

official collection point where Doc was involved, she just about had a stand up fight with every one because they wouldn't let her take a couple. Dina and I also did a musical tour of the village with my musical box and a toy piano. At the end of the tour we arrived at my home with quite a considerable amount of remuneration, and my folks said how nice it was of us to do that for the Prince of Wales Hospital in Plymouth; where it was promptly sent! They sent us such a charming thank you letter. Also in mushroom season we would get up early and go and pick mushrooms and sell them. We flatly refused to be parted from that money however, because we said, lots of children did it, which they did. It was quite the thing to know the field where the best mushrooms where to be found.

Then there was a weird incident. Just out of the village there was sizeable house almost mansion-ish actually, in which lived a tiny little old lady called Miss de la Pole who kept stallions. Anyway she died leaving no relatives and no will. This talk of no will, I suppose, went round and round, and Dina and I read too many children's adventure books, so we went off in search of a will. This of course entailed breaking into the house, which we did and though a thorough search was made no will was found. It was all a bit spooky. Actually we were quite pleased when the search was over and we could get out of the musty house again. Once more back at my home we related all. I can remember that an immediate solution to this problem did not occur to the grownups this time. Anyway eventually my long suffering mother phoned the police and informed them that they had better secure the house a little better, because if two small girls could break in, so could anyone else.

Then I failed my eleven plus. It has been said in my hearing more than once, that it was practically impossible to fail the eleven plus, but anyway I failed it. It was an important exam because if you passed it you went on to a higher grade school - in Kingsbridge. If you failed it, you went by bus daily to a lower grade school in Modbury, a small town five miles away. Dina also failed, so off we went. I remember very little about what I did or didn't learn there. All I remember is that during the reading periods, unlike everyone else, I actually read. Also our domestic science teacher was called Miss Spellacy and I shone at cooking and sewing. Also I was good at story writing. During composition I had to read my stories to the class more than once. Once I got over being travel sick after the bus journey every day, I was fairly happy there.

In England in those days there was this milk plan and lunch plan. Every child had to drink a half a pint of milk daily, which was delivered to, and dispensed at, the school. We had to drink it while being watched - not so bad during the Winter, but in Summer invariably sour, so you learned to drink it while holding your breath, then you didn't know the difference. Then every one had a school lunch complete with pudding. If you had a note from your parents' after lunch you could give your note in, and go to town. By which time you were hungry again and would buy, for two pennies, some chips wrapped traditionally in newspaper and consume those on the way back up the hill to school. Sometimes Dina's mother Dora would forge a note for me if I had neglected to get one from home.

Is it not amazing how the human animal loves to fight. There was an absolute war between those who caught our Bigbury bus, the Thurlston, or Brynston buses or others - you had better not be caught talking to someone who was taken home on one of the another school busses.