

battle of Sedgmore, between two English factions.

At Glastenbury we spent some time looking at these very fine and well kept ruins of the Abbey. The grounds are beautifully kept. There are of course only walls standing but inside, what was the church is a beautifully green and well tended lawn. Fit for any bowling green or is it rink.

Approaching the town of Bath one passes through a very narrow valley or gorge into a ravine or what would be called in North Africa a Whadi. We spent a little time looking round and then went on to see the Wokey Hole, something like the Congo Caves. However, as to get into these underground tunnels one had to row across a narrow pool in a boat which was handy. However, none of us fancied doing this. Personally I do not see what people see going underground and exploring these tunnels and yet some spend days on the job. I had enough tunneling in the last war trying to burrow ones way out of the P.O.W. Camp. About many of these tunnels you have no doubt read. It is hard work lying on your tummy and digging with improvised tools, Klim tins etc. When your turn was over you crawled backwards taking with you your spoil of sand. You were then ready for a wash and had to be careful that one of the guards did not spot a dirty dirt begrimed P.O.W. It was no good getting a man who suffered from claustrophobia to help with a tunnel.

Leaving Bath we crossed the River Avon which we again crossed through the Vale of Kennet to Newbury.

Since leaving the Eggins farm we had passed through the Counties of Cornwall, Somerset, Wiltshire and now through Newbury into Berkshire. As we were now within a short distance of London we decided to spend the night at some Guest House so as not to travel into the city at night but rather the next morning.

I saw what I thought was a Guest House but turned out to be a guest house for lorry drivers. They, however, directed me to a very nice guest house called "The Old Mill Private Hotel" on the river Kennet half way between Newbury and Reading the next town we would be passing through. It was indeed a delightful spot with the Old Mill and Water Wheel and a large sheet of water on which boating was done. London being within 48 miles I should think this is a delightful and popular spot. They advertised boating and fishing available in the grounds and a golf course within easy reach then there is riding and racing. Their terms were three guineas a week or 12.6d a day and an extra 2/6d for fishing. Here we spent a very pleasant time and Lorna suggested I phone the A.A. to send a man out to drive us into the City and to the Regent Palace. However, after passing through Reading we decided to carry on.

I was last in Reading in 1917 as an R.F.C. Cadet for it was here we did our final training in map reading, engines, structure etc. just before being passed out and commissioned and then went on to spend a fortnight at Honiton with my Uncle Frank. The town is of course well known for its Huntly and Palmers biscuits.

We passed on through Windsor and on to London. Here I found that the traffic was so well disciplined and controlled that I had no trouble at all. Just keep to your line of traffic as directed.

We arrived at the Regent Palace safely and unpacked the car having to gather up the Loch Lomond stones as already mentioned. I duly handed the car to the Lex Garage and after they had checked up and found all well I settled with them and thanked them for the car. We now settled in our rooms and as usual Lorna unpacked everything. Now we could talk about a most enjoyable motor trip during which we had covered many miles and seen much. A trip we could look back on with pleasure. I was now going to have a rest from driving but I must say I did enjoy it all.

Unfortunately, Mother's diary is lost but I have, with the help of the A.A. Route schedule been able to give a fairly accurate account.

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