THE WEST END LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER



WESTENDER

CHRISTMAS ISSUE – NOVEMBER TO DECEMBER 2004 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 8

WEST END
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CHRISTMAS DAY 1959



FRAYS STORE AT THE CORNER OF UPPER NEW ROAD AND HIGH STREET
CHRISTMAS DAY 1959

A little remembered accident happened in Westend on Christmas Day in 1959. The picture above shows the result and is displayed in the Museum; several people have seen it and recalled that one of the cars was coming down New Road whilst the other along High Street, one swerved to avoid the other and ended up INSIDE the corner shop! One witness mentioned the scene being covered in red; blood he thought, but luckily it turned out to be the stock of pulverised tomatoes. An unhinged door was apparently used as a makeshift stretcher for the driver. The shop was originally Langford's General Store. If anyone has more information about this incident please contact the Editor.

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WEST END PARISH COUNCIL

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UNDERWATER ARCHAEOLOGY

Speaker review by Stan Waight

'The Work of the Hants and IOW Trust for Maritime Archaeology' doesn't sound a very exhilarating subject, but anyone who stayed away from the October meeting for that reason missed a treat. Although Julie Satchell's quickfire delivery made it a rather short talk, the subject matter and some excellent slides made it rivetting stuff.

There was known to be so much archaeology under the waters of the Solent that the Trust was set up in 1991 with three aims. Research would be carried out by practical fieldwork; Education would be disseminated through all kinds of presentation; and there would be the co-ordination of the various interested groups. The Trust's projects attract volunteer help from all over the country.

The Solent was the result of the flooding that occurred after the last Glaciation, and now hides a Mesolithic landscape of the sort that we normally associate with land-based archaeology. Evidence of habitation exists below the water, and the slides included pictures of the worked flints that have been recovered from submerged sites, and it is fascinating to think that lobsters are digging out artefacts down there in much the same way as moles and rabbits dig them out up ashore.

The second part of the talk dealt with shipwrecks. Many wreck-sites are now protected by legislation, and it is significant that a high proportion of the total round Britain (seven out of fifty-four) is lying under the Solent. We heard about HMS Hazardous, that went down in Bracklesham Bay in 1706; about the 'Pomone', wrecked on the Needles in 1811, with bits conveniently drifting into the quiet of Alum Bay; and the Dutch 'Fenna', wrecked in 1881 with its cargo of railway tracks and barrels of cement. Equally important were the finds of a Saxon log-boat at Langstone, Roman jetties in the Itchen and a Napoleonic shipyard at Bursledon. A few crashed aircraft have also been recorded.

Standard archaeological tools are adapted for the underwater work, and sites are charted and mapped in just the same way as they are on land. The preservation of organic material is costly, and most of the finds are left in situ. The motto of the Trust seems to be 'Record!, Record!, Record!'

FOLLOW-UP TO THE AIR HORSE STORY FROM THE LAST ISSUE

Regular reader Mrs Dorothy Sign writes:

..."I read with interest of the "Air Horse" in the September-October "Westender". I had seen it flying around West End. My brother-in-law, George Price was a Flight Engineer for "Cierva". He had flown that morning on the "Air Horse" and on what was a satisfactory flight, landed. Decisions were made to go up again and George stood down for Henry Unsworth, also a Flight Engineer, to go up. George watched it take off and soon after it disappeared tragically. A tremendous shock and loss to all concerned. George is no longer with us but his wife Lettie Price still lives at Millbrook Road, Southampton and has verified this account. My mother, Mrs Mills was watching the craft from her garden at 117 Moorgreen Road when she said it looked like a lot of sticks dropping from it as it disappeared in trees behind "Pragnell's" Farm. That evening I went with friends to the scene which was cordoned off. Our thoughts were with the families of the three men who died with the craft."

Mr Barry Chinchen sent this e-mail:

..."I have just noticed the article about the air-horse in your September/October Newsletter. My father worked for Cierva and was offered a flight on the machine that crashed but declined to go up."

Fate was obviously very kind to these two gentlemen. **Ed.**

AS A CHILD IN WESTEND 1937-1945 Part 3

Brian Blighe

Each year we would move up one class, Standard 3 – taught by Mrs Tebb, kindly but strict, with a wonderful rich Scottish accent; she gave us all a long lecture one day because someone had described something from north of the border as "Scotch", and from then on we knew that Scotch was a strong drink and that the correct words were Scottish or Scots. Mrs Tebb lived in Telegraph Road just below Western Road.

Standard 4 was in the charge of Miss Hunt, a younger woman who first introduced me to the Headmasters cane for talking in class. One stroke of the cane in the first instance but if one sinned again – two strokes. Miss Hunt was not my favourite teacher, I think I upset her by being top of the class with only 147 marks out of a possible 200, which must have reflected badly on her. On to Standard 5 – the TOP class, which not only had Mrs Delf as teacher but Mr Harris, the Headmaster! His desk was raised above the level of the floor by two steps, thus he could keep an eye on us all and we all knew that the cane was at his side. Mrs Delf was a kindly person, we did not fear her as some of the others, but she nevertheless kept an orderly class, I believe she was also very conscious of Mr Harris's presence. Out of his earshot the Headmaster was known as "Pop Harris"; he lived in a large house in Thornhill, nearly opposite to Hinkler Road, which at that time was a cul-de-sac leading to a car dump. Away from school Mr Harris was a well respected and likeable person, but I'll never forget his cane!

The Reverend Dr Machin became Vicar during my time in St James' School and music lessons were introduced, often the lesson was singing and this strangely enough coincided with a visit by Dr Machin, who would walk among us and volunteer likely candidates for the church choir. Dr Machin was not easily turned down and I became a "volunteer" but as I had another spell of illness never did get to sing at a service.

I had been a "cub" and when old enough I became a Boy Scout. Skip was Bob Moody whom we must all know. I enjoyed the Scouts, we did the usual knots and crafts to earn badges, had some fearsome "character building" games in the old scout hut, sometimes the games left me with bruises of which I was very proud. How that hut stood for so many years with the treatment it had, is a tribute to it's construction. We had a garden fete in the Vicarage grounds, where we constructed a runway from tree to tree in which a trip could be bought in a bosun's chair.

Mr Machin came to a scout meeting to find volunteers for a play he was producing. We were each given a script and told to pick the characters we would like to be, I read it through and decided I would take

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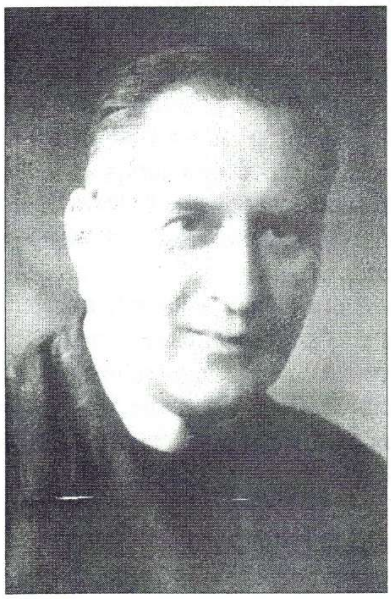





Left: Reverend Dr. Machin
Right: the late Bob Moody
Above: St. James' School c. 1950
(now Hilldene Community Centre)

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the part with the least dialogue to learn – the village drunk in a murder mystery. The whole play took place in the bar of a local pub. The stage of the old Church Hall was therefore transformed for one evening into a lounge bar of a country public house. Chairs were dotted about, a bar was constructed and the "piece de resistance" was an open fire made by fixing painted cardboard and wood across the corner of the stage to resemble a fireplace with a red lamp making the necessary flames. Dr Machin decided to prompt from behind the fireplace, sitting on a chair, reading the script by the light of a torch. Our first audience, all Girl Guides, were treated to the sound of us nervous players speaking our lines more quietly than the Vicar's prompts. Now Dr Machin was a large man in every way, large in personality, large in enthusiasm, large in voice and large in girth; I had just made my drunken entrance, I opened my mouth to say my line, when the immortal words *"Gimme a bottla whiskey"* boomed out from behind the fireplace, followed by a crash as the whole construction fell out across the stage, leaving the Vicar sitting there with a torch in one hand and his script in the other. He had apparently tried unsuccessfully to turn a page. The appreciative audience were too polite or nervous to notice however, and we managed to complete the play walking over and around the fallen fireplace and pretending the vicar was not really there. Needless to say, no Oscar's were awarded!

I went on just one camp with the Scouts. We gathered at the scout hut, loaded everything onto a cart to be pulled by boys at the front gripping the "T" shaped handle and the rest of us pushing at the back and sides. We went down the length of Moorgreen Road, Bubb Lane, Snakemoor Lane, all through Durley; by the time we arrived at the Robin Hood I was exhausted but sure we must be nearly at the camping site, but no, we were less than half way. On we went, through Upham to an area I knew of as Stephen Castle Down, where stood three huge iron towers, possibly for radio or even Radar, then on for several more miles until finally making camp in a wooded area in Preshaw, the land we were on being owned by Major or Colonel Pelley. The tent was a bell tent in which we slept in a circle, feet toward the centre. We had to bring all our own food, mine consisted of a large loaf and my jam ration, I remember we were told that if we wanted meat we would have to catch some of the plentiful rabbits. The best part of the trip for me was to sit against a stook of corn in the adjacent field eating the grain from the ripe crop. There was a compulsory church parade in the village on Sunday, then we had to hike back to Westend, how glad I was to get back home.

At that time in 1943, air raids were few and far between and apart from the shortages life was fairly peaceful, but then towards the end of the year the soldiers came – thousands of them, from all over the World and life for me took on a new excitement.

Without any hint of what was to come, the great triangular area, formed by Moorhill and Thornhill with the crossroads, now Thornhill Roundabout, as its apex, was barred to civilians by barbed wire. Shortly after, so too were the wooded areas of Kanes Hill and most of Harefield. By that time I had moved on to the Wildern Lane School, therefore I was not bothered by the extra distance to St James caused by the blocking of Pine Drive, Ladies Walk and Kootenay Rise. The camps that were established were numbered C.1 at Kanes Hill, C.2 at Thornhill and C.3 at Harefield and thus became the first and possibly the most important "jump off" camps in the Southern area for the "D-Day" that was to come in 1944. I often wonder if the people living in the hundreds of dwellings built since World War 2 on the old camp sites realise the history in their own gardens. Kootenay Rise was then a road of about ten houses and came to an abrupt end at the edge of the wood where the military barriers were placed. Inside those the semi-permanent "Nissen" huts were built eight in a row. Close to the Moorhill end were built many more; there was also one very large one that became the camp cinema. Later, when the bulk of the soldiers started to arrive a city of square tents sprang up. In 1944, there were Canadians, Free French, British and American troops, gradually increasing in numbers up to D-Day and beyond. Security was stricter but did not prevent we children from making many temporary friends. Every possible roadside space became packed with military transport, tanks and D. U.K.W.'s. In 1944, we experienced no more air raids and few "Buzz Bombs" came near. June 5th found us all staring at an evening and night sky filled from horizon to horizon with Lancasters, Stirlings and Liberators and most of all – Dakota's and gliders by the hundred. Though most people guessed at once it was the next day that our radio's told us for sure that it was D-Day. In Thornhill Park Road I made friends with a Canadian Engineer who was driving the first of two lorries that, combined, would become a small

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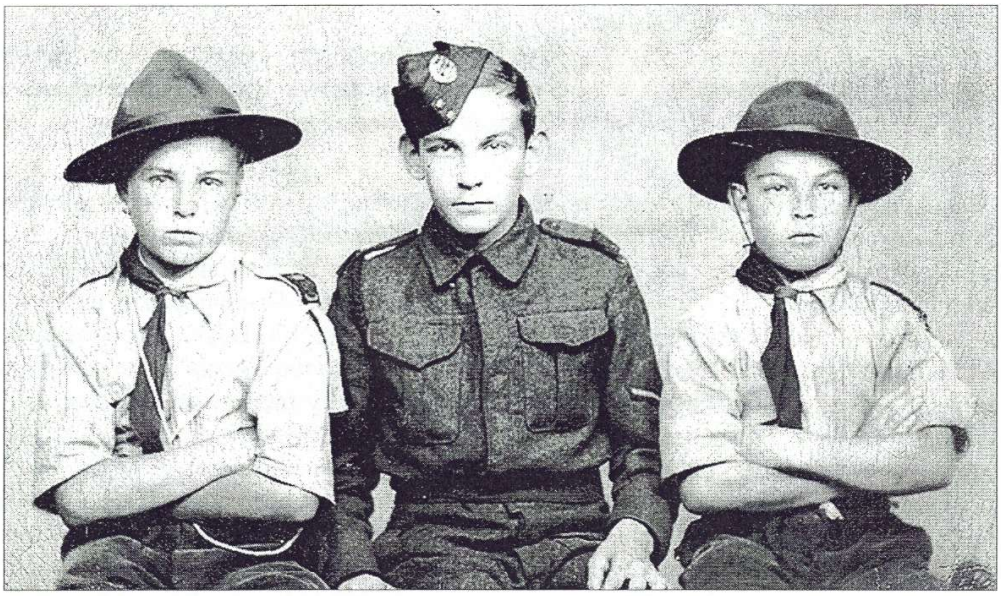
bridge. His name was Jimmy Hicks from Kingston, Ontario.

The drivers stayed with their vehicles, sleeping in them and being constantly at the ready to move. In the two weeks they were in Thornhill they moved several times but only a short distance. One evening when they had a "stand down" I took him home to our family, my mother made him gooseberry pie, but he had to supply his own sugar. He taught me to take a sten gun apart and re-assemble it with my eyes shut. The drivers spent a lot of their time waterproofing the lorries, plugging all possible weak points with a kind of plasticine, the smell of it still comes into my nostrils like a memory. Finally, they moved off to the docks I



Left to Right: BROTHERS ROBERT, DENIS AND BRIAN BLIGHE IN 1943

presume. That was not the last I heard of him, he wrote many letters to us and I replied to a B.F.P.O. (British Forces Post Office). His letters often had words blanked out by the censors, though sometimes not too well and it was possible to make out what was underneath. The letters stopped suddenly near Christmas time.

In the triangle of Moorhill Road and Thornhill Park Road, right at the crossroad, there appeared a huge fuel dump. It consisted of a mountain of full jerry cans containing petrol. The place was run by four coloured American soldiers, their job was to top up the tanks and other vehicles that parked at the roadside, by clipping the jerry cans to a fitting on the sides. I shiver when I recall the way they cooked – on a stove made by filling an empty can with oil with a dash of petrol to start it! They must have been very careful because it did not blow up. At that time there was only "The Lodge" and the farm near enough to have been affected if it had, and the four GI's of course. They became our good friends, I took them home and my family made them welcome; two, I remember well – Bob Jackson from North Carolina and John Andrews from Chicago who kept up a correspondence with my family for many years. My father once said to me *"other kids bring home stray cats, you bring home soldiers!"* These were fine people, kind, good humoured and welcoming. They certainly made me welcome, I was invited to share chow, was plied with gum, comics and even chocolate. I thought everyone must like the "black Yanks" - but – one day, after D-Day, a long column of Sherman and Grant tanks had filled Moorhill and Church Hill, I was looking at them and was invited onto a tank by its crew, these were white soldiers, they said they were from Texas, they were friendly and I was quite proud to be seen by my schoolmates on a tank. Coming along the side of the column was a lorry from the petrol dump, my black friends manned the lorry, clipping on the jerry cans as they went. When they got to my tank I greeted them by name, they ~~didn~~'t acknowledge me and moved on to the next tank. The tank men asked me if these were friends of mine, and when I told them they were, they said *"get off my tank you*

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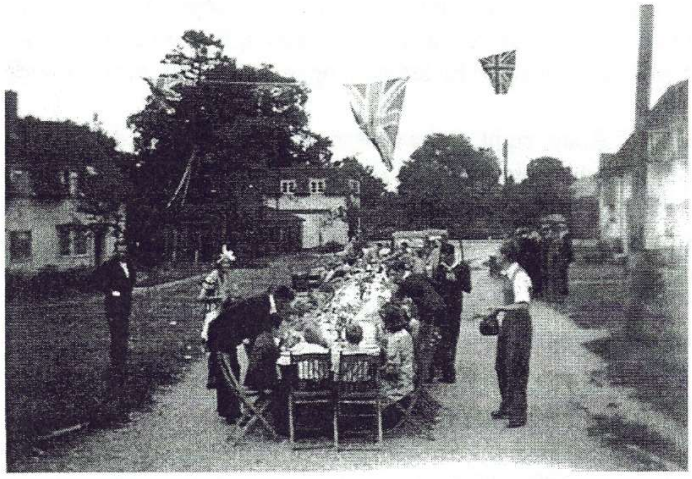
.....loving son of a ..... ". I told my parents, they explained, but it was a long time before I understood that I had just witnessed racial prejudice. My black friends from the Moorhill fuel dump stayed at the site for several weeks after D-Day, then moved on to the camp at the Southampton Common. The Common was surrounded by barbed wire and was divided into two camps, a third camp was established on the other side of The Avenue, they became C.19, C.20 and C.21. I visited my friends there and became well enough known to have had a GI jacket cut down to my size and to receive a huge American salute from the grinning sentry on the gate each time I entered. That gate, incidentally was about 100 yards up the path that runs in front of the Cowherds.

They moved again, to a wooded area near Beaulieu, again I visited, the second time with my whole family on bicycles. Once more they moved to a large house in Sway, after which they disappeared somewhere abroad. By that time the camps at Harefield and Kanes Hill were abandoned but the one at Moorhill kept going for many months.

A group of local citizens had got together with the idea of forming a Boys' Club, a committee was formed with Mr Jimmy Green as leader, my father as treasurer, Mr Gumbrell as secretary plus Mr Stock and Mr Miller. The Clubhouse was the canteen of a group of six air raid shelters at the top of Thornhill at it's junction with Upper Deacon Road. It was far too small for the original 47 members, so the Army stepped in to build a long Nissen hut onto the end of the canteen and so, Thornhill Boys' Club was born. The camp RSM was the prime mover in all this, we were also allowed to go to the cinema in the camp. The entry age for the club was 14, my brothers qualified but I did not, but, as my father was Treasurer and my mother helped to run the club canteen, I suspect, to keep me out of mischief they bent the rules to let me in. We had table tennis, darts and snooker, talks by servicemen; I particularly remember the aptly named Sergeant Battle and a man who played a musical saw. We used the shelters to make toys and items for a sale of work to raise funds. It was a very successful club at that time with two football teams, one of which played in the local league; it later became known as Thornhill Deacons, and we also swept the board in the local youth clubs athletics. Our football pitch was an uneven field on Kanes Hill near the crossroads. The dressing room was a tramcar with the wheels removed.



THE V.E. DAY STREET PARTY HELD IN ORCHARDS WAY WEST END

1945 whizzed by with many and varied excitements, culminating with the joyous celebrations of V.E. Day. On that evening everyone was in high spirits. Mr Miller, who we called "Uncle Mick" had been allowed to keep and use an Austin 7 van throughout the war and on V.E. night he took me into the heart of Southampton where thousands of people were singing and dancing in the streets and around the Civic Centre. There were acres of flattened bomb sites and each one was the scene of bonfires. We saw a man sitting on a kerb weeping. "Uncle" Mick stopped the van and asked him if he needed help, the man said it was too late because the "Yanks" had put his car on the blazing fire nearby.

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We returned through Bitterne, where on each of three patches of roadway which had been bomb craters from the "Blitz", the local people had built huge bonfires, which we had to skirt by mounting the pavement. When the bombs fell the road had been re-opened within 24 hours, but it was nearly two weeks before the damage from the bonfires was repaired.

Southampton took Thornhill over within a few years, so it could no longer feel part of Westend. The vast areas of our "playgrounds" - the forest and scrub between Bursledon and Thornhill became the huge housing estate that it now is. The great triangle of woodland between Thornhill and Moorhill was filled with housing, as were the open sloping fields and forest of Harefield. Westend itself, gave up a vast amount of open space for housing and the school had to add many "temporary" classrooms for the ever increasing population.

Sometimes, in Pine Drive, the houses disappear and I see hundreds of khaki coloured tents, and I see our High Street with no traffic for hours so that small boys could vie with each other over the use of one roller skate to speed down the slope, or play marbles in the gutter without fear of being run down.

This was the Westend of my childhood!

THIS IS THE CONCLUDING PART OF BRIAN'S EXCELLENT ARTICLE

WEST END AND THE GREAT WAR

SPEAKER REVIEW BY STAN WAIGHT

The home village supplied both the topic and the speaker for the talk at our November meeting. The topic was 'West End and the Great War', and the speaker Steve Broomfield, Founder Member and former Chairman of the WELHS; together they were sufficient to attract one of our largest audiences.

Using the most modern of technology, Steve put together a presentation of what he called 'Random Thoughts' on West End's contribution to the Great War (which he refuses to call the First World War or WW1). Material taken from such diverse sources as the Parish Magazine and an insurance agent's account book was blended with figures extrapolated from national statistics to provide us with much food for thought.

Steve's random thoughts began with a brief overview of the war - the incredible expense in men and armaments, the fact that it wasn't all mud and trenches, and the great changes it brought about both at home and in the Commonwealth - and went on to describe the impact on West End itself.

The statistics included 188 men that went into the Army and 11 into the Navy or Marines. In all 45 were lost, a high proportion out of a population of just 1600. Eight alone were lost in the sinking of the Royal Edward on her way to Gallipoli.

We saw the menu for the 'blow-out' to which the returning heroes were treated (a small return for the heavy price paid), and it was interesting to learn that the Parish Council couldn't agree on the form any commemorative monument should take (the War Memorial in Botley Road was evidently privately subscribed).

The Home Front was not forgotten, and we heard about the egg collection for the wounded at Netley Hospital, the 'Vegetables for the Fleet', the West End Nursing Association and collections for war relief. A little known fact is that work was suspended for a week at the end of the war.

This short piece cannot do justice to Steve's enthusiasm and knowledge of the subject. It was a first-class, quick-fire presentation.

LOOKING FOR A NEW TREASURER

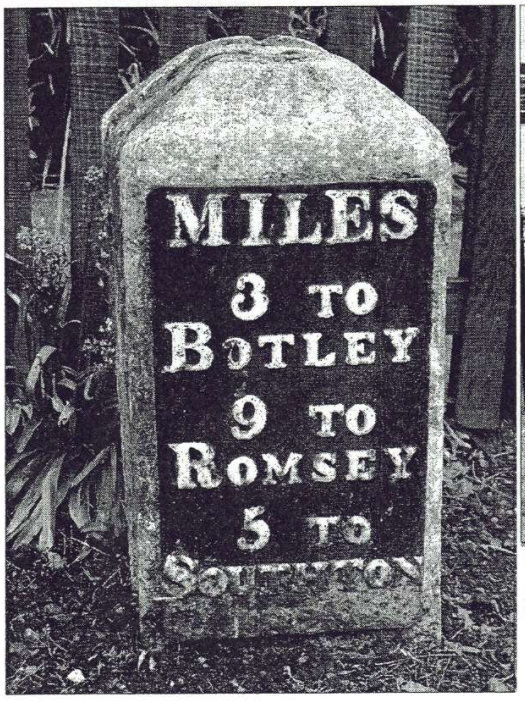
It is with regret that we are losing Derek Amey as our Treasurer, he has held that post very ably since the Society was formed back in 1996 and done sterling work for the Society – many thanks Derek! I am sure everyone will agree with me that Derek deserves a break from this post, but it means that we are now looking for a new person to be Treasurer – the elections will be held at the Annual General Meeting on March 2nd, so there is a little time for people to give it some thought. Treasurer is one of the important posts on the Committee, but need not be arduous, I am sure Derek will be happy to tell any prospective candidate what is involved, but we need to have one or more nominations ready for the AGM – so please give this some consideration. Remember as I have said before ....**YOUR SOCIETY NEEDS YOU.**

Nominations can be phoned to our Secretary Pauline Berry on 023 8046 2490 before March. Ed.

NOW YOU SEE, NOW YOU DON'T

or what happened to our milestone

It had stood on the Botley Turnpike at Westend (now High Street) since 1828, and has seen so much history and passing traffic through the centuries. It is with great pleasure we are able to report the milestone (or mile-post) that stood outside the Gate Lodge (now E.E.P.T.U Regional office) to Hatch Grange in West End High Street was removed for much needed restoration, stabilising and refurbishment. It had slowly been rusting away for years and was in bad need of attention (as the picture at left shows). Your Parish Council placed this work in hand at the suggestion of your local history society. It is a unique piece of local history as it is the only local surviving milepost from the original Botley Turnpike (Toll Road) that passed through West End. It consists of an cast iron plate bearing the mileages to Botley, Romsey and Southampton fixed to a shaped vertical stone pillar (which appears to have split twice in the past and been repaired). As you will see from the picture (below right) the work has been completed and the milestone is resplendent in its new protected position across the road in the Museum garden.





Left: THE MILESTONE IN ITS ORIGINAL STATE AND POSITION
Above:
THE REFURBISHED MILESTONE IN ITS NEW HOME ACROSS THE ROAD IN THE MUSEUM GARDEN

"GOLDEN DAYS WHEN WE WERE YOUNG...."

Pauline Berry

We are most grateful to Mrs Phyllis Thompson of Barnsland for writing down her life story, plus photo's, covering several pages printed by her son Derek and donating it to the archives of our Museum.

Although she has lived at Barnsland for 40 years, she lived previously with her family at a cottage in West End, named SYRINGA. This cottage stood, until its demolition in the 1960's, at the end of a stony lane, off Burnett's Lane, which was on the opposite side of the road from Shergold's Nursery. It was built of concrete and slate and was close to her grandfathers thatched cottage and small-holding. The only source of power for heating and lighting was paraffin, before electricity was later installed when the Naval Victualling Yard was built nearby.

Her grandfather, Charles Alford, worked for a neighbouring farmer, Reg Owton, at Little Moorgreen Farm. The Owton family have run the larger Chalcroft Farm for centuries, as you know, and it still exists today. Mrs Thompson's grandmother, Mrs Fanny Allford, although profoundly deaf ..."*was kept very busy making butter and tending all the animals, including pigs and Jersey cows*".

The childhood of Mrs Thompson was happy, marred only by family health problems, and she spent a lot of time during her early years exploring the surrounding countryside ... *"to pick primroses and bluebells with some sandwiches and a bottle of lemonade. I was as happy as a sandboy"*.

Life at West End School (now Hilldene Community Centre) which her father and son also attended during its history, includes warm memories of her teachers: Miss Dimmock, Miss Stutchbury, Mrs Tebb, Mr Banks and Mr Harris, the Headmaster, *"a lovely man"*. Her recollection of this quietly happy school changed dramatically when entering the harsher regime at Hedge End Senior School in 1936 under Mr Shelley, the Headmaster (formerly of West End School?) who ruled with a cane.



PHYLLIS THOMPSON IN NURSES UNIFORM IN 1942

Memories of wonderful days in summer, with time off for haymaking in June, followed by the fruit picking season give us a fond impression of idyllic days in West End during the 1930's. Plums were gathered on her grandfather's small-holding and sold to a jam factory in Romsey for the princely sum of one old halfpenny per pound!

Only the coming of World War Two and the necessity of finding employment brought these golden days to an end. Phyllis worked "in service" and later at West End Institution, now Moorgreen Hospital, as a nursing assistant followed, until circumstances called a halt to this useful work during the War.

Her story continues but you must come into the Museum in order to read it. How we wish that more residents of West End would write down or record their memories of life in our former village.

If you need help or advice about this, please contact Pauline Berry on 023 8046 2490.

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

1153 Death of King Henry I of England near Rouen – accession of his nephew Stephen.

1655 Samuel Pepys married Elizabeth St. Michael in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

1895 Henry Williamson, English novelist and nature writer, notably "Tarka the Otter", born in Bedfordshire.

1910 Alicia Markova, English prima ballerina, born in London as Lilian Alicia Marks.

1919 Nancy, Viscountess Astor, Member of Parliament for the Sutton division of Plymouth, became the first woman Member to take her seat in the House of Commons.

1925 The Locarno Pact was signed in London, guaranteeing peace and frontiers in Europe.

1935 Woody Allen, American comedian, born at Brooklyn, New York, as Allen Stewart Konigsberg.

1966 Britain's post offices issued the first special Christmas stamps.

1973 David Ben-Gurion, Israeli statesman, his country's first Prime Minister, often called the "Father of the Nation", died.

MEETINGS FOR 2005

2005

January 5
THE HISTORY OF FORDINGBRIDGE
Gerald Ponting
February 2
SOUTHAMPTON'S DISASTERS & DISEASES
Mary South
March 2
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
plus
The late Bob Moody's 1997 talk of Old West End *(taped)*
April 6
PENNY CLOTHING CLUBS
Peter Jones
May 4
NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTERS' (Women at Sea)
Jean Cook
June 1
POLICING IN THE 1950's (Southampton)
Jim Brown
July 6
SOUTHAMPTON'S VICTORIAN CEMETERY
Geoff Watts
NO MEETING IN AUGUST
September 7
THE CHOLERA YEARS
John Avery
October 5
"SOMETHING REMARKABLE...."
(Story of Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra)
Derek Amey
November 2
TRAFALGAR – a good day's work!
Madeleine Selby
December 7
CHRISTMAS BUFFET, QUIZ, SLIDE SHOW & RAFFLE

Thanks are once again due to our Secretary, Pauline Berry, who has worked hard to bring us another years worth of speakers covering a diversity of subjects – well done Pauline! Ed



Well ! Here we are again - Christmas!
The Officers and Committee would like to thank everyone for contributing to a successful year and to wish all our readers and supporters a very Happy & Peaceful Christmas and prosperous New Year

