

to try and engage one. which she did A Miss Murial Richardson, who, when I met her on the ship on her arrival in East London, having just arrived from England looked very homesick. Having paid her fare she was supposed to be engaged for three years. I suppose she did her best but to my mind she never proved satisfactory, though Lorna and I did our best to make her feel at home treating her as one of the family and eventually, as I will relate we decided to let her break her contract and booked her passage back to England. The climax came in June 1952 at the time of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II that Mark came to me to say that Muriel was crying listening to the wireless while bathing Annaliese. I went into the bathroom and asked why she was crying and she said "All I want is a good British ship to take me home". Well I thought that is enough of Muriel who was always such a drip. "Well " I said " if that is what you want I shall book you on next Fridays Mail ship for England". I think she got a bit of a surprise as it was more than she expected. Anyway we saw her off and since then have not heard a word of her. Anyway I think we were well rid of her for she was never cheerful or happy with the children.

To give you some idea of how little she appreciated what was done for her I will mention one outing I had. Every year Mr. Gibb and I took turns visiting our Inland Agents and on the one occasion I decided to take Muriel and Annaliese, Mark was at boarding school or away with friends. On this trip, which was through very interesting country which she had not as yet seen and I thought it might cheer her up a bit. We visited King Williams Town where I spent a day and then on to Queenstown where we spent the night. Next morning we went on to the Transkei visiting Indwe, Cathcart, Aliwal North and through Dordrecht to Cala. It was at Cala that I decided to leave the two of them with some old Missionary friends of ours the Duvoisins who were very pleased to put them up for a few days. Here I found that they were very short of firewood and it was bitterly cold. So I decided to take a run into Queenstown where I collected four bags of wood and one of coal which I took back to Cala. The Duvoisins were delighted to be able to make fires to warm the house. The next day I decided to take the three Duvoisins, Muriel and Annaliese to Barkley East up in the Drachensburg where the scenery is beautiful. I thought Muriel would enjoy the Scenery but she just sat with her head drooping like a sick fowl, In Cala while I was away, instead of Muriel looking after Annaliese she spent her time with some old people she met there and left Annaliese to the care of the Duvoisins. Well We got back to East London and Lorna who was not able to come with us as she was helping Mon with the Hotel. On another occasions I took Mark and Annaliese and Muriel to spend a week with my old friend Jack Green on his farm at New England in the mountains just beyond Barkley East. Here again Muriel preferred to go hiking on her own up the mountains. Well that is enough of Muriel. We were now lucky in getting a Mrs de Lange, whose husband was a near do well travelling mechanic for the Singer sewing machine people. and not interested in his wife. Well she spent the morning with the children in the mornings and she and her two sons who were at school had lunch with us and left for her home soon after lunch. At this time we were lucky in having our old coloured Gertie Botha who was a good cook and help.

The children started their schooling at a private school run by Mrs Davies and her son.. They were very good and it was here that the children got a very good grounding so that later when they went to Selborne and Clarendon schools they were able to more than hold their own. They have always been bright children.

Our next help was come by through a Stewardess we had met on the Ship. on our voyage back from England- I forget her name-who said that her sister, a widow, would be very glad of the opportunity of helping with the children. Her name was Mrs Paciolette, French and pronounced Powlet. She was very good but a devout Catholic and loved going to church.

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Although her
church was some
distance off,
making it
difficult to
attend she
attended
prayers held
for the Sisters
of the Mater
Dei Nursing
Home a few/