end of page 115- dropped us at our hotel the Regent Palace well after midnight.
Although it was/

Although it was well after midnight we were not the only people on the street for there were still a few girls or women plying their trade. What a life . Still I expect they make a very good living.

After leaving ~~Sal~~ Epsom we passed on through Salisbury plane where manu Military manoeuvres take place, We stopped awhile and had a good look at the Stone Henge and wondered, as thousands of others have, who, when and what these ancients did here, What was their form of worship?

We then passed on to Honiton, famous for its lace, and it was here, as I have mentioned earlier, that I spent two weeks with my Uncle Frank Mooney after receiving my commission in the R.F.C.

Before reaching Exeter we stopped to sample the Devonshire cream about which one hears so much It was very rich and if I remember rightly it was brownish, probably placed in an over for a short time.

We now carried on to Teinmouth where my mother wanted to see her fathers grave. We went along to the cemetry and met the lady caretaker and she took us straight to the grave, The grave was very wel cared for in this very well tended and tidy cemetry. I have no doubt that his son my Uncle Frank must have, as can be done in most cemetries,paid a lump sum for its upkeep. He did for his mothers grave in the local East London cemetry and that I know is well cared for. The cost here was then £25 We then went on to call on the sister and brother in law of an East London frind of ours, Kath. Christopher, who were managing the Elm Court Guest House in Torquay. Theu advertised, I noticed, that they used their own home grown, poultry and vegetables. It was very nice meeting thm and they were of course delighted to have first hand news of their relatives.

Here we visited the Fun Fair wher all seemed to be having a right royal time especially the young folk in the smallelectric boats on the miniature lake. Here we spent two delightful days resting ~~bef~~ before going on to Tor Bay, Paignton, and other holiday resorts and then on to Plymouth. It was here tht I landed in I917 when I came over to join the R.F.C. The town is of course well known for the story of Drake playing bowles with the Spanish Armada approaching. You all of course know the story. In those days bowles was for the the old men but today it is very popular with men and ladies of all ages. I myself enjoyed the game for a few years but then gave it up to take to ~~writing~~ bad writing.

We decided to spend the night here as we had to call on some people. [illegible]

It was here that Joyce King decided to return to Liverpool and her people for I think she was getting a bit tired as every day for the last week she had slept as we travelled.

Next day we called on the Beans , relatives of Buller Else husband of Lorna's step sister at the villiage of Croft Hole. Here we asked where the Beans lived the man just smiled and said 'Which Beans? I am one and many of the inhabitants of Croft Hole are Beans'. We eventually found them and had a long xhat and dinner before carrying on. Many of the Beans are Naval men.

Although Joyce had left us we decided to carry on with the trip and would now be travelling along the coast. There were first the little villages of Loor and Polpero wher, now being in Cornwal we decided to sample the Cornish pasties. but these we took on through Fowey and on to Movegissy. Most of these are small fishing villiages each with its little harbour and most of the houses are built on the slopes down to the sea or river or harbour.. We drove through the little villiage of Movagissy where the streets are so narrow that to allow a car to pass one has to stand and take in a deep breath. Here we decided to park overlooking the harbour ad eat our