

## Further Adventures

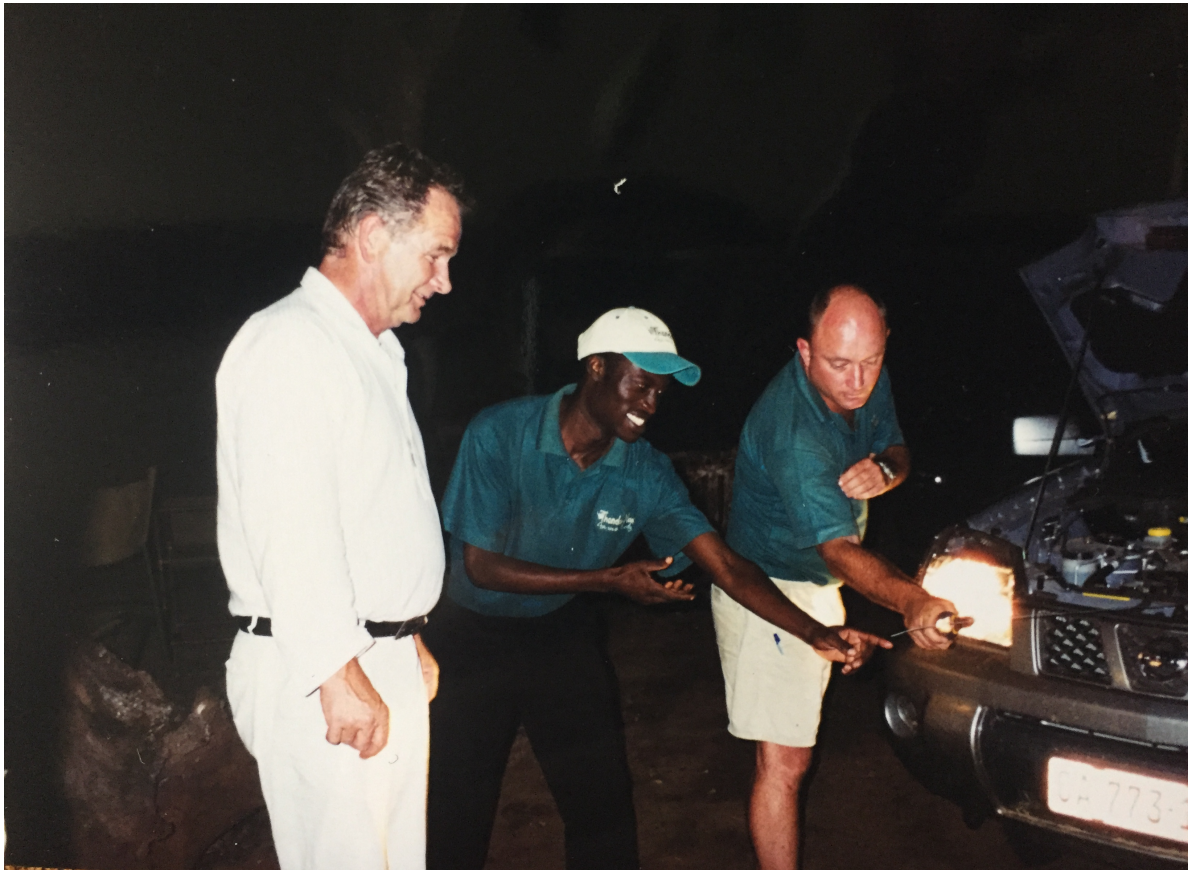
**A**fter Eva's death I started going away more as life was a bit lonely. My first trip was to see my sister Ruth in Leeds. I went by train, which is much easier than driving, and no more expensive, although it would have been except for the kindness of my neighbour David who took me to the station and my niece's husband Chris meeting me at the other end.

My next trip was to friends in Kent and Sussex. I stayed with four different people in their homes. I spent two nights with Ann and Nigel, and one night in the Brickwall Hotel in Sedlescombe, where Eva and I had our Golden Wedding party. The people there remembered me and it was still as good as ever.

I took a journey to South Africa to see William, Amanda and Georgia, staying in their house. This was a very interesting trip. There were beautiful flowers and avocados growing in the garden. I found the townships a bit disturbing with so many poor people living in squalor. The same people would come out from their shantytowns on Sundays all smartly dressed for church. It was interesting to be shown around a vineyard owned by Pieter. We saw the grapes being packed by sixty people in his very modern packing house. He was growing high quality grapes for M&S and the vines were trained in arches over the rows. For desert quality they grew in the shade of the leaves. He showed us how a sensor was put in with the grapes, which sounded an alarm if the temperature wasn't right.

We went up Table Mountain by cable car. This was interesting. I was going to abseil down but time ran out, which is a pity because it would've been good.

The last two days William and I went by air to Johannesburg, where we picked up a hire car to use in the game park. First we went to a lodge in a private game park of about ten thousand acres where black rhino and other endangered species were being bred. The



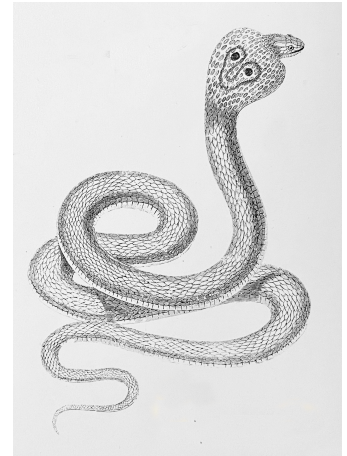
*William, Elvis and Mark*

owner of the lodge took us out in his Land Rover. This was fairly old but adequate for the job, with extra high seats built-in. We actually stood up to see better, and this man was good at finding the animals. We stayed for two nights at this lodge. The first full day we went round in the Land Rover for about three hours, starting at 6:30 am. Then, after a substantial breakfast, we made our way to the Kruger National Park, where we stayed for several hours, and then returned to the lodge for our supper.

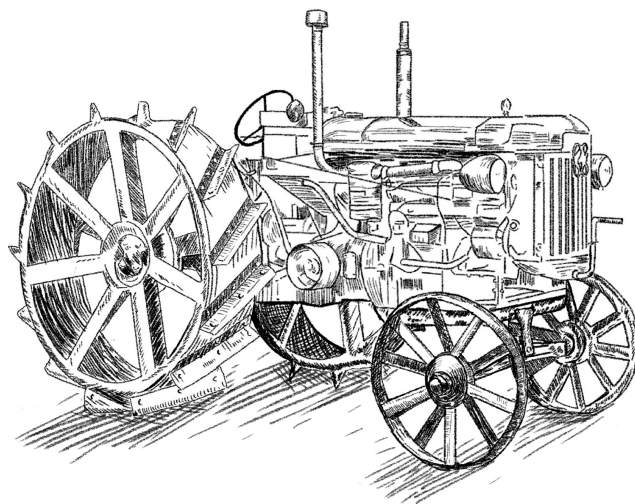
Mark, the man who owned the lodge, had what appeared to me a very unusual method of curing scorpion stings. He said it would also work for poisonous spider bites. His 'boy' Elvis got stung on his finger by a scorpion when we were there. The method was to connect a lead from the spark plug HT wire, and start the engine of the car. Mark held the wire with a pair of insulated pliers and touched the spot where the scorpion stung. Naturally the recipient of the spark, which was a 1/2 inch long, jumped back. After poor Elvis had had the benefit of this three or four times he ran back a pace or two. Mark said "Elvis, if you don't stop still, I'll hit you!" I

wasn't sure if this cure worked, or whether Mark was just a sadist as he certainly seem to enjoy it. He had previously given the same treatment to his wife when she had been stung on the foot.

The same boy Elvis had, a few weeks earlier, gone to take a shower and found a cobra in the cubicle. He kicked out at it but hit the wall, which hurt his toe. He thought the pain meant the snake had bitten him, and he went ashen. After a bit of panic it was realised there were no puncture marks and he was okay, not even needing the electric treatment. I feel I couldn't possibly live in a place where you had to shake your shoes before putting them on.



I feel lucky to have had a charmed life, both with my escape from serious accidents and having a good wife. I was terribly fortunate to have found someone who would put up with me for 56 years, and laugh at my stupid jokes. Even after all that time we still loved each other. For me, Eva dying marked the end of an era, and it feels appropriate for my story to end at this point.



*Done*  
7/11/22