

Miss Pasque and I remember her with the greatest possible amount of respect. Lamorna couldn't stand her, funny that.

I did not enjoy my period of nursing training, but I must say that it improved greatly when Lamorna came and we could **not** enjoy our nursing training **together**! Lamorna was a couple of 'sets' after me, which probably meant about six months. She had started her training at St. Thomas's Hospital in London. One couldn't help but notice Lamorna as she was so very different.

She is one of those people who, a bit like me, looks formidable and is not in the least. I was amazed to find her one-day cleaning her shoes out in the corridor (so that you do not put the carpet in your room at risk) without anyone actually standing over her telling her that she must. So I sat and chatted to her while she did this. Then there is the way she spoke—and walked. She sort of stalked with a measured tread. We are still friends. When living in the environs of the hospital simply became too much for us we got a flat and 'lived out' which was better. When we had any reasonable amount of time off we went to each other's homes. Lamorna's folks had the Dartmoor Inn, which, cold and windswept though it was, her mother managed to make warm and hospitable. Lamorna's father was ex airforce, and very "Gung Ho"! Spoke loudly. Needless to say I was quite unreasonably scared of him. He was Squadron Leader K. P. H. Cleife and either owned or had access to a small aeroplane. One day he took Lamorna and I out in this plane and we circled over Gabberrwell doing interesting wing flapping things, and my folks waved white towels. I was unable to appreciate all this as I was far too busy turning green, being sick, and wishing I was dead. I don't think I was regarded as being a very 'good sport'. He wrote several books, airforce etc, types, and later "James Bond gorgeous girlie" types. As I write this he is still going strong at 90, and chasing any girl that seems likely.

My mum took Lamorna and I on holiday once to Weston-Super-Mare. We had great fun and laughed all the time; my mum was great fun to be with.

Lamorna had been to a Convent for her education, or part thereof, and though she remained an Anglican, she is about as serious regarding her response to The Lord as anyone I have ever met. I on the other hand, was at another "poof out like a candle" stage of my life, and all this grieved her sorely, poor dear. Some years after I left England we changed addresses once or twice too often and lost touch. Then, when in '95-odd we went to England for the Diocese, I got in contact with her through the Nursing Association and what a joy that was! Lamorna hadn't even known that Andrew was a priest and I a priest's wife with no 'poof' in sight.

The most fearful part of our hospital days was night duty. I don't think anyone who has not done nursing night duty can understand the feverish rush necessary to get the late evening and early morning work done. Then there was always the dread of being put on 'Lopes', the female medical ward with 36 beds usually full of the very sick. As a junior, the horror was of getting the bedpan and washing round done to the clock; as a senior it, was of the diabetics that had come in for stabilising. In the semi-dark of night it is quite hard to estimate if someone was in an insulin coma, a diabetic coma, or merely sleeping peacefully! After facing the music resulting from waking patients to ask if they were all right, I learned to do it by smell! When in my nightmares I am not too busy being chased by Germans, then the day nurses are coming up the stairs and I haven't made the beds and taken the temperatures.

I went out with a doctor a couple of times while at Greenbank – just to test the waters!

Although only 18 miles distance separated them (not far by South African standards) the journey from the hospital to Kingston was quite an issue. Getting to Modbury was not too difficult because busses went that way to go on to Kingsbridge. The last five miles had to be by bike. I had a sort of understanding with Stevens' garage about leaving my bike there. On the way back to Plymouth one of the options was to catch the Bigbury bus at Four Cross which because it was just