

had a mark on my arm where a horse had bitten me, and when asked what the mark was, told him, whereupon an argument ensued because Mahamoud insisted that horses did not bite. Amin was brought in to quell the riot and said "ridiculous, of course horses bite," or words to that effect.

Amin turned out to be inoperable, and his cousin was in quite a stew about it all because he had told the family that they could do anything in England. If they would only let them take his uncle there they would cure him. He was quite scared to go home, poor man.

After nursing Miss McQuade at the Clinic I went home with her and became a permanent fixture in her household for a while. She was 84 and also inoperable. She was great fun to be with and took me all over the place with her. Convinced that she would be well enough she planned a last trip back to her native Australia where I was to go with her, she was however never well enough. But in the interim she learned that I could not dance and dancing, it seemed, was a must if you are to travel any distance by boat, so she advised me to go and learn to dance. I endeavoured to do this by signing up at the London Dance Institute in Oxford Street. Sadly I was not too good at dancing in the same way that I was not too good on a bicycle. To do with a somewhat impaired sense of balance. Anyway I had paid my money, and so they gamely tried to teach me to dance. They even set one of their bright students at the task, and that was Dad (hitherto referred to as Andrew). Finding ourselves badly in need of some coffee after these sessions we went out to have that together. Funny thing about Andrew, apart from Martin he is the only man in whose company I feel entirely comfortable. There are a few men of our acquaintance now that I have gotten pretty used to however. This business about feeling comfortable with Andrew has always struck me as odd because from the very beginning he was at times irritable, bad tempered, or depressed, or all three. Perhaps because all or any of these states when manifest were abundantly obvious and not sort of hidden I felt safe. Anyway, who knows about how these things happen and we became good friends at all events.