

To: jeevacation@gmail.com[jeevacation@gmail.com]
From: [REDACTED]
Sent: Fri 5/14/2010 2:14:10 PM
Subject: Re: (no subject)

Isabel as we all know has a rapier wit. One time she asked to accompany her to a garage in the Brompton Rd, as she was interested in buying a new Mini drop head coupe. She asked me if I would kindly call the showroom and make arrangements for her to inspect a car. I duly called the owner of the garage and told him I was bringing Sir James Goldsmith's daughter round later that afternoon and that she would very much like to see a Mini drop head. As you can well image he was eager to oblige and told me that he would attend to Isabel himself.

We arrived at 3:00pm to be greeted by the unctuous owner of the garage, who immediately offered Isabel a cup of tea. "No thank you" she replied "Just show me a Mini cabriolet". Again the owner attempted to offer her hospitality and once more invited her to his office to talk about specifications etc. "No" she said " I just want to see a car". At his third attempt to coerce her to his desk, Isabel turned to his secretary and asked with a dead pan voice "Is he in training???" Shocked owner of garage jaw just drops open.....

In a message dated 14/05/2010 15:00:12 GMT Daylight Time, jeevacation@gmail.com writes:

more when you remember , please I just spit up my coffee . from laughing

On Fri, May 14, 2010 at 9:53 AM, <[REDACTED]> wrote:

A couple of my favourites are as follows;

Isabel calls me to say she is having trouble with her Portuguese domestics and as I "have a way with staff" would I mind dropping in to see them, which I do a couple of days later.

I forget their names, but lets call them Jose and Paulina. I ask Jose what the matter is. He replies and I quote as near verbatim as i can recall;

"Sir, its not that I mind Miss Isabel screaming at me, its not that I mind Miss Isabel screaming at me in front of my wife, its not that I mind Mrs Isabel slapping me, its not that I mind her slapping me in front of my wife, its just that I cannot accept being slapped in the street" !!!

Another good one was when I took Isabel to Bali, Indonesia 15 yrs ago. Whilst there she did a lot of shopping of local artifacts and hand crafts, including ordering a large bolt of fabric specially woven to her instructions. She asked Ugo Gerasati, the Brazilian socialite who had a fabricshop out there at the time specialising in Balinese batiquesetc, how he proposed sending this to her once completed, as she had no intention whatsoever of being paying outrageous postage and packing charges. He told her that he had an excellent solution, which would involve no costs at all. He would ask the next English customer who happened to be in the shop when the fabric was ready, if they would mind taking it with them back to London. Quite a favour to ask of anyone especially when this bolt was the size of a large packing case.

In any event the late Mary Howard (Lord Patrick Howard's charming wife) dropped by a few weeks later to visit Ugo and was tasked with taking this huge package to London which she readily agreed to do.

On arrival in London, the first thing she did was to call Isabel whom she had never met. She did this promptly at 9:00Am in the morning, not a good time for Isabel who is a night owl and generally only goes to sleep around 6 and then wakes around lunchtime. The result of this call, which of course woke Isabel, was for her to scream at Mary "Do you know what time this is? Do you think this is an office?" To which Mary replied, somewhat startled at the hostility of this reaction, " I was calling to let you know I have brought your fabric back from Bali". Isabel, not remotely mollified, cursed her for

waking her up and added as an aside "Well drop it off this afternoon at 4:00pm" and then slammed down the phone without so much as good bye.

Mary, somewhat aghast by this behaviour, generous to the extreme, put it down to a bad night and that afternoon turned up at 11 Tregunter Rd with the huge parcel. She rang the door and waited and waited and waited and finally Isabel opened the door on the chain and asked who she was. "I am Mary Howard with your fabric from Bali". "Oh" snaps Isabel "You are that wretched woman who woke me so inconsiderately this morning" with that she opens the door, grabs the package and the slams it shut in Mary's face.

Mary now finally cracks and bursts into tears on Isabel's doostep and calls her best friend Lynn Guinness to tell her what has happened. Lynn, quite rightly outraged by this behaviour, calls me and tells me to speak to Isabel immediatly.

By the time I get the message and call Isabel, its her "good time of day" around 6:30pm. I call her and she answers in a very friendly way and so I ask her if the name Mary Howard rings a bell. "Should it?" she replies quick as a flash. "Yes" I say "It bloody well shouldm since she had at great inconvenience hauled a large package half way around the world only to be yelled at for her trouble". Isabel thought for a second before wearliy replying "Well she's lead a sheltered life" and that was that. I lift the term rank ingratitude onto a different plane altogether.

In a message dated 14/05/2010 14:28:20 GMT Daylight Time, jeevacation@gmail.com writes:

robert courturier and i were reviewing isabel nightmare stories.

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