THE WEST END LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

WESTENDER

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WEST END LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

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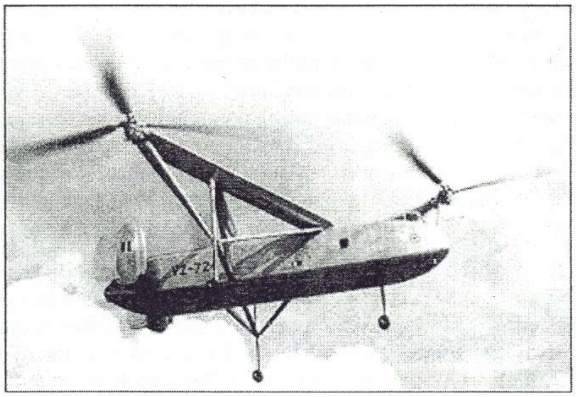
AIR HORSE CRASHES AT WESTEND....1950



THE CIERVA AIR HORSE HELICOPTER IN FLIGHT

On the morning of Tuesday June 13th 1950, a strange new machine appeared in the skies over West End; the Cierva Air Horse, a pioneer form of heavy lift helicopter, the early equivalent of today's Chinook, was on a test flight from Eastleigh. At 11.28am disaster struck, it appeared that one of the wooden rotors broke and within seconds the aircraft plummeted to the ground, exploding on impact at Pragnell's Farm in West End and killing all three crew members. Only two of these unusual aircraft had been built as prototypes and after the crash the other was put into mothballs and eventually broken up. The helicopter was unusual in that it had THREE rotors for lift all driven from one Rolls Royce motor through a complex system of gears and drives. One rotor was at the front whilst there was one on either side of the fuselage on outriggers amidships forming a triangle. The prototype Cierva W.11 "Air Horse" made its maiden flight in December 1948 and was displayed at the Farnborough Air Show; designed and built for the Ministry of Supply, it could carry 24 passengers or the equivalent in freight. It was at that time the world's largest and heaviest helicopter.

The crew on that fateful day consisted of Squadron Leader Alan Marsh, A.F.C., Cierva's Manager and chief test pilot, Squadron Leader F.J. ("Jeep") Cable, A.F.C., Chief Rotary Wing Test Pilot for the Ministry of Supply at the R.A.F. Station , Beaulieu and Mr Henry "Joe" Unsworth, Cierva's flight engineer. Four M.C.A. fire appliances raced to the scene of the crash from Eastleigh (Southampton) airport, also on the scene were Hampshire Fire Service units from Westend (now the WELHS Museum) and Eastleigh and ambulances from Southampton, but all three of the crew were dead, two of whom were thrown from the aircraft on impact. We have more details of this incident in the Museum archives including copies of the report which appeared in the *Southern Daily Echo* newspaper of June 13th 1950. If any of our readers witnessed this crash please contact us and let us have a copy of your account for our archives.

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WEST END PARISH COUNCIL

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SOME CHEERFUL MEMORIES OF CHALK HILL

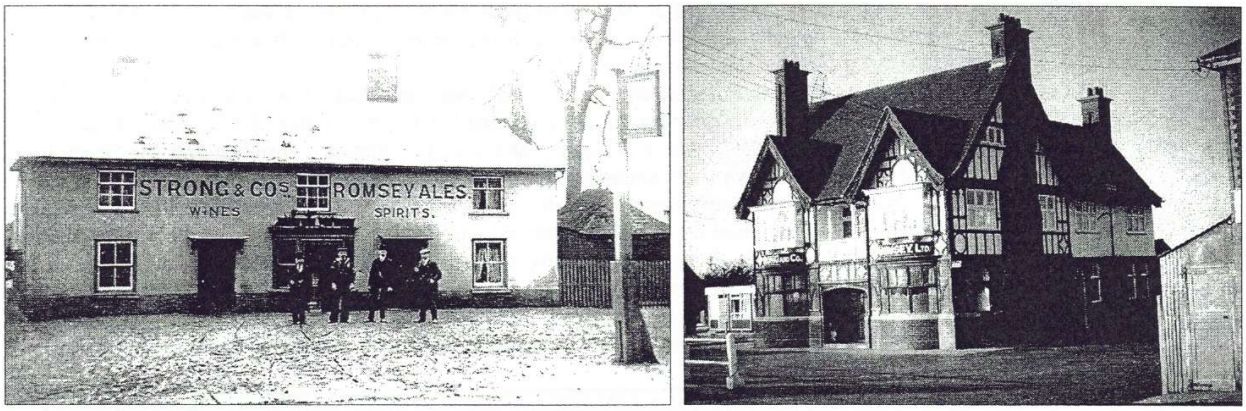
As recalled to Pauline Berry by Joe Molloy

Our own Joe Molloy recently called in at the Museum with, not only a clear plan of Chalk Hill's cottages and their occupants of the early 1920's but also tales to tell of his childhood living there. He lived at No.7 Chalk Hill (now a different number), a small Victorian cottage, two up, two down plus kitchen in which Mr and Mrs Patrick Molloy brought up their family of three; Kathleen, Molly (Mimi) and of course Joe. They were fortunate enough to have water laid on but solely to the outhouse in their back garden and like many people then, bath-night was enjoyed in a tin bath in front of the kitchen fire. Another part of the outhouse was used for storing the coal to heat the fireplaces in the cottage; in the rear of the same building was a W.C.

Their large garden, mainly to the side, was shared with cottage No.6 (Mr Dewey) and was well stocked with fruit, vegetables and flowers. This area is now occupied by newer houses. To the rear of the back gardens of these former brickmaker's cottages ran a long ditch, separating them from the old brickfield beyond. Brickmaking had stopped well before 1920 and this "field" was then covered with blackberry bushes, but it still showed the vestiges of old brick walls and heaps of sand from the old days. This area proved an attractive route for the children to cross to the woods beyond, *"a lovely playing area"*, recalled Joe, *"which we knew like the back of our hands"*. The all too familiar sounds made by revellers from the "New Inn" (the recently demolished Lamp & Mantle) are also imprinted on Joe's memory! Prior to the charabancs (motor coaches) were the horse-drawn "brakes" - a type of carriage with a roof and long seats either side, with mounting steps to the rear. These arrived regularly at the New Inn and inside were men, merry from visits to other public houses, who were also musicians carrying their instruments. The trombone projected to the rear due to its shape and the men arrived ready to play and imbibe some more! As the brake clattered in at the front of the inn, along would rush the local children, including Joe, calling, *"out with the rusty coppers!"*, in the hope of receiving pennies, halfpennies or farthings, which would sometimes be thrown down to them!

Joe has clear memories of the New Inn being re-built during the late 1920's. He knew a Mr Ryves from Moorgreen, who was a plasterer in the new building (the next occupant of his cottage, George Paul was a roofer on the inn). The new lounge was called the "West End Leicester Lounge" which sounded grand in those days. Other people toiling up and down Chalk Hill included tennis players cycling to and from the new tennis club and courts to the rear of Rosemount shop (now the Tesco Express) and Dunford's Garage (now the Hatch Mead housing estate). "Banana Joe", from Bitterne, who used to call regularly selling his fresh fruit must not be forgotten. Any over-ripe fruit was given to the children who ate it eagerly. The "Rag-and-Bone-man" who bought old clothes and oddments in exchange for "coppers" was another regular.

The local children were often escorted by Mr Collins of The Drove, (now Mann's Close) up Church Hill to the Mission Hall in Beacon Road, where they were regular attenders on Sunday's. This was run by the evangelist John St. Barbe Baker (father of Richard – Man of the Tree's) who lived next door at "The Firs". He was a *"Pleasant, bearded old gentleman"* who often gave lifts up Chalk Hill to "Bradfields", the butcher in Bitterne, recalls Joe.



Left: THE "OLD" NEW INN AROUND 1920 – Right: THE "NEW" NEW INN (later LAMP & MANTLE) AROUND 1970

He also had reason to remember other acts of kindness, for every Christmas Mr John St. Barbe Baker would give gifts to the children who attended his chapel. This was how Joe received his very first buttoned shirt, at the age of four or five, which unfortunately reached his ankles when he tried it on. This garment got good use in the ensuing years of course!

A host of other stories came out of Joe's lucid memory and they will be included another time. The story of Joe's remarkable aunt "Sister Kate Oram" is still available in the Museum Book-shop.

DON'T FORGET TO PAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IF YOU HAVEN'T DONE SO ALREADY
£8.00 PER PERSON REPRESENTS VERY GOOD VALUE FOR MONEY

AS A CHILD IN WESTEND 1937-1943 Part 2

Brian Blighe

Continued from July – August 2004 edition

During that late summer of 1940 although Westend and Thornhill were mainly unaffected by bombing, the effect on Southampton was clear to see. From high ground we watched the fires in the town centre, one in particular burned for two weeks, this was the Cold Storage on the riverside near Northam Bridge. I recall seeing the flocks of barrage balloons, they were often the first target for the Luftwaffe and would come spiralling down in flames at the start of every raid. One balloon broke away from it's RAF minders and was finally trapped by a tree at the bottom of Chaucer Road. Recovery took a long time and provided many hours of entertainment for us.

One afternoon, while sitting on the wide windowsill of our dining room – at the time there was no alert – suddenly without warning several Heinkel 111's (German bombers) came down parallel with the roads of Thornhill's bungalow town; they were little more than rooftop height. I could clearly see the glass domed front, the man behind it and the machine-guns blazing. It was over in a flash and I received a bump on the head as my father threw me under the dining table. At that time I thought the gunner was a poor shot, but later came to realise that if he had wanted to shoot up houses and civilians he could not have missed. A speaker at the Local History Society meeting about three years ago mentioned machine gunning on Chalk Hill and I believe that it was part of the same incident. We learned that this was a daring and devastating raid that all but destroyed the Cunliffe Owen Works at Wide Lane, Swaythling, which is now the Ford Motor Company factory. Perhaps the German gunners were in high spirits, who knows? But if they had wanted at that time to carry the war to the population, my brothers and I would probably not be alive today. Compared to later bombing by both sides, that of 1940 was accurate and strategic. The incident alarmed my parents to such a degree that we set off that evening to join the trek away from possible targets; we got as far as West Road, Hedge End, where we slept in the hall of the bungalow where my brother's piano teacher lived. Sometime later, during a night raid, a parachute mine totally destroyed a bungalow at the end of West Road, killing all inside. Parachute or land mines did not penetrate the ground like a bomb; so they exploded at ground level, the blast went outwards, thus the bungalow virtually disappeared.

The Church Hall became a very well used centre of activity and entertainment during World War 2, there were events known as "Socials" when the local people would get together for music, dancing and games like musical chairs. We loved them and attended all that we were able to. There was extra "adventure" getting to a "Social" when many came from Thornhill; that was the journey itself, through unlit roads and through the woods, when a torchlight greater than a pinpoint would earn a reprimand from an ARP warden, or even a threat of prosecution. The hall was completely blacked out, a chink of light could have caused it to be shut. The end nearest of the Church had a hallway with both outer and inner doors, we could get inside the blacked out outer doors but were not allowed through the inner doors until the outer doors were shut behind us.

I had a friend in Thornhill Avenue; I recall that we were allowed to play on the front steps at his house with his large collection of lead soldiers, cowboys, Indians and the like. There was an Anderson shelter in the back garden, of course they were in it whenever there was an alert. One night, I was told that during a lull in the bombing, the father went indoors to make tea when a bomb landed directly on the shelter. The father survived but his wife and son died. As a child, the enormity of it was not realised by other children, we rather thought of dead people counting twenty then getting up again to continue the game. It was in 1966 that I relived it when our infant son died and was buried at the front of that mother and son's grave.

As the war progressed, the daylight raids virtually ceased and the night "Blitz" took over and was to last for a very long time. The outside shelter that had been built in Shelley Road, almost opposite our home was reinforced by having another wall built around it and became our temporary home most nights. The occupants sat on wooden benches, about ten people to each of four interconnecting rooms. There was no light of course other than small lamps we had brought with us. There was a territorial aspect to the seating

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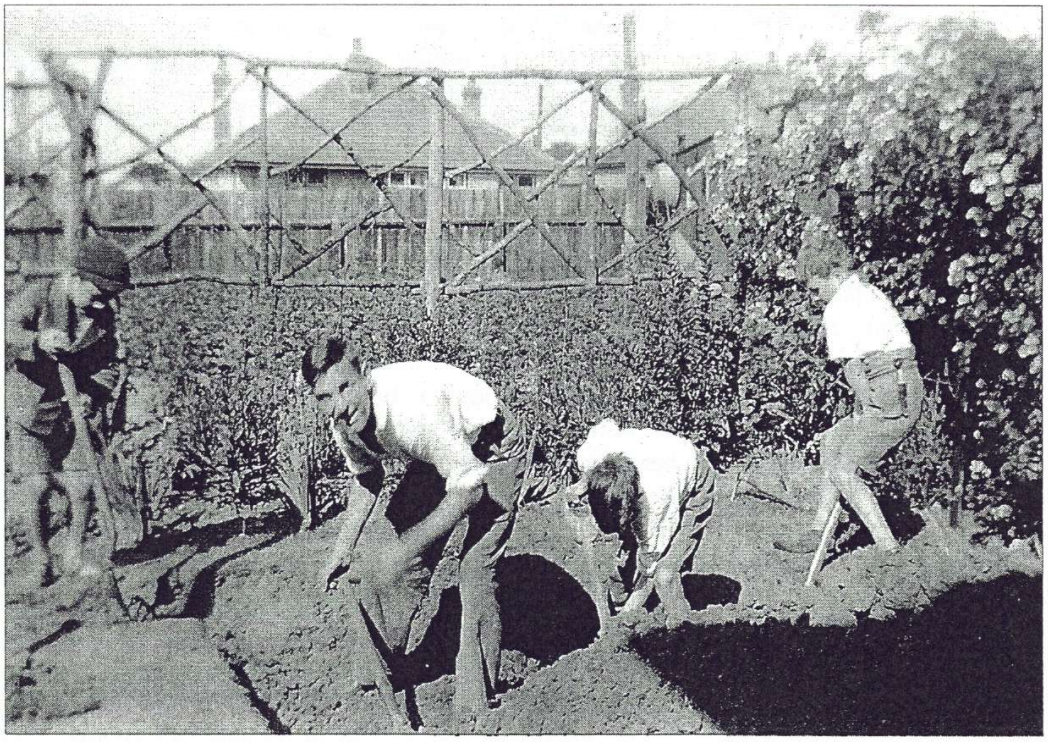
arrangements and any of us who dared to park in the wrong place would get a curt, "*Oy, that's my seat!!!*". We would try to calculate whether "is that theirs or ours?" by the sound of the engines overhead, or, hearing the bombs whistling down "I wonder who got that". Older citizens will know that the bombs really DID whistle, some said it was a device to terrify the populace. During one raid the whistle got louder and louder, someone said *"This ones ours"*, there was a metallic bump on the shelter roof above us, then... silence. No one spoke for a while, then Mr Street suggested it was a timed bomb, perhaps we should evacuate the shelter, then he went outside with a torch. Inside we were all very quiet except for one lady who was making what I could only describe as a low scream. After what seemed to be a very long time, Mr Street came back in with a metal object that looked like a broom handle with square shelves along its length. It was known as a "Breadbasket"; the shelves would each hold about twenty incendiaries, dropped from a bomber the incendiary bombs would separate from the device as it fell. In itself, it was harmless, bit it made about forty people think that their last moments had come. I wonder what happened to that "Breadbasket", does someone have it as a souvenir?

Searchlights became commonplace, but flares were a spectacular rarity, I was once allowed to the door of the shelter to see them floating down, lighting up the buildings around us, even though they were directly over the town or docks. Long after the bombers had gone there would be the glow in the sky from the newly started fires. To those who never saw it I would liken it to the glow of the orange street lamps we now have at roundabouts, which illuminate the underside of the clouds, except that the glow from the burning buildings would rise and fall in intensity and would seem to pulse. As I had many bouts of illness during this period, my father carried me wrapped in blankets to the shelter, where the other occupants would allow me to lie across their laps and even claimed a turn at have my head, which was fine by me, except when one particular lady's turn came round – she suffered from halitosis! In 1941, because of my condition I qualified for a "Morrison" shelter, a bed cum table made of steel girders and mesh with a steel plate as a top. This was built *inside* the bedroom I shared with my two brothers, two of us slept in it for the rest of the war, I remember that the top quickly became a dump for our toys and clothes.



MY FATHER IN THE FOREGROUND, LEFT TO RIGHT: MYSELF IN CAP (AGE 7) WITH ELDEST BROTHER DENIS AND ROBERT DIGGING UP THE GARDEN FOR THE AIR RAID SHELTER – SUMMER 1939

Continued from page 4

At school we were always hungry, the ladies in the dining hall, I think Mrs Houghton and Mrs Candy, started selling hunks of bread and jam at morning playtime, they were delicious; home made jam of course, bread was not rationed but sugar was, so how they got round that I do not know! Bread was not rationed until after the war, only by it's price which had increased to $4^1/_2$d. per large loaf. I managed to "help" the baker Mr Pitches on his rounds by going with him in his van, delivering the occasional loaf and eating all the wonderful crusty crumbs that had fallen into the back of the vehicle – not much food hygiene then!!

Bombs fell off target onto the countryside without doing too much harm. Some also fell in Bitterne and we children prayed that Hitler would leave the Ritz Cinema alone, because it was a Saturday morning treat for the local children to go to the children's matinee's; it cost 3d. and 4d. If one wanted to upstage one's mates by going on the balcony. We would come back as Buck Rogers or Tarzan and wondering how our heroes were going to get out of the awful predicaments that the last reel always left them in. Sadly, the Ritz is long gone and the Bitterne Bowl is on it's site. A stick of three bombs fell in the road in the area of the present Bitterne Library causing huge craters, blowing in the windows of the nearby houses and causing the three Static Water Tanks (SWT's) to lose their contents plus the goldfish that someone did not want and had been evacuated to the tanks. SWT's were built in many places because so often the mains water supplied were cut by bombs, so they made a ready, if limited, source for the firemen.

The three craters were quickly filled in, but the new patches were very obvious and led to some excitement in 1945, which I may touch on later. Several bombs fell onto the fields of Harefield and the craters were not filled in for years, they were very deep and somehow were colonised by frogs and newts, including the crested kind, in the water at the bottom that never dried up until infilling. As the Blitz progressed, Southampton and surrounding area became more and more devastated, but as there were no daylight raids people still journeyed to the town centre, which made us realise how lucky we were to live just far enough out to be reasonably safe. When once we did go to town it was to see that Above Bar had very few buildings left standing, the rubble had been pushed to either side to make a walkway about 10 feet wide. Our favourite cinema, the Classic was flattened and the Regal had been closed due to the damage; it reopened and Classic moved into the basement, where I saw *"The Wizard of Oz"* on Christmas Day 1943. I'm told that there were more than twenty public houses between the Bargate and the Town Quay until World War 2. The bombers must have had an argument with the brewers because, after the Blitz, only the Dolphin remained. King George VI paid a visit to the town, I think it was 1941. It was supposed to be secret and unannounced but somehow we all knew and tried to be there and although we got to town, we didn't see the King, the newsreel in the cinema's showed the visit months afterwards.

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

WHY NOT BECOME A HAMBLE VALLEY TOURIST GUIDE

Have you an interest in local history, and would like to learn more about it and pass that knowledge on to other people? Would you like to become a Tour Guide for your area? Then this is the course for you! No previous experience or training is necessary as the course will teach you all you need to know – we just ask that you are committed and enthusiastic! On successful completion, you could become one of the popular Hamble Valley Tourist Guides!

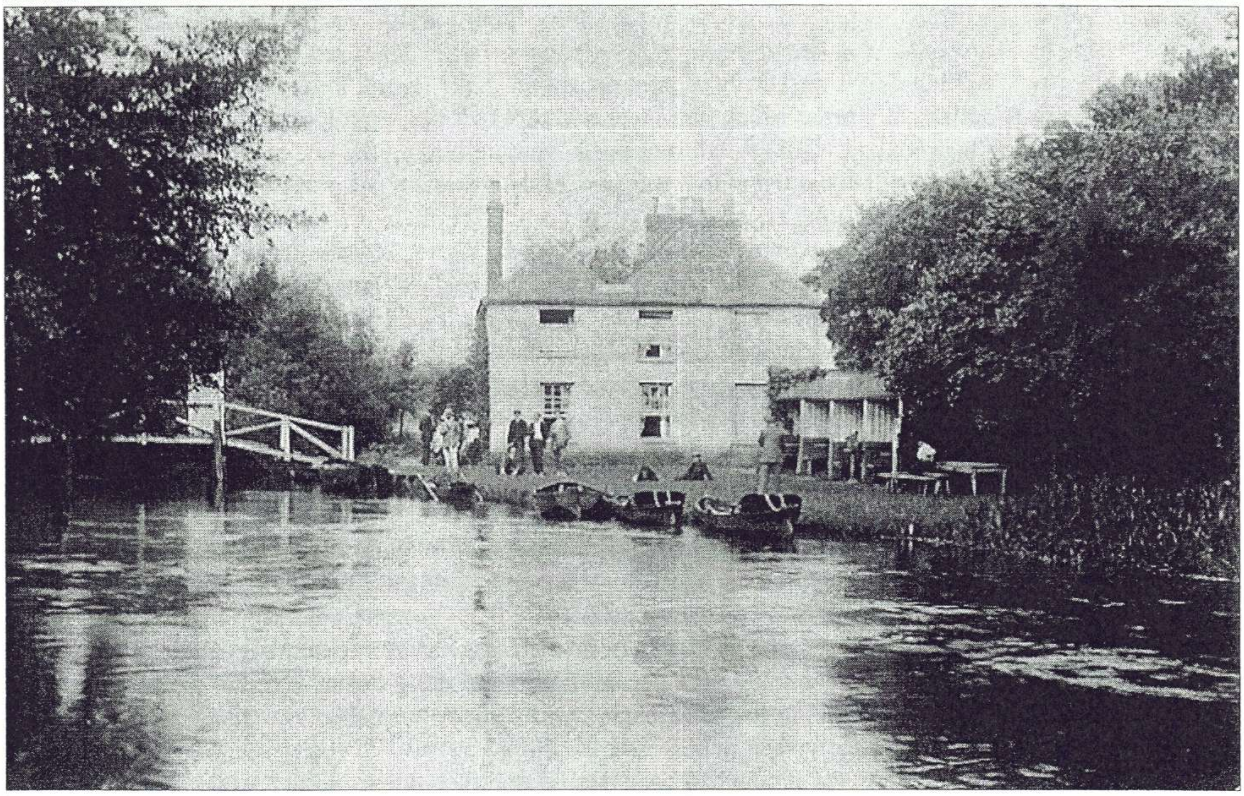
The new course will start in late October, and will run until the beginning of March. Commitment will involve one evening a week (Thursday) and the occasional weekend for practical training. There will also be some home study involved. On successful completion you will then become a voluntary Hamble Valley Tourist Guide. The course is only £50.00, which covers administration costs. All you need to do now is call the number below for more information and to request an application form.

Hamble Valley
the strawberry coast

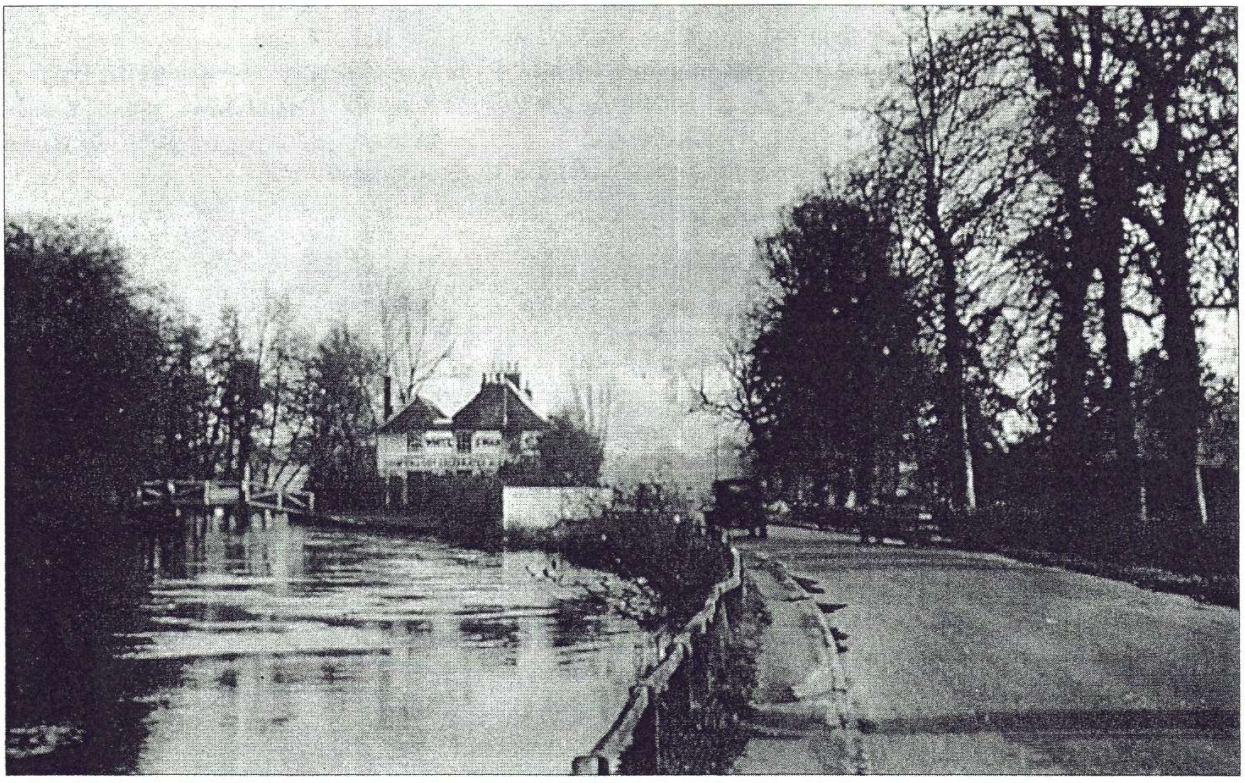
Call 023 8068 8207 or e-mail jade.cowie@eastleigh.gov.uk

EASTLEIGH BOROUGH COUNCIL

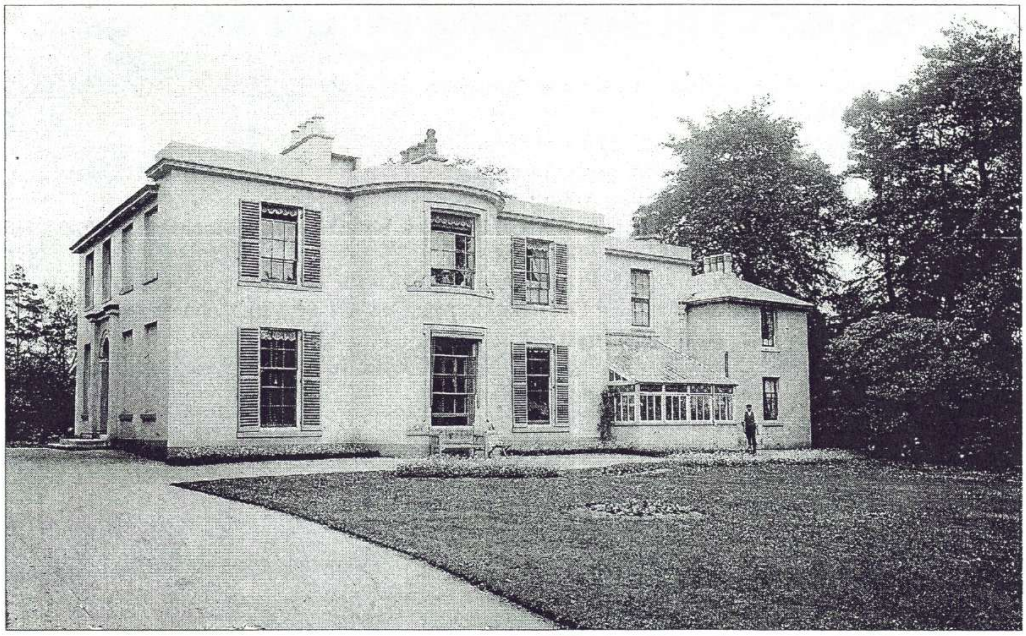
SOME IMAGES FROM OUR ARCHIVE



THE WHITE SWAN SHOWING PUNTS ON THE RIVER AND THE BEER GARDEN – EARLY 20th CENTURY



THE WHITE SWAN SEEN FROM THE MAIN ROAD BEFORE IT WAS RE -ROUTED c. 1920-30



"SHREWTON LODGE" circa 1907 - ONE OF THE "GENTRY" HOUSES THAT ONCE STOOD IN MOORHILL ROAD

GARDEN FINDS & TREASURE TROVE

A Review by Stan Waight

The speaker at our first meeting after the summer break was Jodi McCrohan of the Winchester Museum Service, who trained as an archaeologist. Despite its title, her talk was mainly about the Portable Antiquities Scheme (PAS) which she administers as Hampshire's Finds Liaison Officer. As would be expected from a professional, Jodi is a very knowledgeable and competent speaker. Her delivery was fluent, if somewhat rapid for some members of the audience.

Under the old regulations, 'treasure trove' covered all items of gold or silver for which there was no known owner, and which had been hidden with the intention of recovery - there was no protection for artefacts found in association with them. This classification was long overdue for reform, which came in the shape of the Treasure Act of 1996. Under the new law, artefacts need only contain 10% of gold or silver and must be more than 300 years old. The size of the hoard is now taken into consideration, and, perhaps equally importantly, articles found in association with it are protected. If a find is judged to be treasure trove and any museum wishes to acquire it, a panel assesses its value and the finder and landowner are compensated accordingly. A new clause was added in 2003, under which certain prehistoric base-metal artefacts may be regarded as treasure.

The PAS is a voluntary scheme for the recording of finds, of which over 90% are made by metal detectorists (MDs). MDs were for a long time viewed with suspicion by archaeologists because their finds usually went unrecorded and the archaeology was destroyed by indiscriminate digging. The new law has gone a long way towards reconciling the two parties and has resulted in a massive increase in the number of finds reported. On a nation-wide basis, 30,000 MDs are reckoned to find 40,000 objects every year, and reports now include non-metallic artefacts that had previously been missed. Part of Jodi's job is to liaise with the Hampshire MDs; they learn how archaeology works and are often called upon to help in a dig.

Jodi ended her talk by running through a sequence of first-class slides of pre-historic to 17th-century finds that included many valuable and beautiful items. It was for me an evening of unexpected quality, especially when Vice-Chairman Bill brought it to a close. His veritable show-stopper was a huge mesolithic - or was it neolithic? - flint hand axe that had been found on one of his building sites; this surprised everyone and produced a rapid 'gimme!, gimme!, gimme!' reaction from our speaker.

SOME KEY DATES IN WEST END'S RECENT PAST HISTORY

1785	John Gater of Swaythling took a lease of the Corn Mills at Upmills (later known as Gater's Mill). He purchased the mills in 1857.
1799	William Gater bought the Manor of Townhill.
1815	Shamblehurst (alias Townhill) Enclosure Award.
1824	Great and Little Allington Enclosure Award.
1834	Poor Law Act – South Stoneham Union formed. Poor Law Institution (now Moorgreen Hospital) built in 1848 for £7,000 and enlarged in 1887 and 1898.
1838	St. James' Parish Church built (early English style, in white brick with dressings. Seating for 611)
1838	First Elementary School built in West End (later became the Old Parish Hall, now demolished).
1840	Ecclesiastical parish of West End formed.
1871	Moorgreen Infants School built with financial aid from benefactress Harriet Haselfoot.
1890	West End Church re-built to the design of Mr Blomfield.
1894	The Civil Parish of West End formed.
1903-4	West End Church of England School built and enlarged in 1914 (now Hilldene Community Centre).
1911	Population of West End was 1,599.
1938	The Parish Council bought Hatch Grange.
1951	Population of West End was 5,714.
1954	Harefield (once the estate of Edwin Jones) transferred to Southampton County Borough.
1955	West End transferred to the Eastleigh Parliamentary constituency.
1961	Population of West End was 5,064.
1965	West End Community Association was formed.
2002	West End's population was around 12,000.

I LIVED IN MOORHILL HOUSE DURING THE WAR

Heather Harris (nee Nichols)

The following e-mail was received in response to a note from the Editor in the last edition of "Westender" from Heather Harris – luckily it arrived just in time to be inserted with her article which she had previously written which appears on the next page....

..."It was great to see an excellent photo of Moorhill House in your recent "Westender" and to read the two articles. As you will have seen from the write-up that I have already sent you via Delphine Kinley (*see next page)*, I and my family (and Grandmother) lived in Moorhill House during the War (obviously after the Basque Refugees had left).

We lived upstairs at the back (on the right-hand side of the photo) in what had probably been the servants' quarters originally, and used the stairs in that section of the house. Downstairs were storerooms. The house belonged to Mr Harry Cole, a builder, who owned quite a lot of properties in the Southampton area. To start with, he and his wife and daughter, Muriel, lived downstairs in the 'posh' side of the house, and his brother, Mr Willy Cole, who we called "Uncle C" lived with his wife and three children above them (up the wide staircase). Rosemary and Pearl Cole were particularly good to me, taking me to Sunday School, and teaching me to do needlework when I was four years old. It was interesting to see that Brian Blighe who wrote on page 2 of the "Westender" was a friend of their younger brother Jeffrey Cole, who occasionally played with us in the garden. Another family, Mr & Mrs Griffin and their daughter Joy, lived opposite us.

Mr Harry Cole and his family later moved to "Green Gables", Telegraph Road, for the remainder of the War, the house where we lived after the War".

— MUSEUM VOLUNTEERS WANTED —

We desperately need more volunteers for Museum duty; just two hours at a time, perhaps just once a month will make all the difference to Pauline's rota. It's a worthwhile thing to do and means you are putting something back into the community. The job is not arduous, check it out with Pauline Berry either at meetings or by telephone on 023 8046 2490. Remember **Your Museum Needs You**! Ed.

MY CHILDHOOD IN WEST END 1940 – 1958

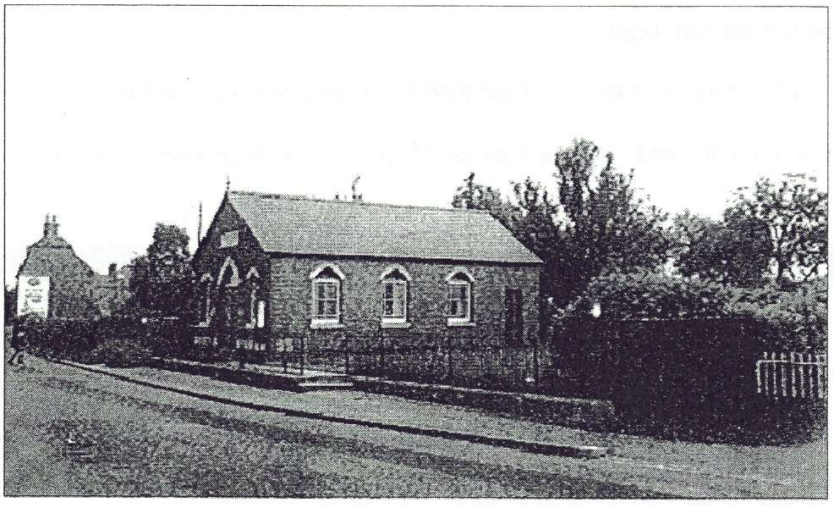
Heather Harris (nee Nichols)

It was due to the war that we (the Nichols family) came to live in West End – I was only 2 years old at the time! We had been in the shelter in our garden when our home in Bitterne Park was demolished, and, at the same time, my grandmother's home was also demolished, which was the second one she had lost!

My parents, through Church friends, heard of this big house at West End, called Moorhill House, and we lived there for five years, along with three other families. Whenever the siren sounded, we all went down to the cellar and we children enjoyed sweets or continued sleeping! Sometimes our mother would send my sister and I to play in the garden, but we were nervous of going outside into such a big garden by ourselves, and we would sit at the bottom of the stairs whispering to each other! However, we did enjoy the garden when the older children in the house were there to play with us. I actually did my first needlework with the help of one of the older girls and she also took me to Sunday School at Swaythling Road Methodist Church, which I continued attending until I was married, becoming a Sunday School teacher (at age 12) and Sunday School Superintendent at 18.

When the war was over and our father came home, we moved to Telegraph Road. It was a lovely place to live, with a large garden and the woods opposite. I enjoyed climbing trees in the woods, and we would sometimes use the autumn leaves to make "houses". At eight years old, I cycled on my fairy cycle to Bitterne to take something to my mother, who was in a nursing home there having her fourth child. The roads were certainly not so busy in those days! Sometimes out father would take us out for a ride on our bicycles. One time we went to Lee-on-Solent for the day. I was about 9, riding my bike, my sister riding the fairy cycle, and my brother on a seat on the bar of my father's bike. When we got there, my father realised that he had not brought the towels, so he left us on the beach and cycled home for them. On the return journey, my sister was too tired to cycle all the way, so Dad tied her bike to the back of his and pulled her along!

I joined Brownies at St. James' Church when I was six years old, eventually becoming sixer of the Fairies, then went on to Girl Guides where my sister and I gained out First Class badges and I was Snowdrops Patrol Leader. In order to achieve our first class, I went Sunday mornings for a long time to a children's hospital at Bursledon and told them Bible stories with the aid of my flannel-graph pictures. We also had to do camping, which was not so easy, as our captain, Mrs Brenda Machin (the Vicar's wife) was not a camper. She let my sister and I practice camping in the Vicarage garden, but the Vicar didn't think we should sleep in the tent at night, so we slept on the hard floor of the Vicar's study! However, we did attend some proper camps as well, with other companies. When I was 16 years old I became a Cadet and was Specky Owl for the Brownies, assisting Mrs Carlton, followed by becoming Tawny Owl when I was 18.



SWAYTHLING ROAD METHODIST CHURCH BEFORE DEMOLITION TO MAKE WAY FOR THE LINCOLN COURT DEVELOPMENT

Along with other youngsters, we enjoyed swimming in the river at Mansbridge when it was hot, and

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cycle rides around the area looking at Churches and other places on interest. We all attended West End Primary School and then Hedge End Secondary School, where I became Head Girl and was the first girl to take "O" levels (as well as shorthand and typing, which has been of great use to me during the years).

Coronation Day at Hatch Grange has particular memories for my husband and I. His family were ordered to move away to Southampton during the war, but our families remained friends and he came to stay Coronation week – to play with my brother! We were 15 at the time, and after the Coronation celebrations he walked me home alone. He then managed to get back to the area during his National Service, and was a mental nursing orderly at Netley Hospital, often using his bike to ride that quarter mile long corridor!

Both my husband and I have fond memories of West End. We still have relatives in the area and often visit a very much-changed West End. It seems unbelievable that I played in the fields and on the haystacks in the area where the Rose Bowl (the new County Cricket Ground at West End) is now!

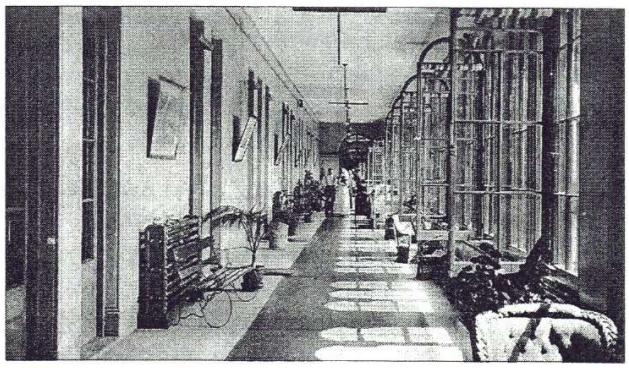


Left:

From left to right – Heather Nichols, Diana and Linda.
June 1955
(Photo courtesy of Heather Harris)

Right:

One of Netley Hospitals long Corridors.
(Photo courtesy of Lingwood Netley Hospital Archive)



On this day (October 6th.) in.....

1829 Trials began at Rainhill, near Liverpool, for a locomotive for use on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway – won by Stephenson's "Rocket". The other four entrants were "Cycloped", "Sans Pareil", "Perseverance" and "Novelty".

1891 W.H.Smith, English newsagent, bookseller and politician, died.

1892 Alfred, Lord Tennyson, English poet and Poet Laureate from 1850, died at Aldworth in Surrey.

1895 The Promenade Concerts were founded by Sir Henry Wood.

1911 Barbara Castle, British Labour politician, born.

1914 Thor Heyerdahl, Norwegian adventurer and leader of the Kon Tiki expedition, born at Larvik.

1981 Anwar Sadat, Egyptian political leader and President since 1970, was assassinated during a military parade in Cairo.

THE NEXT MEETINGS ARE ....

November 3
WEST END AND THE GREAT WAR
Steve Broomfield

December 1
CHRISTMAS BUFFET, QUIZ, SLIDE SHOW AND RAFFLE