swedish boy-friend named Nilsson, who told Siragusa that he had advised the police to watch Lumholt on the evening in question because Lumholt would be having dinner at Riche with an American! No record of the dinner meeting arranged by June Egeland was found in Embassy files, although Bob feels sure he had made one, and he still doesn’t know when or with whom that meeting occurred, but it must have been on some other date. Siragusa became convinced that the alleged dinner meeting on January 7 never occurred and that Bob was the innocent victim of a plot but didn’t reveal what he thought the plot was. As Bob had been negotiating controls on the export of strategic materials to communist countries, it appears possible that

either the western exporters or eastern importers (perhaps Soviet) had tried to discredit him. Bob and Siragusa flew from Stockholm to Copenhagen before changing to separate flights. On the plane to Copenhagen were 20 Dior models.

While in Bern we were once invited to a small cocktail party held in the one-room apartment of a Russian diplomat. There were decal bluebirds pasted on the wall, and our hosts seemed shy. How, I wondered, were these bluebirds and this room connected with the great menacing Soviet system?

After an exhaustive and costly investigation, about which we learned little, the Treasury gave Bob the highest, even exotic, security clearances. I came to believe that our future had depended on a scrap of paper. We assume that June Egeland was an innocent dupe, but the story about her friend Nilsson's involvement remains a mystery to us, as does the question of what intelligence organization employed Jonsson, the ex-policeman. One is left to wonder why the plotters didn't do a better job of it. Why, for an assignation, Riche—Stockholm's most frequented restaurant? And why rely on a false report which could be disproved?

We were sad to leave Switzerland. Bob drove to Paris—we were sailing from Le Havre on the *Nieuw Amsterdam*—and I traveled on a night-sleeper with the children. At the station I was given remembrances of Bern, four bottles of Slivowitz, the taste of which is that of happiness. I wonder if there are still, posted in the arcades of the city, commercial photographs taken at diplomatic parties, ornithological records of the *bird people*.

Phoenix, May 1990

Had it not been that I married Robert, whose best friend was Hamilton Dearborn, who stole John Madge's wife, Gabrielle Hibbert, whose mother knew General Pownall, Ella Pownall-Gray would not exist as her present self, for General Pownall adopted his wife's son, Willoughby, adding his own name to Gray. Willoughby was a close friend from childhood on of Gay and "Paddy" Hibbert, and it was through Gay that my niece Lisa met Willoughby's adopted son, Dickon Pownall-Gray, who was Paddy's godchild.