

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

After leaving Epsom we passed on through Salisbury Plane where many military maneuvers 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 father's grave. We went along to the cemetery and met the lady caretaker and she took us straight to the grave. The grave was very well cared for in this very well tended and tidy cemetery. I have no doubt that his son, my Uncle Frank must have, as can be done in most cemeteries, paid a lump sum for its upkeep. He did for his mother's grave in the local East London cemetery 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 friend of ours, Kath Christopher, who were managing the Elm Court House in Torquay. They advertised, I noticed, that they used their own home grown: poultry and vegetables. It was very nice meeting them and they were of course delighted to have first hand news of their relatives.

Here we visited the Fun Fair where all seemed to be having a right royal time especially the young folk in the small electric boats on the miniature lake. Here we spent two delightful days resting before going on to Tor Bay, Paignton, and other holiday resorts and then on to Plymouth. It was here that I landed in 1917 when I came over to join the R.F.C. The town is of course well known for the story of Drake playing bowls with the Spanish Armada approaching. You all of course know the story. In those days bowls was for 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 bad writing.

We decided to spend the night here as we had to call on some people. 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 traveled.

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 chat 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 where, now being in Cornwall we decided to sample the cornish pasties. Then through Fowey and on to Movegissy. Most of these are small fishing villages 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 and eat our pies but they were so dry and tasteless that we fed them to the gulls. We then decided to leave the car and go up and sit on a

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