

The house stood on about three acres of ground about two of which were let for tomato and potato growing. The rest was a very fine garden for which he had a gardener. In the grounds were two small cottages, one for the gardener and his wife and the other for Betty and Bussy, the two who helped in the house, cooking and general work. A very fine couple and later during the German occupation looked after Uncle Fem, Aunt Mary had died before that. Every morning Uncle Fem and I walked round the garden and he said what had to be done and the vegetables to be gathered for the house.

In the basement, Betty looked after the cooking and what a cook she was. When it came to meal-times they would both be in the kitchen from which there was a small hand operated lift to the dining room on the ground floor. When all was ready to be served the dishes and food would be placed in the lift and Bussy would run up the stairs to receive the lift which Betty worked. As each course was finished Bussy collected the empties, placed them in the lift and was ready to serve the next course.

Though so deaf, Aunt Mary was most cheerful and would now and again throw the hearing aid tube across the table and say "Number Please".

After morning tea Uncle Fem and I would usually go for a walk through the village or out into the country where there were some very fine walks. Or we would go and watch the farmers reaping their potatoes. Here they seemed to have teams of three. The first man would, with a pitchfork, uproot the plant the next would shake the fruit off and the next gather the crop into a basket. In a day or two the ground was prepared for the young tomato plants. Today for reaping potatoes a harvesting machine is used and I believe this even grades the fruit. Some days there was shopping to be done and then Hyde-Parker would be called up and into St. Helier we would motor. Here the streets are so narrow that a notice is put up to state on which side cars may park. Staying with them at the time was Aunt Mary's sister, Mrs Carter who had very poor eyesight.

Well, the ladies would want to get out so Hyde-Parker duly took us for a drive around the island. But before starting each lady was supplied with a hot water bottle.

The island is divided into parishes and it would seem that the Rector of the parish is the big noise, being chairman of this that and the other.

Uncle Frank used to love talking of his earlier days and shooting. We were talking one day of a trip with my brother Gerald to Maun when, while out after buffalo, a black Rhino suddenly from a short distance charged Gerald and he fortunately was able to slip behind a handy tree which stopped the animal and he then shot it. Next day the boys were taken out to help cut up the Rhino and it had been agreed my Uncle said, that should there be a lion on the kill it would be his turn to shoot. Well there was a large lion busy on the Rhino and Gerald said by the switching of its tail it was on the point of charging and so he shot it. Uncle Frank said 'It was my lion but under the circumstances he was right in shooting as I might have been a bit slow'. I had a very good snap of Gerald sitting on the lion and this I sent on to his son Spencer in Australia, a short while ago. Well, we had had a most enjoyable holiday but the time had come for us to leave. We were to visit the island again four years later but in the meantime Aunt Mary had died.

Returning we had to take charge of Mrs Carter and see her safely to Waterloo station where she would be met. The return journey was a day trip and as soon as we embarked and settled in a cabin Mrs Carter asked me to order some gingerale as she had the brandy and that was her seasick medicine. I think she had been looking forward to this "sople" for some days.