

**M**Y DAD'S NAME was Alfred Davis and he was a carter; he worked on farms all his life. He was a very placid man, a very good man; he never lost his temper. My mother could get into an awful temper, but I never heard even a bad word from my father. I can't remember him ever putting a hand on any of us children either; mother would, but not our father. In his spare time he'd do a bit of trapping, and he kept ferrets, as most people did on farms in those days. He was a very good vegetable gardener and grew wonderful vegetables, and of course we always kept a pig and chickens.



*Father with his heavy horses and the rollers at Venniford.*

He was paid once a week. Every Saturday he'd go into the farmhouse and collect his wages, which he'd give straight to Mother. Where she kept the money I don't know, but I'm sure she never had a bank account. Father didn't go out very often, but when he did he'd have to ask Mother for some spending money. He belonged to the British Legion and would go to their dinner once a year, cycling over to Wootton Courtenay for that. He'd been at Gallipoli in the First World War, and I can remember him talking about that place. I also remember Mother telling us about one time he came back on leave during the war. He said, "Who's that little fellow?" pointing to one of