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It was a very pleasant drive.

In the evening Abe took us to seekford Hall Hotel for dinner a few miles out in the country from Ipswich. It is a most fascinating old Tudor Mansion with Oak panelled walls -all carbed- the oldest of old doors and furnishings and trimmings in keeping. A place at which I should love to spend a week or two. It has the most beautiful parkland, a lake and walled garden, but most expensive. There are only twelve bedrooms and the terms are ten to thirteen guineas a week or 24/6 to 29/6 bed and breakfast each. Now writing this some years later those prices as compared to todays prices were dirt cheap. Today I expect they charge what they like, say five guineas a night for a bed only and perhaps continental breakfast. However I think judging by the crowd we saw there most of their money is made in the bar, and dinner parties. The place was certainly crowded the night we were there. Mostly country folk a number of horsey looking people who were terribly noisy, loud with shrill voices who had evidently attended the local point to point races. Many of them had evidently partied on the way for many were well past the merry stage- very inebriated especially one woman we saw. People are so utterly foolish or act foolishly when intoxicated. After a very good dinner we reclined in the easy chairs in the lounge. We had what was supposed to be chicken but Geoff. with his hunting experience- said it was very well camouflaged rabbit for my portion was definitely thigh bone and not chicken leg. At about 10-30 we bid adieux to the hotel which is owned by Sir ? Harewood and his son who was once controller of the kings household. I think that meant that he was in charge of the Royal wine cellars. It was at the end of the war that he bought the Hall for a mere song Abe said one of his friends was keen to buy it -£500 it then was- and spend thousands in restoring it and furnishings etc. The lounge, a delightful room, and how I should love to have one just like it in every way. The cocktail bar and the cloak rooms are all breathtaking lovely in their great age. We did not see any of the bedrooms as they were too busy to show us around, but I cannot say I should appreciate such a place so beautifully furnished with race courses scattered around for these racy people can go wild especially after a good win. Lamps, small tables tapestry, covered chairs, heavenly portraits hanging from the walls and the have a lot of drunken people sprawling around about. Things are so easily ruined and the most precious treasures have no value to people in that state, who defile the place. But I suppose Sir ?Harewood does not mind for it is his bread and butter and the more they drink the richer he becomes.

Anyway it was a very pleasant evening and we glad to have seen the place of which we had heard quite a lot.. Geoff wore his sports coat and slacks and I wore my beige jersey frock. Mary and Abe were dressed much more smartly but the joy of England is that you can wear anything and not be odd. The sporting folk were dressed in tweeds, some wore evening frocks some afternoon frocks and, well mind is a morning winter frock.

Geoff. I will take over for a while. From Ipswich we went to Selling in Kent to spend a week end with my old P.O.W friend Ellison McCartney. We left Ipswich on the 30th. April for London where we were to spend a few days. Actually we were to be there until the 5th. May.

When we set out I thought we would have a bit of trouble driving through London to the Regent Palace at which hotel we had reserved accommodation, but it turned out to be a straight run. I stopped at a garage to fill up with petrol, handing over the coupons, and asked what route we should take. His reply was 'Just drive straight along the road you are now on, no turning off left or right and you will have no difficulty.' He was quite right but where I made the mistake was instead of driving into Trafalgar Square I turned right at the street before, thinking it was a short cut to the Regent Palace. As I turned into the street a policemen's hand

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hand went up and
said 'Sorry this
is a one way street
and seeing the
foreign number plate
he gave me a broad
smile and saw
us safely/