

January 13, 1968

Dear Mama,

We've been here nearly a day now and are staying for now at the Elizabeth House at Warwick Way. Tomorrow we are moving to the German Y.M.C.A. tomorrow for two weeks at about a pound a night. Kitty and I are in the lounge (because it's heated unlike the rooms) writing letters and Laura is at a soccer match with Paul Fishman. Believe it or not Cold Cold Heart just came on the radio. Anyway it's raining (or misting), but it snowed this morning. Two English girls are sitting here playing chess also.

Anyhow, the flight took 15 hours since we had plane trouble in Iceland. They fed us well but only twice. We took a bus from the airport to the West London terminal and the subway from there to Victoria Square which is about 8 blocks from here. I almost fell apart carrying my knapsack and 2 suitcases all that way – so – I'm sending home one suitcase with stuff in it as cheaply as possible. It won't get there for a long time I guess. But I just can't carry it all.

We'll be in London probably 2 weeks, enuff time to meet Mike & Larry when they come in. Then we're leaving (probably for Liverpool) as it is hard to get cheap rooms here. I will give you the address of the German YMCA so you can write [disregard]. Also please send my paycheck as soon as humanly possible as the customs official was very nasty with me – thought I was coming here to take jobs from English girls (they have a terrible employment problem here) and wouldn't believe I was getting more money from the States. So he only let me in for 1 month, which I can get changed to 2 months when I get the rest of my money. So I have to get it within a month or else – I have to go home (tragedy). So anyway we are immediately writing to a place in Belgium for jobs in Germany and after a month & a half or so here we are heading out to Germany (probably Heidelberg) to work.

We've been running around all day taking subways. We went to Trafalgar square, saw Big Ben & Parliament; Carnaby Street; Kings Cross and some places I don't know the name of it. Parliament was really beautiful. Carnaby Street is really neat – every shop (and it is all shops) is chocked with weird clothes, posters, buttons and other goodies and blaring with American soul music. Except one place was playing music by Hap Hash and the Colored Coat

(!)(?) So anyway we are living very frugally – we get breakfast with the room and only eat one other meal. We keep going with tea. Tonite we are going to a party with Paul Fishman (K&L met him last time here) and hope to meet friendly, helpful people. Because most of the Londoners are rather grim & reserved, rather like New Yorkers. Sorry I can't write more but the stamp costs 1 and six (a lot) so I have to stop. Write more later. Love Tif

Please hurry. Love to Jenny & all

Another thing we may do is go to Grenoble, France where we can get jobs for the Olympics, according to a Canadian girl here. Also, we will probably leave Britain as soon as Larry & Mike arrive, & leave London by Tuesday.

As you can see, our plans change momentarily. Stiff upper lip!

*Tiffy Beall c/o Mr. Brian Kelly
9 Quarry Bank
Quarry Green
Kirkby Lancashire
England*

p.s. Sunday evening. Believe it or not, here we are in a beautiful flat somewhere in London (Laura & I) watching The Egg and I on TV. We slept here today (no sleep at all last night; missed the curfew) at the home of Philip Osnon (or something like that) who we met at the party last night. Fantastic. More about all that later.

January 16, 1968

Dear Family,

Well, it's about 4:15 according to the clock across the street from here. We are at the Woolworth's cafeteria in Liverpool getting fish & chips. We arrived here about an hour ago. Not bad considering we left London at about 3:00 yesterday & hitched all the way. We got 6 rides. One to some Godforsaken place about 30 miles from London, one to Coventry, where we spent the night at the YW; one to Birmingham, on to Walsall; one to someplace along the M6 (that was a Kellogg's Corn Flakes truck) one to the Liverpool exit from the M6 and one to

Liverpool. It's later now and we're at the Liverpool YW (a pound a night & breakfast. Coventry was 17 shillings sixpence or 4 shillings sixpence less). But at least heat is free at this one. I am in a room with 2 English girls who, from the sound of their conversation, are going to some sort of Medical College here. Kitty & Laura are in another room. We should be able to get a room all together tomorrow if we decide to stay here.

I can't remember all I told you last letter. We went to a party Sat. nite & since the London YW has an 11:30 curfew, we stayed out all nite. Weird party. Hippies, straight people, dull people, adults - & all to the sound of the Beach Boys & Chuck Berry. One of the people there was an apparently well-known pianist, Jimmy Maxwell. Very interesting man. Laura & I spent the next day sleeping at the flat of one of the guys we met at the party, Philip Ormston. Works for the London Times, also very interesting - & very nice to us. He gave us dinner, a godsend. Kitty read in the YW lounge all day. Sunday night Philip took us all to an Irish pub in London. Groovy. Had an Irish type band there & 2 girls who did Irish jigs. And all for 4 and 6 (4 shillings sixpence). Let me explain the money:

*1 pound = about \$2.40
22 shillings = 1 pound
12 pence = 1 shilling
Half-crown = 2 and six or 2 shillings sixpence*

Today we spent exactly three pence till we got to Liverpool, not counting board at Coventry. I just cashed my second travelers check. Prices are low. The Underground (Subway) costs from 8d (8 pence) to about 1 and 9. Buses are more. Chewing gum three pence, tea 7d or 9d, depending on where you get it. We haven't spent money on anything else so that's all I can tell you about. English food, what I've had of it, is very odd. No matter what you eat, there is the same odd, distinct taste in the background. The coffee is really weird.

We went to the German consulate before we left London & found that it won't be hard to get temporary jobs there, probably at Heidelberg or Wiesbaden, whichever we can hitch to easiest. Hitchhiking isn't too bad here, but we are a mass of aches, pains, bruises & blisters from walking around with knapsacks on our backs. But - we crossed all of England in 24 hours! Incredible. The people we met crossing were really great, much friendlier than the Londoners. I wish we could spend more time here now but probably we'll leave for Germany soon after Larry

& Mike arrive. Then we'll come back after working in Germany. No Derek this trip – there is a hoof and mouth epidemic there & its hard to get in. Also, there are floods all over England due to the melting of the snow, the most they've had since 1962 according to one of our rides. This whole thing is really incredible; it's hard to believe I'm actually here, but it's all a fantastic experience & somehow right. Oh, & we're all beginning to get slightly English inflections to our voices. You just feel really strange speaking like an American when everyone else sounds English. Oh, wow, I forgot. On Finchley Road in London we met of all things, some guy from Silver Spring who went to Blair. Good grief. That's the only American we've encountered. Well, here's one of the "very plucky girls" (that's what little old English ladies call us) signing off till next time. Love to all.

Tiffy

ps We've all read Jungle West 11 except me.

pps We are spreading the Legend of Lars Toodlewagger thruout Britain.

*January 25, 1968
London*

Dear old kind old Mother -

Hello.

Back in London. Kings Cross Station. Ladies Waiting room. All night.

Did you know that men think nothing of sauntering in and out of the Kings Cross ladies room at 3:00 in the morning? Even policemen (who ask you what you are doing here).

We set out from Liverpool at about 10:00 am yesterday and, much to our s'prise, made it to London by 5:45 – after only 4 lifts & only one lift for the last hundred miles or so. We were so pleased we immediately checked our knapsacks at the Kings Cross Station Luggage Room, where you know who gave her only pack of American cigarettes to the luggage boy because he was cute, & set out to visit Philip Ormston (with the nice flat & The Egg & I). We waited on Philip's doorstep till 11:00 & then had to leave because the Underground closes at 11:30 or so.

We had nowhere to go since the YW's close at 11:30 and we can't afford regular hotels. So we went back to Kings Cross (it was very cold for London & raining sporadically) to be near our knapsacks. Or some reason like that. Maybe to bum some of our cigarettes off the baggage boy. Anyway we ended up in the ladies room (thank God at least it's heated) where we remained till 6:00 a.m.

And we were gonna go to the British Museum and groove on the mummies today too.

Oh well, we saved a nights' lodging (at least a £).

At 6:00 am we staggered back into the Underground back to near Philip's house where there was a Wimpy Bar (they are usually open all nite) to get breakfast. Well, this Wimpy was not open at 6:30 a.m. So we staggered on down Holloway Road for miles looking for someplace to eat. All closed. Finally we came to a kind of truck stop filled up with big tough worker types called Coca Cola Café (oh I forgot – yesterday while we were hitchhiking Kitty got her fingers mildly smashed in the door of a “dirty big lorry”). In spite of the appearance of the place, we bumbled in - & got the best, most, cheapest food we've had since we got here. And we were even too tired to notice the stares & comments from the worker types much. To make a long story short, we then got our knapsacks back & booked accommodations at the “Youth Hotel” & are now back in the Ladies Room waiting till after lunch (can't sleep at the Hotel till then). It's a co-ed place so Larry & Mike can stay there too.

I got your letter & check (will cash it today or tomorrow). Many thanks. In addition to pound devaluation, the British are suffering floods, hurricane, hoof & mouth disease & flu epidemic. I see Laura is now suffering terrible cramps & Kitty is feeding her cramp pills. Laura, far from a drag on the group, has been a godsend. Always practical, down to earth & takes charge in emergencies.

The Kellys except Pamela, the little 3 year old brat (what a terror) were great (well Brian was kind of a gross out sometimes), especially Mrs. Kelly. She packed us a lunch for when we left yesterday & really seemed sad that we left. I scored a real hit in Liverpool Monday afternoon – I'll tell you why next letter (when in Liverpool, do as the Liverpudlians do!)

Love go all. Don't get Tom arrested till last possible moment.

Tif

ps Have spent only about \$30 since got here.

[POSTCARD OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE, FROM HEIDELBERG, FEBRUARY 1968]

The Heidelberg Castle – the explanation for Larry's broken foot. Note indicated Verboten area where young Americkanischen man jump many feet & sprain foot!

Tiffy

Ps I have the most awful cold!!