

WESTENDER

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THE WAY IT WAS



Our cover picture this month dates from August 1975 and shows a very spartan Old Parish Hall Library as it was nearly 40 years ago. A long way from the present Library that we have in West End, which is warm and welcoming; today the Library has a good selection of books, magazines and dvd's for rental as well as computer terminals for use by patrons.

The present Library is situated in the Parish Centre and needs your support as well as your use of its facilities.



WEST END PARISH HALL (the old National School) which housed the Library in 1971

West End Local History Society & Westender is sponsored by



**WEST END
PARISH
COUNCIL**



THE DECEMBER GET-TOGETHER

A review by Stan Waight



Everyone agreed that the pre-Christmas meeting was a great success. Over forty members had turned out on a bitterly cold evening and were not disappointed.

The hall was warm and beautifully decorated, and tables and chairs were laid out on either side of the innovation - the skittle alley. Each table of four constituted a team and the sound of falling skittles was the theme of the evening. Halfway through the four rounds we broke for the eats, and what a spread it was, with all sorts of Christmas goodies on offer to complement the drinks provided by the Society. We then resumed the skittling, which, would you believe, went on to the unusually late hour of ten o'clock. At the end the winning team was made up of Angela, Vera, Neville and Roy who had called themselves 'The Invincibles' - and proved it! There followed a grand draw and I think that most of us got a prize - certainly there were three on our table alone.

I heartily endorse Roy Andrews' vote of thanks to the Committee, and particularly to Delphine, Lin and Margaret, who organised the food.

The skittles were a very successful innovation and it has already been suggested that we have a repeat next year - perhaps with a table quiz to fill the gaps when we are not playing.

We should all say 'Well Done' to the West End Local History Society for yet another successful year!

2012 TITANIC CENTENARY

The West End Museum after a refurbishment which includes installation of new display cabinets will receive two new plaques, one funded by Eastleigh Borough Council to commemorate all four of West End's Titanic connections and another one funded by the Diaper Heritage Association will commemorate John Lovell Diaper who was born in the Workhouse at Moorgreen. Watch this space for more information and pictures in due course. Ed.

A NEW SEAT FOR THE PARISH (Celebrating 40 years of Hatch Grange W.I.) A report from Hatch Grange Women's Institute



The seat situated outside the Parish Centre marks the culmination of the celebratory 40th year of Hatch Grange Women's Institute. This branch of the organisation, was formed in March 1970 by a group of ladies who were unable to attend the afternoon meetings of the existing West End & Moorgreen WI due to work commitments. 40 members attended the evening meetings of Hatch Grange WI in the old Parish Hall in the High Street, and then transferred to the new Parish Centre in 1978. The first President was Maureen Russell, who is still a member today, as are founder members Mary Hallifax and Betty Taylor. Today the HGWI has a membership of 90, with monthly meetings, and a variety of other interest groups, including scrabble, walking, craft, reading and poetry groups.

In 2009, a Birthday Committee was established to co-ordinate events for the anniversary year, commencing with a Birthday Party in March, followed by a Roving Wine & Cheese evening in June, a cookery and Flower Arranging evening entitled "Munches and Bunches" in July, and a 40th Anniversary Dinner in September.

After Consultation with members, it was agreed that HGWI would like to have a community element to their celebrations. To this end, members were pleased to fill and donate 70 shoe boxes to the local Rotary Christmas Appeal in 2010, and correspondence was begun with WEPC to explore options for an acceptable donation to the Parish. After considerable communications, it was finally agreed that a seat at the Parish Centre would be acceptable. This was eventually installed in October 2011 and bears an inscription "Presented by Hatch Grange WI celebrating 40 years 1970 - 2010". Our photographs show our first President Maureen Russell (left) and our current President Enid Plowman and a close-up of the plaque. We look forward to many more happy years in West End.

MEMORIES OF A WEST END GIRL - Part 2

by Judy Jones

Clothes were hard to come by as they were only available with coupons so often clothes were darned and patched and handed down or remodelled. My second eldest sister Joan was a fantastic needlewoman, even better than my mum and the old treadle Singer sewing machine would constantly rattle away in the evening and weekends as she refashioned our clothes. Mum at this time worked as a daily in some of the posh houses in the village and often would bring home parcels of quite expensive clothes to recycle into things for us. I also remember queuing for ages outside a shop called Hawkins in Hanover Buildings in Southampton when they had a consignment of cotton fabric in. Of course we were limited because of the clothing coupons necessary. Old jumpers and cardigans were also unpicked and unravelled. I remember having to sit for what seemed like an age with my arms out, hands about 16 inches (40 cms) apart whilst my mum wound the unpicked wool round them to form skeins which could then be washed to get the kinks out. When washed and dried it was then wound tightly into balls. This done, new jumpers or cardigans could be knitted. The main part would be new wool bought when possible with clothing coupons and the recycled colours knitted in as fairisle designs. Mum was very good at crochet too and when the fine cotton was available she made lace edgings, tablecloths and her speciality was fine crochet gloves (a pair of which we each wore for our weddings). She would never allow us to use her fine crochet hooks but we were taught to crochet using big hooks with leftover wool to make blankets and squares. Clothes were rather drab in those days and I can still feel an awful scratchy long black wool scarf which had been folded in half and stitched about six inches along one side to form a hood. These were called Pixie hoods. Urgh! But they kept us warm and cosy... remember there was no central heating so we weren't warm before we went out. We also wore an undergarment called a liberty bodice which was made of flannelette and worn as an extra layer with a vest. I also remember when parachute silk became available. I was fascinated by its silky sheerness and purity. Joan made the most beautiful underwear from it adding recycled lace and her own embroidery – for her bottom drawer! My love of fashion and sewing was developed watching her when I was a child, watching that old machine zooming along creating new things. By the age of about eleven I was allowed to make simple items out of scraps on the machine which progressed into me making my own clothes later. That old Singer treadle sewing machine was worth its weight in gold and I even made both June's and my own wedding dress and going away suit on it.

Our bedding consisted of sheets, lots of blankets and eiderdowns which were usually feather and down filled. In really cold weather we had hot water bottles too. Remember our bedrooms were unheated and often on winter mornings there would be frost on the inside and outside of the windows.

Stockings were also hard to come by and I remember seeing Lillian and Joan helping each other draw black lines up the back of their legs to look like the seams of stockings.

We had ration books with coupons allowing or limiting us to small amounts of staples like meat, sugar, butter, cheese etc.. We used to go to a grocer in Bitterne at this time and he let us have bacon bones off ration so there was always a pot of soup cooking in our house to supplement our diet. I was always happy when in Mr Bailey's shop because sugar, rice, beans, biscuits, in fact all dry goods were weighed up and using scoops all were packaged in stiff blue paper bags with no spillage, so skilful. Mr Bailey used to bring out huge cheeses from the store. He would strip off a muslin cover and using a wire would cut through the cheese to portion it – and there was always a little titbit for me! He would bring out a side of bacon, bone it and slice some on a machine, then, using a big meat hook he would hang the rest from a rail up near the ceiling until needed later. We as a family didn't use all of our sugar ration. We saved what we would need for the Christmas cake, pudding and essentials but often I would be sent to Mrs Dunford at the garage who would buy what we could spare for her jam making. Of course we benefited because she gave us some of her jam too. Ingrained on my mind was the shopping list written for our weekly trip to Bailey's in Bitterne. It went like this ... sugar, butter, marge (*margarine - ed.*), lard, cheese, eggs, bacon, in other words our staple rations and always in this order.

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Meat was a problem as the ration was small and often Mr Fray the butcher didn't have any. When he did we would queue for it. Our ration would be supplemented by our own chickens and rabbits that dad brought home but which were never spoken about! As a family we loved offal which was not rationed. Mum made liver and onions with thick tasty gravy and also stuffed hearts, when available. We liked pigs liver but sheep's hearts.

Our diet was also boosted by home grown vegetables as we had a big garden. Everyone was encouraged by the government to do their bit for the war effort and grow as much veg as they could even to the extent of digging up flower gardens to plant vegetables. Sometimes the Italian prisoners of war who worked the farm gave us produce in return for mum doing their washing. They couldn't speak English very well but mum and dad managed to communicate somehow with them. I remember on one occasion running down the path to tell mum and dad that they were coming and I fell over. One of them picked me up and consoled me as he carried me indoors and sat me on the table where mum could see me. They seemed very gentle family orientated people.

Sweets were a scarcity as well as rationed and we children ate peculiar things like liquorice roots and strange beans in black pods which I think were called locust beans. These I have since seen growing in Greece which some people call St. John's Bread. My dad was brilliant at making toffee apples but it was a rare treat and we had to work hard persuading him.

Our special treat was on Sundays in autumn when dad didn't have to work he would take June and me over to the field directly behind the box factory and we would collect mushrooms. Then we would go home and if there was some bacon we would help cook bacon, mushrooms and fried bread. We thought this was such a special time.

When I started at St. James' Infant School I had to walk there and back twice a day - home to lunch - until mum allowed me school dinners. I remember that we had air-raid practices at school where we would assemble in the playground before going to the shelters. This is like we do today having fire practices at school. Most of the teachers in those days were women, the men had usually gone to war. However I do remember the first male teacher - Mr Maidment. In fact I recently uncovered my childhood autograph book which contains the signatures of all the teachers in my last year. Mrs Moon was my teacher in the top class and one morning as we were hanging up our coats one of the boys Brian Dennis or Brian Dunbar jokingly lifted his foot to my bottom and Mrs Moon saw him. Oh dear! He had to write out 100 times .. I must not kick girls up the posterior. I wonder if he remembers that! Then came the trauma of the 11 plus exam. We were taken by bus to Shamblehurst School in Hedge End to sit this exam... an adventure in itself. For passing and being accepted at Barton Peveril my present was half a dozen chicks to rear myself and I had to ride my bike out to Jackson's Farm near Fair Oak and bring them home in a cardboard box. My goodness how things have changed!

VE Day came and everyone was so excited. Somehow from somewhere food appeared. Red, white and blue ribbons and buttons and fabric and flags materialised and parties were organised. In our part of the village (the bottom end!) the party was in the New Inn (later known as The Lamp and Mantle) garden. There was a large wooden pavilion type summerhouse where entertainers performed. Tables were laid out with party food on the lawns and a great time was had by everyone. Then a magician did tricks and then asked for a volunteer to sing us a song. My friend Gilly Pinkney got up on the stage and sang "You are my Sunshine" and the magician pulled a white rabbit out of his top hat and gave it to her. Oh how I wished I had been brave enough to get up and sing.

I remember having to take a tin to school so that I could have it filled with something called Canadian Cocoa which was very much like drinking chocolate today. I guess it was to supplement children's diets.

Growing up - few people had family holidays when I was young but this all changed for me when new neighbours moved into "Wellswood" next door. There was Mr and Mrs Payne, their grandmother, Audrey, who was a little older than my sister June and Margaret a year older than me. Mr Payne and a friend owned a 90 foot houseboat moored at Foulke's Boatyard at Bursledon on the River Hamble. It could sleep about

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sixteen people and June and I were so fortunate to be invited to spend holidays onboard. We all had our jobs to do each day. I was taught to row and often it would be Margaret and me who had to row across to the farm to get the milk in the morning... fresh from the cow. I was taught to swim, not off the shore but in the middle of the river over the side of the boat. We took picnics up the river on sunny afternoons and my mum used to travel to us by bus carrying enormous apple pies for puddings. She would stand on the shore and call out "Ahoy Boadicea" to attract our attention. Everyone looked forward to apple pie days. At the end of these holidays there was always a fun afternoon with races and competitions. What a wonderful time we had and how lucky we were. Mr Payne taught us so much and gave us so much pleasure.

To be continued in the next edition of Westender

FRANK STONE INGS

By Pat Gates

In 2010 I started to research my Mother's family history. Her name was Dorothy Elsie Corben GATES (nee INGS) born 12.6.1921. Her Father Arthur Robert INGS had 3 brothers and a sister all living in the Portsmouth/ Southampton area. One brother was Frank Stone INGS who lived at Moorlands Cottage, Chalk Hill, West End, Hampshire. He was a local labourer/ farm hand and lived with his wife Selina Nellie and their son also Frank Stone INGS.

In 1916 Frank ING their son was Gunner 198401, of 'D' Battery, 119th Army Brigade, Royal Field Artillery and spent 1916 in the Ypres area. The Brigade also endured much shot, shelling and gas at Passchendaele in 1917 and was at Pilkem Ridge. There is no specific mention of Frank but in 1918 the 119th moved south to Hazebrouck where he died on the 20th June 1918. It is not known whether he was killed in action or died of wounds received earlier. He is buried at Morbecque British Cemetery in France.

Sadly my mother hardly knew her Uncle Frank and did not know her cousin. It was a proud day when I was able to honour the memory of Frank Stone INGS who is remembered on the West End War Memorial.

Frank Stone and Nellie Stone continued to live in West End until their deaths. I believed they took in lodgers, one by the name of Shepherd. Frank died in 1951 in a local hospital suffering some form of dementia later in life. He was listed on the 1911 census so was in the area for at least 40 years.

Sixty years on I wonder whether there is anyone who remembers or knows of Frank Stone INGS or his family as I have no photographs of the INGS family. In particular I would like to know of Gunner INGS and his comrades. He signed on in the Southampton area so may have been with other local men. Any help would be appreciated.

Pat Gates – Telephone 01179632285 or E-mail: pat.narpo@btinternet.com

Note from Editor:

According to our book "Men Who Marched Away" and the searchable cd-rom "Soldiers Died in the Great War 1914-19" published by The Naval & Military Press - Frank Stone Ings was actually "Killed in Action" and didn't die of his wounds. The Commonwealth War Graves Commission website doesn't state KIA or DoW.

ERIC BIRBECK'S TALK ON HASLAR HOSPITAL

A review by Stan Waight



left:
Theodore Jacobsen, the architect of Haslar Hospital
above:
Haslar Hospital entrance

For me at least, Eric's talk to the January meeting was a real treat. He has a powerful delivery and his enthusiasm for his subject shines through. That's what local history can do for a man! He says that he joined the Royal Navy in 1964 and has never really left it; for the last 32 years he's been tied up with the hospital and its naval connections. He is a founder member of the Haslar Heritage Group, whose website is well worth a visit - it goes much farther than space allows me to go in this report. It seems that Haslar has a 256-year history, but in an hour's talk he only managed to get as far as the mid-1800s.

Medical care in the Royal Navy in the 18th century was practically non-existent and the first part of Eric's talk included blood-curdling stories of the privations that the sailors suffered. But there was a move towards reform, and it was decided to build a great military hospital. A compulsory purchase of a 62-acre site on the Haslar peninsula was made. According to Eric, the Haslar site was chosen because, with water on three sides, it would be difficult for its press-ganged inmates to abscond. Strangely for a project such as this, the architect who was appointed, Theodore Jacobsen, was apparently something of an amateur. However this seems to have been an advantage for the hospital was so soundly built that its massive walls are still in excellent shape today.

Work began in 1745, but was often held up because many of the builders were themselves press-ganged. Because pressure was brought to bear, the hospital opened in 1753, but it was another nine years before the building was completed. There was a constant need for cash for the building and its equipment and the final cost was over £110,000. Despite the excellence of the building, medical care was poor, there was corruption and many complaints. It was apparently a case of 'Hells Bells and Smells' and one particular letter sparked off enquiries that even reached the King's attention. As a result, RN officers were put in charge in 1795 and remained the administrators for the next 100 years, with a corresponding increase in care and efficiency.

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The first decade of the 1800s saw much activity. Four ships put in after Trafalgar in 1805, including members of Victory's crew, and after the Battle of Corunna in 1809 many of Sir John Moore's army were admitted. Also in 1809 a Russian fleet put in to the Solent; many of its sailors were treated at Haslar and 217 are said to have been buried there. In fact, Eric had much to say about the burial ground in The Paddock, where upwards of 8000 men and women were interred. Against a lot of opposition, a number of bodies have been exhumed, but have provided useful evidence of the sort of wounds and diseases suffered by patients.

With the introduction of RN administration, conditions improved greatly and Eric argues that the hospital has made a massive contribution to medical advances. One physician of note was James Lind, who discovered the successful effects of lime and lemon juice in the treatment of scurvy.

By the mid-1800s the situation had improved to the extent that Queen Victoria herself became a patron and frequently visited the hospital while at Osborne. She called it 'The noblest of institutions' and Florence Nightingale referred to it as a 'Shining star in the history of medicine'.

I think that plans are afoot to get Eric back to tell us about the more recent history of the hospital. That would be something to look forward to!



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (1)

John Littlefield writes... Here is a photograph of a group of Cunard Steamship Co. Masters-at-Arms, taken aboard SS Mauretania while docked in Southampton between 1924 and 1931. Seated far left is my paternal grandfather John William Littlefield of 241 Priory Road, St. Denys, Southampton.

Unfortunately, John vanished from the SS Berengaria under mysterious circumstances while on night duty close to Fire Island, part of Long Island, USA, during the early hours of 21.8.1931.

His death certificate states "Disappeared at Sea". To this day my father who was five at the time and I have been unable to find out what happened to John and probably never will. If any *Westender* reader can identify a relative in the photo and would like a copy please e-mail me at: john.littlefield@virgin.net or write to John Littlefield, 29 Middle Mead, Hook, Hampshire, RG27 9TE.

SOCIETY BOOK STORE NEWS

Good News!!! "Bitterne & West End Through Time", the book we co-produced with Bitterne Local History Society has now had its price reduced to £7.50, a great saving from the original price of £12.99. This has been made possible by a bulk purchase from the publisher of the remaindered stock, so we are happy to pass the saving on to you. The stock will not last for ever, so if you want one why not buy it now. We can accommodate mail order: price for UK is £7.50 plus £1.00 postage and packing (UK only—postage elsewhere will be more, please enquire). Make cheques out to *West End Local History Society* and send with your name and address to: Nigel Wood, 40 Hatch Mead, West End, Southampton, Hants, SO303NE.

HENRY KENNETH ALFRED "KEN" RUSSELL

By Roy Andrews



Upon hearing of the recent demise of the world famous film director Ken Russell my aged aunt, who looks ten years younger than me, Brenda Andrews, announced that he used to live in West End in Chalk Hill, As a fourteen year old in the early 1940's she had started work in Fray's shops as an assistant and remembered a young Ken coming into the shop as a customer. She believed he had a disabled son/relative still living in the village who always acknowledged her if they should pass in the street. She said that whenever she passed the house in Chalk Hill, after Ken had become 'famous' she always thought that is where Ken Russell lived.

A quick check of houses in Chalk Hill revealed that in 1943 upon the death of the widow of Captain Rostron, who had died in 1940, he of Titanic fame, her house 'Holmcroft' had been bought by a Mr. Russell.

Ken Russell was born on the 3rd July 1927 in Portswood, Southampton to Henry and Ethel Russell. Henry Russell and his brother Arthur owned the Russell and Bromley shoe shops in Southampton and also ran the Russell Cheques and Finance business. Ken subsequently had a younger brother Ray and was educated privately at Walthamstow and Pangbourne. He would later state that he gained his love of films when his mother and he would often spend time in the cinema to escape from his bullying and overbearing father. By the end of his life Ken had married four times to Shirley, Vivian, Hetty and Elizabeth by whom he had eight children six boys and two girls.

My aunt felt that perhaps I could find out more from a friend of hers Geraldine Kenway nee Keats who had grown up in West End and worked for the Russell family. Geraldine was immediately able to correct my aunt by confirming it was Ken's uncle Arthur Russell, also involved in the family business, who had bought Holmcroft and lived there with his wife and two sons Derek and Roy. Derek was disabled and she believed he still lived along West End Road. When I mentioned to her Kens comments about his father I had read in several articles on Kens life she was absolutely amazed as she had always found the whole Russell family including Henry absolutely lovely and a pleasure to work for. She said that Henry loved to sail his yacht and to spend time at his holiday retreat in the New Forest so perhaps that is why Ken and his mother spent a lot of time in the cinema. Or is it the case as seems to be with many famous people that when telling their life story they all appear to have had a terrible upbringing which drove them to become good at what they do, which perhaps they think reads better than saying what a lovely or normal childhood they had.

So did my aunt serve Ken Russell in Fray's shop at the bottom of Chalk Hill in the 1940's? She still says it was he whom she recognised as he became famous, so perhaps he did pop into Frays shop when visiting his relations.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (2)



John Littlefield writes... Shown above is a photograph of a group of St. Denys and Bitterne Park (Southampton) Conservative Club members including my paternal grandfather John William (1893-1931) and his brother Albert Edward Littlefield (1894-1954) both seen standing at the far back. Location and date of where and when the photograph was taken is unknown but believed to be circa 1924. My grandfather John William at the time of this photograph was taken lived at 241 Priory Road, St. Denys, Southampton.

If any *Westender* newsletter reader can identify a relative in the photograph and would like a copy sent to them would they please contact me John Littlefield, 29 Middle Mead, Hook, Hants, RG27 9TE or e-mail: john.littlefield@virgin.net

DO YOU KNOW WHERE IS THIS?



This is a postcard image from our archive, published by Rood Brothers it is entitled "*Old Houses, Westend, nr. Southampton*".

We believe the picture shows the entrance to Ivy Lane from the Swaythling Road, with the back of Emmans Bakery on the right.

If any reader can either confirm this or provide more information relating to this image please make contact either at any meeting or telephone 02380 471886 or write to the Editor at the address on the front cover. Many thanks. Ed.

THE WALLACE FAMILY HISTORY - Part 5

By Peter Wallace



LEFT
1094 Rifleman O. Trevett, "C" Coy, 1/8th Hampshire Regiment
ABOVE
Owen and comrades at Locks Green Camp, IOW in 1914

My Great Uncle **Owen TREVETT [1875-1915]** was born on the 26th May 1895 in Thetis Road Cowes Isle of Wight the younger son of William and Elizabeth Trevett West Cowes. He was unmarried, in civil life he was apprenticed as a boilermaker to Messrs. J.S. White and Co. in Cowes. Before the war he enlisted in Cowes as TREVETT, Rifleman Owen. No. 1094 "C" Company, 1/8th Battalion (Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Rifles) (T.F.) The Hampshire Regiment. who served in Gallipoli during the First World War. The Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Rifles as part of 54th East Anglian Division sailed to Suvla Bay Gallipoli on the Aquitania.

He was killed in action on 5th September 1915, aged 20 years. His name is commemorated on the memorial in the drill hall of the 1/8th Hampshire's in Newport, Isle of Wight also on the roll of honour in St. Mary's Church, Cowes. The Cowes War Memorial Isle of Wight suffered bomb damage during the Second World War and was later moved to Northwood Park but the Inscription Plate was never replaced. His name also appears on the Carisbrooke County Memorial in St. Nicholas' Chapel, Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight.

In the Isle of Wight County Press of September 25, 1915, a letter from the Chaplain Captain the Rev. J.C.L. Blamires, Wesleyan chaplain to the Wellington Battalion, N.Z.E.F., and written to Rifleman Trevett's parents on September 6, 1915, is quoted:

Cowes man killed while carrying water

"I am a Wesleyan chaplain with the New Zealand Forces. I desire to express my deep sympathy with you and yours in the death of your son, No. 1094, Hants. It will be some additional comfort to you to know that he suffered no recurring pain and was attended by Christian friends. I heard his call for help at 8.30 p.m. on Friday, September 3rd (Sic.) and immediately ran up the hill with my surgical bag. Two other New Zealanders had already reached him. He was carrying water and a stray bullet shot him through the chest. In two minutes life had ebbed away. We sent word to his regiment and comrades, one of whom gave us the address, and next morning he was reverently laid to rest, and I read the Burial Service. Like many another, death had come to him in the path of duty. May God richly comfort you."

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According to the above report Rifleman Trevett could be buried. However, after the war the Imperial (later Commonwealth) War Graves Commission was unable to locate his grave and he is thus commemorated on the Helles memorial. Owen Trevett was posthumously awarded three medals according to his Medal Card.



OWEN WITH HIS FELLOW SOLDIERS AT YAVERLAND CAMP, ISLE OF WIGHT IN 1914



THE HELLES MEMORIAL GALLIPOLI PENINSULA WHERE OWEN TREVETT IS REMEMBERED

The Helles Memorial stands on the tip of the Gallipoli Peninsula. It takes the form of an obelisk over 30 metres high that can be seen by ships passing through the Dardanelles.

The first a family would know of the death of a loved one was the arrival of a telegram from the War Office. The WW1 Death Plaque, and any medals the deceased would have earned by serving his country would follow in due course.

The WWI Death Plaque (Dead Man's Penny) was issued to the next of kin of servicemen/women who had fallen in the Great War between 1914 and 1918. The selected design was a 120-millimetre disk cast in bronze gunmetal, which incorporated the following;

- An image of Britannia holding an oak spray with leaves and acorns.
- An imperial lion.
- Two dolphins representing Britain's sea power.
- The emblem of Imperial Germany's eagle being torn to pieces by a lion.
- A rectangular tablet where the deceased individual's name was cast into the plaque. No rank was given as it was intended to show equality in their sacrifice.
- The words, 'He died for freedom and honour'.

A Memorial Scroll and a letter from Buckingham Palace would accompany the memorial plaque. It read *"I join with my grateful people in sending you this memorial of a brave life given for others in the Great War"*. King George R.I. and often a letter written from the deceased's commanding officer. They would not usually arrive as a single package, but as a series of separate mailings.

A LIFE CHANGING MOMENT

By Pauline Berry

The danger and stress suffered by the population of Southampton caused by the 'Blitz' of the Second World War, resulted in certain preventative actions by the Authorities. The evacuation of school children to the relatively peaceful areas of the West Country, is well documented. Heavily pregnant women were carefully transported by charabanc (coach) to safer towns, e.g. Reading, where their babies could be born in greater safety.

Similar assistance was also applied to the overstretched and over stressed Emergency Services at that time,

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such as the local Police Force. Exhausted by their long duties during nightly bombing raids, many needed a well deserved break. One Police Officer, former West End resident, PC Joe Molloy, was sent to Oxford on such a scheme in 1941. He was one of a group of a dozen or so, who were sent to the City for just a couple of weeks respite from his arduous duties in war-torn Southampton. Life was very different in Oxford and he had to readjust to routine Police work and regular beats around this University city. It was called 'methodical patrol', added Joe, 'to help us to readjust to regular duties'.

He explained further that one of his defined police beats took him close to the Wolvercole Canal on 19th July 1941. During this patrol, he heard shouting and a girl rushed up to him to tell him that a boy had fallen into the canal. He had been messing about on the lock gates, as boys will do, and had taken a tumble into the murky water. Joe ran to the spot and could just see the white face of the boy lying about six feet down at the bottom of the canal. Having been a good swimmer since childhood, his life-saving training took over, and he jumped in instinctively, in full uniform and regulation boots! He pulled the unconscious boy off the bottom and up to the surface. The weight of his wet uniform and boots prevented him from lifting him out and a passing man helped drag the boy up to the last three or four feet of bank.

Another passer-by happened to be a doctor and the rescued child was successfully resuscitated and taken to hospital. PC Molloy trudged back to his lodgings to change out of his wet uniform and he never saw the



**THE ECHO
NEWSPAPER
CUTTING OF RESCUE**



**PC 55
JOSEPH MOLLOY
SEEN IN POLICE UNIFORM**



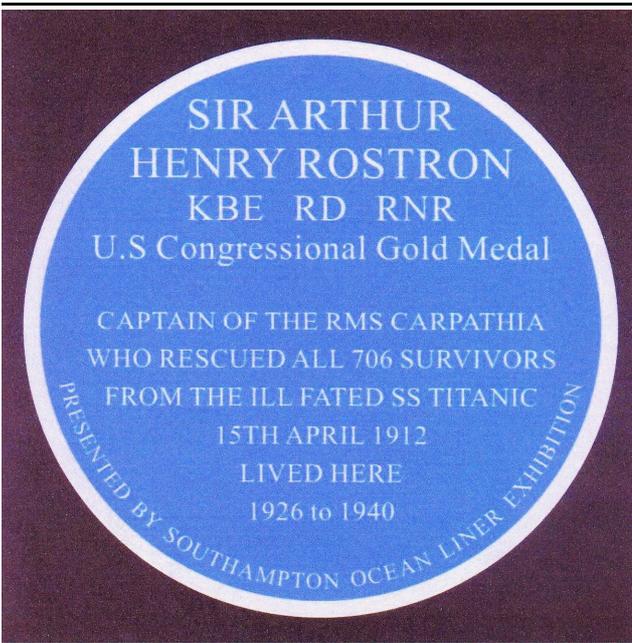
**CANAL IN OXFORD SHOWING THE
AREA OF THE RESCUE BY
PC JOE MOLLOY**

boy again. His name is believed to have been David Pratley aged about ten years.

By the following month, August, Joe was back on duty in his familiar Southampton. At a meeting of the Southampton Watch Committee, at the Civic Centre, PC Joseph Molloy was presented with a Royal Humane Society Award. It was a Parchment or certificate, recording his brave action in saving the life of the boy 'whose life was in imminent danger'. Joe still had this justly deserved award and with his usual modesty, he told me, 'Don't make out that I did anything special. It was just my job which I was trained for'.

In 1942, the RAF was advertising to train new pilots to fill the gap left by huge losses and because the intensity of the bombing in Southampton had lessened, the Police Force gave Joe permission to be released for the remainder of the War. So Joe joined the Royal Airforce Volunteer Reserve (RAFVR). To have a quiet life and become a pilot!

ROSTRON BLUE PLAQUE



Thanks to the efforts of Eric Payne-Danson and SOLE (Southampton Ocean Liner Exhibition) the house in Chalk Hill, West End, formerly the home of Captain Arthur Henry Rostron, will shortly receive a Blue Plaque (see image at left).

The present owner Dr Lawther has provided enthusiastic support for the project and WELHS has provided some financial support as well.

The house at 84 Chalk Hill, West End, once the plaque is installed, will become one of the visible interest points on any Titanic Heritage Trail.

Our congratulations and thanks go to Eric and SOLE for all their hard work and perseverance.

THE NEXT MEETINGS ARE...

March 7

HISTORIC WRECKS OF THE SOLENT besides the Mary Rose

John Bingeman

April 4

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Plus Images from our Archive

May 2

ARMCHAIR WALK AROUND THE OLD TOWN (Southampton)

Jake Simpkin

DATE FOR YOUR DIARY - 15th April 2012 WREATH LAYING AT CAPTAIN ROSTRON'S GRAVE



MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY WITH REV. BRIAN PICKETT AND FLORAL TRIBUTES AT CAPTAIN ROSTRON'S GRAVE DURING THE 90th ANNIVERSARY IN 2002

On Sunday 15th April 2012 at 11.15am there will a wreath laying organised by West End Local History Society on Captain Rostron's grave at The Old Burial Ground in West End (behind the War Memorial). The WELHS floral tribute will be laid by Rosemary Pettet (nee Rostron), grand-daughter of Captain Rostron with the vicar of St. James' Church, Rev. Brian Pickett, MA, officiating. All are welcome to attend and we are hoping that representatives from Cunard (Captain Rostron's employer) will be in attendance as well as members of the BTS (British Titanic Society) and many others.