

Uncle Frank was one of Milner's young men, the Kindergarten as it was called, and became Resident Commissioner of Swaziland but as he did not agree with their native Policy he retired at the age of about 42 and he and Aunt Mary went to live near her people, the Stevens of Gum Tree, near Clocolan in the Free State. Later they went to live in England at Honiton in Devonshire and later retired to Jersey where she had a brother. I had spent a fortnight with them in 1917 after getting my R.F.C. Commissions.

We travelled to Southampton where we were to embark on the small steamer which sailed at midnight. By paying an extra 10/- we were able to get cabins. Most of the passengers go over to help with the gathering of tomatoes or potatoes and they just sit up on benches on deck.

We, eventually, arrived at St. Helier, the small Jersey Port, to be met by Uncle Fem as he was called by us. He was a tall striking figure who we easily spotted among the crowd. He was a wonderful old man, very attached to his immediate family, as shown by the fact that he left all his money to his six brothers and sisters none of whom were well off. The youngest brother Hugh, who had emigrated to Australia and later fought with their troops in Mesopotamia said that he hardly knew his brother who was very much older. As we arrived at the car we were greeted by our friend the Chauffeur, Hyde Parker.

We were greeted at the house by our old friends, the faithful Betty and Bussy, and later met the gardener.

We were shown to our rooms and then sat down to a very fine breakfast. We were always amused the way Bussy would put the food onto the lift in the kitchen and then run up the stairs to serve. What wonderful food it was too. Mother thoroughly enjoyed her food as she always did. She liked soup, meat and veg and then pudding and when she lived with us we always had a three course meal. Today we are satisfied with one. The house, as I have mentioned before, was a three storey building on four acres of ground, two and a half being let to a farmer for growing tomatoes and potatoes. In the garden were a very fine show of flowers and in the vegetable garden all sorts of vegetables all very well attended to by the gardener. There were a few fruit trees: plum; apple and even a small patch of meaties.

We had many fine walks about the country and sometimes into the town, and Uncle Fem seemed to be known by all. We called several times on his brother-in-law, Doctor Stevens, and the Quaker Oats Millionaire whose name I have forgotten.

We indeed spent a very happy and enjoyable fortnight with Uncle Fem and Lorna and Mother decided to pay another visit before we returned home. On our return to London we spent a very short time before deciding on the date of our departure on the motor trip, advising Joyce of the date we would pick her up.

The day before we left I called on the Lex Garage and paid the £5 deposit and advised them that I would be calling the next day for the car and that we were getting an A.A. man to see us out of London.

As the distance from London was only a matter of 200 miles which in those days with reasonably open roads, not congested as today, should not take long. If we left early, which we did, we should pick Joyce up before lunch and have lunch and if not lunch, an early tea. The latter would suit us as we would meet her Aunt Rosa, have tea and their afternoon teas are like a small meal.

Mother kept a very good diary but unfortunately it has been mislaid and so I will do my best to give a true account of our trip.

With the help of the A.A. route map which Lorna kept on her lap we were easily able to find our way about. All the roads are numbered which number is reflected on the route map and as we pass through a town from the A.A. route Lorna is able to read out to us what there is of interest. On this information we decided as to whether we stop for a while and look around. Or having read ahead decide where we shall stop for meals, the night etc.

The A.A. man /