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horses (adapted from Homer's Iliad - "The girl loves the horse") Elaine has blue eyes and golden hair (No connection with the lily maid of Astolat) and is dangerously like my ideal. However, as this is not an essay on Elaine [see M. 19 published by the same firm] we'll get on with the washing while the sun's out.

Elaine wants a seat beside the driver! Heavens! Has she taken a fancy to the man? Yes he's certainly got black hair & blue eyes but oh! that moustache! It's like a pair of donkey's ears stuck on with glue. She says she has no sentiment so she can't want the front seat to enjoy the scenery. I shudder as I think of 'love at first sight', 'soul affinities' &c. &c, & decide that, if the worst comes to the worst, I'll really have to kill the man.

It happens by a strange coincidence that I also want a front seat so I suppose I'll have to sit up alongside Elaine. So we clamber up into our