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cially now we're getting older. But that's all right, I can still climb stairs, I can still walk around good. I have an exercise bike; I use that. And I've got a rowing machine, I use that. And I walk everjrwhere I possibly can. I always walk to town. Unless it's dark. And then I don't walk because I'm scared, you know. All kind of screwballs around now. They crawl from under rocks at night and (Hilda claps her hands!) I've lost my nerve. That's funny, too. In the war, I'd walk home from a show--maybe there'd be a raid. And after the raid I'd pick my way around the rubble and the devastation, stepping over unexploded bombs where I could have had my leg blown off--thinking nothing of that. Wasn't even scared. But today, I'm more scared now. I would never walk home from, say, the Savoy Theatre--I was there last night--to home. I'd never do it. I'd be too frightened. It's not that I think I'm so beautiful. It's just that these people--whatever they are-- you know, they'd slit your throat for 500, you now. They must support their habits. (Have you actually had an encounter like that or is it just that you know that these things can happen?) Oh, no. Although once--just once--I was coming from the show. It was when they had--the taxi stand was still there at the post office, and they used to operate at night. They don't do that now. They quit about 5 o'clock; you'd never get a taxi now. And I was standing waiting for a taxi to come--it was quite late. And these kids--they seemed up in their teens--they got in a circle. And they were sort of dancing around me--their eyes were right glassy. They didn't touch me. But I had a feeling, "Oh, my God." And the taxi driver drove up, and he knew me well. And he came straight up to me--Hector Gillard--I don't know if you know him. He's an old man now; he's quit. And he said, "Come on, Mrs., jump in." And when I got in the back seat, I said, "Oh, my God. I don't know if I was supposed to be frightened at that. But," I said, "it got me, kind of struck a nerve-- something weird about that." "Oh," he said, "they're on something." They didn't hurt me, they didn't touch me. They just-- they were chanting, and they held hands, and they did a circle around me, and they were chanting, like witches. Oh, geez. I don't know if that was an encounter or not. It wasn't very pleasant, because if he hadn't have come when he did, maybe--I don't know what would have happened. But then again, maybe they'd have run away. (But in England during the war, you don't think you were feeling much of what you would call fear.) Honey, when the war was

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