THE WEST END LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

WESTENDER

NOVEMBER 2002 – DECEMBER 2002 (CHRISTMAS ISSUE) VOLUME 3 NUMBER 8

WEST END MUSEUM GETS MISS MOODY ARCHIVE





We are fortunate, as a Society, to have been donated some of the effects of the late Miss Winifred Lucy Moody JP, by Mr & Mrs Norman Woodford. Amongst the items for our museum archives are photographs (unfortunately few are named or dated), letters of sympathy received on the death of her Mother, old music scores, 78 rpm records, her schoolbooks from 1913, old programmes etc.. They all help to build up a picture of the life of this well known West End lady, filling in some of the details we did not previously know.

Miss Moody, as most people refer to her, was born around 1902 to William & Laura Moody of Dog Kennel Farm, Telegraph Road. The farm looked out onto several acres of orchards and land to the north. Her family moved, at an unknown date, to the substantial red-bricked Kenilworth House, closer to the High Street but still on Telegraph Road, where they lived a comfortable life-style.

From her effects we learn that she had an older sister named Elsie who died in 1911, aged only 22 years. She also had a brother William, still alive in 1939, of whom we would like to know more. Her father died the year following that of her mother in 1939. Winifred Moody died in 1987.

A private education at Linden College, Woolston was received by young Miss Moody and her schoolbooks reveal her to have been an average pupil in 1913! Her love of music, both classical and religious works, soon shone through as she grew up. She had an impressive

Continued on page 6

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SOME CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCES

Peter Andrews

When my father retired from the Army in, I think, 1926, it meant moving from married quarters in Borden. He was offered a job as steward of the Officers Mess at Longmoor Army Camp, my mother became the cook, whether willingly or if she was paid I know not, perhaps "yes" as cook and "no" for payment. The officers were in luck as she was a professional cook, having left school at 12, 2/6d. a week and worked her way up through the hierarchy of the staff *below stairs* by keeping a close eye on the cook and studying "Mrs Beeton's", her bible. Though I don't recall any meals served to us, we ate well, courtesy of the Officers Mess. I do remember at the age of four receiving a Tri-ang crane from Father Christmas and at five a wooden seated with pedals at the front tricycle as requested!

In 1929 we moved to Southampton, as my father was offered a better job with the Southern Railway, a classic example of "who you know". He was brought up in Jersey with the Manager of Southampton Docks and as he spoke fluent French became interpreter for the Havre (Le Havre) boats. Proof that who you know, not what you know is a great advantage. With the rise in wages and a settled job we did well foodwise. On Sunday mornings Dad had to meet the Havre boat at 7 o'clock in the Old Docks. Previously to sailing for France he arranged with the Head Steward to bring back cream, croissants, a hock of bacon and camembert cheese etc.. Christmas meant some relatives and occasional friends sitting down to a turkey, ham and beef dinner, followed by the traditional pudding. The latter was made a couple of weeks previously to mature, we all had to stir the ingredients, a hard job. Supper at night was cold meats with the camembert. Silver 3d. Bits were in the pudding, to be saved for the next year. Clearing our parents house years later we came across them, still with traces of pudding on them! Toys for my brother and I, we were the youngest, were Meccano and Hornby train parts, usually a couple of wagons or carriages to gradually build up a collection. The usual stocking and contents, plus odd gifts from relations. One I remember was a full size trumpet full of sweets which when eaten let me practice my "music"! However, next day it had mysteriously disappeared and in spite of a search by all it was never found . I've often wondered why and where it went!

Came the war and a stop to all these goodies, though an Irish relation sent over a turkey one year. Apart from the Christmas pudding, Mother made a trifle for supper, far removed from the present day efforts which seem to be mainly of jelly. I often wondered how she controlled the heat in the coal fired stoves and she never seemed to measure anything out when making cakes etc.. On getting married I did the Christmas meal, minus the pudding, it wasn't every ones taste. Now there are just the two of us we have a capon.


Christmas Day, 1943.

Airmen's Mess, R.A.F. Ballykelly

MENU

Creme of Tomato Soup

Roast Turkey — Sausage Stuffing
Roast Pork — Apple Sauce

Creme Potatoes
Roast Potatoes
Brussels Sprouts — White Sauce
Green Peas

Xmas Pudding — Rum Sauce

Mince Pies

Cheese and Biscuits
Coffee

Cigarettes — Beer — Minerals

On joining the RAF in 1940 there was always a Christmas dinner for those not on leave, this was served by the Officers and senior NCO's. There must have been a standard menu as can be seen by the two shown. Out of 13 years service, I had six Christmas's at home. On being posted to India in 1945 it was to a very isolated unit deep in the wilds of Bengal on the border of Burma. We were a very small group of about 25 personnel and the seasons meal would have been the ordinary rations, but by clubbing together with a couple of rupees each the cook purchased some chickens – very small, so it was one between two. Judging by the colour, flavour and toughness they could have been any bird! We used to have a weekly free issue of canned English beer and cigarettes in round hermetically sealed tins. There was no canteen as such where meals or any necessities could be obtained, only cups of tea served in a bamboo, mud and grass thatched hut – this was dished up by a lone native.

There was a faded sign hanging outside with the legend *THE TEN RATS INN* to give it a feeling of an English pub.

Continued on page 3





INTERIOR VIEW OF PETERS RAF MESS ROOM

Rats was the slang term for rupees and may have also referred to the rats that ambled by when supping ones char! Some months later two of us were posted to a unit in the Punjab on a big bomb and ammunition depot. This meant promotion for me to the giddy heights of acting, unpaid Sergeant and the luxuries of the Sergeants Mess. Christmas came and suddenly we had to move to another building used by a few Army NCO's, which we strongly objected to. A couple of days before Christmas it mysteriously burnt down. So, back to the old one and re-stocking with drinks etc.. I don't recall the Christmas menu, but certainly no turkey. The local Rajah lived nearby and he used to invite us to his domain where he had a race course and stadium. A couple of days after Christmas he invited us to his palace where he'd laid on a buffet served at a long table with numerous Indian dishes and various spirits and beers. A beautiful room with a deep pile carpet.



Sadly this was all lost when he and all his people were moved on when Partition came in 1947.

In 1951 I was posted to Egypt, that Christmas was a poor effort, however, at the next one our Squadron went to Cyprus on exercises, a welcome two or three weeks break, and back to the traditional menu.

PETERS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE REMAINS OF THE MESS AFTER THE FIRE

ANTI AIRCRAFT BATTERY

A recently received letter from Elizabeth Griffiths (nee Hall) with memories of the anti aircraft battery site....

"When I casually looked into the "Westender", I was amazed to see the aerial photograph of the Anti Aircraft Battery situated in Quob Lane. To the right of the photograph, there is my Dad's smallholding in Allington Lane called "Allingwest". We moved to Allingwest in Allington Lane in 1952 but there were still families living in Nissan huts at this camp. I remember the children playing outside and washing hung out to dry. We could see all the activity from our garden. Of course, no shots were ever fired being after the War! Mum forbade us to mix with the children – I don't know why – she was probably afraid of an accident with a gun!! Eventually, the camp was closed and was deserted for some time. I seem to remember the Nissan huts were demolished, but I think the rest of the camp just fell down from neglect? I am not sure what happened, but obviously some of the remains were visible in the 1970's as borne out by the photograph".

IF ANY OF OUR READERS HAVE SIMILAR STORIES OF OLD WEST END TO TELL – PLEASE SEND THEM IN TO US Ed.

LITTLE MONGERS – an oasis in a busy city

by John Avery with thanks to Veronica Tippetts

Many of us were more than surprised when our city planners allowed the development of the new Magistrates' Courts off Rockstone Place, Southampton. The development went at least a year behind time and the natural springs found their route into the cells causing the architect and the builders much head scratching before overcoming the problem. Some even suspected that the late Toomer sisters were aghast at the design infringing into their beloved Rockstone and were stirred into retaliation.

In 1879 Jane Wills with Margaret and Rebecca Toomer gave the land adjoining the courthouse, Little Mongers, to the citizens of Southampton *"to be kept as open space forever"*.

The late Lubor Velecky (philosophy department, Southampton University) was born in Czechoslovakia but loved our open spaces and The Common in Southampton with great devotion. With Jack Candy and members of Southampton Commons and Open Spaces Society Lubor got the city council to re-affirm in 1991 that Little Mongers would remain an open space.

In nearby Rockstone Lane, General Gordon of Khartoum (1833 – 1885) used to reside as a guest of the Toomer sisters. A plaque commemorates this event.

This October, Jack Candy and friends have publicly acknowledged the work of Lubor Velecky and a plaque has been set at Little Mongers.

LUBOR VELECKY
1927 – 2001
WHO LOVED AND CARED FOR COMMONS AND PARKS IN SOUTHAMPTON

"THE SHRUBS"

by Elizabeth Griffiths

The Shrubs bungalow stood opposite the fork of Quob Lane and Allington Lane just opposite Quob Cottage. It was built by my friend Geraldine's grandfather, Mr Perry – I think his name was Bill, but I can't be sure as all adults were addressed as Mr, Mrs or Miss – no first names then! He owned two or three fields as I recall and built The Shrubs on one of them. He kept a Jersey cow in the other field and milked her daily sitting on the traditional three legged stool. I thought she must be lonely on her own. There was a large oak tree in one field and Mr Perry would nail his "trophies" to the trunk – small animals he had trapped – squirrels, rats, etc.. – he was a typical countryman. The year was about 1953 to 1954 just after Geraldine and I started school.

We met at school in 1952 and she lived in a bungalow in Chapel Road with her Mum (Sylvia) and her Grandparents, Mr and Mrs Perry. Her Grandparents and Mum were very strict and I remember once going to Chapel Road after school and received a cool reception and many suspicious looks and asked to stay outside as I had not been invited to visit. Her Mum was automatically suspicious of any stranger – I found out later that she thought Geraldine would be led astray. I think this came from her own history of single motherhood.

Continued on page 5

Continued from page 4

I lived in Allington Lane about 100 yards down from The Shrubs at Allingwest – a smallholding. Geraldine was not allowed to come and play with me nor I with her. Their bungalow was immaculate and we lived in a sort of organised chaos – I think her family thought I was not good enough for her. I did go to one of Geraldine's birthday parties, with the strange instruction from my Mum not to eat any cream as it would upset my stomach! I came away unscathed! Mum probably thought the cream came from the Jersey cow and was not pasteurised.

Later, when we were at senior school, I would wait for her outside The Shrubs and we would cycle up to West End, leave our bikes at her "Auntie Racey's" house in Chapel Road and walk up Lower New Road to catch the school bus to Wildern School. Her Mum would always be at the window waiting for her return in the evening – I remember wishing my Mum had the time to wait for me. I was her third daughter and she had seen it all before and, besides, she was always busy on the small holding with the animals – Geraldine was an only child. I wonder who was the happiest?

Mrs Perry died in 1966 and Mr Perry went on for a few more years. Sylvia did marry a Mr Brown but he suffered ill health and died in the sixties. When he died Sylvia sold the bungalow and moved to be nearer Geraldine who was now married and living in Norwich. She died soon after – I believe she was quite young.

I don't know if the bungalow was sold to a Mr Wright, but it has now been demolished and a new house built in the field next to it.

THE NOVEMBER SPEAKER

By Stan Waight

Established in 1861, the *Southampton, Isle of Wight & South of England Royal Mail Steam Packet Co. Ltd.* has the longest registered company name and is the oldest ferry company still in operation. The company is more usually recognised by the name *Red Funnel*, and its history was the subject of Hazel Nicholson's talk on 6th November.

Hazel had joined the Southampton-Cowes ferry company as a shorthand-typist in the 1950s. She rose to become the Company Secretary before retiring after more than 40 years service, also organising and looking after its archive.

Well versed in the company's history, she told us about the development of the conventional ships from the early days of paddle-steamers up to the sophisticated roll-on/roll-off car ferries we see today; we learned of the increase in the volume of traffic, and how the company coped with it. Hazel also spoke of the fast service provided by hydrofoils and catamarans, and the short-lived introduction of hovercraft. Even the tug service was covered in some detail.

The talk was illustrated by slides of the many vessels that had carried the company's house flag, the colours of which derived from the names of the four original ships - the *Emerald*, the *Pearl*, the *Ruby* and the *Sapphire*.

To an elderly Cowes man like myself the very names *Lord Elgin, Lorna Doone* and *Balmoral* brought a wave of nostalgia. I could almost smell the hot-oil of the paddle-steamers' engine rooms. It was an extremely interesting and often humorous talk.

Many thanks to Stan for giving us this impression of our speakers talk for November – we hope to make this a regular feature in future issues of Westender, please give me your views on this. Ed.

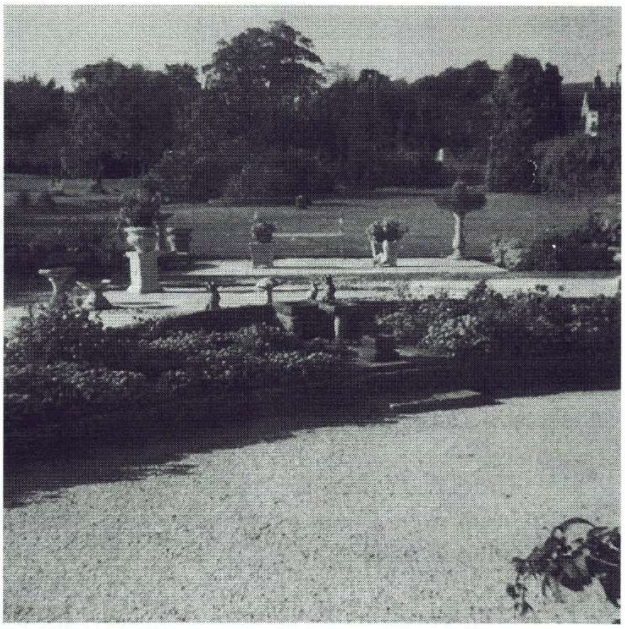
Continued from front page

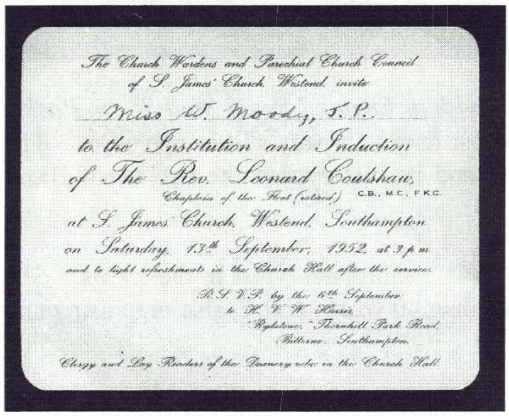
Soprano singing voice and she performed solos and duets regularly in both church and charity concerts in West End and Southampton.

Her love of animals shows in many of Miss Moody's photographs, for she always kept a pet dog. She showed a great pride in her flower-filled garden and patios at Kenilworth House which she had duly inherited. Her housekeeper, a Miss Wilkins, joined her in photographs in later life.









PICTURES OF MISS MOODYS GARDEN AT KENILWORTH HOUSE, MISS MOODY (3rd on left) AT MOORGREEN HOSPITAL AND 1952 INVITATION TO MISS MOODY FOR INDUCTION OF NEW VICAR AT ST. JAMES CHURCH

Miss Moody's life was always busy and filled with good works in the community, for which she has been remembered by many. Here I quote from Councillor Don Horne's account of her life from the *West End News* in August 1987, soon after her death: *" She (Miss W.L.Moody) was involved in the war effort as she was in charge of the Land Army locally. In 1946 Miss Moody took up the cudgels for West End offering herself for election to local government. She was elected to both the Parish Council and to the Winchester Rural District Council, the Council that controlled West End until Local Government reorganisation in 1974. In that year she was elected to serve on Eastleigh Borough Council. She served West End as district and parish councillor continuously from 1946 until 1976.*

In October 1948 she was appointed a Justice of the Peace and was an active member of the bench until about 1972. At about the same time she became a founder member of the Moorgreen Hospital League of Friends for whom she worked tirelessly. In 1972 she was elected President of the League, an office she held until her death on Monday 20th July 1987. Not content with all her other activities, she helped found the St. Francis Animal Shelter at Horton Heath in 1964 and became one of its Trustees. She worked tirelessly on its behalf. Winn Moody was interested in everybody and everything in West End all her days and until she became deaf she acted as Local Information Officer. In this capacity she was ever ready to offer help and advice to whoever needed it.

Continued on page 7

continued from page 6

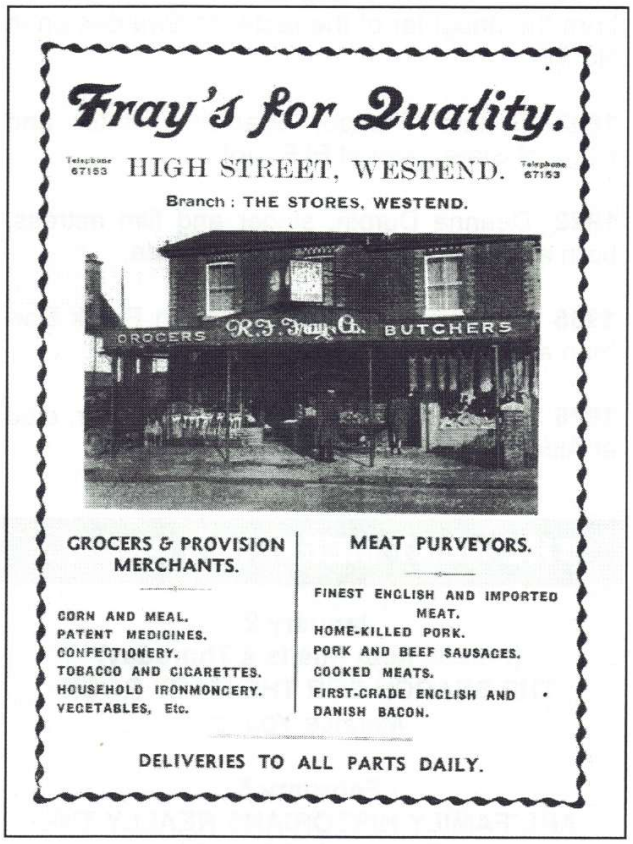
The Community Association will always remember Winn Moody as one of its founder members. She attended the first meeting of the foundation committee in September 1964 as vice-chairman of the Parish Council of the day, and remained a member throughout her life. She never married and survived all known close family relatives. Sadly it would seem the family will pass from sight but the memory of her and the years she spent working for West End with her many other interests, will live on".

Note: We are indebted to Cllr Don Horne and the West End Community Association for permission to publish the above extracts from the "West End News" and to Pauline Berry (WELHS Archivist) for writing this article. Ed.

SOME EARLY EXAMPLES OF WEST END ADVERTISING

Taken from the St James Parish Magazine of 1930 and 1940





The two adverts above are taken from the St James Church magazine copies which have come into the possession of our archive as part of the Winifred Moody collection. The Parkers garage advert comes from the March 1930 edition and the Fray's Stores one from May 1940. As local people will know Parkers Garage site is now occupied by the Viking Garage, whilst the site of Fray's Stores after a varied life as a Co-op, Freezer Store etc.. is now the "One Stop" Community Store and "Sizzler" Take-Away. We are on the look out for any other copies of the St James Church magazine, so if you have any kicking around and would like them to go to a good home, please contact Pauline Berry our archivist on 023 8046 2490. This also applies to any useful local photographs of people, places, activities, documents pertaining to West End – we would welcome them for our expanding archive.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

As Editor of this newsletter I would like to thank all the people who have contributed to *Westender* over the year and to all those of you who have taken the trouble to support us by reading it. Thank you also to everyone who has supported the Museum throughout the year and to our many visitors from home and overseas. We look forward to 2003 and wish everyone a very Happy Christmas and New Year.

Ed.

On this day (December 4th) in.....

1154 Nicholas Breakspear became the only English Pope – as Adrian IV.

1642 Cardinal Richelieu, French statesman and chief minister to Louis XIII from 1642, died in Paris.

1791 "The Observer", the oldest Sunday newspaper in the United Kingdom, was first published.

1865 Edith Cavell, English nurse and patriot, born the daughter of the rector of Swardeston in Norfolk.

1892 General Franco, Spanish Dictator and Head of State, born at El Ferrol.

1922 Deanna Durbin, singer and film actress, born at Winnipeg in Manitoba, Canada.

1965 Gemini 7 was launched, with Frank Borman and James Lovell.

1976 Benjamin Britten, English composer, died at Aldeburgh in Suffolk.

THE NEXT MEETINGS ARE ....

January 2
(Please note this is a Thursday)
THE SEARCH FOR THE MARY ROSE
Maurice Young

February 5
ARE FAMILY HISTORIANS REALLY THE POOR RELATIONS?
Stan Waight

March 5
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
Plus
T.S. MERCURY, HAMBLE
David Muffet

April 2
PURPLE, WHITE & GREEN
The Suffragette Movement
Jean Cook

MUSEUM SHOP

The Society publications now available for sale in the Museum – these are an ongoing series of Occasional Papers on things of local interest written by members and friends of the Society. We also have photo enlargements of local scenes.

Paper # 1
My Memories Of The Harefield Estate
(Oral History Project)
By Chris Boulton **£1.50**

Paper # 2
A New Church For The Parish
Written by Peter Baker **£1.00**

Paper # 3
West End National School 1863-1904
Written by John Collins **£2.50**

Paper # 5
The Swaythling Road Methodist Church
Written by Marjorie Bodman **£2.50**

Plus the following books:

Tales of Old West End
C Sillence **£3.50**

I Remember,I Remember
Bob Moody **£4.00**

Hatch Grange..a stroll back in time *Pauline Berry (reduced price)* **£5.99**

Townhill Park House
Ralph Coney & Jim Brown **£3.00**

"Half a Loaf - The Care of the Sick and Poor of South Stoneham 1664-1948" *by Eric Raffo* **£9.50**

"Sister Kate Oram 1879-1918
A Personal Portrait. *By Pauline Berry* **£4.99**

Various photo enlargements suitable for framing of village scenes taken from our archives.
£2.50 per print

"The Mackay-Bennett...the Funeral Ship at the Titanic Disaster". ** *By John G.Avery* **£2.50**
***** This is a new enlarged edition***

"The Cholera Years...an Account of the Cholera Outbreaks in our ports,towns and villages".
By John G.Avery **£6.00**

AVAILABLE AT THE MUSEUM SHOP