

## Chapter V: The outbreak of war; Gallipoli; father's wounding, and hospitals, the family

One day in early summer Mother hired the governess trap from the inn, complete with driver, and we went to Bristol and then to Avonmouth to see my father's sister, Auntie Kate, sail in a ship to Canada to marry a boyfriend who had gone there a few years before. I was very excited because I thought she might see some icebergs. Mother told me that on no account was I to mention the word 'iceberg', because in 1912, on my birthday, a beautiful ship called the Titanic had hit an iceberg and sunk and many people were drowned.

We found Auntie Kate and went on board to see her cabin. It was a much bigger ship than those which sailed to Australia, and all the time I was thinking of one thing, icebergs!

Most Saturdays Grandad would come up to see us. He took great interest in the garden. He brought up his scythe and cut the grass. It would look so easy the way he did it. The grass would give a little sigh as it lay in neat rows. I began to go to the village school. At one time the teacher told Mother she thought I was what we would call now 'retarded' or a 'slow learner'. She said that when I was reading out loud and there was a difficult word, and she told me to spell out the word, I didn't seem to know what she meant. Mother explained that children at that time in WA learned to read a different way, and they didn't spell the words out. She also added that, although I knew all the letters, I had not yet learned the ABC, only on the piano.

I was quite happy at school, although the children and I had such different ways, and had to get to know each other, to understand our ways of life. There were two sad little girls with shaven heads, and dull plain clothes, and no one seemed to talk to them. They used to beg for my apple core, at morning play... This would embarrass me, as they watched every bite I took, and I would leave as large a 'core' as possible. When I began to walk and play with them, another little girl ran up to me and whispered into my ear that I shouldn't play with them as they were not very nice and that was why their heads were shaven. I talked to Mother about this. First I said I did not want to take any more apples for mid-mornings, as other children fought over the core. Then I asked why those little girls' heads were shaven, so that they had not one scrap of hair. Mother told me that in state schools in England if a child had lice in their hair, they were simply shaved of all their hair. This we both thought terribly cruel. In Australia with its hot climate all insects could breed so fast that a child often had lice, but there were various ways of getting rid of them without cutting off all the hair. I continued to play with the sad little sisters, with their shaven heads, and long colourless patched frocks and black boots.

Then one sunny summer's day, I came tripping down the path, full of excitement. *There was a war!* War had been declared on an enemy called the Germans! *War! Now!* Not years before I was born. I was going to *see a war!* To an eight-year-old, war was romantic excitement.

Several things happened almost together. My father sent a cable to Mother to get in food, and also that he had joined the Australian army to come and fight for us. Mother found that too many people had had the same idea about food, but Grandad came hurrying up and planted rows and rows of turnips. He said we would never starve if we had raw turnips to eat!

At school we talked, especially the boys, about sinister people called *spies*. All strangers were suspects. One morning, a little man in a dark suit, with a big black box on his shoulder, came up to Dundry, and was prowling around the school. The boys whispered together that he must be a spy, and the police should be fetched. All the girls gave him dirty looks and a wide berth. It turned out the poor man was a harmless photographer who had come to take all our photos!

About this time, Auntie Ivy's husband, Uncle Gordon, who was an Anglo-Indian and who was also working for the telephone department, was sent to a village called Chew Magna some four – six miles north-west of Dundry. He was to go for the day and, knowing how everyone thought that dark people were spies, he asked Mother if I could go with him as I was so fair, and if there was any trouble he could say I was his niece. He need not add that it was only by marriage, of course.

I had a very enjoyable day, seeing all new countryside. We passed interesting gardens, strange trees, grottos and ditches. Uncle Gordon was fascinated. He told Mother that I talked all the way there and back! Not just childish chatter, but real talk on all kinds of subjects. It appeared he enjoyed himself therefore as much as I had, only in a different way.

One evening when we had gone to bed but were not asleep, we heard a knock at the door and, a little later, Mother came up and told us to get dressed again and, while she was busy tying up my hair, she said a telegram had come from her sailor brother Uncle Ernie to say that he was coming through Bristol that night on his way back to his ship. So we were going down in the trap to see him at the station. Mother had told the telegram boy to hire the trap for her. It was a long exciting drive to Bristol and, although we were well wrapped up, it was cold and dark. The lights of Bristol came closer and closer until we were swallowed up in them. At night the station was most weird and gloomy and noisy, with misty steam sort of blasting off everywhere. The open doors of the waiting rooms seemed oases of light and warmth. We weren't allowed in them, as a hospital train was due any minute, and the wounded were to go in there. All this paled beside the sight of the sailor who was our uncle. Auntie Rosie began catching up on the years. Uncle stood by, slowly, succulently drawing on his pipe, and patiently letting us feel him all over. Then the trainload of wounded ones came in and we watched them being taken to the waiting rooms or ambulances, and now we knew what was meant by being wounded. Mother nearly fainted; she was still given to fainting.

In 1912, when Auntie Lena was marrying her Will in Cheltenham, shy Rosie was marrying Mother's equally shy brother Ernie. They were very happy together, not that over the years they managed many years together one way and the other. Uncle Ernie left the Navy just before they were married and, as he had learned car driving, he had a very good job as chauffeur. They settled in the pretty little village of Honiton and had one little girl, Audrey. But, a few days before war broke out in 1914, Uncle was called back to the navy. Rose took Audrey to her people in Mortimer, and there she was brought up by them all through the war. Rosie spent the time either working or being very ill in hospital. On one of Uncle's leaves she had a very serious operation the day he returned to the ship. He was at sea for six months without any word whether she was alive or dead. Not until he landed and sent a telegram to his father-in-law did he know if she was alive.

Again, after the war they settled in Devonport, Ernie with another good job, and Audrey with them, but Rosie died after a serious illness in 1925 and, except for five years, 1936-40, when my husband and I lived with him, he was a lonely man until he died in 1965.

Mother was still losing weight, just a little it was true, but this was bad. One day when she sat nearly fainting in a chemist's shop, and was telling him all about her trouble, he suggested she try Virol! He said he knew it was a baby food, but he was sure it would help her. After the first week she was surprised to find that she had stopped losing weight. By the time she had finished the jar she was beginning to gain a few ounces.

Grandad still came up every week tending the garden, and he always brought her a cake. Once he brought Geoffrey a wooden horse on wheels, wrapped in pretty pieces of material for my dolls. Sometimes Winnie came up for the weekend and did some dressmaking for Mother and me. Once she brought me a pair of her old ballet shoes, I practised for hours. It didn't make any difference her showing me her sore and worn toes. I *knew* my toes were the right size and my foot the right shape. Neither Mother nor Winnie knew how much I worked at 'toe dancing', as it was

called then. They would have stopped me, I think, because they thought it was cruel.

When my father went in the Australian army, we had no money for a little while, but it appeared the authorities realized there would be some delay before money got through and they had a special fund for such cases. A clergyman from Bristol came out to see Mother about this. At the time I had been ill and was on the sofa in front of the fire. As he left, he kissed me in the middle of my forehead, and I felt sort of branded as a Christian!

Christmas drew near, and the church choir came and sang carols for us round our fire. It was lovely and cosy, but the cottage had been such a cosy place to wait for my father. Now, in winter with no hope of father, it became a lonely isolated place. We had begun to eat the jam, and Christmas with no father was not to be very happy. We went to Cheltenham for Christmas, and relations suggested to Mother that she didn't live alone in that cottage any more.

So when we returned, we moved into a house on the opposite side of the village, just across from the school and near the Downs; it was called Fairview House. It was a large, well built stone house. It had two front doors with large porches and their own staircase and hall, and two back doors with porches. One 'half' of the house was smaller than the other, having one very large room on the ground floor and an equally large room on the first floor. There were several large high windows in each room.

The late Mr Told had built it himself, I think, for semi-retirement. A very large basement went under the entire house, with all kinds of rooms leading off it, such as laundry and toilet, etc. There were two large double doors at the end which led straight out into the grounds, as the land sloped away that end of the house, and beyond was a quarry, not used then. The front of the house (it shied sideways from the road) had an old-fashioned garden, with every colour and kind of columbine you could wish for. They were so dainty, just like ballet dancers. At the back of the house was a high, oval-shaped mound of grass with steps leading up to it. This was our ship, here we sailed the seas and fought the Germans. A few brambles among the turf of longish grass one end were alternately torpedoes, mines, and submarines.

We were never quite sure whether submarines were fired out of torpedoes or the other way round, and mines we had rather muddled up with hand grenades, because we thought we had to throw them and quickly run away. Although we had had a most wonderful happy time at Yew Tree Cottage, we were of an age to be too excited at moving to be sad at leaving the cottage. After all we were in the same village, and the Downs so near gave promise of such fun. Mrs Told rather frightened us at first, I think she did Mother too. She was short and gruff and manly, and had a slight tuft of hair on her chin, which stuck into you if she tried to kiss you, but her heart was good and she grew fond of us all three.

Mother bought some modern casement curtains for the long windows. Pale biscuit colour, with gloriously gay peacocks climbing the edges, and we hooked the curtains back in the daytime with fluffy tassels and at night unhooked them as blinds. When it was wet Mrs Told would let us play with our tops in the basement. First Mother would sweep the floor with wet tea leaves to get the dust off the cement, and then we could have fun.

Mrs Told sort of adopted us. I think she thought Mother a pretty but rather pathetic creature who needed protection. She *gave* me one of her two upright cottage pianos. It was a beautiful piece of furniture. Light oak veneer, with green pleated silk behind the fretwork in the front of the top. The two front legs were huge claws, and either side of the keyboard a little oval shelf pulled out to take a wine glass. There were, of course, the usual candlesticks attached to the front. I began having piano lessons. One day Mrs Told came back from Bristol with a drum she had bought for

Geoffrey. Mother was very surprised as she was afraid Geoffrey might have made too much noise for an elderly lady, but she obviously would not have bought him a drum if this had been the case.

We were not allowed to play near the quarry, unless Mother was with us, but there were plenty of other places to play, and away over the top was a beautiful cowslip field, and Mother taught us to make tisty tosty balls. There were so many cowslips that you couldn't help walking on them. Once, some boys said they had found a lark's nest in the long grass, but they couldn't find it again to show us. Larks are very clever at hiding and protecting their nests. Geoffrey began to take an interest in butterflies, young as he was, but he couldn't seem to catch them with his net, so he used to chase thistledown and bring them carefully to Mother. We always thought they were a kind of fairy to be taken care of and not squashed!

There was a period when a steam-roller repairing the roads had permission to park overnight just inside the gates to the quarry. With my interest in machinery these were red-letter days for me. I knew about 'horse power' when I was six years old! I would dress very early and, if Mother was not about, I would go dashing out without my hair being tied up. Down the long garden path between the columbines I would dash, to get there before the men started raking out the dead coke.

Around the time of my ninth birthday – April 1915 – Auntie Lena wrote to say that Uncle Will, who had joined the Transport Division (very new with lorries instead of horse-drawn carts!), was at Avonmouth and expected to go on a queer thing called a Draft to France any day, and she with Dorothy was going down to Avonmouth and she hoped that Mother would join her. We could then all come back to Bristol together and she would not feel so lonely. We packed little overnight bags, and went by train from Bristol to Avonmouth, and we were going to stay the night in an hotel, which was excitement in itself. Auntie Lena and Dorothy were at the station to meet us and, after booking in at the hotel, took us off to find Uncle Will and the Draft. In a park we found rows and rows of strange huge things called lorries, each had two soldiers standing by it. At last we found Uncle Will and his friend standing by one of these. He lifted us up to show us the inside of the lorry, and explained that when they were all in a row, it was called a convoy, and that when they all moved off together to go on a ship to France, that was called a draft.

After a while the two sisters thought it was best to return to the hotel and after a meal put us to bed, and then they might return to see Uncle Will. So we three children were given a meal in a special room. Suddenly I didn't feel hungry, but very tired. Mother began to help me undress as she could see I was not well. She discovered a queer-looking rash on my chest. She and Auntie went into a huddle, and she decided that Auntie should look after the other two, while Mother took me to the nearest doctor. The doctor took one look at me and said laughingly that I was very unpatriotic, as I had German measles. I began to cry, I did not know what he meant, but I felt it must be a terrible disgrace!

Mother explained the situation, and he suggested that the best thing to do was to catch the very next train back to Bristol and get me into my own bed as soon as possible. So poor Auntie Lena and Dorothy stood on the platform at Avonmouth sadly waving us off. Auntie then thought she would go and find Uncle Will and tell him what had happened. When she got to the park she found that the lorries had all left and gone on the draft, so she took the next train back to Bristol and stayed the night at Hampton Court Road.

In the meantime we had got as far as the end of the trams at Bedminster and, while I sat shivering in the depot, Mother tried desperately to find a taxi that was willing to try to go up the long, steep hill. At last she was able to get one. So it was quite late at night when we surprised Mrs Told by arriving. I was soon in my own bed., and quite enjoyed the few days of fussing in bed. Geoffrey did not get German measles.

All the country roads were surfaced with stones about the size of golf balls, these were hand-thrown on to the road, and rolled by the steam-roller. Months before a road was to be so surfaced a load of large stones of all sizes and shapes would be tipped by the roadside, every quarter of a mile or so. One day the stone-breaker would arrive, probably having walked several miles from his home. He would be carrying a large red spotted handkerchief, a bottle of home-made cider, and his little hammer. Making a cushion of his coat he would sit on the pile, and all day long he would pick up a stone, look at it carefully, and giving it an almost gentle tap with his hammer turn it into two or three more golfball-sized stones, which he would toss behind him, making another pile of stones. The only times he paused all day was when we liked to be near to watch him. First he would open his handkerchief and take out the complete top of a cottage loaf, and then a large piece of cheese. Then out of one of the pockets of his corduroy trousers, or more often from the belt around his waist, he would take a short but ugly-looking knife. Holding the top of the loaf in his left hand, with the first finger pressing the piece of cheese tightly on to the bread, with his right hand he would cut through the bread and cheese with one determined slow strike, and convey them both on the blade of the knife to his mouth. We could never understand why he didn't cut his nose off. He would continue so until all the food was gone, only pausing every now and again to have a swig at the cider to wash it down! It was, of course, a perfectly balanced meal. He had had nothing since his early breakfast, and wouldn't now eat until he got home. So he would continue his stone breaking. No long lunch hours for him, or 'smokos' every couple of hours, and then he had his long walk home. It wasn't until the late 1920s, when the cars really began to use the country roads, that the system changed.

Some young soldiers came for a few days to train on the Downs. They must have been a Scottish regiment because they wore kilts. Some of them played skipping with us at playtime. I remember one of the girls giggling to me that didn't I wish the kilts would go higher when they skipped so that we could see what was underneath! I'm afraid I must have disappointed her, as I was not interested. I was so sexually retarded that I did not know what she was talking about.

Looking back, I can't help smiling at myself, and yet, seeing how sex has come out from the dark corners to become the 'be all and end all' of life, I feel that we have gone from one extreme to the other, and that all my life sex has been in its right place. When you look at and admire every beautiful flower, your first thought is *not* that it is just waiting to be pollinated: you enjoy its colour or perfume for itself; so why, when we see a beautiful face of the opposite sex, must the first thought be to rape it?!

Sometimes we used to walk over to East Dundry to go to the post office, and Mother always bought a 'dough cake' from the hot, sweet-smelling bakery. We liked the walk along the top of the hill, past roadside streams and fairy grottos, and violets nestling in the banks. While we lived with Mrs Told, Mother became friendly with Mr and Mrs Golding who kept the one shop. Sometimes we would go for outings with them in their large cart. Once we went to Brockley Combe. Coming from Bristol along the road to Weston super Mare, almost opposite the little village of Cleeve, is a road on the left up a steep hill through a deep wood, the banks rising high either side. When you walk in the woods you are often nearly knee-deep in leaves, they rustle as you wade and you realize how easily you could become the babes in the wood. This is Brockley Combe and hidden among the rocky banks is the Highwayman's Cave, which was probably used long before the highwaymen found it. When we went with the Goldings to Brockley Combe, Mother said she used to go with her brothers to this cave, and she was sure she could find it. So she and Geoffrey climbed up one bank, but I was not game to go. I don't think she really found it!

In 1941 when she was staying a few days with me at Sand Bay, Mother said she would like to visit her birthplace of Cleeve, so we took a bus to Cleeve and, after visiting the little church and trying to work out where her mother's grave was, we crossed the main road and found the little village school where she had attended, all by itself in a field. To the left of it was a wooded hill

behind a large house called Cleeve Court. Mother said she would like to find an unusual rock formation called 'Cleeve Tott', a kind of chair right at the summit. After we had climbed some distance, but in a complete circle, I thought I had better take over. We passed box trees that had been allowed to grow as high as they wished, and were not low hedges, and the privet was in flower, a thing I had never seen before or scented. At last we reached the top, and the trees had fallen away to a cleared space, and there was this 'chair'! I would think it had been a sacred place thousands of years ago. Sitting in it and looking one way was the most beautiful natural valley of bracken and fern that I had ever seen. (On studying the map at home I was not really surprised to find it called 'Goblin's Combe'!)

To go back to 1915... Another time Mother persuaded Mrs Golding to go with her to Chew Magna. Mrs Golding didn't often drive, and she had never been down the steep hill to Chew Magna, and neither had Mother. They soon got into difficulty, and they couldn't find how to put a brake on the cart, to stop it pushing the horse down the hill. Fortunately I had noticed a queer-looking piece of metal hanging by a chain under the cart on my side. I pointed this out to them, and Mrs Golding realized it was a kind of shoe which, under one wheel, stopped the wheel from going round and so made a brake. I think it all gave the two women such a shock, they never went out without Mr Golding again!

One morning early, before Mother was dressed, *the* telegram arrived. I took it up to Mother. She began to cry. She told me to tell Mrs Told (who was waiting anxiously at the foot of the stairs, as all telegrams in those days were bad news) that 'Daddy was wounded'. Mrs Told, not wishing to show her emotion, and in a very loud voice so that Mother could hear, replied 'better than killed!' I was very shocked at the time and thought her cruel; it wasn't until I was older that I realized how, in her strange way, she had comforted Mother. The telegram also said he was in a fever hospital in Manchester!

My father had first gone to the Suez Canal and stayed some time on the banks, and then they had gone to the Dardanelles and landed at Gallipoli. Being in the Engineers, he had been handling barbed wire, and was in charge of the water, etc. After ten days my father was shot in the back by a Turkish sniper. They would aim for the men's guts, so that they would die slowly. After lying all day in the sun, watching others hit like he was, asking for water and then dying because of drinking, my father was then put on a ship for Alexandria. At least, so he thought, but he ended up in England... but by that time he was unconscious, suffering from erysipelas, because he had insisted that the doctor on the ship operated to take the bullet out from near his spine, although the doctor had *no* anaesthetic or antiseptic! My father insisted because he said the bullet was so near his bladder and he would die, and so he watched the doctor cut his stomach open, until he fainted. When it was over the doctor told him that he would get erysipelas and he did, and that was why he was now just about dying in Manchester Fever Hospital.

Within hours we were packed and on our way. Mother dropped us off at Cheltenham on the way, Geoffrey with Granny, and me with Auntie and Uncle Maisey. It was the first time we had ever been away from our parents, and we were both excited and fearful, especially being separated from each other. We were in Cheltenham about five weeks altogether, but it seemed a great deal longer. At first while I was with Uncle and Auntie I was busy writing to Mother, etc, and helping Uncle in his garden. Relations went into a huddle – Geoffrey was a bit too much for Granny, they thought, especially without me to keep him company, so they decided that we should both go to live with Auntie Lena and Dorothy, which was a much better arrangement all round.

Whenever we went out we seemed to meet old friends of my father's, who wanted to know all about him, and almost always gave us money. This rather put us in a difficult position. Mother had taught us never to take money, but she must have thought this would happen and told us to

accept graciously and say that we were buying a war loan. By the end of the year we had bought one each.

At last Mother sent for us, and we went on an express 'through' train. Auntie pinned our tickets and all particulars on our coats, and gave us a packed lunch, and put us in the charge of the guard, who gave us 'pop' to drink with our lunch.

At Manchester Station there was Mother to meet us and we all cried with joy to see each other. Mother, of course, 'tut-tutted' at the arrangement of my hair. There were always curls that had to be understood, they would only go their way! Mother told us that for a few days we would be staying at the lodge keeper's cottage, where she had been staying, but shortly we would be moving to rooms at the other end of the city.

Everything was so *dirty*, and seemed always to be coated with soot. The lodge keeper had what he called a garden and took me proudly round it. I felt so sorry for him. The soil was so bleak and poor and black with layers of sooty smog which choked all air out of the soil. This was a cold clay laced with small pieces of slate. Out of the unpleasant soil, he had a few flower beds of poor, sickly looking plants struggling to bloom, with even the edge of their petals fringed with soot. Of course, this fever hospital was in the poorer, uglier district of Manchester, not far from the factories. Mother told us the first morning to listen to the clogs of the workers as they passed over the cobblestones on their way to work.

Later that first morning Mother took us to a special isolated small ward, where my father and two other Australian soldiers were together. She told us that presently a nurse would open one of the windows so that we could look in and see them. She told me that, as soon as the window was opened, I was to put my head in at once and say 'Hello, Daddy darling!' even before I had seen him. She explained that I hadn't seen him for nearly two years, and that he had been *very* ill, and I might not know him at first, and he was very afraid of this. It was different of course for Geoffrey, because he had not remembered his father, being too young. I nodded that I would do just that, but I knew that it was ridiculous, just as though I wouldn't know my *father*!

The window went up and I did my act as instructed, and to my sorrow I did *not* know which was him until a hand waved weakly, and a very happy smile came over a thin face at the end of the ward. It was over 20 years later before I was able to find the father I used to know before 1913, and the same understanding began to creep back. I do not blame that on to his experiences, or him at all, he was the same. It was, of course, due to influences on me.

The lodgings Mother found us were in a suburb near a pleasant park, and had been recommended by Mrs Grange. The husband was a real live policeman which greatly thrilled us.

Every day we travelled by tram to the hospital to see my father. The trams were different from any we had seen before. The top deck was covered in from the weather. I was very disgusted. I would begin the day with clean gloves – but before I reached home they would be absolutely filthy and I would be so ashamed of them

A little girl who lived next door was always in a spinal chair. Sometimes we would go with her into the park, I suppose because the spinal chair people were inclined to spoil her, and I didn't find her a very pleasant companion.

It was a red-letter day the first time we saw my father walking in the grounds of the hospital in his Australian army uniform. At last he was discharged from the hospital and given a few days' leave before he was to report to a camp outside Weymouth. After a brief stopover at Cheltenham to

see Granny and the others, we went back to Dundry, and we went back to school.

It was still 1915, and very few Australian soldiers were in England, and so my father attracted a great deal of attention, and of course we were very proud of him. My father realized that he might be some time at the camp at Weymouth, and he got leave and came back to help Mother pack up the furniture as they decided to store it all, but two very large trunks full of clothes and linen, and we would then go wherever my father was while he was in England. The two large trunks placed together made a base for a bed for Geoffrey and me while we were little, if necessary. We were told we could take one big toy with us only.

The day the furniture was taken away Geoffrey and I sat against the outside wall of Mrs Told's front garden, just thinking. The Downs were to our left, and the school was almost in front of us, and suddenly we both became very old. Geoffrey was going to be five in a couple of months and I was nearly nine and a half, but we felt very old and sad. We had both been so happy at Dundry, with just the joy of the simple living, and all our haunts and games. Geoffrey didn't really remember much before Dundry days. It had all seemed homey and settled and we were at the age children don't really like change much. We had been so pleased to get back to Dundry and Mrs Told after the upheaval of the summer in Cheltenham and Manchester.

We felt that life would never be quite the same and, now Mother had my father, we no longer had her undivided attention. Looking back I realize that for the next three years at least my father had half of Mother's affection, which was little enough out of 50 years.

As we sat side by side a wonderful unspoken live friendship, loyalty and understanding was born between us, which continued through separation and marriages and only ended when Geoffrey's plane blew up over New Guinea in 1942.

If I needed any proof of the memories of Dundry, the following cutting from a newspaper dated October 15, 1931, which I found among some odd letters, does just this. It was sent to me when we lived on our farm at Bunjil in Western Australia. At the bottom of the cutting was written one word in Geoffrey's handwriting. 'DUNDRY!'

'To my Sister'

'One joy we'll never know again (not this side of journey's end) that thrilling search of window pane – a penny each to spend! You must remember, as I do, the way we galloped to the shop, a penny china doll for you, for me a wooden top. But once we reached that fairy place, a dozen times we changed our minds. For there were pictures one could trace, also a watch that winds, and lovely scraps for rainy days, and tiny furniture of gold! So many things at which to gaze, all waiting to be sold. Sugar mice, some white, some pink, aroused a small child's appetite, priced at a farthing each I think. Two each, oh, what delight! Another penny still to spend! Sister, I'm sure you will agree, not this side of journey's end such joy for you and me!' Wilhelmina Stitch.

Thursday October 25, 1931. 'Dundry'