

so he must have a love life, men without it are such cranks. As a bachelor he lives extremely well which he might not be able to do with a wife and family, and he seems financially happy. Anyway it is his affair and not mine.

We spent a happy weekend with John going for long walks through the beautiful country side of Kent known as the garden county. We took a long drive to Sandwich and returned home along country lanes with their high hedgerows and marvellous scenery. But what I enjoyed most was the service in Canterbury Cathedral at 3 p.m. Sunday as on our drive we stopped to look over the Cathedral. We sat in the choir part and heard the little boys in their purple cassocks frilled round the neck and white surpluses singing like angels. The choirmaster stood at the end of the row with the boys next to him and every little head was turned in his direction as he very quietly beat time. I do think that at their age it is marvellous that they can keep to their parts with men singing different parts just behind them. These boys are given free education at the Canterbury school or college just behind the Cathedral. There was a male alto in the choir with the most divine voice. I at first thought it might be one of the boys but it was not until the man had to sing a solo that I could pick him out. It is the first time I have heard a male alto and it was an absolute pleasure listening to him. I don't know much about architecture but the Cathedral is the most beautiful old place and the cloistered courtyard round which the monks used to walk, in past days, in meditation was lovely in its old age. Through the archways one saw the most attractive gardens. Canterbury is a nice little old fashioned town and during the war suffered a lot of bomb damage, but the Cathedral like St Paul's was untouched, which is remarkable for in both cases buildings in the immediate vicinity were brought down to the ground.

9/5/50. We left Selling yesterday morning and from Lorna's diary I will do my best to describe the return trip. Well we got away at ten in a fairly thick mist but fortunately I was able to see for a short distance and this meant I had to keep my eye on the road and leave Lorna to describe the scenery etc as we went along. She said the country looked entrancingly mysterious and most fascinating in its veil of mist. We continued on through the mist which developed later into showers. Yes April showers bring May's Flowers. To avoid the heavy traffic through London I decided to rather take a longer route and go through Redhill thus skirting London proper until we reached Windsor, the Castle and park looking enchanting through the mist. I now breathed a sigh of relief as we had now left the heavy traffic and got onto quieter roads. This stretch from Staines through Oxford and on to Salford we had done several times so I knew the road fairly well. It was lovely to get into the Cotswold country where the names are so appropriate: Chipping Camden (Chipping meaning market place); Dover's Hill, Snows Hill, Burton-on-the-water; Stow-on-the-Wold; Morton-in-Marsh; Chipping Norton. So on to Broadway, Evesham, Salford Prior. This to us is familiar country through which we always enjoy driving, like coming home. Mary and Edith are always pleased to see us back. We returned to find our beds aired, flowers in the room and our laundry neatly folded in the airing cupboard.

After Lorna has done a bit of washing of smalls and stockings we are going to Alster to collect our food coupons, for some reason visitors from abroad receive a bigger ration which is always welcome in this household.

I had intended going into Worcester to see some cricket but as it rained there was no play. Tomorrow we are going into Stratford to get four back row tickets, for which as I have mentioned already one has to queue on the day of the show and the booking office opens at 10-30 and the show we are to see is Julius Caesar.

11/5/50. Julius Caesar was a very fine show and Edith says she has already seen it eight times but last night was the best she had

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