

experience with Mr. Reid proceeded to tell them how Harold Werhane would tease Jock McLaughlin by calling him a "Bloody Englishman." Just as Dad uttered these words, the little white Scotch Terrier awoke from his nap next to Mrs. Sprunt's chair, started walking slowly toward Dad uttering a low gr-r-r-owl. I thought we would all die laughing at that little dog's pride in his heritage.

Nothing could top that, so we concluded our visit and headed back to number 47 because we knew Aunt Aim would have supper ready by this time. Along the way we stopped in front of "The Wagon & Horses," a pub just two doors east of number 47. We took a coupe pictures but didn't go in because it was past closing time. You see, the Pubs all close at dinnertime so their patrons will get home for their meal.

When we got back Aunt Aim had our plates heaping with sausages, boiled potatoes, green beans and, of course, two kinds of cake along with fresh fruit for dessert.

Then, Uncle Jim showed us pictures of their recent trip to Liechtenstein where they had been visiting their daughter Joy, her husband Larry and their granddaughter Jane.

Next, I suggested we get over to visit Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Alf, before dark, so Dad could see the most beautiful garden in England. Based on my driving record that afternoon, I asked Uncle Jim if he would lead the way so we would not have to spend a couple hours covering the three or four miles. He agreed to this as he had an errand to run and after that would circle back and pick up Aunt Aim after she had done the dishes. That way they could join us to continue our visit at Aunt Lizzie's and Uncle Alf's.

We drove up and naturally found them both out working in the garden. Dusk had firmly established itself, so I got out the flashbulbs for a picture of Dad with the two of them behind a huge bed of asters. Uncle Alf's garden was in top condition and exceeded anything I had seen on previous visits. Aunt Lizzie had just finished manicuring the grass around the pool at the back of the house and there wasn't a blade out of place.

We visited the greenhouse and then proceeded down the path continuously being amazed at the flowers, the vegetables and the fruit trees. The south side of the tool shed



A flashbulb photo of Aunt Lizzie, Dad and Uncle Alf behind a huge bed of asters in full bloom.

was draped with fish netting to keep the birds from harvesting the fruits under it. Aunt Lizzie picked up a fresh peach which had ripened and fallen from the tree into the net.

Beyond the tool shed were 300 chrysanthemum plants, each tied neatly to a stake, holding a single hardy stem approximately 42 inches in height. On the day of our visit, Uncle Alf had completed a neat wood framework cover with clear plastic over this whole bed of mums. We asked the purpose of the plastic cover.

Uncle Alf explained that a mum bud is a tight grouping of petals with a small opening in the center. If it would happen to rain, before the buds open into full bloom, water would be trapped in the hollow center causing the petals to rot thus spoiling what would otherwise be a beautiful Chrysanthemum. The plastic would keep the rain off and within a week or ten days there would be 300 perfect flowers.

The potatoes had been dug and were stored in bags in the tool shed. Aunt Lizzie told us that in the 36 years they have had this garden they have never had to buy a potato for the table.

The plum trees had provided more plums than Aunt Lizzie could can and make into jam so the neighbors had been well supplied as well. We finally got to the back corner of the lot where Dad and Uncle Alf got into the technicalities of the compost heap. It proved to be the answer to the fertility of the soil and the unbelievable quality of everything that grows in this *English Garden*.

By this time it was dark and Uncle Jim and Aunt Aim had returned so we went into