

soft and lovely and very fine. The other half was terribly dirty in comparrison, quite a yellowish brown.

Tomorrow we are driving to Cheltenham and hope to see Mrs Hoffman who we knew in South Africa as Kay Hamman before her divorce. She was at one time, with her husband, Koos Hamman, stationed as commanding the Eastern Province Command of the Permanent Force. We were very great friends and it will be nice meeting her again.

27th. We arrived in Cheltenham at about 11am but it was nearly 12 before we found Kay's home as no one seemed to know much about the town and that included policemen, postmen, milkmen and butchers. Instead of telling us politely that they did not know they just made wild guesses. Well we, eventually, found the house and there was Kay at the front gate looking out for us. Her husband who we had not met before seemed very nice and friendly and very chatty. They were at that time on rations and so the few things we took her, including a ham were very much appreciated. She hopped into the car and off to town we went for 12 o'clock coffee. Louise Bomford who had come with us went shopping and Kay too had some chores to do and we decided to meet for lunch at the Plough. She is a darling and we are to have tea with her on the 13th May that being the day we had promised to have dinner with Edith's friend, Roma, who lives in Cheltenham. Cheltenham, a nice little town and a wonderful shopping centre supposed to be the best in the West of England. The promonade is one of fashionable shops, and the houses Georgian in architecture. It was very pleasant, and tomorrow we are off again on a ten day jaunt: Ipswich, London and Selling in Kent to spend a week with my old friend, Ellison Macartney.

30th April: High Ho we are back in London and how good it is too. After settling in we walked to St. James Park in the afternoon and the world walked there too in its bib and tucker. The gardens were ablaze with colour, tall stately tulips fill all the beds in every colour you could imagine. The ones I like best are the pink rose, wine and smoky mauve, though they are all beautiful. The ducks in the pond or lake have shicks and all enjoying the sun and being fed by the masses. We walked on and had a look at Buckingham Palace, Clarence House, St James Palace, Marlborough House. There must have been some do on the Horse Guards Parade because the crowd was just dispursing and the band playing hard was marching off. The men looked so well in their bearskins and they always remind me of those shaggy dogs. We continued our walk along the embankment towards the Houses of Parliament and heard the old barrel organs hard at work once more. As we felt like some fruit we bought half a pound of grapes from a barrow boy. It is the food in England that is so expensive. And now a short rest before we go out for supper.

We left Salford on Friday motoring to Ipswich a matter of 175 miles through a number of towns and country all looking clean and frsh. All very pretty country and we passed an enormous aerodrome at Cranfield where we saw a glider and an autogyro stunting above us.

Abe and Mary Lintott, our cousins, have a nice modern house tastefully furnished. They are, however, on the look out for another house as they find this rather small with only three bedrooms and no guest room. We felt bad at turning them out of their room but they gave it up willingly. The children, two girls and a boy are very friendly. On the Saturday we went into town to give Mary a chance to do things in the house. She has a nice looking young girl who comes in and gives her a hand from 8 to 5 pm.

In the afternoon we visited Felixstowe, a coastal containerisation port, owned by a Company. This is a town where I was to spend some time some years later when my Aunt Edith was living there in a private nursing home. She was getting on in years and not at all well and as she was my favourite Aunt I decided to take a trip to England to be with her during her last few years. Unfortunately, I could not spend too long a time there and it was some little while after my return home that she passed away.

It was a very pleasant drive/