

Many people, mostly colonials, were retiring to the Channel Islands to avoid the heavy British taxes. In Jersey, St Leonards, they were taxed on furniture only. This is where Lorna and I spent several holidays with them when we were on overseas leave and on two occasions my mother too spent some time with them. When spending the fortnight with them at Honiton, my ration card was a great catch as at that time with strict rationing we serving men received a bit more. The sugar ration was the greatest joy and so I pretended that I did not take sugar and since then I have never taken sugar in my tea or coffee.

In Jersey they had a beautiful three storey house on three acres of ground where, as I have mentioned, we spent a few very happy weeks. These holidays I will recall later as I will also regarding my being Executor in his three wills - Jersey Estate, S.A. Estate and the house. My Aunt died first and later Uncle Frank in Jersey during the German Occupation.

My Gran, Frank's mother, had been staying with him until they went overseas. Then Frank came to East London and made arrangements for her to stay at the Kent Nursing Home as here she would be near us. She later came to live with my mother and I until she died. Grandmother Mooney was a real old lady, a replica of Queen Victoria, wearing a kind of doylie on her head. She was very well-read and a great talker - in fact, she could knit, read, talk and sniff at the same time. A great sense of humour and always full of life.

So, now I will get on with my early days.

I may have been about one year old when my Dad was transferred to Mafeteng and here it was that my brother and two sisters were born. He was later transferred to Leribe, or as we knew it, Ychotse Heights. I must have been about five or six then for here it is that I have first recollections of Basutoland. I will, however, not dwell too long on that time of my life as there was not much of interest to record. Here we had a large house on very big grounds with any number of fruit trees; apricots, peaches, apples, pears, all of which seem to do very well in that country. It is a strange thing, however, that like all children, we always thought fruit in other gardens better than our own, Or was it just the fun of stealing it hoping not to be caught. The garden we used to raid was that of Mr McGregor, later Sir James who became Resident of the Bech. Protectorate and later Basutoland, our neighbour who had far more fruit trees than we had.

Mr, as he then was, married a sister of Colonel Ellenberger of whom you will hear from time to time later and he it was who translated the works of the Revd Ellenberger, a French Missionary, in Basutoland. I remember it was probably at the beginning of the Anglo Boer War we had living with us a Mr Nussy, who I am sure had defected to Basutoland from the Transvaal during the early part of the war. I am almost sure he was the same man

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