

WESTENDER

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Our cover pictures show West End Fire Station. Left in 1993 during the Fire Station's Open Day. We have a number of images that have been donated by former firefighter and West End resident Colin Mockett.

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AN UNLIKELY PURITAN MARTYR

A Review by Roy Andrews



Dr. Frances Hurd was the speaker at the June meeting and her subject was, she said, somebody we had probably never heard of, namely Dr. John Bastwick, a man famous in his lifetime but now mostly forgotten. And for the next hour she rattled through his life story as there was much to reveal including the involvement of three other Puritan individuals: Messrs Lilburne, Prynne and Burton, who to some extent shaped Bastwick's life.

He was born in 1593 at Chelmsford to wealthy parents. His father was a river trader and may have owned a tannery, but while John was still young, his 50 year old father died, leaving an estate of £500.000. His 30 year old mother soon remarried and John was trained to be a gentleman and a Puritan. He eventually went to Emmanuel College, Cambridge but only stayed for a year because when he inherited his estate, he travelled to Europe for five years. In particular he stayed in the Netherlands where the training for medicine was better than here. He also spent some time in the army; this could have been for as little as a day or for one battle. The Thirty Years War was running, and it looked good on his CV. He also found time to have published a book of advice for young men doing 'The Grand Tour'.

He returned to Colchester in 1625 and worked with an apothecary Richard Daniel but wanted to go up in the world and make money so he moved to London where he married Donna whose father, a physician, had many contacts at Court. He and his wife had four children but he eventually moved back to Colchester, much against the wishes of his father-in-law. The family moved in with the family of apothecary Richard Daniel. John fell out with the apothecary which resulted in three law suits being brought against John, all of which he won although the argument over which Daniel had said he would destroy Bastwick had begun over a washing tub.

In 1634, John, believing the Archbishop William Laud was returning the Church of England to Popery, published two anti-Catholic books which resulted in Laud hauling John before the Court of High Commission where he was found guilty of libel, fined £1000.00 and thrown into the Gatehouse Prison to recant. John was able to have his family with him and in 1636 published a book against the Court of High Commission and in 1637 published a book denouncing Bishops. John Lilburne, a fellow prisoner took the books to Holland to be printed; he was subsequently caught and sentenced to 500 lashes, a tenth of which were often enough to kill you. Meantime, Bastwick was sent to Star Castle on the Isles of Scilly where he spent up to five years in solitary confinement and total darkness. The Long Parliament eventually ordered his release and he returned to London in triumph.

Bastwick joined the parliamentary army during the Civil War and was captured by the Royalists at the Battle of Leicester and imprisoned at York. He was later released and died in 1654.

All of Bastwick's fellow Puritans, William Prynne, Henry Burton and John Lilburn suffered for their outspokenness and Dr. Hurd detailed many instruments of punishment including the pillory, branding, ears cut off, prison and the Tower. Cromwell even had Lilburne locked up.

THE LIFE & TIMES OF ALFRED THE GREAT

A Review by Steve Middleton

The Life and Times of Alfred the Great For the July meeting of the West End History Society we were fortunate enough to have a talk entitled The Life and Times of Alfred the Great presented by Kay Ainsworth. Always keen to hear a story of a local lad made good (well Winchester isn't that far away is it?) I looked forward to a biography of the chap. Well I got a lot more than I bargained for. Clearly passionate and with expansive knowledge about her subject Kay gave quite an insight into the Anglo Saxon period following the withdrawal of the Romans, when Britain was regularly raided, and from around 450 AD these raiders began to settle and farm which gave rise to Britannia being divided up by tribes, chieftains and kings around 600 AD.

The presentation included a great many quality images which assisted when we informed of the many Meon valley Pagan burial sites such as Droxford, Alton and even, closer to home, St Mary's stadium, home of Southampton football club. In 597 AD Augustine was sent to Christianise the Pagans of the Meon, which he did rather well. We were also told of the court of King Charlemagne of France with whom the Saxons formed an alliance against the Vikings, who in the 9th century were ready to invade our shores. His court later influenced Alfred in his vision for Winchester. This is where the narrative first refers to Alfred. He was born in Wantage in 849 the youngest of five sons and, aged just 5 years old, travelled to Rome and met the Pope - travel across the channel being much more common than is perceived. At the age of 22 he succeeds his brother Ethelred and endures a year of bloody fighting, Kay touches on the story of the Burnt Cakes which appears to be unsubstantiated (and probably the only thing about Alfred that I remember from my schooling!) however in 878 the Viking Guthrum attacks, is defeated, and given the opportunity to become a Christian, which he does and leaves in peace to be King of East Anglia! In 892 other Vikings attack again and we're told of a mass grave at Weymouth.

With foresight Alfred built a Navy with new ships and established a standing army, whilst creating Burhs (Boroughs) which were walled towns, such as Winchester, with a garrison which enabled them to confront attacks anywhere in his Kingdom within a day. Aside from his military achievements, Alfred was keen to establish Winchester as a city of learning, and indeed learnt Latin himself, and supported craftsmen by donating a third of his wealth. He also reformed coins which he based on Roman coins, producing a silver penny. Excavations reveal Winchester to have been a busy town of production. Eventually we arrived at the mystery of his final resting place! He was originally interned at the Old Minster of Winchester, later moved to the New Minster before being moved again to Hyde Abbey where a pelvic bone has been dated to Saxon origin and its location in the Abbey indicating either it belonged to Alfred or his son! There is speculation still as to whether bones recently discovered at Winchester Cathedral may be of the man himself, which perpetuates the mystery! His epitaph as 'the Great' was added after his death and it is acknowledged by Kay that he was a man ahead of his time. I have to say that this was more of a canter than a trot through several centuries and that if I were to listen to the presentation again I would garner yet more insights to the times.

Kay spared no quarter in her exposé of the Saxons, which was very well received by an appreciative and knowledgeable audience prompting a couple of questions and a lively buzz of discussion upon conclusion.

JAMES HALLUM, 2nd. Lieutenant Royal Marine (Part 1)

By Paula Downer

In his book 'Tales of Old West End', C.M. Sillence expressed a desire to place on record some of the characters of the old village of West End, page 32 refers to a Lieutenant James Hallum of the Royal Marines :-

An interesting letter was sent to me by Mr J.H.Hallum, Bassett Green, Southampton, with the information that a Lt. James Hallum RM, born in late 18th century, buried at South Stoneham 21st Oct 1871 lived at "Telegraph" West End during the period 1845-57. He served as a Lt. RM on HMS Venerable in 1814, was with Sir John Moore at Corunna and was a member of the Guard of Honour at Napoleon's funeral at St.Helena.

This was more than enough to entice me to investigate further -

James Hallum's Family Background

James Hallum's parents Edward Hallum Lieutenant RN ship HMS Bellona and Harriet (née Smith) of Bishop's Waltham were married in 1789. Bishop's Waltham also witnessed the baptism of their two sons, Edward (1789), James (1791) and two daughters Harriet Strutt (1794) and Lydia (1796). Their grandmother was Lydia Strutt, their grandfather was Ipswich born Thomas Hallum whom gained rank of Superannuated Rear Admiral in the Royal Navy in 1793 after a long and distinguished career of nearly 50 years.

Bishop's Waltham was then a popular choice for Naval Officers, a small village not too far from Portsmouth Dockyard. It appears that after Edward left the Navy, his family stayed in the vicinity of south east Hampshire until the children had grown up and left the family home. In 1814, James's youngest sister Lydia married Richard Wilcox Graves Lieutenant RN in the parish of All Saints in Southampton (with consent of her father Edward) followed, in 1816, by his sister Harriet Strutt of Bursledon marrying George Young Lieutenant 38th Regiment of Foot of Portsea.

Both sons joined the military service, Edward enlisted with the Bombay Army Native Infantry in the East India Company. James Hallum was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Marines on the 31st March 1808, allocated to Company Number 46 based at Chatham. James Hallum would have been issued with a red cloth coat with dark blue facings, white cloth waistcoat, breeches, shirt, boots and black hat. The marines wore a round hat with green tuft, the officer's hat sported a red and white spiral feather which had to be a standard height of ten inches above the brim. For foreign service James Hallum would have had his hair cropped.

James Hallum Royal Marines *Per Mare Per Terram (By Sea By Land)*

In 1802, while Britain was temporarily at peace with France, King George III had granted the Marines, the title "Royal" at the instigation of the Right Honourable John Jervis, Earl St.Vincent . The Earl was at that time First Lord of the Admiralty bestowed in 1800 with the honorary title of Lieutenant-General of the Marines and a Member of Parliament, he had recognised the Marines honour, courage and loyalty in the previous war against France. The white facings on their coat were changed to blue as it was normal for royal regiments to wear dark blue facings. There had been an extensive recruitment drive across the country, men were promised a substantial enlistment bounty and eligibility for prize money. The Royal Marines, under Admiralty control, were based in Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth with training taking place within the barracks. Being volunteers the Royal Marines were less likely to mutiny or desert ship than the seamen of the Royal Navy who were often pressed to join the Navy. The Royal Marines generally served in small contingents aboard ship under orders from the Captain or Commanding Officer, the number of marines depending on the size of the ship.

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Armed with Sea Service Brown Bess musket and bayonet the Royal Marines were put on guard and sentry duties, they also kept a watchful eye on the gunpowder magazine and spirit locker. Their accommodation quarters separated the sailors from the Royal Navy officers. The Royal Marines also provided extra manpower for working the ship and guns, seizing enemy ships, taking captured ships to friendly ports and while at moored up ensured that the sailors did not jump ship. Onshore the Royal Marines could be put on Garrison duties.



During the Napoleonic War James Hallum would have worn a uniform similar to the one shown above, except that as an officer, he would have worn one epaulette, a white waist belt and one cross-belt carrying a sword

Image courtesy of Wikimedia Commons



Sea Service Brown Bess Musket

A shorter and less unwieldy version of the standard infantry musket, issued to RN ships

Image courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

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James Hallum RM at Corunna with Sir John Moore

Sir John Moore had influenced the foundation of a Light Infantry Division with the British Army, this was an effective way of attacking an enemy force using skirmishing tactics, the intention being to cause disruption ahead of the main force. To facilitate training, Sir John Moore established a camp at Shorncliffe in Kent.

In September 1808, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore was given command of the British Army in Portugal, to pursue a military conflict between France, the allied powers of Spain, Portugal and Britain for control of Spain's Iberian Peninsular. (Peninsula War). In Spain the French were marching in and gaining control. From Portugal, Sir John Moore's army entered Spain with the intention of co-operating with the Spanish Army to drive out the French. Hearing the news that the Spanish Army at Madrid had surrendered and that Napoleon was not far away with a much larger army, the British were forced to withdraw. To aid evacuation, ships and transports were deployed to Vigo, north west of Spain by the British Admiralty. However, Moore decided to lead his troops to the coastal town of Corunna north of Vigo instead as he envisaged Corunna would be easier to defend against the French. When his troops arrived at Corunna the ships from Vigo had been delayed and the French were hot on their heels. Moore had to act quickly, two magazines containing gunpowder and musket cartridges were destroyed so that they could not be used by the enemy, fifty heavy cannons were spiked and ditched into the sea.

By the 15th January ships of war, hospital ships and over a hundred transports were in Corunna harbour. A detachment of Royal Marines from HMS Resolution were ordered to go ashore to assist in the destruction the batteries commanding the harbour, twenty mortars were destroyed and hauled into the sea.

Sir John Moore proceeded with the evacuation beginning with the cavalry, artillery and the many wounded soldiers. To provide cover Moore had selected a defensive position on a ridge of high ground on the outskirts of the town. The French soon caught up and its artillery opened fire, Moore's army retaliated. As the men scrambled for the boats with skirmishes continuing around them, Sir John Moore was struck by cannon shot and fatally wounded. The British army started to withdraw but the French had other ideas and fought on to prevent the British leaving, six guns were placed overlooking the bay, shots were fired. The British ships of war fired back and the French guns were silenced. To allow the British to get away, the Spanish forces kept the French at bay by manning the town ramparts.



Battle of Corunna

Image courtesy of Anne S.K. Brown Military Collection

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Over 4-5 days about 26,000 soldiers were transported home, by the end of January 1809, ships were arriving on the south coast of England to dock at Dover, Portsmouth, Gosport and Plymouth. The men were obviously the worse for wear, many had been wounded, over three hundred had died, some drowning, in the storms encountered on the voyage home. HMS Primrose and two transport ships 'Dispatch' and 'Smallbridge' were wrecked. In Portsmouth, the people greeted the men as they came ashore and were shocked by the state they were in, the hospital at Haslar was re-opened (at that time closed to save money !), temporary hospitals were set up in Military Barrack Rooms and onboard prison ships, the locals rallied round offering their homes.

The Royal Marines played a major part in this evacuation for which the officers and men received the thanks of the Houses of Parliament. However, they did not receive the Army medal and clasp.



Sir John Moore died in the Battle of Corunna 16th January 1809, he is buried in the Xardin de San Carlos, Corunna (now A Coruña) (mortar bombs have been used as decorative features on the corners)

Royal Navy ships involved in the evacuation :-



HMS Ville de Paris (1st rate 110 guns)
Image Courtesy of Wikipedia

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HMS Victory (1st rate 100 guns) recently painted as she was in 1805

HMS Barfleur (2nd rate 98 guns)
HMS Tonnant (3rd rate 80 guns)
HMS Zealous (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Implacable (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Elizabeth (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Norge (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Plantagenet (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Resolution (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Audacious (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Alfred (3rd rate 74 guns)
HMS Endymion (4th rate 50 guns)
HMS Hindostan (4th rate 50 guns)
HMS Cossack (6th rate 22 guns)
HMS Primrose (Brig-Sloop 18 guns)
HMS Camel (armed Storeship)
HMS Gleaner (Ketch - Dispatch vessel)

To date, it has not been possible to confirm that James Hallum was at Corunna,. A Royal Navy List for the year 1809 or early 1810 may have the answer. In January 1809 he would have been a young man of 17 years of age.

Was James Hallum at Napoleon's funeral at St.Helena ? Find out, in Part Two !

HATCH FARM - extracts from Hatch Farm diary 1896

Part 6

By Pauline Berry

The fine weather of the summer of 1896 kept Hatch Farm tenant farmer Albert Fray and his farm workers very busy. The completion of the harvest meant little rest, for his land had to be prepared for the planting of winter crops. Time was found to relax, however.

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| August 1st. | Fine day. We have drilled (the seed) of about 4 acres of turnips in Barnsland. Carter has been cutting barley and we have been carting it. Ned shot 3 rabbits yesterday. |
| August 2nd. Sunday | Fine day. We have had a special preacher at the Chapel, Mr Luke by name. Last of the heifers calved this morning. |
| August 3rd. | Fine day. We have been busy all day with the barley which Carter finished cutting at dinner-time. We had a fine sport with hares, rabbits and rats, worked till after 9 o'clock. |
| August 4th. | Fine day, we have finished harvest today, have gone on to cut remainder of grass ... 3 waggon loads. I have begun to thatch corn ricks. |
| August 5th. | Fine day but dull. Finished the grass, sheep have cleared up the cabbage. I have been thatching ... Men have finished working overtime. |
| August 6th. | Fine day. I have drilled (seed) by (Dummers) Copse and then went thatching wheat ricks ... Tom rolled and dragged (the soil) in Barnsland and began to rafter (turning over farrows of soil) winter oat stubble. Sid took drill to Stoneham (Alberts father's farm). |
| August 7th. | Fine day. Carter is rafting out stubble ... sowed 3/4 acre of rye where the cabbage was. Went to Town, paid 'Toogood's' for turnip seed, 10 shillings, bought 1 cwt. Trifolium (clover). Rode on my bicycle. |
| August 8th. | We have had beautiful rain today, much needed ... I have finished thatching ricks just in time. Men had their harvest tea today. |
| August 9th. Sunday | Showery day. Had Mr Cropp at Chapel. Daisy calved today. |
| August 10th. | Showery ... Davis went to Town for oats and maize. I went to Stoneham with 4 sacks of rye for Father (George Fray) and brought back bags of hulls (husks of grain probably for animal fodder). |
| August 11th. | Fine day. Carter finished ploughing rye stubble ... Davis saved about 8 cwt. Of manure. Been to (Parish) Council meeting this evening, elected Mr Langford (Shopkeeper) in place of Brewer who resigned (George Brewer, market gardener). |

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- August 12th. Fine day. I have been to Town with 3 heifer calves and sold them to Pearce for 2 guineas. Brought home from Toogoods (seed merchant) one sack tares (vetches) and 1 cwt. of red trifolium (both cultivated for animal fodder). Paid £50 into bank.
- August 13th. Fine day. Carter ploughing Davis gardening and Brown hedge trimming. Knight and Reeves swede hoeing ... I went and got some cabbage plants from Sheppards.
- August 14th. Had a shower this morning, fine afterwards ... men planted cabbages I have been to the Doctor's not being very well. (The doctor was probably Daniel Seaton, MRCS).
- August 15th. Fine ... (work at Barnsland continues). I have sowed some trifolium where seeds were not thick enough.
- August 16th. Fine. Went to Chapel in evening to hear Niederman preach.
- August 17th. Fine day. Sid rolling (pressing soil with a roller) seeds and went to Bitterne for some medicine for me. Egerton paid 5 shillings for horse hire. (Walter Egerton, market gardener in Botley Road)
- August 18th. Had some rain today. Carter fetched home 2 tons of coal.
- August 19th. Showery day ... men pulling up big weeds in the swedes ... I went and had a look around Townhill Farm with Mr Gater, with a view of taking it, (he didn't). Rent £220 for 110 acres, tithe free.
- August 20th. Fine day ... I have been to Stoneham (his father's farm) this evening on the machine (his bicycle!). Mrs Willis paid for the milk.
- August 21st. We have had some nice showers today ... Davis cut and delivered 1/4 ton of hay to Mr (James) Langford (baker and grocer) 25 shillings. I have repaired thatch on lower shed.
- August 22nd. Fine day. Carter's ploughing (again). Men trimming hedges and ditching ... Woodford the cow calved last evening.
- August 23rd. Sunday Fine Day. Went to Chapel twice. Mr Squire preached.
- August 24th. Fine day but has come on to rain ... Father drove over this morning, took back 2 sacks of rye.
- August 25th. Had some heavy rain today. Carter dragging (the soil) in Barnsland and in wheat stubble ... Been to Salisbury for the day, went to George's (brother). Sold an acre of potatoes to Small (£13).
- August 26th. Showery day, we have drilled (seeds in rows) in Barnsland. Children have had their

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Sunday School treat (where?). I have been to Mr Gillett's (at Fair Oak) to see cricket match and have luncheon and tea...

August 27th. Fine day ... Tom fetched 1/2 ton straw from Stoneham (farm) for Blakiston (The Wilderness). I, Mother (his wife) and John (son) have been to Mr Gillett's this afternoon.

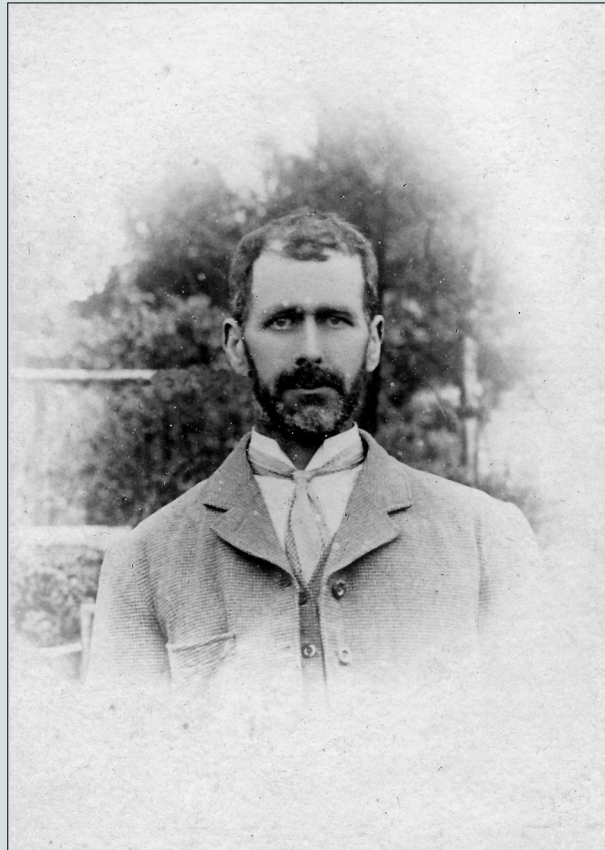
August 28th. Fine. We have sowed trifolium (for animal fodder) ... I have been to Town (to pay bills) including £1.15s.0d. For coal.

August 29th. Fine day. Carter rafting (turning over furrows). Tom fetched 1/2 ton of straw from Stoneham (farm) and delivered 1/4 ton to George Gardiner (bakers - shopkeeper), and 1/4 ton to Othen (Holly House)... Bennett (fruit and vegetable dealer) bought 2 acres of potatoes.

August 30th. Sunday Showery.

August 31st. A lot of rain this morning ... Father drove over and paid for 7 sacks of rye (15 shillings). I paid him for 1 ton of straw (60 shillings).

Courtesy of Adrian Fray, grandson of Albert Fray



ALBERT FRAY

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE CAR

By Linda Glasspool

Austin VE 6962

I was born in 1948 and we always had a car.

We lived at that time at number one, Little Quob, Chapel Road, West End. Little Quob was a stony lane of about 50 yards leading to the pair of farm cottages at the end of the lane.

At the top of the lane in Chapel Road there was a smallholding which belonged to a Mr. Sloper. He kept chickens and had a small orchard.

Mum used to take my brother and I up the lane to the orchard gate where we would wait for Dad to come home from work. When he arrived we would jump into the car and be driven the 50 yards home, such was the novelty of the car.

If Mum didn't take us up the lane we would wait until Dad turned into it and run up. Dad would stop. We would then stand on the running board holding onto the door through the open window and Dad would drive us home. It was great!

I remember very clearly one particular day trying very hard to pick my way over the stones of the lane. I had no shoes or socks on so it must have been a summer's day. I was crying my eyes out because Dad had arrived home and I could not get even a little way up the lane for a ride, but the worst thing about it was that I could not tell anyone what it was I wanted so I must have been very young indeed!

The car Dad owned was an Austin Seven which he had bought in 1945 and was valued on Dad's insurance document at £60. The insurance had cost him £3 - 8s - 6d which was the nett amount after deduction for the war time discount.

Dad never had a driving lesson nor took a driving test. He must have learned to drive during the early war years while working for Goodwin's using their works van for deliveries.

Austin Seven's were built from 1922 to 1939. Dad's was a saloon built in 1932. It was in good working order when he bought it, particularly the brakes which the previous owner had just had renewed in a garage. However after driving it for a week or so, Dad was not happy with them so being mechanically minded he took them off only to find that the garage had just stuck new linings to the original shoes. They had not been renewed at all, which just goes to show that being ripped off is nothing new. Dad bought new shoes, fitted them, and had no more trouble.

Dad always referred to his cars affectionately as her or she so I will do the same from now on.

Compared with the cars of today she was very small, her length being 8ft 8ins, her width 3ft 10ins. Her engine was 7.8 horse power and that is as technical as I get. The rest is as I remember it. Her colour was black. She had two doors which opened from back to front, and a sun roof. Her windscreen was hinged at the top, and had a clip at the bottom which allowed it to be opened outwards.

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She had wide rubber covered running board under the doors which we used to stand on for short rides as I stated earlier.

Her engine was opened from either side, hinged in the middle opening upwards concertina fashion. Her steering wheel seemed quite large and was attached to a long stick like a broom handle.

The handbrake was forked at the top and the two forks were squeezed together and the stick pulled back and pushed forwards to release and apply it.

Her seats, (I have such memories of these) were covered in leather, old, craggy and soft. The inside was like the inside of a leather football - inflatable. When they became a bit puddiny Dad would re-inflate them, lung power of course. The back ones were removable and when we had picnics Dad would take out the seat and the back rest and he and Mum had one and my brother and I the other to sit on. It was at this time he used to re-inflate them before putting them back, as it was a bit of a struggle getting them in and out.

The other thing I remember about the back seat was the dreaded hump! This was the prop shaft which ran through the middle of the car. It was covered by a hump much like a bridge and it went under the back seat, so the part of the seat which covered it was flat with no inflatable tubing, just padded leather. This was fine so long as you didn't have to sit on it. However unfortunately for us, Dad was a very kind man and if he saw anyone walking he knew he would stop and offer them a lift and that meant my brother or I, more usually me being the smallest, would have to sit on the dreaded hump!

Her engine was started by pushing a button as far as I remember but sometimes in cold weather Dad would have to use the starting handle to crank the engine. We had to keep out of the way as the handle could fly back with a nasty kick.

The front grill was like honeycomb and was always studded liberally with dead flies. I remember looking at them and thinking what a shame it was that we drove so fast they could not get out of our way.

In the back window there was a little blind which could be pulled down at night so that the lights of another vehicle coming up behind would not 'blind' the driver. That seems very odd to think of now, but then it was perfectly logical as there was (virtually) no traffic on the roads, especially at night.

We used to visit my godmother Auntie Hilda and her husband Uncle Reg Williams in Chapel Road, what is now number 61. There were no bungalows in Chapel Road then on either side of the road. They lived in the middle one of the three cottages, all of which belonged to Uncle Jack, Auntie Hilda's father.

Uncle Jack, by the way was to us a famous man. He would sit in his chair smoking his pipe and blow for us children the most wonderful smoke rings I've ever seen. He kept us amused for what seemed like hours!

The two adjoining cottages were rented out. There was not much garden at the front or back - in fact at the back there was a field. It is built on with bungalows now, but then it was usually full of cows. They

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used to come to the edge and look down at us in the garden; they seemed huge. Once when the cows were not in the field there was instead a group of people shooting the rabbits. To the side of the cottages there was an orchard with a gate opening onto the road and when we visited that was where Dad parked his car.

I remember coming out of Aunties late at night. It was pitch black. There were no street lights, very few houses and some of those probably had only gas lighting. Aunties did. It was completely silent. We would get into the car in the freezing cold having left a wonderfully warm room with a blazing coal fire. Dad would scrape off ice if there was any. He would have to crank the engine with the starting handle; it sometimes took ages to start. We would try not to breathe too much as the windows steamed up. Dad would get in, open the window to clear them, switch on the lights and that was all you could see, two dim rounds of light a few feet in front of you. Everything else was completely black. We would drive home not having seen another car at all.

Looking back and comparing car and road conditions with those of today it seems incredible that we risked travelling the distances we did. Breaking down was really just part of a day out. When considering the time a journey would take, an extra hour or so would be tagged on to allow for breakdowns. I remember Mum used to say, "We will arrive about lunchtime - all being well", and she meant just that.

Our average speed was 20 mph. Punctures were a normal part of the day out. If we went on a long journey say between 60 and 80 miles and didn't get one we were extremely lucky.

When a puncture did occur Dad would either change the wheel or fix the puncture, with a rubber patch, just as a bicycle would be fixed today. If the weather was hot the patch might lift and Dad would then have to fix it all over again.

There was no shortage of helping hands either as the first motorist to come along and see us in trouble would stop and lend a hand. I remember once we stopped to help someone that, after commencing our journey we broke down and that same person caught up with us, saw us in trouble so then stopped to help us. That was how it was; it was like being in an exclusive club: everyone helped everyone.

There must have been two types of car owners in those days, those rich enough to buy new models and the mechanically minded enthusiast. Dad was the latter.

Our Austin was 13 years old when Dad bought her and he kept her for 11 years. I never remember Dad taking her to a garage for repairs. He did all his own. He would spend whole week-ends when he would recondition her engine, regularly taking it to pieces to decoke it. Spare parts came from the breaker's yard. There was no money for new parts or garage bills. If Dad had not been able to repair her we would not have been able to afford to keep her.

Dad used to work at Goodwins in Bernard Street, Southampton. He came out from work one night to find her missing. She had been stolen. Dad reported it to the Police but heard nothing. Thinking we would not get her back he bought another Austin Seven - that green thing Mum called it – as he needed a car for work. Then she was found, where she had apparently been sitting for the last three weeks, in the middle of Winchester under King Alfred's statue. Dad went and brought her home and sold the green Austin to our Uncle Tom.

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Trips

There were certain trips which we did on a regular basis. We made a weekly trip to Grandma's at Eastleigh. This trip took us about 20 minutes. The way has, to date, surprisingly enough changed very little.

From West End down the A27 along by the River Itchen over the old bridge (Mansbridge); no trouble for two cars to pass on the bridge then.

At Swaythling railway arch there was a junction not a roundabout where we turned right into Wide Lane. We went over the railway bridge at the end of Wide Lane and then into the best bit - Southampton Road.

The road here runs parallel with the railway line. If we were really lucky there would be a train travelling in our direction we would jump up and down in the back saying, "Race the train, Dad, race the train". Dad would obligingly put his foot to the floor, and on a good day with the wind behind us and Dad rocking back and forth to help her along we might reach her top speed of 40 mph. The train, however, would keep ahead of us, but then tearing along we would start to gain ground. The excitement in the back was at a pitch, "Go on Dad, faster, faster", and we would come up level and then go flying past. "Hurray".

The only reason we managed this was because the train was slowing down to come into the station, but the knowledge of this didn't spoil the thrill of winning. We didn't always win; if we raced the train going home the trains always won!

Grandma Tilbury lived at No. 18, Twyford Road.

The railway runs along at the back. I still love to hear the sound of the trains as it reminds me of staying at Grandma's and hearing the goods trains shunting early in the morning. We used to run around the corner and watch them through Travis and Arnold's timber yard collecting train numbers.

We would also collect the car numbers as they came along Twyford Road. We didn't see many cars in West End but quite a few went past Grandma's. The numbers were quite long but if you didn't get it all as it came towards you, you could always get the rest of it from the back as it went past.

When leaving Grandma's Dad was always very careful to avoid the factory hooters for once they had gone off the roads around Eastleigh were filled with bicycles. There was no way a mere car could get through. If you got caught up in them you had to stop while they all rode around the car.

I remember seeing the workers on their bikes come streaming out of the council yard which was in the road opposite Grandma's, from Bishopstoke Road and from the carriage works down the slope of Campbell Road. It was an amazing sight; they simply filled the roads.

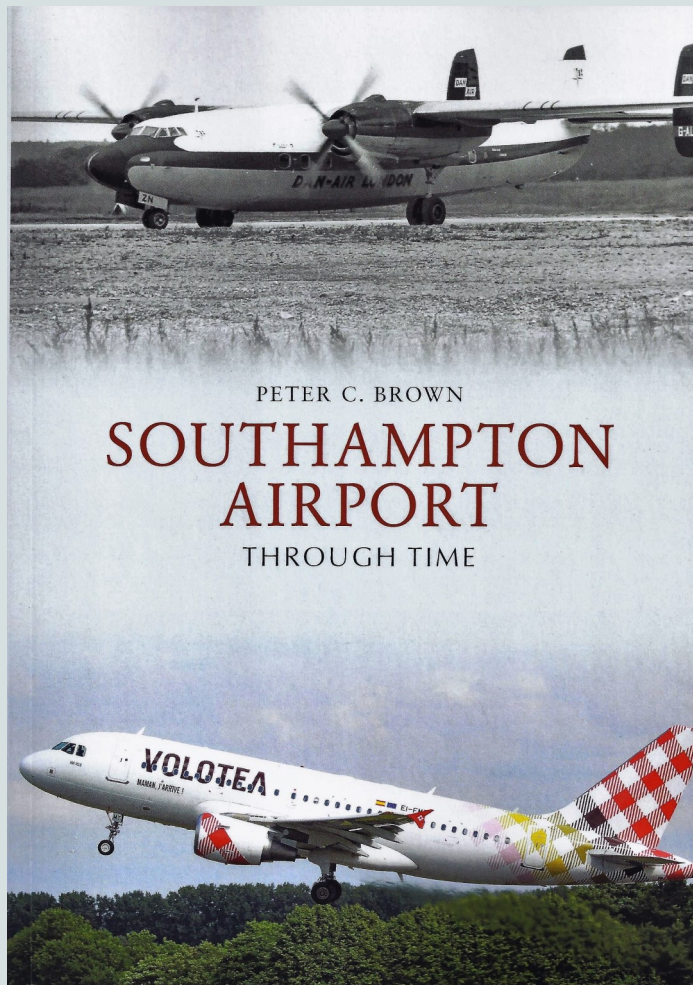
Once a fortnight we would visit Mum and Dad's lifelong friends. Uncle Tom and Auntie Hilda lived at Ridge Farm, Curbridge, which Uncle ran with his brother. This trip also took about 20 minutes.

On leaving the main Botley Road we entered the farm lane. It was about a mile long, single track, very windy and very bumpy, but this was where the fun began.

Part 2 of this article will appear in the next issue of Westender out later this year in October

BOOK REVIEW

By Nigel Wood



SOUTHAMPTON AIRPORT THROUGH TIME

By Peter C. Brown

Publication:
15th June 2019

Price: £14.99

ISBN: 978-1-4456-8744-5

Paperback 96 pages 180 illustrations

Published by: Amberley Publishing

www.amberley-books.com

Another excellent addition to the 'Through Time' series produced by Amberley. Written by Peter C. Brown the book will be welcomed by 'plane enthusiasts and aviation history enthusiasts alike.

The book traces the history of the airport from its origin as North Stoneham Farm, Eastleigh to what is known today as Southampton Airport. Starting in 1917 when the Department of Aviation requisitioned the farm for use as an Aircraft Acceptance Park – later used by the United States Navy Air Force, followed by the Atlantic Park Transit Hostel for refugees and becoming Eastleigh Aerodrome up until 1932 when it became Southampton Municipal Aerodrome. During World War 2 it became 'HMS Raven' operated by the Fleet Air Arm and today it is Southampton Airport.

The book is loaded with information about the airlines and companies that have operated out of the airport along with a plethora of images showing a multitude of various aircraft types in different airline liveries, along with details of the companies that have used the various ancillary buildings skirting the airport, such as Ford Motor Company and Cunliffe Owen.

The book is divided into sections; 1914, the Second World War, Post war, the 1950's, Autogyros and Helicopters, the 1960's, the 1970's and so on up to 2016. A very interesting read combined with an excellent comprehensive range of images, thoroughly recommended.

RECIPE CORNER - Sue Ballard

“A TRIFLING MATTER OF FOOL OR SYLLABUB”

At its most basic, a fruit fool is a simple blend of cream and fruit – most commonly gooseberries, though some recipes used damsons, apricots or even dates. Some early recipes for fruit fools poured the whipped cream and fruit over bread or cake.

A syllabub differs from a fool in that there is no fruit and the cream is mixed with alcohol. Originally, cider or ale was used, reflecting its rustic origins. The Foods of England Project tells us that the Hampshire Syllabub was a blend of beer, sugar, nutmeg and brandy with cream. The cream was poured on the alcohol from a height to produce a thick creamy mass topped by a foam of alcohol, which was eaten with a spoon immediately, while the froth lasted. This evolved into the “everlasting syllabub” in which the cream and alcohol were whipped together until thick. These later recipes used port, sherry or Madeira wine. Modern recipes tend to use white wine and may incorporate additional flavours, one of the most popular being lemon.

The term fool or foole in early dessert recipes referred to a trivial little nothing (a mere trifle) at the end of a meal. The terms were interchangeable; early trifle recipes, dating from the 16th century, are recognisable as simple fools or even just spiced cream. Our modern trifle – a combination of fool, syllabub, cake and custard – emerged in the 18th century and did not have jelly, which is a twentieth century addition. The oldest known recipe for trifle in the modern sense is by Hannah Glasse in her 1747 book “The Art of Cookery, Made Plain and Easy”:

To make a trifle. Cover the bottom of your dish or bowl with Naples biscuits broke in pieces, mackerons broke in halves, and ratafia cakes. Just wet them all through with sack*, then make a good boiled custard not too thick, and when cold pour it over it, then put a syllabub over that. You may garnish it with ratafia cakes, currant jelly, and flowers.

* Sack was a sweet, oak-matured, fortified white wine from Spain and the Canary Islands, sometimes also referred to as Canary wine. It is no longer produced. The nearest modern equivalent would be sherry.

Nigel Slater’s Gooseberry Fool

450g sharp cooking gooseberries
3-4 heaped Tbsp sugar
300ml double cream

Top and tail the gooseberries. Tip them in a pan with the sugar and one or two tablespoons of water, then bring to the boil. Simmer for 10 minutes until the fruit has burst. Cool then chill. Crush with a fork.

Whip the double cream till thick, but stop before it will stand in peaks. It should sit in soft folds.

When the fruit is cool fold it into the cream. It will curdle if still warm.

Cover with cling film and chill. Don't leave it uncovered in the fridge as it will absorb other flavours.

Nigel Slater reminds us that a classic variation is to add elderflowers, either by simmering a flowerhead or two with the gooseberries or a drop of elderflower cordial stirred in with the cream.

Lemon Syllabub by BBC Good Food

284ml tub whipping cream
50g caster sugar
50ml white wine
zest and juice from ½ lemon

Whip the cream and sugar together until soft peaks form.

Stir in the wine, most of the lemon zest and the juice.

Spoon into glasses or bowls, sprinkle with the remaining zest.

NEW SCULPTURE UNVEILED AT MOORGREEN



The new sculpture was unveiled at The Pavilions, site of South Stoneham Workhouse at Moorgreen on Wednesday 24th July 2019. On a hot, sunny afternoon a large number of local people including representatives from West End Parish Council, Eastleigh Borough Council, Barratt Homes the developers, the designer and members of West End Local History Society attended.

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

SEPTEMBER 4

WOMEN, WORK & WOOL - the Women of Tudor Southampton

Dr. Cheryl Butler

OCTOBER 2

THE LADY WHO SAVED THE NATION

Colin van Geffen

NOVEMBER 6

PORTSMOUTH - Harlots, Dung & Glory Part 2

Andrew Negus