

On the way back we got on the wrong train-tubw- but without much difficulty changed over and arrived at Leicester Square station from where we walked back to the hotel passing all the prossies on the way. What a life but probably most lucrative. I dont think men are safe in London at night. Geoff says he remembers on one occasion -it was after dark- he was waiting outside a shop while I was shopping. One of the assistants saw him, came out and said 'I think you are safer inside sir while waiting for your wife who is inside '. I thought it very kind of him for there were one or two tarts hanging about.

After tea with Aunt Cissie I am having a hair do all ready for the week end in Kent We shall have to be away soon after ten tomorrow and will have an A.A.Pilot to see us out of the City.

8th.May. I will take over for a while. and mention that having a pilot to guide us out of London was a good idea for the roads were busy and the way out seemed that the roads zig zagged a lot and on our own I am sure we should have had a bit of trouble. Our Pilot however seemed to have no trouble at all and went through without any hesitation. He eventually put us on the road to Maidstone and bade us good-bye. The charge was 12/6 plus a tip. He said he had to find his own way back by train or bus. The charge I thought was very reasonable but mind you that is his job , pilotong and driving people about. He told us that every summer he goes over to the Continent and does the same for the A.A. over there. He told us that in the early spring he was up in the lake district but became very ill as it appears the beds where he was staying were not aired and were therefor damp and he caught a bad chill which kept him in bed for three weeks.

We eventually arrived at Grove House- Illison Macartney's home- quite a mansion of a place with about eight acres of ground where he had a beautiful vegetable and flower garden and the rest of the ground he lets for grazing.

It was cold and drizzly when we arrived there at about twelve and were met by John Macartney and another guest Barbie Styles who had been out for a long walk and had just returned. Johns home is filled with treasures for every piece of furniture is antique and there are hundreds of portraits in old guilt frames. The silver and crickery too is very old and very lovely. and it is nice to see these things in use and not stuffed in glass cases. It is all stuff which has been handed down. His father was at one time Governor of South Australia. One feels that he should marry and have ~~few~~ issue , and his sister of 50 is a spinster, so it seems wickered to think otherwise all these things will have to be sold. I dont know why he does not marry perhaps not the marrying type, as he seems to have numbers of week end girl friends and so enjoys life. As a bacheolelor he is having a good time. This girl Barbè or one of the other many guests , judging by the visitors book-he has for week end parties. These include Mrs Schoenegevel who, who as mentioned stood in for his sister when we lunched with him in London at the Bath Club. John has a quer set of staff. He has two men ex Queen Victoria Rifles men- of which regiment he was Commanding Officer and with whom he was taken prisoner at Calais. They are Green the gardner and general utility man and Morrison who does the house work and also chef and waiter. He is I must say a first class cook.

As Lorna being a woman and understanding more than I do about the feelings towards men will now have her say.

John should by now be settling down and producing an heir. One day he will have to be told by his sister of this or by some friend. He is is a charming and perfect host - adores company and has guests to eat stay every week end.. Barbie, about his age would I am sure accept him. I felt an intruder when I spotted her looking at him with her eyes very soul in her eyes, not once but often. I see by the visitors that Mrs Schoenegevel is a frequent visitor and she too , I was convinced, was very much in love with him - ~~womens-instincts~~ ~~womens-~~ my womanly intuition. I can only think that he is perfectly happy in his bachelor life and

end of page
203- household
with man
Morrison and
the gardener,
Green, both
excellent men
and devoted
to him. He
enjoys women's
and men's
company and
enjoys being
loved by many
women. He does
not seem to
be frustrated
in any way
so he/