2. The Dew Drop Inn

It was here that Nancy and I had our first date in early 1977. If Nancy were writing this she would regale you with the story of how we both stood outside the lab at the Radcliffe Infirmary (see Button 4) in the pouring rain while I mustered the courage to ask her out. Fortunately she hung in there and I eventually managed to ask her. The best question of my entire life. Here is a picture of us standing outside the pub taken in 2019, 42 years later. The pub is in Summertown where Nancy had a flat (see Button3). Summertown was Nancy's first experience of British shopping. There was a wonderful bread shop



which, in true British fashion, ran out of bread by about 11 a.m. This ignited the Brit's sense of urgency, privation and struggle. As a result people swarmed the shop as soon as it opened. But they were most particular in the need and moral imperative of forming orderly queues. A skill instilled in the Brits by the privations of rationing in World war II.

The lines of anxious people clutching their shopping bags reminded me of pictures of Soviet Russia during its darkest days when people would queue for hours in the faint hope of securing an orange or roll of toilet paper. “Why don’t they just bake more bread?” Nancy would say plaintively. “Where would be the fun in that?” I replied.