

heaven's sake, lady, your steak'll be a nournahaff, so you might's well have all the courses coming to yuh." Somehow I feel he won't last long.

June 2. Friends arrived in town for a visit yesterday so this morning I took them down to Durgin-Park restaurant. We skipped breakfast and went about 10.30 so that we could see the "quaint" marketmen in their "quaint" straw hats come in for their lunch, and also so that we could avoid having to queue up for a table. A good crowd even at that early hour and my guests were fascinated by the noisy bustle of the place, with the diners being herded in and shooed out, and the waitresses charging at full speed from kitchen to table, arms loaded to the shoulder with great platters of steaming food: Enormous steaks; inch-thick slices of roast beef; lobsters; oysters; corn bread; clam chowder; Indian pudding; strawberry shortcake. Managed to acquit ourselves reasonably well, and slipped the remains in a paper bag to take home for the neighbour's dog. Our table by a window overlooking Faneuil Hall, one of the birthplaces of the Revolution, and the present home of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

June 17. Sultry day, with hint of rain, so reverted to status of tourist and went on conducted tour around Boston, to absorb a little history. Saw Paul Revere's house and his grog cup, pistols and flintlock and his wife's cooking pots; the Old State House; the new State House; site of the Boston massacre; the "Constitution" (Old Ironsides); the Old North Church where Revere hung his signal lanterns, and Bunker Hill monument on Breed's Hill. It was a journey of absorbing interest, even without the guide's explanations and attempted humour, but at times I had a strange feeling that my U.E. Loyalist ancestor was looking over my shoulder, and that if I turned around quickly enough I might catch him shaking his head dolefully over the perfidies of his former friends, the revolutionaries. An eerie sensation.

July 13. Finally mustered up courage to explore Filene's Basement. Previous excursions to this fine old Boston institution have only resulted in a hasty retreat before the dense crowds of females fighting over the bargains. Today discovered that they really are bargains: everything from fur coats to children's shoes at fantastically low prices. Probably a good thing it's a cash-and-carry operation or I might be tempted beyond my means or needs. In the evening drove down to the Esplanade to listen to the Boston Pops Orchestra in one of their outdoor concerts.

It was pleasant to listen to the music in the open and feel the benefit of faint breezes from the Charles.

Aug. 1. Wow, was it hot today! Doubted I could get back to the office after lunch, but as I trailed through the Common under the trees, I overheard part of a conversation: "But after all you're only supposed to kiss *friends!*" For some reason this cheered me for the rest of the day.

Oct. 21. To the Berkshires today, and a lovely day it was. The coloring of the trees is magnificent. Autumn is truly New England's best season. Winter is definitely unpleasant with its biting winds and damp cold air and snow and sleet and icy streets; and Spring has hardly a chance before summer with its stifling heat takes over. But in the Fall the air is crisp and yet the days are warm enough and the nights deliciously cool. Really worth waiting for.

Dec. 14. Winter is here again. Tonight tried for what seemed a long time to get across the ice on Massachusetts avenue, but each time I darted out I was forced by the onrushing traffic to scurry back to the safety of the curb. Finally a truck driver saw my plight and, bless him, he pulled his truck right across the road effectively blocking traffic, just so I could make it in safety. Who says New Englanders are cold and unfriendly? To dinner at Locke-Ober's. Peeked in the window of the downstairs men's restaurant (women not allowed) to get a glimpse of the nude hanging over the old bar. Mild calendar art, from my brief glance at it, and not to be regretted. Food lived up to its reputation, though.

Dec. 25. My dinner guests have gone and I can relax. A different Christmas from last year, when I was newly arrived in a strange land. All in all it has been a good year, and I have learned a lot. Why, a year ago I had never been on a subway, and didn't even know the difference between the Boston Common and the Public Garden! Now when I get lost I can almost understand directions to find myself again, given in the strange flat accent of the Bostonian. I think I should apply for my language allowance.

Edith Laidman
Boston 1951.