

However, it was great fun and I must say that there did not seem to be so much drinking as today. You attended a dance and had a programme and were able to book a dance. Not the present day dancing of standing in one spot and nodding at each other. No, we had good old waltz etc. Oh yes and that lovely old dance where eight of you danced the Lancers. That was about the only dance I enjoyed for I was hopeless waltzing. Besides, in the Lancers one moved around, laughed and talked but in a waltz one just swung round and round trying conversation and praying the orchestra would not play an anchor as requested.

At these dances I met many young ladies but none that appealed to me, that is, enough to think of marriage. However, sooner or late I knew that I would meet the right person but it was not until 1931 that I met a young school teacher with whom I fell in love, Lorna Wood. This friendship gradually developed into a love match and somehow we became very keen on each other and we used to meet most afternoons on the beach front and we would then either sit in her two-seater Chev or in my car. I, however, wanted to make certain that she was interested in me. It was not until the 1st of April, however, sitting in my car watching the wild waves that I plucked up courage and asked Lorna if she would marry me and looked keenly at her hoping. I had the thrill of my life when I heard her say 'Yes'. I could hardly believe my ears. We carried on for some time being privately engaged though I am sure people guessed we were. There were several other couples with whom we were very friendly and we used to attend dances and picnics together. For one long week-end we decided to go to Hoggsback where we put up at the Inn. It was then being run by Wiles, the painter. It was a nice hotel and much smaller than the present hotel. Here we had a lovely time. In the party were Lorna and myself, Mary Blackbeard and Harry Mill, Ellison Matheson and Champion (Champ), Gladys Forsyth and Owen Gush. Of these couples all married their partners except Gladys and Owen. Who they married later I don't know. I do, however, know that Owen became Chief Magistrate of Johannesburg, Harry, engineer of the Post Office Pretoria Telephone and Telegraph section. Champ became Assistant Principal of Selborne College and my life you will know, so apparently we had a select lot.

After some months I am sure Lorna's mother, Martha Weaver and her stepfather, Pop Weaver guessed that there was something going on.

Well, eventually, one day while Mother Weaver and Pop were in the lounge of their flat, Lorna and I walked in and we both decided to ask their sanction to our engagement and late marriage.

I must say they were both very pleased and wished us all the best. Having received their blessing we decided to visit the jewellers, Michaud Bros, the next day to select a ring. Later Lorna gave her engagement ring to our daughter, Annaliese, as her engagement ring had been stolen in the Nurses' Home at the Frere Hospital. A little more about the ring. As there was apparently a lot of thieving going on in the Nurses' Home, Annaliese with a friend decided to take a flat. The Police carried out an investigation and showed Annaliese a list of suspected nurses. She told me that those mentioned would get a shock. This shows that it was not only crooks who were stealing. Some months later, I suggested to Annaliese that it was likely one of her friends, Annaliese found in her letter box at the flat a match box. She was on the point of throwing it away when something in it rattled. She opened the match box and there was her engagement ring. The thief must have repented and so returned it. This led to an enquiry and eventually in every nurses room was installed a small safe in the wall. Ann was asked by the Chairman of the Hospital board to write an account of the thieving etc that was going on. The result, he told me, was that her report brought to light many misdeeds and bad handling of matters by the staff and had done the hospital a lot of good, and he thanked her.

At this time/