

that, four crossing roads surrounded by fields, there was nowhere to leave a bike. This then had to be walked. I suppose it was a good couple of miles. I have a very vivid memory of those walks, usually taken at the last minute at night to catch the last bus.

Some of my mum's and my favourite books were those written by Jeffery Farnol, especially "The Broad Highway" which my mum read to me before I was really into reading it for myself. Farnol was particularly good at describing the countryside and walking in it at night, people walked of necessity more in olden days when his books took place. There was inevitably a roughish wind, owls hooting and trees swaying in the moonlight and weather warm or cold, a little on the spooky side. Then one would stand at Four Cross and wait and hope that you had got the thing right and then from the distance would come the brightly lit bus, civilisation at last!

I hung around doing staff nurse in the South Devon and East Cornwall Hospital, Greenbank Road as it was by then called. Then Lamorna finished her training and after applying to Perth in Scotland to do our midwifery and being accepted we shot up to London to do private nursing.

Life was a bit easier in Gabberwell by this time. They had an electric pump for the water, which my mom cared for as Doc was by that time a bit past it, a television set, and a better life with me off their hands. I had managed to get my mum to ease him out of doctoring by that time and this was not too easy as the villagers kept coming.

Wine making was the order of the day with Doc picking the Dandelions and so on and sampling the rather fine wines that mum made. Ivy Willcocks, the postmistress, a very large strong lady who walked many miles with the postbag, made it her business to call at Gabberwell last, and after sampling the latest would happily weave her way down to the gate and home. When I went home I had to try this one or that one because they were not mature yet but 'coming along nicely dear'. Immature wine, even when it is coming along nicely, is not the way to get used to wine and just about put me off for life. Doc used to drink a Whiskey at night and on one occasion it did not get itself ordered, so he had to settle for - some of Pam's stuff. As homemade wine tastes less strong than it is, he drank more than was wise, and just about had to be put to bed!

My mum and Doc were not too happy to see me go far away to London, but understood that a worker goes where the work is.