



*Myself with sister Sheila.*

My sisters and I and my friend Hazel were all very close. We used to do some pretty wild things, you know, all us kids together and away from the adults. There was a huge waterwheel at Broomstreet – before cousin Dick took it down – which used to run the threshing machine. We'd climb inside this wheel and, by stepping on the underside of each of the slippery buckets and catching it just right you could get the wheel going faster and faster. Soon we'd be running – it was like a human hamster wheel – with the others shouting “Faster! Faster!” One slip and it

would've taken your legs off – or probably worse! It makes me shudder even to think about it now.

Another of our favourite games was to play with a silk bedspread in the wind. We'd tie string to the corners and all hold on and race into the wind. It was like a kite and would lift us up a little. One time, I remember, I was holding on to the strings and the rest of them, between them, secretly planned to let go, and there was a terrible wind blowing. Well, I was whipped up high into the air and clung on for dear life. I went flying first over one hedge, across the corner of the field and over a second hedge – and then good job I pitched because next was the cliff and the sea hundreds of feet below!

Our doctor was called Dr Head and he lived at Rockford, and Mother absolutely worshiped him! You went to his house and that's where he dealt with you. There were no set times, you just banged