

A letter received from the Frasers advising that she would be at Southampton to meet us and sure enough there she was with the Cadillac and the chauffeur. She and Lorna were then to motor to Petersfield while I, with Mrs Carter, caught the train to London. On arrival at Waterloo and having handed over Mrs Carter to her people I phoned the Regent Palace for a night's accommodation but they were fully booked and suggested the Paddington. Here I had a very nice room in this old but very comfortable hotel, not noisy like the Regent. Having had dinner I phoned Lorna as they had given me the Petersfield number.

We both had the idea that the Fraser Parks lived in a little cottage covered with Ivy and probably harbouring a few spiders. One day in talking of her husband she said that he only went into the City twice a week and we thought that he just had the odd job.

The first thing Lorna said when she spoke to me was "Bring your best clothes as these people have a mansion, maids, butlers etc. We have a suite of rooms where later found my best clothes set out for dinner and my night attire also set out."

Next day I was met at the station by their chauffeur and arrived at the house just before lunch. What a beautiful house and large grounds with a beautiful garden. The house, I found later, even included a room with basins and Urinal to which the huntsmen retired when they returned from s hunt.

The husband was in an antique jewellers business just off Piccadilly. So never judge people by their appearance.

The following morning they decided to take the dogs out for exercise and to get them out into the country they use the 'old Austin'; apart from that they also had a Rolls.

We spent a most enjoyable week with them and Mr Fraser-Parks and I used to have long talks on the war as he was an artillery officer in France and a very good one too but to look at him one would never think he would make a soldier.

We had many delightful walks looking at some of the beautiful houses and were surprised at the smaller prices asked for big estates in comparison with that of the smaller houses. He, however, explained that owing to difficulty of getting staff, gardeners etc. people were not interested in big houses.

As we were not due back in London for a few days we decided to go to some coastal town and decided on South sea which is near the Naval Port of Portsmouth.

While in England we, like the majority of people, travelled third class, but having swanked with the Fraser-Parks we thought, as they were seeing us off. That we had better travel First. It was a very comfortable compartment but such a short journey.

We arrived at Southsea and after booking in at the Hotel decided to go and have a look at the beach. What a beach, no sand, only boulders. Any it was quite fun walking along the front and quite a bit of fun at the various fun-fairs and watching the number of sailors wives pushing prams along. Lorna, of course, had to visit the fortune tellers. What women see in visiting these people I don't know. As I said to Lorna 'Why visit them you have me? What more do you want.'

After a few days we returned to Regent Palace. I thought I would call on and pay my respects to the 'Queen Victoria Rifles' in Davies Street just off Oxford Street just off Oxford Street as they are affiliated to the King Royal Rifles as are the Kaffrarian Rifles, my Unit.

Here I met their O.C., Colonel Wilson, and their Second in Command, Jack Ellison Macartney, whose father had been Governor of South Australia. I visited them on several occasions and got to know Macartney very well. They had a very nice big hall and very fine Officers Anteroom in which they dined before parade and it was here that, for one meal, they had salmon freshly caught and sent by one of their officers from Scotland.

While there we were invited to their annual 'Evening' and spent a very pleasant evening meeting many celebrities including Duff-Cooper and his wife.

During the evening /