

I REMEMBER-I REMEMBER.-----by W.BARTLETT DAY.1969.
born Northam 31/3/1912.
died 30 October 1990

Quite unintentionally, I find myself recalling episodes in my life which mean a great deal to me-if no-one else. I wonder if this can be a sign of old age creeping relentlessly on for I am now 57 though in myself I only feel -well -no age at all, but probably about 40.

The very first thing I can remember is our rather large garden at Maidstone Villa, May St Northam-I was only two then, but we did boast an excellent garden containing dozens of fruit trees including the Alberta peach-very big, juicy & a thick skin which we rubbed off before enjoying. Also many fine vegetables. It seemed like a huge forrest to me & this particular day I became "lost" there & was quite alarmed. Later on browsing in my brothers room I heard a whimper & on investigating was thrilled to discover a litter of puppies in the wardrobe-a mass of tiny fluffy pups which were a great thrill to me if not the family-I think from then on I was never without my dog-of which there were many.

When at the ripe old age of five or six I can clearly remember what was a tremendous thrill of having something of great importance in our back yard-this was an archway which was 18' high with steps up each end & stretching across sixty ' of the yard. It had been Northams gesture of welcome to the royal family & had been erected over the main st of Fitzgerald & gaily decorated. When finished with my father, who was always doing some outlandish thing, bought it & placed it in our home. It was great fun to be taken up it & view the surroundings with the other kids, but one morning after a severe blow I went out only to see a blank space where it stood & a mass of twisted timber. Of course the cry of "The arch has gone" soon brought the rest of the family out to see amid great sighs-still it was dangerous. I cannot recall what happened to all the mess after.

Anyhow-we were destined to pack our bags & go to Boulder then to live with dad who had sold his chemists shop to a Mr Stewart together with his patent brews of Bartlett Days' Bad Eye Milk etc etc.-he once had the shop at York where he was the first chemist & dentist to practice in the eastern wheatbelt.

So Boulder it was during the graet war. I was unable to start school owing to the shortage of teachers who were all at the front & in those days women teachers were very few-mostly owing to the belief that it was unseemly for women to work-thereplace being destined to the home & the running thereof, young girls also stayed at home mostly to learn how to become domesticated & no doubt got very much in the way with so little to do. What was my first day like when I did start? Mother took me of course at the age of seven & being a real mothers boy then soon lodged for lunch time when I would be brought this by mother. By playtime at ten am it seemed like a whole day had passed so up the six feet picket fence I climbed to watch-only to hear a gruff voice scold me & send me to the class room where I stood for the rest of the morning-no kids walked with me that day as I was very much branded as naughty. Not much impressed me apparently as I cannot recall anything at all about my first year at school.

I did have many impressions clearly left during the year I spent there including my first experience of a tooth ache-I can see dad now having to chase me round & round the table to get at me-who won I don't know but he probably only applied iodene which was the old fashioned method for such an ache.

I.REMEMBER-I REMEMBER-----

There was also the time when brother Reg went down with an acute appendicitis & was very ill at home. I had the job of getting ice for him & carried my toy ~~boat~~ yacht to the depot & having nothing to place it in tried to take it home-a big block-balanced on my toy but of course it continually fell to the ground. I did get scolded at the dirty chunk which was eventually handed to mother.

It was about then too that I had mumps-I was fairly sick & was forced to stay in bed with the usual bandage around my head while sister Heather, who was also afflicted, played in the pepper tree outside my window-lucky thing.

Once I climbed onto our roof & ran along the edge then I jumped onto the half tank type roof that connected the main house with the kitchen etc only to find it was rotten & it gave way-fortunately I slid with the falling roof & was not much hurt but the boy next door, whom I hardly knew came in & said poor Billy have my hanky-I thought it very kind of him & was quite impressed-Berty Fleming was his name, the son of a Baptist minister.

One thing that used to scare me a lot was the sight of the natives when they came into town-they could be seen approaching a long way off & the word got round to keep indoors as they always were almost naked & carried their spears & shields in a most menacing manner. I do not recall them ever attacking any one but they were so filthy & always seemed to be waving their arms around & making weird noises & almost demanding food etc.,

The worst dust storms I ever remember I saw at Boulder-in fact they were so severe that we as kids on the way to school often had to take cover under the storm water drains as we could not see ahead & too we were scared, everything went black & the mess they made of the houses was awful & took days to get cleaned out of the rooms. This dust came mostly from the huge dumps at the mines. They were so high that it was an outing to be taken up them & when only half way which was as far as I could climb, the cars & people looked like ants moving around below, they were also a tourist attraction as they could be seen for miles from the train as it wound around them.

Occasionally Heather, who was my ringleader, & hated school, would take me into father's surgery & ask for 2/- for mother to shop with, this we promptly took to Albany Bells famous tea rooms & had cold spiders-lemonade with ice cream on top. I think this was the most exciting drink I ever had & a real luxury to us. Heather did hate school. Time after time she could not be found when we were to set off & mother looked everywhere but she often had to be left at home or where ever she was hiding, which I once discovered was under mother's dresses which were hanging on the line. Who would think of looking there eh.

Of course the great war ended too while we lived in Boulder. I clearly recall mother taking us to meet the train when it came in with the rations-we could not get sugar, but did get some butter from this. For sugar mother hit on the idea of using milk kisses which were put in her tea, then when these became scarce they were reduced to a half. The shortage was so great that even these cut out so no sugar at all. When war ceased we kids took our dinner bell-the one we still use, & ran up the street ringing & shouting with everyone else-very exciting.

Dad was concerned with the pigeons taking our precious wheat left for the chooks so he set a rabbit trap in the yard-the only thing he caught was out prize rooster-so no more traps. Of course we had a goat which everyone in the fields seemed to have-it was more of a nuisance than the milk we got from it-they seemed to eat everything & break down the fences as they were great climbers & most destructive things. Dad also hit on the idea of taking us out rabbiting with traps & ferrets, these were a tiny little dog like animal-when the man delivered the two we were to use he put them in the bedroom for safety, but we could not get in to catch them as they bit so much & dad not have their muzzles on so the man had to be contacted to take them away again.

There was not a great deal I remember after that, so back to Northam we went as mother was too bad with her asthma in the dust etc. I was glad to get back to making friends again with the locals & restarting school. We used to do like all kids-go very early so we could wrestle. I don't know why kids like doing this but all did & got very dirty. I was proud of my new bag which sat on my back & also my big lot of marbles. The tough guys used to charge in crying, "allies are out-smugglers about" & away went those on the ground. Still it was fun & we had plenty. It was at this stage a visitor brought his dog to us & I patted him rather hard on the head which it did not like so he jumped up & sank his teeth into my face just below my left eye & into my lip-off to the hospital I went & had iodine poured over the cut & the nurses gave me a money box with some shillings in for being so brave-the dog was shot by the owners. At school I was very proud at learning to spell lieutenant which seemed such a big word & I have never forgotten the thrill. Also I had my first "girl" & used to ask mother to buy her a necklace as a gift. We had terrific games of mud throwing bombs-we used to get hold of the tops of kerosene tins with the little handles & use them as shields. My "enemies" were Peter Trezise (Now ~~an~~ a psychologist in Perth) & Douglas McPherson-Now Dr at City Beach) Pip Pavey-now lives at the back of us. & lots of others. Peter was my arch rival for a girl named Enid Mower.

When ten I was given a daisy air rifle with little lead shots & hollow slugs with darts. All boys had them & very few had accidents as we were all brought up with severe instructions as to safety. We went out in the bush on our own shooting birds etc. My aunty rang the police one day to complain that her chooks were being shot-I got blamed for that but of course I didn't do it. We used to lie down near them & shoot at greenies as they hopped on the ground to drink from pools. Again the police came to our place for me as a neighbour complained some boys were taking her oranges-a black tracker & constable came through our back fence having tracked me down. I was standing near my cage of a hundred pigeons when they arrived & felt quite sick while being questioned. When they looked at my boots they were a bit small so I said in a dumb way that boy Miller -our English masher's son-had big boots. It turned out it was Allen Geofreys who pinched the fruit & cut through our fence. He was always in trouble & always late for school too with me as I waited for him.

My cousin Bob Day once visited us & ordered a brand new bike from Boans for me. My first. Gosh I lived on it & once won a prize for slow riding-riding about ten yards in five minutes. I did all sorts of tricks & again got into trouble with the police for trick riding in the street.

We used our bikes all day & once I had a dog I was not allowed to keep so took him with me about four miles from town & left him. I belted home a different way & was quite pleased to have lost him, but when I got home-there he was panting & "smiling" at me in welcome so off I went again but no luck as he was too shrewd this time so I kept him.

I was interested in making things & was very pleased with a chair I made with only a couple of tools. It seemed pretty good but was probably only made from a box. I wanted to leave school & be a cabinet maker but was talked into staying on for a few years & given my first bank account with five shillings in it by an aunt who promised me a tool kit if I stayed-it never turned up though. Brother Frank did give me a proper mans sized bench with a tool rack for chisels etc in it. I was proud of this but did not use it much.

The flower mill was being rebuilt so Frank brought home all the unwanted long planks & from this Reg made a very strong slide for us all. It ran from the top of our roof a long way up the yard & had guide rails on it with boxes to sit in for the great slide. We used soap & grease to make the box seats slide better, it was fun.

Reg once came home from a farm he was working on-~~or~~ he had been up north-only about 17 or 18-with a guge dray & horses. The wheels were about six feet high-like the ones at the old mill South Perth. I was very impressed at my big brother as he was up north as a jackaroo & went boundary riding near Bamboo Creek & saw only natives for months to talk to. The native weapons we have at home were brought back by him. They were actually used by the natives, who were quite wild then, in tribal fights & show the marks where spears were deflected with the shields. Our spears which were about ten feet long were too big to cart about so they have been lost over the years.

The natives were very plentiful in those days & we always had one- old Louis who helped with the lawndry-she used to get scared of ghosts in our yard & mother would say they can't hurt you, but L' would say at our suggestion to spear them-"Can't spear ghost"& would not move. The menfolk never seemed to work but would wait at their camps for the woman to come home with food. Mother always gave them the same three course meal we had, but they mostly scraped all into a billy to take back to the men. They were always wandering round in groups with two or three props which they sold to householders for their clothes lines-& these were very popular. We weren't very scared of these natives as they were quite different to the goldfields ones.

One day as a treat to us Frank hired a sulky & horse from the livery stables in the main street & we all got dressed in our best to go for a sunday drive-we only got a mile out of town when the horse started to play up & we children got too frightened so back home we came-we never hired one again as that was enough. Anyhow Frank had got a motor bike & sidecar for work at the mill & this was fun. I was taken to Perth with mother once-I on the pillion clinging on & tearing along at twenty miles an hour-it was too rough on the gravel roads & took about four hours in those days. A bit different to mother's days when they went by horse & cart winding along the road-or tracks-& that took two days to get to the big city.

Lately there has been a lot of self analyses going on within the family with some emphasis on father Bill Day, which makes me think how little children know of their parents younger days & what they did with themselves-with mine-they only know of a person who is elderly, avoids going out, rather inactive & quiet-this was not always the case as you will see.

To start with I was unable to start school at six in Boulder because of teacher shortage on account of world war 1. So it was not until I was seven that I got going-my first morning I was stood in the corner because I climbed on to the fence at play time to see if mother was coming with my lunch-fellow pupils would not talk to me because I was naughty-my start in life.

When peace was declared I ran up & down the street ringing the bell we have that you all have known as a call to meals etc & all the street have known & envied the way you all responded. Incidentally that same bell was used for that purpose 90 years ago by Grandfather Throssell at Fermoy, Northam-he had 12 children so it was a boon.

I got my first push bike when 12 & my first watch when I turned 21. All boys in my days were very different to now as they were taught to be polite, respectful, to raise their hats to women & teachers etc & instructed in safety measures with rifles-yes rifles for at 12 we had a self loading gun which fired lead pellets & darts at 13 we were given .22 rifles to use to hunt with & could walk into any grocershop & buy packets of a 100 bullets. & of course we all made our own gings & bamboo shooters. A piece of bamboo about a foot long which had the core poked out & split out in the top with a rib taken from our mothers' old corset, this was inserted and doubled up (bent) & a stone placed in it & fired when released. About this age the whole school was marched to a paddock to witness the first plane fly over Northam. I desperately wanted to leave school then but was talked into staying "another year" & given a savings account with 5/- in it-enough to keep me there. I wanted to be a chemist like my father-a carpenter, & then a farmer like my brother. At 13 I wanted to go on a six week Y.A.L. tour of the East but we could not afford it so I was told if I saved the expenses in 6 months I could go-I set to by driving two cows from homes to paddocks at Oakover estate in the morning & returning them at night, for 3/- a week. I bred up my pigeons to nearly 100 & sold these dressed to people. Grew herbs & took them round in a cart selling. Window dressed & bagged up fertilizers each Sat morning for an uncle. Swept two tennis courts & marked them each week etc & anyhow saved the fares in six months so went on the tour.

I helped Sir James Mitchell with his efforts to get into parliament in various ways, helped in the campaign to ban alcohol "There will be glory in the morning when the drink is swept away."

When at High School I was very good at my chemistry subjects etc & Ag Science-I was made captain of my group at gardening learning correct methods etc-used to take a look at them after footy but was reported for stealing turnips-someone had been for some time. Was not believed when I did not stand out at assembly & own up so was stood in the hall all playtime so every one would see me. When I left two years later the head even said how sorry he was that I had not owned up as it was the one blot against me. We came to Perth at 15. I had been getting up at 6am daily to practice tennis-I was in the team at High-so when I got to Perth I saw the annual City of Perth junior events & were on so entered the championship under 16 event. As I would turn 16 that year I had to forfeit.

2/. Another set back was when I saved birds eggs-one of each only, & knew which trees would have a particular bird in it-I had my collection all bedded down in plaster of paris & named-they were beautiful-When our neighbour head master was going to England for a holiday, he asked to take them to show over there.he did, but told me after that they were so impressed that he gave them to "them" knowing I wouldn't mind.

Got my junior certificate & went to Scotch but found I could not do chemistry as I had not taken latin-they did not teach this at Claremont High-another upset. Found they did not play tennis there so organised the repair of the tennis court near the swamp & got the school into playing against Wesley & Christ Church-unofficial inters. Was put up for captain but was not known being a new boy so no luck. Left school & went farming at BindiBindi with brother Reg-used to take out a team of 5 or 6 horses & put them in the plough or harvester & do my work. aiming to be a farmer. Took the kangaroo dog & my rifle hunting all the time-If I put up a roo would chase it like a mad man-got to know they would shoot off & let the young one double back so instead of chasing the big ones * would head backwards & sure enough there would be the young one-once collided with one as it cut back & we both went sprawling-Reg said I was the only person he knew who had chased & caught a roo.

Applied for a bank job as it was depression days & to my horror got a letter back to report to Perth now as the job was mine. That morning the last thing I did was go hunting rabbits-I would run after them as I knew they only ran a short distance before squatting with their ears pressed back hard & were easy to grab if quick-caught 6 that day & skinned them ready to bring back-Chap in the train said what the stink I had with me was. Rather funny. Joined the rugby club which was in its infancy then but was told to give it up as any injury would be self inflicted-another set back. Started up with the first (& only) indoor tennis club-up to 3 courts at the show grounds-I was Captain & social secretary & organised inter club tennis games-social-with South Perth, Mundaring, Robinson Park, Allen Park etc-all good fun & of course had to make the welcoming speeches or reply as the case maybe.

Joined the Amateur Movie Club & was being trained to be the assistant movie camera man. We rehearsed in King's Park at the little rotunda & in Shenton Park swamp for scenes in the rushes-all this fell through as half the cast wanted to go swimming etc so it was too hard to organise. Joined the W.A. Gliding Club-never glided as it was a throw up name for a dance group held in the hall the railway at Subiaco. The idea was to avoid paying entertainment tax-being a club. I was always first up when the music started as you would have the floor to yourself for a few minutes-it was great except for -taking a girl home-mug enough to ask before finding out where they lived-presuming they were local-so would catch the last tram out & have to walk home to Bay View Terrace where I then lived. Sometimes it was from Mt Lawley (never again) & a lot from North Perth near Bruce's house. Went to a party every week as having two inseparable friends-the three musketeers-we were a cinch to be asked out solving the girls guest lists. In those days there was never any funny business going on. First night would be arm round waist -second night a kiss-if the same girl-then another stage of a cuddle. But I swear never any flesh touching-never came into it. & that was the norm.

Got the church group interested in tennis. Joined the Quiet time

3/.

run by the Church of England where we would meet at homes & stand up & recount to all how we had been saved or some such thing-I never got round to that stage before leaving. Also the church would not let me restore the tennis court because they could not buy a net so I left the church & joined the Methodist opposite where they had all things going including Badminton which I took to. The church has been left & is now next to the Growers Mart.

About this time was the famous bank hold up-being depression time-the unemployed used to hang around at the West Perth Markets for a meal ticket or a job so things were a bit edgy-then one day when I was out I walked a chap & jumped the counter & grabbed the revolver from the manager-when I came in I heard this gasping help call coming from the floor, so I called out what's ~~up~~ to my horror up stood a stranger with the revolver in his hand & dropped it on the counter & held up his hands-thinking I had said Hands up. anyhow that meant several court appearances etc & three years jail.

In Perth Office I returned a cheque No funds-this led to a criminal charge against a public servant in Carnarvon-I was sent up there as a witness. Again a court appearance in Perth. Later the same kind of thing with a chap at Bunbury-in came my then friend the detective & he said not you again. we may have to go to Bunbury for the case-I had been his bridge partner at Carnarvon & let him down so became his "Broken reed".

Left my tennis club & joined a proper club at College Park-won a mens doubles handicap event, was on the committee & asked to be captain but declined. Was transferred to Merredin-straight away joined the tennis club, badminton club, repertory club & got a part in The Middle Watch-all good fun. Started my golf with three old left handed wooden clubs. Was in the Town Hockey Club & played at different venues. Left here & went to Menzies-the most deadliest town you could find-all the chaps did was sit on empty kegs next to the pub & only got animated when a dog fight started up. Helped to make a tennis court out of ant hill which we wet & rolled but before we got going the famous flood hit & it was washed away-we got it going again later & it was very good. Started playing golf almost daily. Formed a badminton club-the first ever in Menzies-took a lot to convince the shire that it would not affect the dancing-my lines are probably still there. There was no one who had ever played so had to teach all members. finished up running it three nights a week-bought six rackets ^{quets} a net & shuttles & used to mend the strings on the spot as they snapped. Entered the sports day-won throwing at the wicket contest. Had a red cloud kelpie dog Justa who followed me every where even to dances & would go round & round on the floor. Would guard the bank, come to golf & chase the balls. Would let me practice when I would hit the ball over the road from the bank & bring it back to me.

Met Bess up there-& the rest followed which you all know about I had three managers over me in a year at Menzies & all in some way which I can't mention were no good. I was left to run the branch unofficially-the people wanted to take up a partition for me to be put in charge but I stopped that. Lots of things happened up there.

Was transferred to Perth. Joined the 16th Battalion Scotty Highlanders-volunteer training-wore a kilt-can you see me? Then joined up but the bank pulled me out as reserved occupation. Was mobilised when the Japs came in & went training with the 16th on a special cadre mission to see if we could be trained in ten days all aspects of war so we could if needed teach others. Did trench digging, barbed wire etc Vickers machine gun-had to strip & assemble blindfolded etc.

4/. Came back-married-joined the wardens of the district & in charge of this area supervising the safety of people-most families shot through to the country-we were one of only two left in our street. You could have bought any house for a song-especially round Dalk²⁴th. Made an air raid shelter below the ground to house six in need. Eventually got released & joined the AIF. Strangely found two of the six in my tent were-one a cousin & the other from this street. First up I saw faults with the leave pass system & asked to be paraded to the Sgt Major & told him my ideas etc. Was put into the Dental Unit & made a clerk orderly helping on the chair-learnt it quickly & would make the book entries as to type of filling before the boss said. He would say to me well Cpl what am I going to fill this with?

My most exciting day at this Show grounds camp was when the men came back from the Middle East to reorganize & all had to parade for meals etc. I was picked out to lead. The S.M. would scream out. "Marker-fallout" & there I was marching in full parade manner out to the centre about turn & wait. Then the order-00n your marker--fall in." & all these seasoned chaps from the war zones would march in.

Left Perth for the North-became staff Sergeant at our unit headquarters to organize for overseas-left for the East-got to the Tablelands in Qld. Then it got near moving. I was sent to a school for additional training-typing etc etc & had to do a 5minute speech -so I chose artificial insemination of cattle-its importance in the future to Aust. if possible. It was something new being tried. Rejoined my unit attached to 9th division, then to 7 Div. Was put on loan to Div H.Qs. to help prepare all division movement orders so was placed in a tent with armed guard outside while I typed the stencils with orders for each battalion-all very exciting. Returned to my unit & along came Our orders-my Major said-Staff-though you handle all our affairs & files I can't let you see this as it is top secret. Yet he knew I had typed the stencil-some people are like that.

We had to learn to move out in half an hour when the time arrived-all secret because of the fear of 5th column-I devised a way of packing all dental records etc etc into two panniers by hinging one lid & opening it out to join the other pannier & so form a table so I got rid of the army camp one-put shelves into the other & though I would be the last to pack up because of returns etc could slam shut & be packed in 5 mins. Moved out of Aust. & because I was a S.Sjt was put on stand by ship duties & at ports would be on watch & have to choose fatigue groups for toilet cleaning spud peeling etc. but the chap I would pick -not knowing them-would not turn up-so I had to pick my own unit chaps always or else fall down on my job as s.s.

Well the war finished & I was at Morotai island-was told I had been recommended for an immediate award of a M.I.D. & that it had been approved-never came to light though. Had the privilege of being one of those to witness the actual peace signing by the Jap Command with all the ceremony & also got a copy-one of six only-with all the signatures on it as a memento. My Major would not let me come home when my turn came as he said I was essential service-he went off himself & left me to carry on with the administration & bring back the six sections to Aust. Most would be gear as the men would be gone.

There was a lot more to it but I have cut things short as this has almost turned out to be a story, badly written as it has been brief incidents only-I don't want to go on & on so will let this suffice to try & show what MY life was. I suppose I had better write a little more about my eventual return tp home.

5/.

Once back in Aust. somewhere in N.S.W. I was still held as the only officer with me lived there so naturally he wanted to go on leave but after awhile I got away & left for home. I went to the bank the first week & told them I would be a civvy next week-how exciting for me-but after taking leave of a month & going for my demob & xray I was told to report to Hollywood for tests-I was immediately confirmed as advanced state of T.B. in both lungs & that these days it could be cured. Well what a blow for us all. I was sent by ambulance to Northam TB hospital with three other suspects-don't know why but I got them all singing & told them not to worry as they might be clear. Had lots of experiences in hospital-was the first case to have both lungs artificially collapsed as an experiment which proved O.K. so others had the same. Was put on a no talking for one month as I had strained my lungs talking to Bess when she came up to visit me. Visitors would say is that man dying etc. We had forty chaps in the one ward so could see everyone & became involved in all that went on.

When we left to come to Perth the orderlies were told we were all strict bed patients so they brought in stretchers-we said we are not going on a stretcher & we want to go to the toilet so to their horror we all got up & walked. People in Nedlands objected to us being sent to Hollywood as they all feared this disease not knowing we were under control but they probably were not. etc. Anyhow after 18 months just lying there & having air needles & X-Rays every week-no anesthetic-& the same chaps next to me all that time-out I came.

Rejoined the bank at Fremantle to settle back & was very hurt when at morning tea someone yelled not that cup-that's Mr Days-I noted it had a bit of red cotton on the handle-they still were wary of me.

Had my X-Rays on view in a Perth awareness drive to show what could be done & a caption "This man is now back at work". One of the marvellous results of rest etc.

The Bank had a drive for funds competition-each branch was a team I won the Branches championship-also was 7th in the whole of Aust. Won the competition for the best letter as to how I got new business etc.

The following year I again won the branches champ'p & was 13th in Aust. So that wasn't too bad. While on sick leave, which was often I mapped out all the shops & who owned them in Hollywood, Dalkeith & Claremont where there were no banks & gave it to Perth Office.

Anyhow eventually it all got the better of me with being off so often with upper respiratory infections & a month off so often I then developed claustrophobia badly & couldn't go to shops or Perth even or go out without a panic -in shops I would want to leave if held up etc & went through Hell if I met anyone in the street as that meant I could not get away & made all sorts of silly excuses. This feeling even came on at the drive ins as once there I could not just get up & go so nothing was a pleasure to me. I'd go to the footy alone & as soon as the game started I'd vacate my rail seat & stand up at the back so I could get away if needed. So that all found me ready to resign even without a pension but three different doctors gave me a certificate to retire on sick ground which I did & here I am. So you see there are lots of gaps & events in between but that is why I am as I am & do what I can my way. I am very short of breath which is why I don't like meeting people as I lack oxygen if an effort is put in, but I enjoy my life & my family though I might appear to hang back. This is a true story & I hope no moans in it.

Of course I've had Bess as a back up all this time & as the saying always goes--Without her help I would never have got by."

W.L.D.B.D. 18/1/86.

