Hanover Terrace, Regents Park, London Title 60

In spite of all that I had lost in Australia, I found great pleasure again in London. My many old friends were all glad to see me and the absence of four years seemed to mean nothing, neither to them nor to me. I simply continued, working hard to finish the proofs of *Research Films*, went to SIMPL and helped with the making of research films. I had gone to Paris for the High Speed Cinematography Conference, read my paper and received a Medal from the City of Paris, just for attending it. I had a happy holiday afterwards with old friends from Sydney, Maurice and Marguerite de Bure, in the French countryside in their small Chateau in Beauplan.

It was a time of recovery. An old friend of mine, Standish Masterman offered me a basement flat in his house in 7 Hanover Terrace in Regents Park, perhaps one of the most desirable luxury locations in London. The Park is surrounded by magnificent Regency Houses, built by the famous architect Nash, and from them one had just to cross the road to be in the middle of the Park itself. The basement flat was really only the kitchen quarters of the once lordly mansion, and it had a huge kitchen and an even larger domestic cooking stove, which was put to good use when a French friend of mine came to visit me.

Henri Bel was a wool buyer for his firm in Roubaix whom I met in Sydney when both of us were collecting *moules* from the rocks on the beaches. He left Sydney before I did, but continued to buy wool in London and as I had space in my flat, both of us were glad to spend his visits to London together. He was a marvellous cook, and the first thing he did on arriving in London was to go to Soho to buy the ingredients for a *paté*. The great stove was ideal for cooking his six dishes of it, which lasted us for the week of his stay in London—with me. Once we were able to cook a whole suckling pig and we could give a grand party with various girl friends of mine.

Standish Masterman was a scientist who had inherited some money and could therefore afford the lease in Hanover Terrace. His wife Dodi was a painter and a well-known illustrator of books. They could not have been nicer to me when I returned rather miserably from Sydney. During the war Stanley had an exciting mission, through Iran and the USSR to Poland, round the back so to speak, to avoid German occupation troops. He had become a specialist in Rocket Fuels, and the first reports had reached Britain of Hitler's giant rockets to annihilate London. Naturally there was much concern about the size of these rockets, and it was correctly assumed that if the fuel capacity of the already existing rockets in Poland could be ascertained, the threat to London could be measured. Although carrying a charge of one ton of explosives, their impact was manageable, though terrible. [See A.F.S., Worst Job Title 29]

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