

their runs cut and therefor there are not so many on the streets. Anyway it is a good time to do window shopping and enjoy the quietness so different to the daily heavy vehicle and pedestrian traffic. We eventually wandered down to Trafalgar square and went to a service in St. Martins in the Field, the sermon being preached by an ex P.C.W. a man who had experienced the hardship of confinement and where he had met real men who had experienced life in the raw. Pity a few more of these anti military service etc. had not had the same. The seats we were in were far from comfortable but we enjoyed the service. One thing I did enjoy was the delightful, full mellow voice of the woman who sat next to me. I should like to have spoken to her after the service, but when I saw she was deeply engrossed in prayer I did nothing for I realised she was probably waiting for communion. The church was packed and we both thoroughly appreciated the experience. I did so want to tell the lady how I had enjoyed her singing. After the service found it was raining and so went straight back to the Hotel where we found my Aunt Cissie waiting for us. for we had invited her to have dinner with us as her son Zennie and family were going into the country. and thought she might be lonely. Hampstead where she lives is some little distance from the Regent but by tube it takes no time and such an easy way of getting about London. After an early dinner we went to her home where we had tea with her and while there Zennie and family returned and, then, after putting the children to bed joined us for a family talk in front of a very nice warm fire. After another cup of tea I copied out recipes which, as Geoff remarked I will never use. Zennie then insisted on us joining them for a late supper and then very kindly drove us back to the hotel.

To give Lorna a rest from my typing of her diary I will carry on for a short as for a few pages her writing has become so faint that I can hardly read it though I have just made out 'Believe it or not Geoff has again gone off to the office for money!'

My friend Ellison Macartney he invited Lorna and I to have lunch with him at his Bath Club near Bond Street which is quite near the hotel. He said he might be a bit late but his sister would be there to meet us and entertain until he arrived. But on arrival at the club we were met by a Mrs Schoenegevel, very likely John's lady friend, who apologised for his sister. Both Lorna and I at once recognised her as the lady who travelled over to England as the same ship as us in 1904. But she preferred however not to remember and denied having travelled on that ship. Be that as it may but she definitely did and she and Schoenegevel, who was going to Canada to bring off a big business deal used to daily sit alone together. Well to go on with that part of the story, Schoene as he was always called in King Williams Town did bring off a big Company amalgamation scheme and when he got back to Cape Town, the story goes, he collected his wife and while driving along Chaymans peak, broke the news to her that he was divorcing her as probably she did not fit into his expected new (wealthy man life! Well he eventually married this woman but dared not back to his home town where he would have been shunned. I never found out what had become of him. Probably died.

How strange. Later when we spent a week end with Macartney at his country residence her name figured very often in his week end visitors book.

We had a very nice lunch and after that John took us into the city to show us the Drapers Hall and then the Grocers Hall which was his his City call. They are both magnificent Halls and after a very nice tea provided by one of his staff he showed us all their beautiful plate of gold and silver which must be worth thousands. They were most fortunate in not suffering any damage during the war. They have banqueting halls with very high ceilings on which are magnificent paintings, Beautiful portraits on the walls and fine chandeliers. The Grocers