

ally got home from work around 17:00, so I thought we could visit Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Alf for awhile and then proceed to Aunt Aim and Uncle Jim's about the time he got home from work.

This journey was another case of glasses on my nose, the map on my knee and trying to remember to keep on the left side of the road. Under these conditions their traffic circles are "murder." Apparently I took a wrong turn off the circle in Staines. I realized this when the signs indicated we were on the way to Walton-on-Thames. In view of this I decided to reverse our tour again and call on Aunt Carrie and Uncle Bill in Weybridge, first, and then proceed to Uncle Jim's and Aunt Lizzies, in that order.

As long as we were going through Walton-on-Thames I decided to show Dad the concrete Swan Uncle Jim had molded and placed on the peak of the roof of a service station near the main traffic circle in Walton. I found the service station, but the poor swan had apparently taken his last dive. As I recalled the head was missing on my last visit and now the poor swan was gone altogether.

Having found my bearings, we proceeded toward Weybridge and after stopping only once for directions, we found 28 Monument Road without difficulty. However after knocking on both the front and the back door, we were disappointed to find no one at home.

We left a note and proceeded toward Addelstone to visit Uncle Jim and Aunt Aim. I did a good job of getting us lost on that little journey and discovered it is a lot different when you drive yourself on the left side of unfamiliar roads, than when riding with someone who knows their way around.

After encircling Addelstone we finally found Simplemarsh Road. When we pulled up to number 47 we found the Reids just pulling up to number 46, across the street, where they lived. We went over to say, "Hello" and visit with them for a couple minutes. Dad asked them to pose for a picture with the remark that they were the first English family he had met since we arrived. Mr. Reid said, rather abruptly, "Pardon me, Scotch! I say, there is a difference, you know!"

We crossed the street, went in the gate and Aunt Aim came out to meet us. She was

surprised to see my Dad, although I had warned them, by post card from France and the telephone call to Mrs. Reid. She and Uncle Jim had been thinking "Dad" was Dad Potter.



Uncle Jim, Dad Hintz and Aunt Aim in front of 47 Simplemarsh Road, Addlestone, Surrey.

Naturally, the first order of business was Tea. We enjoyed a grand visit during our tea and within a few minutes Uncle Jim arrived home from work. At that particular moment we had gone out to the car to get some "show and tell" materials and Dad had drifted across the street to show something to the Reids.

Naturally Uncle Jim did not recognize Dad and after greeting me wanted to know where "Jack" was. He too was surprised to meet Dad because he had it in his mind that I had been referring to Dad Potter. (John {Jack} H. {Henry} Potter.)

WE had a good visit while Aunt Aim was busy fixing supper. Uncle Jim said we had to visit Doctor and Mrs. Sprunt, neighbors three doors east. I had visited them with Uncle Jim, a number of times on previous visits, so I suggested we do that while Uncle Jim washed up for supper.

We walked down to the Sprunts and Mrs. Sprunt graciously welcomed us at the door along with their little Scotch Terrier. The Sprunts were old friends of Uncle Jim and Aunt Aim and had one of the other telephones on the street. I often used it to communicate with Uncle Jim and Aunt Aim when passing through Heathrow on my way to continent or back to the states.

The Doctor joined our little group and we were telling about our recent trip through Germany and France. Dad recognized that Dr. Sprunt was Scotch and just having had the