

In 1966 I was 50 years old. If I have written little about my private activities so far, it is simply because they meant less to me than my work. After the break-up of my marriage with Ann and my return from Australia to London in 1954, my first priorities had to be to find a job, to earn some money and of course a flat to live in. To meet a woman to charm my leisure, a rare luxury, did not rank very high in my endeavours.

My greatest joy on my return to London was that all my old friends, whom I left behind when I went to Australia in 1950, were delighted to see me again in 1954, as if I had been away only a few weeks or months. Among them were Standish and Dodi Masterman, living at 7 Hanover Terrace in Regents Park, London. He was a chemist by academic discipline like myself and was then working at a Government Department concerned with rocket fuels.

Towards the end of World War II, Standish had been sent on a secret mission to Poland where the first of the German V 2 rockets had been captured by the Russians. In order to get to Poland he had to travel through the Middle East, Iran and then North to avoid German Armies. He was to investigate the chemical nature of the fuel and the quantity carried by each rocket, as well as weight of explosive, in order to estimate the range of the V 2 and thus the danger to Britain. Standish had inherited a small fortune, but had remained a member of the Communist Party, and when later the Government excluded him from the secret work on rocket fuels, on which he had become a great expert, he was transferred to another Department concerned with the conversion of low grade fuels to high energy fuels. His political views meant nothing to me and he was always a close friend.

His wife Dodi was an accomplished artist and had achieved a high reputation as a book illustrator. She drew a charming little picture for my book *From Semaphore to Satellite*, [see Title 69] showing a youngster reclining on a sofa, intensely involved in a telephone conversation. Theirs was a perfect marriage between the arts and the sciences, and I was delighted when Standish offered me his basement flat as my new home in London for a very reasonable rent. To live in one of the most desirable parts of London could not have been better, as simply by crossing a road, one was inside Regents Park, one of London's most beautiful parks. It had a small lake, full of water birds and swans, many trees and carefully tended flower beds. At the back of the house was a mews in which I could garage my car, and in the next door mews flat lived Tony Osman, a science correspondent colleague.

Lord and Lady Sainsbury lived at 3 Hanover Terrace. I had shared a pram with Babette 50 years ago in Berlin, in the days of World War I. We had remained good friends ever since, and this continued after she married Alan.