

WESTENDER

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**VISIT
OUR NEW WEBSITE
ADDRESS**

NEW HOUSING DEVELOPMENT NAMED



The “New Inn”/”Lamp & Mantle” pub that once stood opposite the intersection of Church Hill, High Street, Chalk Hill and Swaythling Road may well have disappeared, but a new housing development by Orchard Homes consisting of 34 apartments is gradually taking shape on the site. Our Society was approached with regard to suggesting a name for this new building and having submitted five names with relevance to the site, we are pleased to announce that the developers Orchard Homes have selected “Rosemount Court”. Those of you who remember Frays Stores that stood where Tesco’s is next door will know that Rosemount was the name of the house that stood there around 50 or more years ago. It is nice to know that this name will live on thanks to Orchard Homes.

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AS A CHILD IN WESTEND 1937-1943 Part 1

Brian Blighe

Preface

What follows is an account of my own memories of Westend in the eight years of my childhood following my family's move to Thornhill in 1937. It should be noted that at that time Thornhill was in the Parish of Westend; St. James was our parish church and the red brick school (now the Hildene Community Centre) was therefore our designated Infant and Junior school. My account of people and events etc.. is completely from my memory and I have not referred to archives, nor records of any kind. I hope the reader will excuse any inaccuracies of dates or names that may occur, nevertheless, my memories of those eventful years are still strong and like most 'seniors', clearer than those of more recent years.

St. James School 1937 – 1943

My family moved to Thornhill in the autumn of 1937; within days I was introduced to Westend School by my mother, who had brought me on the back of her cycle. I was placed in the tender care of Mrs Stuchberry, of whom I was immediately terrified. From then on until I moved up to the senior school in Hedge End in 1943 I walked to and from school every weekday, occasionally getting on a bus at Thornhill crossroads if the weather proved too bad. The walk took us from our home in Shelley Road up through Pine Drive (then a cul-de-sac), through the woods to Moorhill then down the length of Telegraph Road to the school. I recall a large white house that stood back from the road where now stands part of the reservoir; it had a gravel drive leading to the house via a wide metal gate. To go past the gate in 1937 was to run the gauntlet through a barrage of stones hurled at every passing child by a group of about fifty boys who were orphaned in the Spanish Civil War and were quartered there (*see website http://www.spanishrefugees-basquechildren.org/C6-9-Moor_Hill_Southamptn.html*).

) . After a few such experiences I would run as fast as possible into th



MOORHILL HOUSE

After a few such experiences I would run as fast as possible into the shelter of the trees, then throw a volley back while I had cover, then be off quickly in case they dared to climb over the gate. Several years later I went into the house (*Moorhill House, once owned by West End's great benefactress Harriett Haselfoot*) often, when it was occupied by a family whose son Jeffrey was my schoolmate, it had an imposing entrance and wide staircase and about seven bedrooms, most of them with only bare boards for flooring and empty of furniture, but affording masses of space for playing in. There were seven classes at St. James School, two infants and five standards, the latter numbered one to five; pupils would move on to senior schools, particularly to Hedge End County Secondary as it was grandly titled. The classes were divided from each other by folding wooden walls. The children sat two to a desk, in classes of about 30. There was no central heating as we now know it, but each room had a solid fuel stove at the front. Children in the front rows kept reasonably warm in the winters, while those at the back shivered and in very extreme conditions were allowed to keep their coats on. Milk was provided in those days, one third or two thirds of a pint

per child per day. On many winter mornings the milk bottles would arrive with a tower of frozen milk above them; teachers cure for this was to place the crates next to, or even on the stoves. Invariably, the thawing milk would burn on the hot surface, creating an odour throughout the building.

In the second infants class the teacher was Mrs Souffe, who I remember as a kindly soul and my school life was more settled and not so fearful. In that year I saw my first Barrage Balloon, rising above the gravestones of the cemetery; we were told that as it had pointed tail fins it was a Naval balloon, probably attached to a ship on the river. The best time of the day was the walk home after school, when the woods between Moorhill and Thornhill became a wonderful playground, trees to climb, chestnuts to gather in the autumn and our game of "Hitler" - any children going our way were made to draw sticks, the drawing the short one became Hitler, we were allowed to run and hide for a count of ten, after which the rest of us could chase him, catch him, mock execute him and bury him under a great pile of leaves.

Into Standard One in 1939, ruled by Ms. Dimmock. All our teachers were to be addressed as "Miss", though I'm sure most of them were married ladies. From then on strict discipline was the rule; most punishments were meant to shame us, rather than be physical, though the threat of the headmasters cane hung over us, being made to stand in the corner was the usual, which also meant that one would be jeered at by the other children until they forgot it or had a new victim.

In that year air raid shelters were built alongside the playground and drills of a sort were carried out to speed up our taking cover. The shelters were partly under the ground but mostly above, they were covered with soil and turf. Gas masks had been issued to everyone, they came complete with cardboard carrying cases and had to be carried at all times. Whilst in class the masks were hung on the backs of our chairs, but in the first years of war they had to go with us wherever we went and to be seen without them would earn a severe reprimand from teacher, or warden, or even policemen. Periodically the masks were inspected by the local Air Raid Warden (ARP) and extra filters were added to protect us from different gases. The masks were of rubber with several straps and a window in front of the eyes, they were very claustrophobic and smelly, the windows steamed over as soon as one breathed out, the suggested cure for which was to rub the window with a piece of potato!



THE REAR OF St. JAMES SCHOOL, WEST END – THE WARTIME LOCATION OF THE AIR RAID SHELTERS

At home my father found me a suitable bicycle for five shillings, it was Saturday and I was to have my first ride out with my two brothers the next day, our intention was to ride to Hamble. Sunday came, the bikes were ready, so were we, until father stopped us at the gate, we were not to go because Britain was at War – it was September the 3rd. It was many years before I understood what traumas beset our parents, when, for many children, a great adventure had just begun.

Through 1939 my father with dubious help from three sons had been constructing an air raid shelter in the middle of the lawn in our back garden, it was a hole, eight feet deep, roofed with railway sleepers and the removed soil piled back onto the top. Three bunks were fitted inside. It was always damp and cold and after rain would flood; eventually, when it had five feet of water in it the shelter was abandoned. Through sleeping in it during the early part of the war I managed to contract a severe form of rheumatism which was to cost me many months of absence from school during the next five years.

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The sirens wailed frequently immediately after the declaration of war, if it happened in school time, we had to take cover in the shelters and as we could not leave until the “all clear”, this often meant that we would be stuck in them for many hours, way beyond “going home time”. The shelters were damp and stuffy, lit only by candles or oil lamps; the teachers would read to us, usually poetry. The frequency of alerts tailed off into early 1940 but started again in earnest in June.

As a move to ensure that the populace received adequate nourishment, especially workers far from home, H.M. Government had set up “British Restaurants”, which were sited in various buildings not previously used for catering. They supplied basic food at affordable prices. The largest one that I knew of was under the Guildhall in Southampton’s Civic Centre; it kept going



A COUPLE OF SURVIVING WARTIME AIR RAID SHELTERS IN WEST END

long after most others were closed. The now demolished “Sportsman” pub had not been completed when the war started, part of it became a “British Restaurant” for a while. The recently built dining hall at school was now providing school dinners for the pupils, which I did not have but instead took sandwiches. My parents did their best to provide adequate and varied food for our lunches but by that time rationing was in force and was beginning to bite. At the British Restaurant, soup was 1 penny, main dish two pence and sweet one penny. Each table had on it a jug of water and a basket of bread, so, for one penny I could have soup, as much bread as I could eat and wash it down with cold water. The British Restaurant did not last long there but soon reappeared in the Church Hall, where the St James Church Annexe car park now stands.

During the second half of 1940 the air raids came much more often, so we were confined to the shelters for longer periods; Double Summer Time was in force and with the fine summer that it was, it would sometimes be nearly midnight before it was really dark, and far too exciting to eight and nine year olds to be stuck in a smelly shelter. On several occasions, as the children hurried out of the doors, by ducking left instead of turning right, my friend and I managed to get down the steps and into the street, then a leisurely stroll home watching the Ack-Ack (anti aircraft) shells bursting and a blue sky criss-crossed with vapour trails that with no wind would last for hours. We were never caught out, so it was obvious that no proper role calls were taken. On one of these jaunts, we had a real scare – we were walking along in Telegraph Road when there was a sudden increase in the activity overhead and at the same moment shrapnel (I presume) sent spurts of chippings up from the road surface. Convinced that the Luftwaffe was targeting we two small boys, we ducked into the nearest garden hoping to find a shelter. There wasn’t one and no one at home. We stood under a porch until we decided it was safe to go on and left the garden past a small ornamental pond. In it, still steaming, was a shell base, a veritable treasure for shrapnel collectors, it looked rather like an aluminium saucepan with ragged sides. That bungalow is still there, the first one on the right in Beacon Road, maybe the present owner will read this, if so, thank you for sheltering two small boys in 1940!

To be continued in the next edition of Westender....

>>>>> NEW STOCK IN THE MUSEUM BOOKSHOP <<<<<<

We try very hard to maximise the space in the museum and in turn to offer books and publications that appeal to our members and visitors. We have now a display of the popular Shire Books, Reflections of a Bygone Age, Robert Opie Nostalgia and of course Pauline Berry's new book on C.B Fry. The postcards are attractively displayed so if you are looking for a birthday or perhaps Christmas gift check us out. If a title in the Shire range appeals John Avery will order it for you [and post to UK destinations free of charge.]

A MILITARY HERO WHO LIVED BRIEFLY IN WEST END

By Gordon Daubney Cox (as told to Pauline Berry)

My great-grandparents Henry Charles Barnston Daubney and Amelia Liptrap were married in the Parish Church of South Stoneham on 23rd April 1840. Henry Daubney was born in Ripon in 1810, the son of Lt. Gen. Henry Daubney, Colonel of the 8th Regiment of Foot. Amelia was the daughter of Samuel and Amelia Liptrap who came to live in Southampton at 8 Brunswick Place about 1830. Following her father Samuel's death in 1836, Amelia and her widowed mother (also named Amelia) moved to live in Moorhill House, Moorhill Road, West End.

The 1841 Census shows us the newly-weds living there with Amelia (senior) and their new-born son Giles:

Amelia LIPTRAP	(65)	Independent (<i>died later in 1841</i>)
Henry DAUBNEY	(30)	Army
Amelia DAUBNEY	(23)	Wife of above
Giles DAUBNEY	(1 mnth)	Son

(Plus servants)

How long they lived at Moorhill House is not yet clear, but it could have been only a few years. Captain Henry Daubney was sent to China in June 1841 and was mentioned for bravery in the Regimental History. He returned to England in 1843 and their second son Henry Hill Daubney (my grandfather) was duly born in 1844 and baptised, for some reason in Seaton, Devon.

Henry, was promoted to Major-General and led troops of the 55th Regiment in the Crimean War where he was again commended for heroic actions. On one occasion he had led 30 men into the midst of a Russian battalion where they "*became so jammed up together that none could make use of their weapons*" and routed the enemy. He was knighted, awarded the French Legion of Honour and made an Officer of the Turkish Medjidie.

My great-grandmother, Amelia, died in 1857, in Gibraltar where the 55th Regiment had a base. Her body was brought to England and buried in a churchyard in Lyndhurst in the New Forest. Their younger son, my grandfather, Charles Henry Daubney, died in a tragic accident in 1870 at Frensham Ponds "*having been thrown out of a dog-cart*". He too, was buried at Lyndhurst, in an ornate tomb bearing the family coat of arms with "*four fusils*". Giles died in Australia in 1879.

My great-grandfather, Sir Henry Daubney, became Colonel of the Border Regiment and when he retired, he lived in Isleworth, Middlesex. He died in 1903 and was buried in Hounslow.

Although there are some gaps, understandably, in this information, I thought the Society might like this for the archives and to know that a military hero once lived, albeit briefly, in West End.

NOTE:

Moorhill House long since demolished was on the site of the Reservoir on the north side of Moorhill Road (A27). Our local benefactor, Harriet Haselfoot, also lived there and later, in the 1930's, it became a home for the children of the Basque Refugees from the Spanish Civil War. Can anyone tell us more? Ed.

MUSEUM DUTY ROSTER – VOLUNTEERS WANTED

Pauline Berry our Secretary and keeper of the Museum Duty Roster is still looking for volunteers to man the Museum on Saturdays. A two hour stint is all we ask – the duty slots are 10.00-12.00, 12.00 – 2.00 and 2.00 – 4.00. It is an ideal opportunity to see what the Museum has to offer or to do some personal research, we only ask that you keep an eye on things, help visitors where possible and fill out the Museum Duty sheet with number of visitors and any sales – not really arduous and it is surprising just how fast the time goes. So see Pauline at the meetings or give her a ring – make her day! The Museum keeps going through volunteers – so why not put something back in and volunteer for duty **TODAY!** Ed.

“I’LL SEE YOU IN NEW YORK”

A Review by Stan Waight

Speakers that hit just the right note are few and far between, but our Secretary Pauline found one in David Haisman. David captivated the June audience with a vivid piece of family history that tied in with local hero Captain Rostron and the ‘Carpathia’.

It was a sort of rags to riches story in reverse, for David’s grandparents Thomas and Elizabeth Brown had been wealthy South African hoteliers until 1912. In that year, with South Africa in economic decline, Thomas made the fateful decision to join his sister in Seattle and start afresh. The family was to travel to England by Union Castle, but the onward journey to New York was to be in the S.S. ‘Titanic’ on her maiden voyage. Business interests had been capitalised, but secure financial transfer was not possible and Thomas had to carry \$50 – 60,000 in cash and jewels with him in a Gladstone bag.

As they had done several times before, they shopped in London before joining ‘Titanic’ at Southampton, where they fell in with the Rev. Carter and his family. While daughter Edith’s vivid description of the ‘floating palace’, of the passengers and of the initial voyages to France and Ireland survived in her diary, David’s description of the events that followed the collision with the iceberg was really quite dramatic. Edith and her mother were ultimately shepherded into Lifeboat No. 14, and the Rev. Carter’s last words to them gave the title for the talk - ‘I’ll see you in New York’. The tragedy was that neither he, nor Thomas Brown nor the Gladstone bag survived the sinking.

Mother and daughter did reach Seattle, using gold coins that had been sewn into their clothes for the voyage, but ultimately returned to South Africa. Here Elizabeth recovered part of Thomas’s estate, only to lose it again through an unfortunate second relationship. Because of their celebrity status, she and Edith were asked to present prizes for a ‘Safety at Sea’ competition, and Edith subsequently married the winner, Fred Haisman.

Fred and Edith came to England, where they had their family and where the ‘rags’ part of the story was their stay in Nissen huts at the lower end of Southampton. Ironically, Fred had a civilian posting to South Africa during WW2, and further drama ensued when the ship his family was travelling in was dogged by a U-boat.

The slides that David’s sister showed following his presentation were generally uninspiring except for a dramatic shot of Lifeboat No. 14 approaching the ‘Carpathia’.

This report gives just a taste of the story that David Haisman so ably told. It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening - and I do mean ‘captivated’!.

VISIT BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL TREE FOUNDATION



TONY WARNE AT THE MEMORIAL



L to R: Neville Dickinson, Nigel Wood, Tony Warne & Geoff Poulton at the Museum

Our Museum had a visit on July 20th from Tony Warne, the new President of the International Tree Foundation (formerly Men of the Trees). As well as having a private viewing of our Museum, Tony visited the memorial to Richard St. Barbe Baker (Founder of Men of the Trees) in the High Street, and held discussions with a view to further co-operation between the ITF and WELHS. Geoff Poulton, local ITF rep. and WELHS members Neville Dickinson, Pauline Berry and Nigel Wood attended.

BOOK REVIEW by Derek Amey**“TITANIC...A Night Remembered” by Stephanie Barczewski**

The title of a new book, in which your Museum has more than a passing interest. You may think that it just isn't possible to throw fresh light on the disaster that had such a profound effect on Southampton above all places? Stephanie Barczewski, Associate Professor of History at Clemson University, South Carolina, visited this country in the course of looking further into the tragedy that had already spawned a torrent of books and several movies. She included Southampton in her itinerary, and visited our Museum, being especially interested in the memorial to *Carpathia*, Captain Rostron and James Jukes.

Stephanie has written a very readable book which takes a completely new look at an event about which we all think we know enough already. She has produced a work which is very much a piece of social history and not a rehearsal of the technicalities. You think you know who were the villains and who were the heroes of that dreadful night in the North Atlantic? She reassesses these, you may change your mind! You either loved or hated James Cameron's movie – perhaps agreeing with its critics'? She has her own thoughts as to why some of that criticism was so vitriolic – the agenda behind their reaction as it were. Press coverage of the sinking also comes under the spotlight – again, which some revealing insights.

An excellent read, you should buy! Our Museum Library has its own copy, so you can check it out there first: Hampshire County Libraries are also on our recommendation, aiming to stock the book, including West End. (Southampton City Libraries already have copies). This is a work which does what all good histories should do, making you look again at something you may well have already made up your mind about, and think there is nothing more to be said.

The port of Southampton suffered harrowing crew losses. “Titanic – A Night Remembered” feels its sorrow: examines reactions in the town that built her, Belfast: and looks at the port which saw her last, Queenstown. And when all is said, done and written, do we even now really understand the full impact of the conversation on *Carpathia*'s bridge between Captain Rostron and the first of *Titanic*'s officers to be rescued?

‘Where is the *Titanic*?’ asked Rostron. “*Gone. She sank at 2.20am*”.

“Titanic – A Night Remembered”. Stephanie Barczewski. Hambledon & London.

MESSAGES FROM THE WEBSITE

Cliff Mould writes....

“Hi, I love local history and I am very impressed with the site, in particular the Westender newsletters. They are most interesting and a pleasure to read. Please keep up the excellent work...”

Chris Thomas from Los Angeles writes....

“Thanks for a wonderful website! Love the photo's. I lived in West End between 68 and 85. Parents still live in the village. I now live in Los Angeles....”

Thank you to both the above for their kind comments, we receive many such e-mails and all are very welcome, it makes the hard work involved well worth while. Ed.

AVIATION AT EASTLEIGH

A Review by Stan Waight

Despite the appalling weather, there was a good turnout for our July meeting. The speaker for the evening was Eric Reed, and his illustrated talk was on 'The History of Southampton Airport'. He is one of the increasingly-well-known Eastleigh Guides, and aviation is his specialist theme.

Eric is an engaging speaker; he knows his subject well and in his fluent delivery he told us many things about the airport at Eastleigh (for it has never been within the boundaries of Southampton) that I, for one, had never known.

The site itself grew out of the use of its open fields by early fliers around 1910. It became an air base during World War One, and was handed over to the Americans as a staging post for their aircraft on the way to France (at that time it was outside the range of enemy bombers). Deserted after the war, it was taken over by shipping companies as a transit camp for the flood of emigrants to the U.S.A. in the 1920s. Like other big towns, Southampton wanted its own Municipal Airport, and the site was developed by the Corporation in the early 1930s, the first air display being held in 1932. It became a military base again later in the 30s, being occupied by both the RAF and the RNAS (H.M.S. 'Raven'). It returned to civil aviation under the Borough of Southampton after World War Two, but was nationalised in 1948 and then privatised again at the end of the 50s. The early buildings remained on the site until redevelopment took place in the 70s. Growth has always been hindered by its single runway, and little future was seen for the airport in the South Hampshire plan. It has 'taken off' in more recent years, however, and the introduction of a taxiing lane is still in prospect.

Several famous characters and firms were mentioned. Eric Moon, who designed his own aircraft in the early days, Bert Hinkler, who died while trying to repeat his earlier solo flight to Australia, R.J. Mitchell, who designed Schneider Trophy planes and developed the Spitfire from them. Other famous planes included the Cierva autogyro, forerunner of modern helicopters. Among the companies were de Havilland, Avro and Cunliffe Owen, not forgetting Silver City Airways, whose lumbering ferry aircraft I remember so well.

Eric's slides were, frankly, not of the best, even allowing for poor quality in the original photographs, and I would have welcomed a little more precise dating in a 'History' such as this. Nevertheless, it was a good talk and was well received by all.

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YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO WEST END LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY ARE NOW DUE – THE AMOUNT IS NOW £8.00 PER PERSON, WHICH REPRESENTS VERY GOOD VALUE. LOOK AT THE RATES FOR OTHER SOCIETIES AND YOU WILL SEE WHAT GOOD VALUE WE ARE!

MY MEMORIES OF WEST END

By Vera Johns (nee Mills)

I was born in 1932. There were four children in the Mills family, one of the oldest families in West End. The eldest was Myra, my sister, then Sid and John, my two brothers and myself. We lived in Upper New Road. My brothers and I attended St. James Primary School here the Headmaster was Mr Harris, known to some of us affectionately as "*Pop Harry*". He was also the organist at St James Church for many years, a very kind man. I was seven when World War Two began. The enemy bombed Southampton badly, they were were trying to destroy the Southampton Docks. As children we spent many hours in Air Raid shelters, both at home and school. The sirens would sound and within a few minutes the enemy aircraft would be heard flying over our home.

There was an Army camp in Allington Lane and a very large gun which would fire at the enemy planes with the searchlights illuminating the skies. We had very little sleep in those days, but the teachers were very understanding, I remember after one particularly bad night our teacher made us fold our arms across the desk and put our heads down and try to sleep, which of course we couldn't manage. I remember my sister told me she was walking home one day when a low flying German plane flew down and tried to machine-gun her, but she threw herself under a hedge and was unharmed. We also had some Italian prisoners of war in the village. They lived in a cottage at Hatch Grange and worked on a farm owned by Mr Fred Woolley, my brother Sid also worked on the same farm. He said they were very polite prisoners, I

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understand there were some romances with some of the village girls and some unplanned pregnancies. My friends and I were quite friendly with these young men, we were only about 11 or 12 years old but they respected us as the children that we were. I can remember some of their names still after 60 years. They were Sanphini, Vito, Edmond and Nicholas, there were a couple more but I don't remember their names. Then of course prior to the Invasion (D-Day) in 1944 in Normandy we had lorries and troops parked on every road in West End. Troops of every nationality; Americans, Canadians, British, Australian. They used to visit our local pubs and drink most of the beer which upset the locals. Everything was in short supply including beer and spirits. The troops would stay for a week or so and then move on to be replaced by another lot. Then one morning when we awoke they had all disappeared overnight, very silently. West End seemed very quiet after they'd gone. After a few weeks we heard from the news on the radio of the Invasion in France; I wonder how many of those boys survived, they were very young – 18 to 21 years old.

My father Charlie Mills was in the Royal Navy for 30 years and was away for many months, sometimes years during the war, but enjoyed his leave and having a pint in Tom Forder's Brewery. Tom and his wife were the landlord and landlady of the Pub. The one thing I hated were the gas masks we were all supplied with. I used to dread having to put it on sometimes, for it to be inspected for safety reasons. We all looked like some of the monsters on TV, but we had to carry them with us at all times for fear of a gas attack from the enemy. Queue was a word which became very popular during the war most food was rationed, but some things were scarce such as oranges, cups and saucers, so if you spotted a queue you lined up even though you didn't know what was being sold until you got to the front, and often you could only have a few of the items so that everyone had a chance of something.

I also remember my sister told me of one awful Saturday. She used to go to the cinema most Saturdays. There were about four cinema's in Southampton High Street. This particular Saturday afternoon the air raid siren went off and my sister took refuge in a shelter in Houndwell, Southampton opposite Debenhams, well, she went on to see her film, but the following Saturday the shelter took a direct hit and was so badly damaged that they couldn't identify any of the bodies, nor did they know how many people were killed, so they just filled it all in and I suppose that it has not been touched just grassed over.

There are probably lots more memories and stories to be told. My sister who was eight years older than me could tell quite a few, but she is no longer with us. But it wasn't all sad days, we had some laughs and good times. Well, with West End obeying the black-out regulations it was quite an adventure to go out after dark, you never knew who you would bump into!

SOME MEMORIES OF THE WEST END CARNIVAL OF 1951

There have been at least two other Carnivals before the 1951 event. At one, I remember, a Bishop's Waltham girl had been chosen, which was rather a shame as there had been many West End girls at the Pre-dance. But so it was.

I think it was either late Spring or early Summer when the dance was held to choose the 1951 Queen and Maids-of-Honour. Three of us were selected and had to sit on the platform while those in the hall voted. Muriel Collison was chosen as Queen and Mary Owton and I were to be the Maids.

The Carnival was organised by the Rev. Dr. Machin, our Vicar, and others from St. James' Church. Dr. Machin decided he would like us to be dressed in "Jane Austin" costumes, but Muriel Collison's mother insisted she had a dress specially made for her. So it was that we Maids-of-Honour were dressed in the J.A. costumes. I think Dr. Machin hired these from somewhere in Winchester. When they arrived, one was a gorgeous pale green off-the-shoulder number with a poke bonnet. The other Maid immediately grabbed this, leaving me with a red, long sleeved costume. Both were complete with poke bonnets.

That year, Carnival Day dawned clear, hot and sunny and continued like that all day! We three sat upon the back of a lorry and the procession left the "Wilderness" gardens and slowly made its way through parts of

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Harefield (the Council estate was still under construction), Bitterne, Thornhill and finishing in West End. Crowds of people turned out to cheer and wave wherever we went. This was great fun except for one thing; we had to smile all the time and our faces began to ache terribly! (How does our Queen manage it?)

However, it all came to an end to our relief (particularly for me, as I had the misfortune to wear the long sleeved dress in the heat). We were allowed home to rest before attending the Carnival Dance in the old St. James' Church Hall that evening. We all changed into our evening clothes for this. My boyfriend at this time was Alan Daw who was in the RAF, stationed in the middle of Norfolk. He had recently bought a 1929 Armstrong Siddeley 20hp car. Al Capone would have been proud to own this machine! Alan set off from his station earlier that day in the ancient "heap" together with two friends, hoping to arrive in time to take me to the dance. Several breakdowns had occurred on the way, and his final stop occurred near Burnett's Lane, where a puncture had to be repaired. He was rescued by his father, but arrived very late to take me to the Dance. I should have been there at the beginning! However, we did arrive halfway through and, in spite of black looks from the organisers, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Excerpt from "Southern Daily Echo" at the time:

"CARNIVAL QUEEN CHOSEN - Eighteen year old Muriel Collison was chosen on Tuesday as Queen for the forthcoming Carnival on July 28th. The contest took place at a dance at the Church Hall, and sixteen young ladies, all resident in West End, paraded for judging by Mr Harold Jackson Seed (Entertainments Manager, Southampton Corporation), Miss Peggy Downer (Local Centre Organiser, League of Health and Beauty) and Mr. Bert Osborne, who also provided the music for dancing. The judges selected three of the entrants and it was then left to those present to elect which of the three should be Carnival Queen. Miss Muriel Wedgwood and Miss Mary Owton will be the attendants. The Vicar (the Rev. Dr. I.W.J. Machin) thanked the judges for the care they took over the selection. Mr A.E. Clasper, as Chairman of the Entertainments Sub-Committee, supervised the arrangements, and Mr F. Latimer (Hon. Secretary) was at the door."

On this day (September 1st.) in.....

1159 Adrian IV, the only Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, to be elected Pope, died.

1557 Jacques Cartier, French explorer of the North American coast and the St. Lawrence river, died at St. Malo.

1854 Engelbert Humperdinck (no not the pop singer!), German composer, born at Siegburg, near Bonn.

1875 Edgar Rice Burroughs, American novelist best known for the series of "Tarzan" books, born at Chicago.

1923 Rocky Marciano, American boxer and world heavyweight champion, born at Brockton in Massachusetts as Rocco Marchegiano.

THE NEXT MEETINGS ARE

October 6

THE WORK OF HANTS & IOW TRUST FOR MARITIME ARCHAEOLOGY

Julie Satchell

November 3

WEST END AND THE GREAT WAR

Steve Broomfield

December 1

**CHRISTMAS BUFFET, QUIZ, SLIDE SHOW
AND RAFFLE**