

bench on the cliff and look out to sea and watch for fishing boats. Presently, some fishermen sitting on one of the benches pointed out to sea probably spotted one of their boats. They were talking "nineteen-to-the-dozen" but we could not understand a word of what they said. It sounded like English-Flemish Jargon. Having watched one of the boats come in we carried on enjoying the scenery along the coast: Falmouth, Penzance (of smugglers fame and the play "Pirates of Penzance") and on to St Ives. We were reminded of the conundrum 'As I was going to St Ives I met a man with seven wives and each wife etc. and so how many were there going to St. Ives'. The answer being of course 'One'. Here to get to the beach there is a very steep street and so to help those who venture down there are donkeys to carry them back up the hill. We decided not to go down but just to buy a few post cards of the steep street with the donkeys at the bottom.

It was now time to look around for accommodation and so decided, as there seemed to be very little likelihood of there being any in these small villages, we made for the town of Truro, but on the way spotted a farm advertising bed and breakfast at our price, we called in and had a chat with Mr Eggins, the farmer. He was able to give us two rooms.

Well do I remember that first dinner we had served in a private dining room. My mouth still waters when I think of that well cooked spring chicken, and when I say spring I mean spring, and vegetables all farm produce. We were indeed hungry having thrown our lunch to the gulls. I might add that there was very little left of that chicken when we had finished.

I must say it was lovely being in the farm and wondering around, watching the milking and later the cream separating and then on to the paddock where there were dozens of rabbits and the place seemed to be riddled with their warrens.

Mrs Eggins showed us how they made the Devonshire cream by placing it in a pan and then into the oven for a short while and that browns the top of the cream.

Mr Eggins we learned was a follower of the hounds and the next morning he turned out in his red coat etc. and off to the meet. On his return he said they had had no luck 'Not a draw' he said. 'But a most enjoyable ride'.

After two very pleasant days we carried on through Truro and along the coast passing Tintagel Castle after which one of the Union-Castle ships was named. Then there was Bude, a well known name, Clovelly, Barnstable and then, to avoid a steep hill, we paid a few pence at a toll gate which enabled us to pass through a farm there being only a slight incline. The notice at the top 'Very Steep Hill' was probably put there by the farmer to increase his revenue. We did, however, pass through a very fine wooded hill (the Doone country of Lorna Doone fame). We then descended into Ilfracombe where some years later they had terrific flood waters down the ravines causing much damage.

We had now been on our tour for some time and to fulfill other appointments we decided to move on a bit faster but not in speed of course, but rather not stopping too long to look at the country. Both Mother and Lorna were now getting a bit tired. Doing the driving I did not mind so much. We passed through Lynton, Porlock and the Porlock Hills, Minehead and Bridgewater and then on through Street, the capital of the County of Somerset or Zomerzet (as pronounced by the people).

Just beyond was what had at one time been a Monastery, but now converted into a Guest House and here we spent the night at the usual price of bed and breakfast 7/6d, Dinner of course extra but always reasonable. The fields here are bounded not by fences, but by ditches or furrows of water. Irrigation furrows. Here we were on the Sedgemoor Fields where in the early days was fought the