

99 --- EVERY HOLIDAY SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST
ONE PERFECT DAY...

I have to tell you that I am against holidays. For me they are prison sentences with the added insult that they have to be paid for. So when I describe a perfect day, I mean of course a disastrous day. In fact there were twenty-one of them. All more or less alike. We were in a coach bound for Switzerland. It cost about twenty-five pounds and we saw about six countries. "Saw" is hardly the word. We sped through about six countries and at unexpected moments a courier issued information about some castle, or factory, or cathedral. We rose at 6 a.m. Breakfast in a hall where little tables were laid for us. We never saw main dining rooms, main bedrooms or official lavatories — a herd confined to second-rate quarters. After breakfast a dash to the coach. First in had window seats, best seats. It became an obsession to be among the first. Along the road as the sun rose, we might stop to look at an olive-grove or to facilitate one of the ex-merry gentlemen who had had too much creme de menthe the night before. It grew hot. The top was opened but still we boiled in our sunlit ovens. Ah, that amber glass. What a false image it gave to the workmen as we flashed past. !

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