

## Chapter 5

I have some more thoughts about our relatives and need to include them somewhere

My mother went to an all girls school, St John's in Bexhill on Sea.

I think Uncle Ted went to Bexhill too but to an all-boy's school. They were not allowed to even wave to each other if they saw each other on their walks or anywhere else.

Thelma and I went to Bexhill about four years ago, there is a super little museum there.<sup>1</sup>

*Uncle Jack:* I think he may have been too young for the First World War and possible too old for the second. I think that I only met him once. He was never married as far as I know. He worked as a butcher in The King's Road, London and I saw him in the shop accompanied by my Grandmother.

I have an idea that he had a disagreement with his father and was treated rather badly by the family.

Jack, I am fairly sure, is buried in Wallingford.

*Aunties Ada and Dorothy:* They lived at "Calleva" 111, Norton Road, Winton, Bournemouth.

I have little knowledge of their earlier life.

At some stage they met a man, he probably owned "Calleva". He was older and needed looking after. Ada and Dorothy agreed to care for him until he died. My understanding is that he left them financially secure.

Ada and Dorothy were staunch spinsters. Ada was the elder and I met her several times, she was a good needlewoman and made dolls clothes to a high standard. Auntie Dorothy was about my mother's age so I knew her much better. She was outspoken and had ideas that may not be acceptable these days. Politically Correct she was not! She would not have had any real interest in politics. The two sisters were close and their lives were intertwined. Dorothy was a strong person but must have missed her sister dreadfully. She eventually got a small terrier which she called "Scampie". Although Dorothy thought that she had trained the dog with a rod of iron it was in fact Scampie that ruled her life.

Dorothy was generous and welcomed guests. She loved driving them around Hampshire and Dorset. She knew all the best places for tea and cakes. She would feed you well with good English roasts, tea and cakes morning and afternoon and in-between if so inclined.

She had a pond with koi carp. The next door neighbours rented and they had children. If a football came over the fence she would return it once or twice with a warning but on the third occasion she would keep the ball. At one stage she had fifteen of them in her shed! Although much older than many of her neighbours she would help them a lot by just being available for a chat, taking them out in the car, doing their shopping, inviting them for meals. She was well known in Winton. She always had a story to tell and was entertaining.

Dorothy would not have had any deep thoughts about anything but quite early in life she was either interested in the Roman Catholic Church or may even have been accepted into that faith. I am sure she was not a regular church-goer but her funeral

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<sup>1</sup> Go there in the summer and see if there are any pictures of her school in the museum and enjoy the De la Ware building on the front; Oscars friend Bruce was chef there for a while.

service was held in the Roman Catholic Church in Wallingford where she was buried next to her sister.

Their house was decorated in a Victorian way. It was always spotless and Dorothy ensured that everything was kept in tip-top condition, including the garden. They had large furniture and some nice pictures, I remember a painting of a sailing ship in the hall. At the auction after her death I would have liked to buy a bench which I understood had been outside my grandfather's fell-monger's premises in Wallingford. It was cold and pouring with rain I would have had to saw into two or three pieces and even then I may have not got it in the car. I had no saw and it would have been too big for our garden; I nevertheless regret not having this memento of my Great Grandfather.

Dorothy never felt the need to go abroad or have a holiday; she loved her environment and life-style. I think a lot of people admired her certainty, directness and lack of any airs, she saw life in her way, expressed her views, and lived it.

*Thornley:* I never met him; he was married to Sybil and lived near Salisbury.