Visit to Villa Marguerite
39, Avenue Varville, Roquebrune
Thursday 14th Sept 1972.

I telephoned Joan and Peter on Saturday evening. She had returned on 10th September from Stockholm. There had been some embarrasment between us over the future of the Joanne Baker Foundation in Genoa to meet the some out-of-pocket expenses plus for the short-changing of her London agent, Peter Lindon. Joan was glad I sang and was explosive about Genoa. She added that she had all the children with her, that is ten of them. Also, the Colombian boy being a sergeant in the army and Pope, the Finnish boy, whom we bow as Christmas having returned to his 'father' in Brazil in South America. Peggy spoke after me and it was arranged that we could go to Roquebrune between 6 to 7 p.m. (Thursday) and would dine at the famous 'Vistacar' hotel which projects from the rock on the Grande Corniche between La Turbie and Monaco. This restaurant is famous to English television audience on the background to the late Fernandel's commercial for Dubonnet.

It had been a depressingly day without incessant and sometimes heavy rain. We set out from the Promenade des Anglais about 4.30 pm and arrived by autobus.
at Massana caught a bus almost at once for Martín. We got off at Requesens Cap Martín and it being not yet 6 pm, spent fifteen minutes in a small restaurant on the main road with bread and wine (1.30 pesetas) and crossed road and mounted escalator to Avenue Marellas, a stiff climb. In the boy up we ran into Jeanne, the Japanese boy, who had been sent shopping. At first I thought he was Hara, the Red Indian, and was confused because this boy had a mustache! Exchanged kisses in the French style and crossed at lower gate which was open. Rang bell and greeted on steps by Marianne & Helene. Thence into house where we found Josephine in old rooms and an overall feeling, "France" cleaning assisted by two "air fair" girls, one Italian & one Japanese. I asked if they were Josephine said "student" but did not introduce them by name. Also, the Russian dressed in a kimono, presented himself & then all the others, like Indian, Brownie little Coffee, the African Noble, Franco-Jewish. I think it possible Swiss-Jewish, Monze, Israel, Jean-Claude (French & now with shoulder length hair). Hara, Red Indian, of Marranese boy friend, tall & fair-haired who works in the casino & hopes one day to become a croupier. J.B.'s confidence in this latter that evening, the 5 am return, 9 streams make to receiving the boy at home. This is only 11 years of age.
Josephine is on a strict diet and as I am a horse came to give her an injection. She suggests considerably from asthma. Jean Claude was over to Felth Farm to work on the village and an upholsterer, who used to work in Rome, was to Rogernoise also for asthma. When he says in point of fact, delivered a new mattress for the bed and removed the old one. He pointed us for Nicholas, which in my surprise he gave above to Jean-Pierre Chaud. We laughed about the expense, but to the benefit of the upholsterer. Jean would like to buy it and I replied that we had just like it from Rome if it came back. I would have her for a trail and sell it back!

The upholsterer left again about ten minutes later. He changed into a red tunic suit of close fitting black. Lepanto. Jean-Pierre, as usual, in Negro Comiche but Josephine kept silent and very silent found in the pocket of another coat. Also still in Negro & with bare feet, directed us out on to Negro Comiche in pouring rain.

We drove up to the left to join Comiche in Vicoevero Hotel. Very impressive, a superb hotel. I having been refused in credit tell them to reserve table in best position with splendid view of Rome immediately below. Surely one of the most magnificent views in the world, particularly at night with the thousands of lights of different sizes, whose, I, Paolo for Peggy and me as specialty, Pever for Josephine. She had never experienced how hungry the 1500 and ate better. Turtle soup for us to begin. He missed this course. Then an excellent fish dish with a red wine sauce, very good, very very dry

Vin R. Red, chilled in ice bucket. He had a green salad & beer. Then we had roast beef with excellent sauce & potatoes only a half of which we ate; all the rest
a glorious paté en croute with coconut. We
had coffee or coffee, I talked mostly
with the children and of Annemarie’s de-
pressed and lonely friend. She was very worried.

Annemarie returned at 5.30 p.m.
the afternoon and her in Paris, although
she had not eaten and the: "I am blushing!"
with a laugh. He said we felt there
was an improvement generally. I added
"And there was room for it." Josephine
nodded, probably laughing as well.

We left about 10.45 p.m. Josephine
drove us the way the house — larger
than that directed — fast but seen within
sight of the Palace of the Luxor. It was still raining
as we got out. Josephine stood "goodbye"
above the roof of the bus.

A bus came shortly after 11 p.m. and
we were back home within the hour.
Having caught a taxi at the station.

My impression of this outing was that
Josephine was just as anyone I had been
about Lundo and Chamonix, wanted to
make sure that was much appreciated
by us both.