NEWSLETTER of the WEST END LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

WESTENDER

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 2009 VOLUME 7 NUMBER 1

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HOW IT WAS (6)
THE CROWN & THISTLE



The 'Crown & Thistle' pub in the Swaythling Road, West End c.1960's
(Photograph courtesy of Mr & Mrs Derek Wheeler)

The building featured above this month is the "Crown & Thistle" pub situated along the Swaythling Road in West End, the photo was taken in the 1960's when the landlord was Mr Edgar Wheeler. Now somewhat altered in appearance and re-named "The Master Builder" it still continues to serve our community. Originally a different building occupied the site also known as the "Crown & Thistle" pub in the early part of the 20th century. The original building stood further out in the road which was much narrower then and was a totally different design. More photographs of West End public houses are available to view in the archive at the museum.

West End Local History Society & Westender is sponsored by

WEST END PARISH COUNCIL

EASTLEIGH BOROUGH COUNCIL

THE HAMPSHIRE FIELD CLUB & ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Hampshire Field Club and Archaeological Society was founded in 1885 to foster and promote the county's heritage and history. Although the society has changed a great deal over the decades, it continues to study and promote Hampshire through its four sections: Archaeology, Historic Buildings, Landscape and Local History.

The Society organises conferences, seminars, talks and lectures throughout the year as well as trips and visits to embrace all these four aspects of the county and its surrounding area. Two Newsletters per year are published for members, plus an annual journal, Hampshire Studies, and the occasional Monograph.

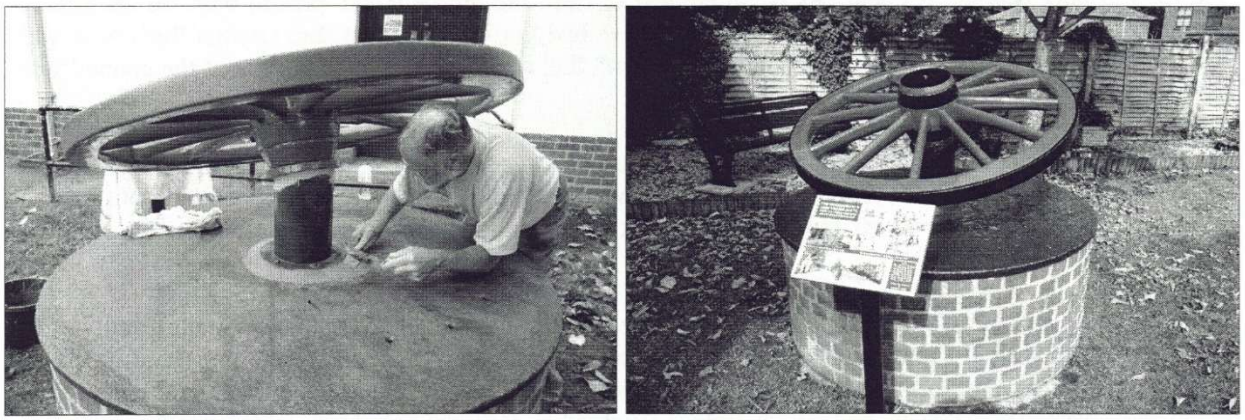
The Hampshire Field Club has close links with the County Council, Hampshire Archives and Local Studies (the Record Office) and draws on Universities throughout the UK for top-quality speakers and experts.

For further information about the Society and all its activities why not visit the website **www.fieldclub.hants.org.uk** and see why, if you have any historical or archaeological interest, you should join us. We welcome all ages!

A FACELIFT FOR THE MUSEUM'S WHEEL & TYRING PLATE



The wheel with a new coat of green paint during refurbishment by Peter Wallace at the end of August

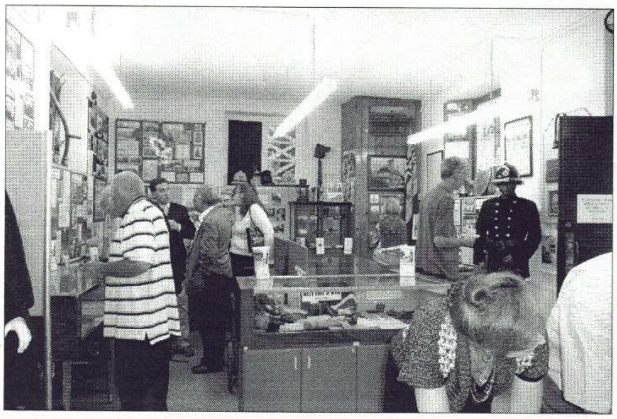


At the end of August this year Peter Wallace our Treasurer very kindly refurbished the cartwheel and tyring plate in the museum garden. The original paint on the wheel had started to peel badly and quite a bit of rot was found in the wood. Peter has removed the rot and filled, primed, undercoated and top coated the wheel and has made a cement fillet around the base to deflect water from laying and causing future problems. Our grateful thanks to Peter for all his hard work.

THE AUGUST SOCIAL MEETING AT THE MUSEUM

A review by Stan Waight






PICTURES OF THE SOCIAL EVENING AT THE MUSEUM ON WEDNESDAY 5th AUGUST
(Pictures by Lin Dowdell)

Our August meeting was billed as a 'Social Evening at the Museum (with refreshments)' and it was highly successful on both counts. We were very lucky that, in a spell of very mixed weather, the evening stayed dry and warm.

Apart from the appeal of the museum itself, a selection of West End maps was laid out in the room upstairs and a gazebo was set up on the grass at the front. Over fifty people were there, including eighteen visitors, so it was a very busy scene - not least because Delphine, Lin and Margaret were constantly on the move with tea and cakes. And what a delightful assortment of home-made cakes they had produced!

There was no set format for the occasion - people just turned up and joined in. Some of the visitors had just come out of interest and were guided round by Nigel and Peter. Others were looking for help with a bit of research and I saw Bill White in earnest conversation with a lady interested in our volumes of the censuses.

There's little more that can be said about such an enjoyable evening, except to express our thanks to the organisers. And is it too much to hope that, after such a pleasant introduction to the museum, volunteers will come forward more readily for the weekly roster?

As it was so successful we intend to hold a similar event next August. Ed.

NOTES FROM A CONSTABLE'S POCKET BOOK - 2

By Roy Andrews

The mid 1960's and fresh out of Police Training School I had managed two weeks on the beat in the Southampton City Police 'A' Division based at the Civic Centre. I was working with my Tutor Constable Pc Brian Berry (husband of Pauline Berry, founder member of the WELHS) and undertaking my first, of many, tours of night duty working 10pm to 6am. I paraded with Brian and the rest of our section, about 8-10 Pc's, and he and I were allocated the London Road area beats.

At this time Southampton City Council were building a new dual carriage-way, later called Dorset Street, to link the bottom of The Avenue with the Charlotte Place roundabout also under construction. The new road required the compulsory purchase and demolition of a number of large Victorian houses and while on parade Brian was given a list provided by the council of those houses, on our beat, which were now unoccupied and awaiting demolition.

Brian explained that empty houses were often targeted by vagrants and other such homeless people as an attractive place to spend the night, to sleep, relatively warm and dry. However, some people slept rough because they did not wish to come to the notice of the authorities often because they were wanted on an arrest warrant by a police force somewhere in the country and so it was always worth checking empty houses for these people on the night shift.

It was not worth checking the houses until after the pubs had closed and so it was well after midnight when we walked down Ordnance Road, where most of the empty houses were, checking them off our list. In the first few we found nobody but then we came to a house where the front door was firmly closed. Brian said this was a good indication that someone was dossing down in there as they often barred the front door after getting in, not wishing to share the house with anybody else.

We pushed on the door but it would not give, we put our shoulders to the door but still it would not give and so we resorted to kicking the door and under the combined weight of our joint attack it eventually opened. We fell through the opening door together and once inside the hallway we both became aware of a dim light on the landing at the top of the stairs and standing in front of the light was the silhouette of an old lady in her night dress. In a terrified voice she was asking us who we were and what did we want. A quick glance around made it obvious that the house was still lived in as the carpets and furniture were still in situ and the old lady was the resident. As we attempted to calm the old lady and explain why we were there Brian was hastily scanning the council list to see if we had got it wrong, but sure enough this house was listed by the council as unoccupied which made us both feel a lot happier that someone at the council was the one who had got it wrong.

We continued to calm the old lady as we then set about trying to repair the damage to the front door so that we could once more make it secure. All we could find was an old screwdriver and a penknife but half an hour's work saw the sheared off bolts screwed back onto the door and frame, enabling the house to be made once more secure.

As Brian and I walked away from the house he said that he felt we should go back to the station and write a report about our little escapade as there was bound to be a complaint made in the morning, and so that is what we did. The next morning the old lady's son did indeed go to the station and make a complaint but Brian and I were vindicated as the fault lay with the council and we had only been doing our job.

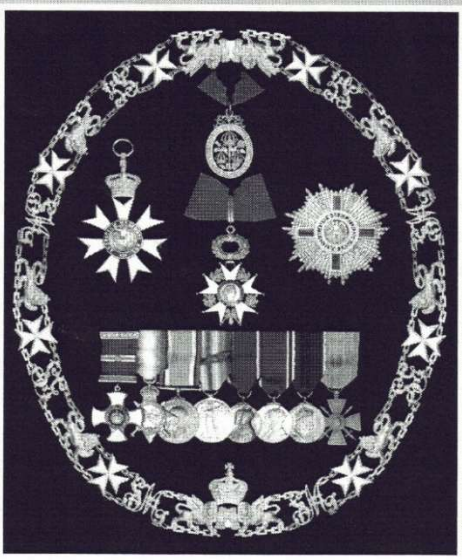
IF YOU ENJOY READING WESTENDER, PLEASE CONSIDER WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR US, WE DESPERATELY NEED NEW ARTICLES AND WITHOUT THESE THERE WILL BE NO NEWSLETTER.
YOU DON'T NEED TO BE A LITERARY GENIUS - JUST WRITE DOWN YOUR MEMORIES NOW!

A VERY LOCAL HERO

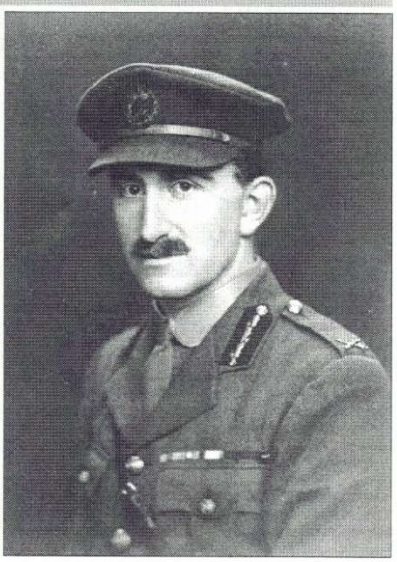
By Nigel Wood



LEFT: George Henry Gater 1914



MIDDLE: His decorations



RIGHT: Brig.Gen. G. H. Gater 1919

We hear a lot of stories these days about the Great War, when "*heroes were led by donkeys*". This infers that all the generals were somewhat deficient in the leadership department, that may be true for some of the generals, but one man stands out as a real hero….and he was a General to boot.

Brigadier-General Sir George Henry Gater, G.C.M.G.,K.C.B.,D.S.O., son of William Henry Gater, a solicitor living at Winslowe House in West End really was a leader that led from the front and ended up wounded twice and highly decorated. Born in West End in 1886 he was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. After graduating he studied for a Diploma in Education; teaching in Oxford before he was appointed Assistant Director of Education for Nottinghamshire in 1912. In 1914, at the start of the Great War, he joined the Army with no prior experience, and in the short space of five years became the youngest Brigadier General in the British Army and the only one possessing a Diploma of Education!

After being commissioned a Second Lieutenant with the 9th Battalion, Sherwood Foresters on 22nd August 1914 he was again promoted to Temporary Captain on 31st December 1914 he went with his regiment to Gallipoli, serving at Cape Helles and Suvla Bay. He was promoted Temporary Major on 25th July 1915 and commanded his battalion between October 1915 and February 1916, during which time Gallipoli was evacuated. Subsequently he served in Egypt between December 1915 and June 1916, during which time he was awarded the D.S.O. and a mention in despatches (the first of four)

In July 1916 he arrived in France and served on the Somme front with his battalion, transferring to 6th Battalion, Lincolnshire Regiment with the rank of Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel on 15th August 1916. He served in the trenches and saw extensive fighting. His Division moved to Messines in June 1917 and here he was awarded a bar to his D.S.O. for leading an attack despite being wounded in the mouth and ear by a shell splinter.

Appointed Commander of the 62nd Infantry Brigade with the rank of Temporary Brigadier-General on 1st November 1917, he led his Brigade as part of the 21st Division at the Battle of St. Quentin during the German Spring Offensive. On the first day of the Battle of the Aisne on 27th May 1918, Gater's Brigade was involved in heavy fighting and in the course of battle he received a machine-gun wound below his left

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shoulder, but remained on duty. By the morning of 29th May the 21st Division had suffered horrendous losses and it was decided to consolidate remnants of various battalions into a composite unit under the command of General Gater. His actions were successful and he was one of the military leaders responsible for halting the German advance at the Marne. By August 1918 Gaters Brigade formed part of 21st Division and were in action at the Battle of Albert. The tide of battle turned in the Allies favour and Gaters Brigade continued advancing until the Armistice was declared on 11th November 1918.

War over, he resigned his commission with the rank of Brigadier-General on 14th January 1919 and returned to civilian life in Education, taking up an appointment as Director of Education for Lancashire County Council. For his services to education he was created a Knight Bachelor in 1936 (Gazetted 21st July 1936). In 1939 he took up the post of Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, a job he held throughout the War, whilst also serving in other important posts in the Government during the Second World War. He was appointed G.C.M.G. in 1944 and retired from Whitehall in 1947. Living latterly at Church Handborough in Oxfordshire, he passed away on the 14th January 1963.

For his service in the Great War as mentioned before he was highly decorated, both by the British Government and by our Allies including the Croix de Guerre and Commander of the Legion of Honour from the French. He had played an important part in halting the final German advance in 1918 during the last major German war effort called the "Kaiser's Schlact". He was always a leader "that led from the front", a very brave man and he was born in West End!

CONGRATULATIONS TO OUR CHAIRMAN & HIS WIFE



Congratulations go out to our Chairman Neville Dickinson and his wife Vera on their Golden Wedding Anniversary celebrated with family and friends on Saturday 5th September 2009.

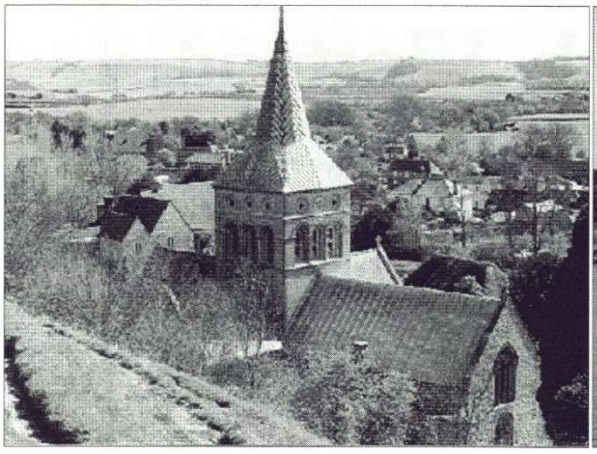
Both are very active members of the community with Neville being the Chairman of the Parish Council as well as of WELHS whilst Vera is very active with the Womens Institute, they both have shared interests in many other local organisations. We wish them both good health and happiness for the future. Ed.

'BUY A BRICK' CHURCH CAMPAIGN

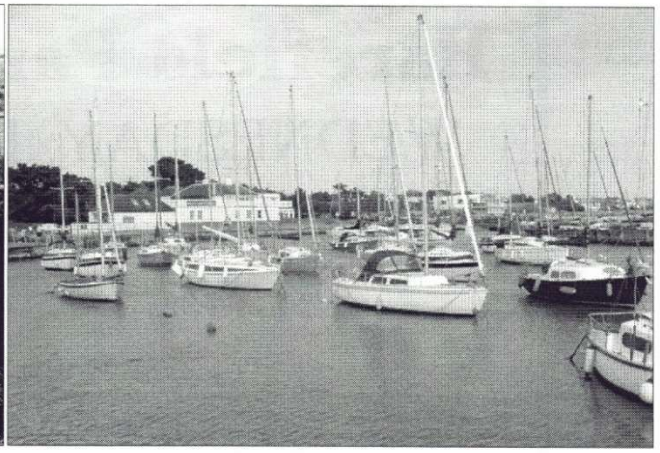
St James' Church, West End are promoting a campaign to raise £12,000 to replace the gravel path leading to the church. The path is very uneven and in wet weather it tends to flood, causing problems for everyone including the elderly and pushchair users. The campaign is entitled 'Be a Brick—Buy a Brick', and you can sponsor the purchase of paving bricks. The bricks are £1 each and there is no limit as to how many you can purchase. The bricks can be bought in memory of a loved one, as a baptism or wedding gift, birthday or anniversary present. There will be a permanent record kept in the church of all who have contributed to this very worthy cause. You can obtain a form from the church or through the church wardens and send with remittance to: Mrs Fiona Weston or Mr Jason Glover (Churchwardens) c/o The Vicarage, Elizabeth Close, West End, Southampton, SO30 3LT. Cheques should be made payable to "West End PCC of St. James" and marked "Path Fund" on the back. Please be generous and support our local Parish Church. Thank you.

THE RIVER MEON FROM SOURCE TO THE SEA

A review by Stan Waight



EAST MEON CHURCH



TITCHFIELD HAVEN

An audience of thirty-four braved an awful evening of wind and rain to hear Carol Watson talk on 'The River Meon from Source to the Sea' for our September meeting. They were not disappointed. Her talk did, indeed, take us from the source of the Meon just south of East Meon to its mouth at Hill Head - via East Meon (the only community where it runs through the centre), Drayton, West Meon, Warnford, Exton, Corhampton, Meonstoke, Droxford, Soberton, Wickham, Funtley and Titchfield - stopping briefly at each village to talk a little about its church, its buildings and, not least, its gardens. Her presentation was non-stop, for she is an accomplished speaker, and included amusing references to how she wheedled money out of people she met on the way for repairs to her beloved church belfry at Meonstoke.

In her introduction, Carol declared that she is a photographer rather than a historian, but this is not completely true. Her stunning slides, and there were many of them, proved her skill as the former, for they were not edited in the way that digital pictures can be. Her tit-bits of local history, however, belied the latter. Her family has lived in the Meon Valley for generations, and there was more than a little family history mixed in too - in fact she would make a good candidate for 'Who Do You Think You Are?'.

The Meon is a chalk stream, and it seems that most of its crystal-clear water is extracted at an early stage to supply Portsmouth. But, although it is much smaller than it might otherwise be, there were several slides which showed how it could flood in times of heavy rainfall. In its upper reaches it is narrow and 'undermanaged' (a polite term for 'neglected'), but lower down there are several ponds and lakes used by fishing societies.

Among the points of interest Carol mentioned was the church at East Meon with architectural features and a black marble font similar to those in Winchester Cathedral. Then there were the graves of Thomas Lord, who founded the Lord's cricket venue, and the traitor Guy Burgess in the churchyard at West Meon, and that in Droxford of Peter Cluer who was murdered at Waltham Chase in the early 18th century during some inter-parish rivalry. She also spoke of the wholesale transfer of the village of Warnford from one side of the A32 to the other and the origins of the horse fair at Wickham which has lost so much of its original attraction.

Our speaker is a very keen gardener and has a passion for flowers. Her beautiful slides included shots of wild and cultivated blooms, of which the snowdrops and hellebores at Warnford were but two.

It was a first class talk - no wonder that a number of West End W.I. members turned up to hear it again.

CARNIVAL FORE-RUNNER

Harefield Park, Westend.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21st, 1920.

Commencing at 2 p.m.

A

VILLAGE FAIR

WILL BE HELD IN AID OF THE

WESTEND CLUB EXTENSION FUND.

SOUTH HANTS TEMPERANCE BAND

Under the Conductorship of Mr. W. Wheeler will give
Selections of Dance and other Music throughout the day.

A good Programme has been arranged consisting of . .

Sports. Competitions. Roundabouts. Swings.
Cocoanuts. Shows and Entertainments together with a

GRAND DANCE.

Price 2/- per head. To be held in **RIDING SCHOOL** from 8 p.m. till 12. Dress completely optional.

Refreshments and Teas at Popular Prices.

Prices of Admission to Ground (Including Tax).
ADULTS, 1s. 3d., after 5 p.m. 8d. CHILDREN, 8d.

The following Competitions are open. Entries are invited.

BABY SHOW. Age 6 to 18 months. Prizes: 1st Boy. 1st Girl.
DECORATED BICYCLES. Prizes according to entry.
BEAUTY SHOW (MEN). Prizes according to entry.

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS TERMINATE AT 10 P.M.

Hon. Secretary: MR. J. HARRISON. Cloyfin, Westend.
President: REV. R. DAWSON, The Vicarage, Westend.

This full page poster appeared in the St. James' Church magazine for July 1921 - the event, a fore-runner of the West End Carnival, was held in the grounds of Harefield House along the West End Road in 1920. This and much more information is coming to light during the digitizing programme we are undertaking in conjunction with St. James' Church to put the magazine from 1884-1960 onto cdrom format. When the project is complete copies will be available to view at the museum. Ed.

ROADS & RACES

By Pauline Berry

Congratulations must go to Diane Jordan and Brian Chalk for tackling some interesting research of the roads in which they live. Quite independently of each other Diane of Caversham Close (off Beacon Road) decided that her leafy cul-de-sac warranted some record of its history to celebrate the 50th anniversary of its construction.

She photographed each house and listed all the residents who had lived in them. An old map was added which clearly shows the site of her road was previously part of the tree nursery of John St. Barbe Baker who lived close by in 'The Firs', Beacon Road. Then she thoughtfully gave a copy of her findings to each of the present house-owners and also one to the archives of our museum.

By chance Brian Chalk of Woodland Mews, had also embarked on a similar project. There being 36 houses in his neck of the (Telegraph) wood, he has made use of the society's research materials to try to trace all the occupants of the houses back to the start of Woodland Mews nearly fifty years ago. He was surprised to discover the site included the land of more than one old house - in fact three - 'Woodlands', 'Duncaple' (Homewood) and part of the garden of 'Glenbourne' (occupied by the cricketer C.B. Fry a century ago). Brian is delving into the history of these residences, once part of builder Daniel Haines' real estate. We look forward to the completion of this exercise which will hopefully be added to our archives.

Originally from Bitterne, Brian recalls belonging to an amateur bicycle team, called the Harefield Hawks, in the 1940's. Enjoying the freedom of being a teenager he used to freewheel on his bike down Church Hill, since his cycle possessed NO brakes!!! This caused friction at home too since this activity left a permanent groove in his left 'welly boot' which acted as a handy brake.

Memories of competitive races against their rivals, the West End lads, flood back to Brian who remembers the local team to be *'rough, tough lads'*. During a lot of 'barging and shunting' during these races, they would try to put out the spokes of their opponents' front wheels by whatever means possible! Much fun was had by all - does anyone remember these races on the makeshift dirt-track on Hatch Grange in the late 1940's? Buffer Moody and Brian Pickett (not our present vicar) were two of Brian's friends at that time and they also joined in the official fox-hunting sessions in fields off Allington Lane.

If you are a long-standing resident of your road in West End, how about researching its history and former residents? I have made a start on my own road, Grosvenor Gardens, and the street directories in our museum were a good beginning. Old maps and our files would also prove useful to you and your investigations would also aid future generations in learning about 'old' West End.

WEST END CARNIVAL AGM

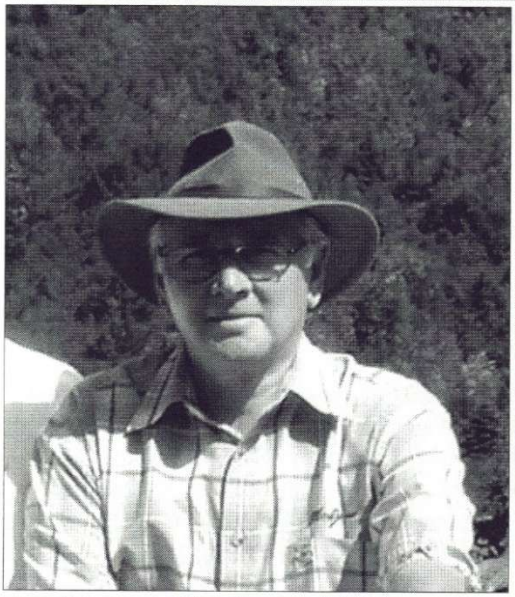
West End Carnival Association are holding their Annual General Meeting in the Committee Room at the Parish Centre in Chapel Road on Thursday 15th October 2009. The meeting starts at 7.30pm. Volunteers are desperately wanted to help with the organisation and running of the Carnival. Here is your opportunity to put something back into the community - if you have enjoyed previous years Carnivals then now is the time to come forward, without volunteers the Carnival won't happen.....

VOLUNTEER NOW, DON'T DELAY!

Contact the Parish Office if you can help or phone them on
023 8046 2371 or e-mail: clerk@weparish.co.uk

REMEMBER...WITHOUT YOU WE HAVE NO CARNIVAL!

MEMORIES OF WEST END FROM LEN PAYNE IN CANADA





LEFT: Len Payne RIGHT: Len and Mavis

West End of 1939 was a far cry from the village we see today. Gone are the cottages that fronted the north side of the High Street running from the old Parish Hall to The West End Brewery Inn. Gone also are the sedate and imposing homes that stood in their immaculate gardens on the south side of the High Street from Upper New Road up Shotter's Hill to the Cenotaph.

The newest housing estate in progress was Orchard's Way, now classified as a Heritage Site, little did Bunney Brothers realize they were building history in those days just prior to World War 2, then again they had their hands full keeping us young tear-a-way's off the scaffolding and from making den's out of bricks. The lime tubs used to make up the plaster for the ceilings had a particular attraction to us, we used to dig holes fill them with lime and cover them with sand, then wait for Bert Bunney or his brother Alf to step in them...great fun. Hatch Grange, a wonderful place to play. I remember my first visit there with my dad, entering from Chapel Road after climbing the embankment, just past where Mr. Blake's the insurance man's house stood, about where the Community Centre now stands, as I recall it was a place of gently rolling grass covered low hillocks with clumps of hawthorn bushes, full of rabbit burrows and a wonderful row of beech trees. And butterflies by the hundreds, small, about one half inch wing span, cornflower blue, brown and gold.

If you entered Hatch Grange by way of the High Street you passed the "keeper's lodge" as we called it, then up the avenue flanked by those towering trees to where the old House stood prior to the fire. The remains of the gardens were still visible, flowers, once cultivated had run wild, daffodil, crocus, primrose, roses were in abundance; by the elevated tennis courts was a "bamboo forest" you could play hide and seek, make secret den's, all kinds of kids games. It wasn't until I was in my teens that I discovered other uses for that particular spot. There was a mulberry tree, with luscious fruit, apples, pears, plums, raspberries and blackberries, hazel, beech and chestnut trees.

There was a wood sandwiched between Upper New Road and Orchards Way, a veritable wonderland for us kids, secret tunnels where you could hide from the local bobby, particularly PC's. Hiscock and Jacobs when the occasional window was broken, or some other heinous crime was committed, secret dens where you could lie low and turn a deaf ear to your mum or dad calling you in for the night. This woods was all that remained of a farm on part of which Orchards Way was built. Where the old farm house stood was the entrance to the "underground cellars" or so we thought, we would never venture more than a few feet into it for fear of falling prey to the pig sized rats we were told lived down there. Our dad's finally filled in the entrance before one of us was eaten.

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As the prospect of war became inevitable the men and women of Orchard's Way embarked on a task of mammoth proportion in the woods behind Orchards Way, as a group they dug a series of trenches in the shape of the letter 'E' , with sloping entrances at each open end. This was to be a refuge in the event of air raid or invasion. A tremendous amount of earth had to be moved by hand using only garden tools such as picks, shovels and wheelbarrows. All this was accomplished in a short time by people who had only recently become neighbours. Luckily it was never put to its original purpose, but it made a wonderful playground for us kids, in fact we won the war several times over before it was time for bed.
The village in those days according to us kids, was comprised of three separate areas, from St James Primary School to Moorgreen was Top Ender territory, from the Cenotaph down to Dunford's Garage was the Village Boys, and from the New Inn (Lamp and Mantle) to the old Allington Lane at the top of Gaters Hill was Bottom Ender territory. You will note the definite No-Mans-Land between each territory.
In the 40s/50s there used to be rival Test Matches in cricket or football between the rival groups.
Fray's Stores, a haven of delicious smells, Knowlton's Bakery, where you could buy four bread rolls for a penny, Wiltshire the Butcher, Beale's Chemist, dreaded hair cuts and sweets, with old Mr. Beale and his wife, Ron had just entered the RAF. Stubb's the Newsagent, comics and sweets, until the unheard of sweet rationing was introduced, does anyone remember the day all chocolate bars came in a bluey coloured wrapper and bore the name "Ration". Hassell's Post Office and sixpenny savings stamps we stuck in our savings books. THE POLICE STATION. George Rollins garage, with the flat roof we used to climb on to and play, endless rows of accumulators being refilled and charged for those homes sporting a radio, Bealing's Fish and Chip Shop, fish and chips, faggots and peas, rissoles, all cooked in whale oil - cholesterol !! never heard of it. The Fire Station, newly built, with that wonderful red Fire Engine, the static water tank we used to float our boats in.....until Mr. Butt chased us away. The big brass helmets that vanished overnight, gone to be replaced with tin hats, the old village ambulance that stood in the Parish Hall car park that became a secret clubhouse for the Village Boy's. Frank Browning's grocery store. Emman's Bakery, on the corner of Ivy Lane, with that fascinating prismatic sign that changed as you went by it, it read, Sunlight Soap - No Wear No Care No Tear - Lifebuoy Soap. Pure magic to us kids.
Then came the war in earnest, the village blacked out, endless convoys and troop transports, our beloved woods, off limits and filled with troops. School windows taped and painted, air raid shelters in the school grounds where we would be ushered into during the many air raids. Little did Mr. Harris the Headmaster realize that as the teachers were ushering us in the front door of the shelter, we were making a bee line for the escape hatch at the far end to sit on top of the shelter and watch the dog fights over Eastleigh and Southampton. The noise of the anti aircraft guns in Quob Lane, the whistle of shrapnel as it came down that became prized objects especially if it was still hot.
At School we played the endless game of "squeeze", that entailed a fight to be the one that won the coveted corner spot where the boy's toilet's and the girl's toilet's joined, just imagine a hundred or so 7 - 11 year old boy's fighting to win that spot, and the noise that ensued. And games of "Chummy Up", here you all sat on the wall that separated the playground from the Dining Hall and "chummied" along until you reached the end of the wall, then you ran to the start of the wall and began again. The most feared man in the village was Mr. Peck. Who was Mr. Peck, well he wasn't a policeman, he wasn't a teacher, he wasn't the dreaded Truant Officer who called daily if you were missing from school. Mr. Peck was the Gas Mask Inspector, we were in fear of him, for no matter how new your gas mask was, he would find fault with it.
I have lost count of the times I stood in front of the School Assembly with my head hung down in abject misery for losing my gas mask, listening to Mr. Peck describe in detail the agonizing death I would suffer if a gas attack occurred. Amongst the "characters" of the village, and we had our share, was Matty the Gas Man, whose job it was to empty to gas meters of their pennies. People said he had suffered shell shock in W.W.1, but us kids loved him and he was always followed by a gang of yelling youngsters as he made his rounds throughout the village on his bicycle, kicking one leg out sideways and yelling "Oi, Oi, Oi". Good old Matty, long gone now.... and Bill Grant the milkman for Brown and Harrison's Dairy with his two horses, characters themselves, Duchess a bay mare and Monty, a huge black with a white blaze on his nose, many a time I became a stage coach driver while Bill enjoyed a well earned "cuppa" at our house.
Just some memories of growing up in West End...

On this day (7th October) in.....

1867 Marie Curie, Polish-French scientist, born in Warsaw as Marie Sklodowska.

1885 The last spikes were driven in at Craigellachie in British Columbia to complete the Canadian Pacific Railway, after $4^1/_2$ years work.

1910 Leo Tolstoy, Russian novelist, notably 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karenina', died in a siding of Astapovo railway station.

1917 The Bolshevik Revolution, led by Lenin, overthrew Prime Minister Alexander Kerensky's government of Russia.

1944 Franklin D. Roosevelt was re-elected American President, for a record fourth time.

1975 Cardinal Heenan, English Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, died.

THE W.E.L.H.S PROGRAMME FOR 2010

Monthly meetings are held at
THE PARISH CENTRE, CHAPEL ROAD, WEST END
7.30pm on the first Wednesday - Visitors welcome (£2.00 per meeting) Subscriptions £10.00 p.a.

January 6
MY LIFE IN THE 17th CENTURY
Yvonne & Keith Hoskins

February 3
LIGHTHOUSES
Keith Morton

March 3
FAMOUS HAMPSHIRE CONNECTIONS
Jill Daniels

April 1
ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING &
LIVING ON A BOAT ON THE RIVER HAMBLE
Katie Bewes

May 5
MID HANTS RAILWAY "The Watercress Line"
Dave Yaldren

June 2
SOUTHAMPTON 1609-1838: from economic decline to prosperous Spa town
Jake Simpkin

July 7
CHURCHES CONSERVATION TRUST IN HAMPSHIRE & SUSSEX
Dr. Frances Hurd

August 4
SOCIAL EVENING AT THE MUSEUM
(including refreshments)
ALL WELCOME

September 1
FROM WEORBLING'S TON TO WARBLINGTON
Madeleine Selby

October 6
ICEBERG RIGHT AHEAD!
Geoff Watts

November 3
SHIPS & PILOTAGE IN SOUTHAMPTON
Capt. Noel Becket, MNI

December 1
CHRISTMAS BUFFET, QUIZ, SLIDE SHOW & RAFFLE
Members only

DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

THE NEXT MEETING

November 4
WICKHAM PAST & PRESENT
Madeleine Selby

December 2
CHRISTMAS BUFFET, QUIZ, SLIDE SHOW & RAFFLE
Members only