# PIGS, PUBS & PEOPLE

## Life in a village as recalled by its inhabitants, recorded and edited by Deborah Williams, Joan Francis, David Price and Jane Martin.

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*The original publication of this book was in 2004, and it very soon sold out as residents of the village, as well as from much further afield, snapped up copies.*

*The book is a series of records and recollections of life here from 1900 to 2000 and gives a very lively account of how people lived during the last 100 years. The authors have trawled residents' memories to give us a true feel for life in East Haddon, and the ways in which the village functioned.*

*Despite a continuing small demand for extra copies, it has not been possible to get a re-print due to the loss of all the original typesets when the printer ceased trading.*

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## Memories of East Haddon 1900 to 2000

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# FOREWORD

This book is a collection of memories of the life and times of the many East Haddon residents from the early 1900s. Some of the people featured will be remembered and some may not, but what we hope is that the recollections will be concurred with. If not, they may provoke discussion and debate. Either way, the research has relied entirely upon living memories which are sometimes clear, sometimes vague. Therefore, as researchers, we are not claiming any of the contents be actual fact, but hopefully, fascinating thoughts and anecdotes.

The narrative cannot have a definite end as changes are continuous and residents pass away or move on, but it would be pleasant to think that the succeeding generations may like to keep the record going.

We owe our gratitude to the many former inhabitants of East Haddon who unfortunately have not survived long enough to see their memories in print. To these people and to everyone else who have contributed their reminiscences, we are very grateful for their time and patience.

*Joan Francis and Debbie Williams*

Joan Francis and Debbie Williams have spent hours interviewing residents and ex-residents of the village. Their extensive research is the basis of this book. David Price generously offered to edit and write this book for us: the book could not have been completed without his expertise. Our sincere thanks go to everyone who has contributed their written and verbal memories and for their generous loan of photographs,

*Jane Martin*

# INTRODUCTION

East Haddon village in Northamptonshire lies just under eight miles from Northampton, off the main A428 road between Northampton and Rugby. It is very close to Althorp Park, home of Earl Spencer, and burial place of his sister, Diana, Princess of Wales.

The village was mentioned in the Domesday Survey of 1085 as "Eddone", possibly meaning "heather-covered hill". It has been primarily a farming community over the centuries, but there were a number of other professions carried out in the village, and at the beginning of the twentieth century, many people both lived and worked in the village. However, much has changed, and even the village Post Office and shop has now gone. Nevertheless, the village is still a thriving community, with many traditions which are still practised. The school remains a focus of village activities, as does the Village Hall, where many functions take place, including an annual village play, concentrating on aspects of the village's history.

The oldest building in the village is the Church, parts of which date from the 12th century, but it was mostly rebuilt in the 14th. The thatched pump, in use until the 1920s, was built in 1550, and there is a house – Wisteria Cottage – whose date-stone registers 1655 A.D. However, it seems that other dwellings, such as Well House, are considerably older. Many of the buildings were built with local stone, some of which may have come from the demolished palace at Holdenby – Holdenby House is a fraction of the size of the original palace. Many of the present-day cottages are constructed of cob.

A prominent family in the late 18th and 19th century was the Sawbridges, who were large landowners and village benefactors. The Hall was built in 1790 by Henry Sawbridge, and in 1865 the family provided land for the village fire station. Althorp railway station, which was until it closed in 1962 East Haddon's local station, was built on land sold to the railway company by the Sawbridges. Capt. E.H.B. Sawbridge used to provide a New Year's Gift of 6d to each child at the school, a practice last recorded in 1917. Capt. Sawbridge is recorded as being "Lord of the Manor" in Kelly's Directory of Northamptonshire 1894, a title retained by the family even after their estates had been sold in 1919. The Sawbridges had actually left the village in 1907, prompted by an outbreak if diphtheria. Mrs. Sawbridge, an American, is thought not to have liked the village, and so they decided to live on one of their other estates. They were unable to sell their property in the village until1919 for legal reasons, but when they did, East Haddon ceased to be an estate village, and the farms and cottages passed into private hands.

There are other families taking part in village life today that have been represented in East Haddon for many years, and this book records the activities of some of them. Until relatively recently, people did not move around so much from one area of the country to another, and some of the surnames of people living in the village today would have been found there centuries ago. But of course, there were many newcomers to the village in the last hundred years, who were welcomed into the community and who took an active part in village events.

East Haddon remains a friendly and close community, as revealed by some of the anecdotes and lengthier stories presented in the following pages.

These reminiscences are a fascinating insight into village life in the 20th century, and how it has changed so much in such a comparatively short time.  It was intended to let the villagers speak for themselves, and in many cases their words have been quoted verbatim.  Inevitably, people remember things in different ways, and where possible everybody's viewpoint on a particular event or issue has been mentioned.  Also included are a number of photographs, then and now, relating to the people and events mentioned.  I hope you enjoy it!

*David Price*

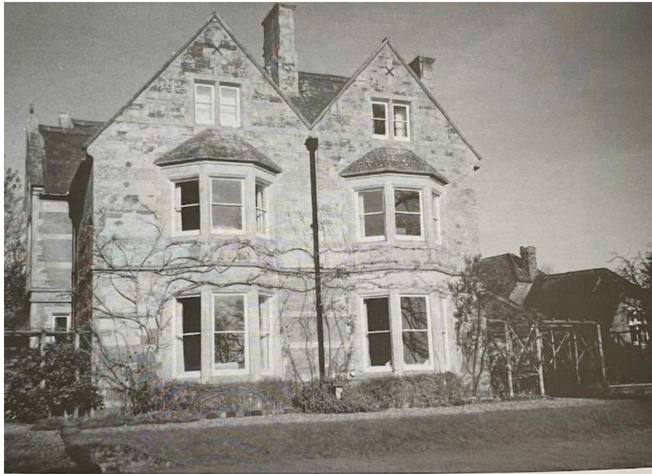
## Chapter One -THE BUILDINGS of EAST HADDON

The oldest building in East Haddon by far is the Church of St Mary the Virgin.

*The Church of St Mary the Virgin*

There has been a place of Christian worship in the village since the 11th century – the Domesday Book records the existence of a priest – but the present church dates partly from the 14th century. Its architecture is English Gothic, with elements of Decorated and Perpendicular styles. The tower, which belongs to a later period and was completely rebuilt in 1673, contains six bells. East Haddon heard its first peal of five bells in 1756: the sixth, treble bell was added in 1928. The bells were used to announce deaths; one bell for a child, two for a woman and three for a man, after which a single bell tolled the person's age. The organ, made by Taylor's of Leicester, was installed in the same year and cleaned and rebuilt with enhancements to the tone of the instrument in 1992. The clock in the tower was made by J. Cram of Daventry and installed in 1863. Its mechanism was overhauled and repaired in 1983 and the face was restored in 1995.

The font, dating from the 12th century and so one of the oldest parts of the church, is situated near the door, because the porch has had a very significant part in christenings and the so-called 'Churching of Women'. The latter meant that women who had recently given birth could come up to the Church and prayers would be said for them. Some of the women residing at the Hall maternity hospital during the war went through this procedure.


East Haddon's nineteenth-century Vicarage

The nearby **Vicarage** was built by the Rev. Locock in 1856, on the site of what was possibly a farm. According to a book on Northamptonshire published in 1874, it is a 'substantial building of stone in the Gothic style'. Some of the outbuildings on the site were probably part of the farm. The main building was probably designed by William Slater, who was responsible for restoration work on several Northamptonshire churches, including those at Higham Ferrers, Kingsthorpe, Finedon and Brixworth. He was born in Northamptonshire but had been an apprentice in London to the architect known as "Old Carpenter", and the Vicarage is familiar in style to other buildings designed by Old Carpenter himself. His trademark, featuring depictions of a man and woman, is found in the corbels of the entrance doorway, while the Rev. Locock's shield appears above the door.

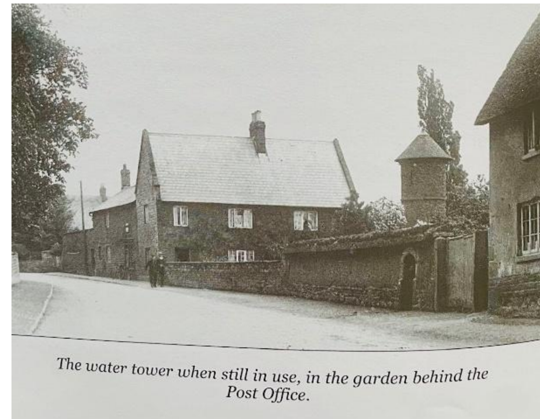
There is rumoured to be a tunnel, stretching all the way from the Vicarage to the Manor, that Dickie Neale, who used to work at the Manor, one day had the misfortune to fall into while digging. "*It goes right under the Post Office garden, across the corner of Rose Cottage Garden, under the playground and comes across where we used to live next to Mrs. Talbot's, and straight down to the Vicarage passing near to the pond. It ends near to the front door to the Vicarage*."

Barrow, who lives there now and has done so for nearly 40 years, remembers that the building needed major renovations when she and her husband moved in. Firstly, they had the thatch removed: "*All the thatcher's got infections because the thatch was removed in August when it was very dry and the dust got everywhere. We tried to burn it in the garden, but it caused so many complaints that it all had to be taken away to be disposed of*." They also needed to replace the beams inside, rewire the entire house and install a heating system.

At one time, there were three manor houses in the village. **Saddler's Cottage** is thought to have been Dyve Manor House originally and was probably used as a farmhouse before being divided up into three cottages, one of which was a saddler's premises.

One of the most attractive features of the village is the old village **Pump,** constructed with a thatched roof in 1550 and in use until 1920. During the First World War a lorry hit the pump and knocked the top off, but this was restored with the use of a crane.

Still prominent in the garden behind what used to be the Post Office is the **Water Tower** that supplied the village until the arrival of mains water in about 1950. It was built in 1890 and had two 5000-gallon tanks fed with spring water pumped up from the Washbrook. The remains of the ram pumps are still visible in their original site.



*The water tower when still in use, in the garden behind the Post Office.*

In 1790, Henry Sawbridge, who came from a family of drapers well established in Daventry, chose East Haddon as his place of retirement. He built **The Hall** to live in, with its magnificent iron gates and bronze statues of Diana and Apollo. The Sawbridge family lived there until Capt. Sawbridge sold the property to Charles Guthrie in the 1890s. Work was carried out in the Hall in the 1960s by Margaret Wrathall's husband, Guy, including the removal of beams from the top storey where dry rot had taken hold. Margaret grew up in the Hall but has since moved to a smaller house nearby. She is pleased to see the Hall in such a good state of repair and believes it will last another 200 years without the need for any further significant work.

*East Haddon Hall*

The Beynons, who live there now, have been responsible for recent renovations, including the addition of a new kitchen wing, built in the style of the original house. They have also retimbered and retiled the roof. Inside, all the top floor rooms have been opened up, along with a black spiral staircase that had not been used for several years. The main cantilevered staircase has been restored and panelling (which was not original) in the main hall has been removed, revealing three niches in the walls. More bathrooms have been added, and the central heating boiler transferred to the cellar. In the grounds, the former swimming pool, which had been filled in, has been cleared out and transformed into an ornamental pond.
Over the years, many people have claimed that the Hall is haunted, and one of the present occupants, Dorothy Beynon, had a strange experience recently. One night when she was not feeling well, she went to one of the smaller bedrooms on the first floor, intending to sleep there. She tried to get into bed, but felt a strange force preventing her from doing so. In a corner of the room, she noticed a black shape, apparently a man with long silver hair. She said out loud: “Go in peace, in the name of the Lord”, and the apparition disappeared. She finds this encounter hard to reconcile with her belief that there are no such things as ghosts!

The **Hall Flats** are contained in an attractive sandstone building with a beautiful round window: it has a 1663 date-stone, but parts of it may be older. It was possibly the Bailiff’s house for the Manor.

*East Haddon Church of England School*

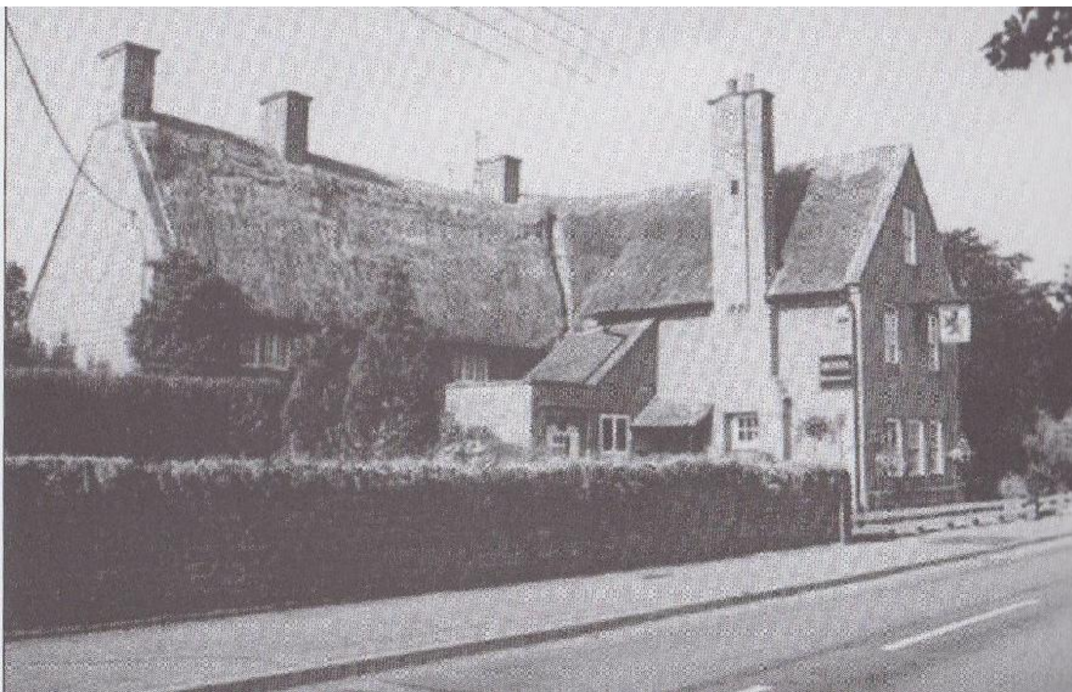
Another old building in the village is the original classroom at the **Church of England School**, also built in 1790 when the school was founded, and still in use, although alterations have been made over the years. It was extended in the mid-19th century through a donation from H.B. Sawbridge, and was further enlarged in 1904. It was originally for boys only, with a separate girl’s school being situated at the top of Ravensthorpe Road. The “Dame School” was in existence at least as early as 1837, the year of Queen Victoria’s accession to the throne,

and between 1851 and 1884 there were 14 girls attending at any one time. It used to have an extra-wide front door, thought to have been designed to cope with ladies' crinolines!

For many years, there also existed **School House**, where all but one of the school's headteachers lived from when it was built until 1966. It was erected on land again donated by the Sawbridge family but was demolished in 1970. It is still possible to see where the School House was situated next to the school. Made of sandstone and rendered at the back, it was at right angles to the road and jutted out into the pavement. It had originally been thatched, but the thatch was replaced with tiles in the early 1960s.

In 1966, Mona Cross, still headmistress at the school, moved from the School House to the bungalow she had bought for her retirement. The house was then rented by Jack and Diana Halliwell, on the understanding that they would have to move out before the position of head teacher was advertised, because the house went with the job. Jack had been commuting every day from Wellingborough to Daventry, where he was a head of department at the Grammar School. They had been looking for a house near Daventry and were naturally pleased to hear about the house in East Haddon. They vacated the School House as agreed, but the new head, Mr Ozier, who already lived in neighbouring Ravensthorpe, decided he did not want it, and it was demolished and the playground enlarged.

The **Chapel**, which is now a private house, was originally erected in the 11th century in spite of opposition from the Church and the Lord of the Manor. Services had been held in barns and people's houses for a hundred years before it was built. For many years, the Holt family maintained the Chapel.



*The Red Lion Pub*

The **Red Lion Inn** in East Haddon has been in existence from at least as early as 1765, although not in the present building, which was used in part simply as an off-licence until about the time of the First World War. The inn was, until then, in what is now Hall Farm, owned by the

Fraser family. It is recorded that in 1765 the business became managed by John Facer, who passed the tenancy on to his wife the following year so that he could resume farming. The inn was under the control of the family until 1824, when they were succeeded by William Burton. A number of other landlords followed in the 19th century, most of whom had other occupations as well as being licensee of the inn. At this time, it was often the case that village pubs were not profitable: the customers were mostly agricultural labourers and artisans, whose wages were meagre. The longest tenant was William Braine, who took over in 1885 and stayed for 25 years. During the First World War, alcohol could be served from the inn from 6.00am to 11.00pm.

The Red Lion has been in its present home, an attractive building on the main street, for nearly 90 years, and has changed hands a number of times during that period. The present landlord is Ian Kennedy, who took over from the Tenniswoods in 1977.

A village landmark for around a hundred years was the **Tower Windmill**, which was regarded as one of the finest of its type in Northamptonshire. Built of sandstone blocks, it was about 35 feet high with a diameter of 23 feet at the base. It is not known when exactly it was built, but was in existence in the 1820s, from when it was allowed to become derelict. At this time it was bought by a Mr Robinson, the then publican of the Why Not public house (latterly known as the Buckby Lion) across the road from the mill. The structure gradually deteriorated over several years, and was eventually demolished around 1950, although the foundations remained as the border for a flowerbed.

There used to be a wooden building, known as the **Reading Room** in Butcher's Lane, now St Andrew's Road, that performed various functions over the years. Jean Holt remembers it as being used for dancing. Her father used to tell her about dancing there with a Mrs Bourne who, apparently, was "*light as a feather*" on her feet but was "*ever such a fat lady*". According to Paul Capell, it was later boarded up, but when Canon Keysell became vicar of East Haddon, he opened it for Ginny Chapman, who was a laundress, to use for his laundry. It was a big room, and Paul says that she had plenty of space in which to do the ironing! Later, at the beginning of the war, George Smith turned it into a fish and chip shop for a short time, but as George and Joan Page recall, it had to be closed because fire regulations would not permit such activity in a wooden building. Paul Capell says that during the Second World War he and others used to cut nettles and dry them in the Reading Room so that they could be used for camouflage.

A building still in existence, but no longer fulfilling its original function, is the old Fire Station. H.P. Sawbridge provided the land for this in 1865, but it was closed in 1945 and is now the bus shelter on Main Street.

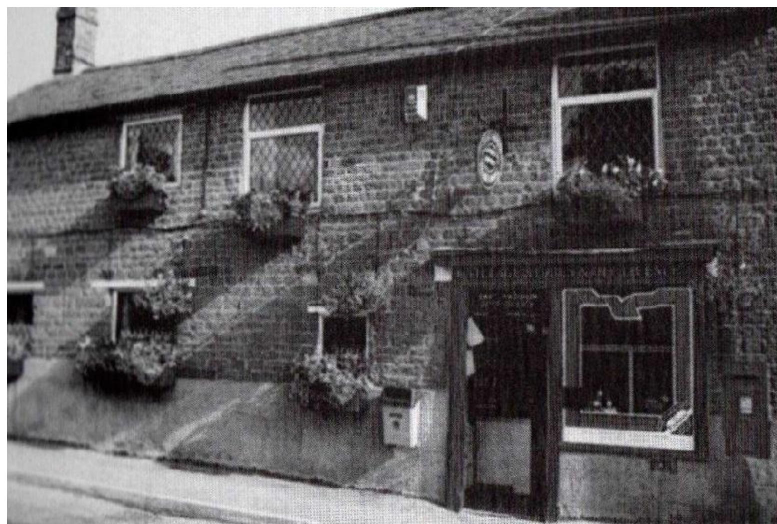
**Well** and **Deane Cottages** are believed to be the oldest cottages in the village. Thought to have been built in the 15th or early 16th century, you can still see soot on the beams from an open fire.

# Chapter Two - TRADES and TRADES PEOPLE

As with many small village communities, the range of trades practised in East Haddon has fallen dramatically over the past 100 tears. Many of these are so specialist as to be rarely found today, and not in great demand, but others are sorely missed. This is particularly so with the Post Office shop, which closed just a few years ago.

**Village Shops**

To Fred Moore, who was born in the village in 1924, the demise of the **Post Office shop** is "*a great loss to the village*". "*I miss the village shop more than anything. I used to go up there every day for my paper, and that's when I talked to people and kept in touch*." According to another, Marjorie Ennever, the closure was 'unnecessary'. "*It will be very difficult for me and for others if the weather is bad and we can't get out of the village*."



*The Post Office when it was open*

For Debbie Williams, now the shop has gone "*the social fabric of the village has been altered forever".* It was "*the heart of the village, a place where people stopped for a chat and caught up on all of the news. Now it has closed there is no reason for most people to walk up the road...*".

East Haddon used to have two shops, and the village **Co-op** was once as much the centre for social contact as the Post Office was later to become.

*The Co-op is on the right, the cottage on the left is the former Dame School, with its extra wide door – perhaps to accommodate crinolines!*

*The Co-op in the early years of the last century*

It was situated on Main Street on land given by the Sawbridges for the village to manage (it is now a private house called Folly Cottage) and was more of a general store than the Post Office. The latter went in for speciality foods, partly because it was patronised by Lady Spencer from Althorp House, whereas the Co-op "*sold everything from food to household goods, like saucepans, mats and haberdashery*", according to Paul Capell. Anyone who joined the Co-op received a dividend and thereby shared in the profits. According to Joan Holt, "*The divi mounted up and once a quarter there was a 'cheque' day on a Tuesday and then on the Wednesday they did the stocktaking. This happened four times a year. If you saved enough, you could redeem these 'cheques' for £1 a time*".

Mrs Cooper, who managed the Co-op, became the village postwoman in later years. Peter Wilkinson remembers her delivering the post in all weathers: during one big freeze she had to abandon her autocycle and walk all the way to Althorp station and back to carry out her duty. The Post Office also had the village telephone exchange in the shop, and the proprietor, Mrs Ackroyd, who had run the shop even before she was married and whose father had been postmaster for 36 years, used to have to get out of bed in the middle of the night sometimes to 'plug in' a call. When she was a teenager, Margaret Wrathall used to make calls to her friends and say to Mrs Ackroyd: "*Charge them to 'the house'.*" According to Marjorie Wightman, Mrs Ackroyd could take a dislike to someone and wasn't afraid of letting them know it! Ernest Poole recalls that Mrs Ackroyd used to boast of being able to supply their customers with absolutely anything. Later, the Post Office shop was bought by the Arnolds, then the Barkers, followed by their daughter and son-in-law the Buntings, the Balls from 1990 and finally the Wainwrights, who closed the shop down permanently in 1999.

> *"I remember the Co-op when Mrs Cooper worked there. It was a square room with a wooden floor and a long wooden bench on the left as you walked in. The counter was opposite the door with a bacon slicer on it. All the little sweets and chewing gum were displayed in boxes on a shelf slightly lower than the counter but in front of it and it was hard to resist helping yourself when Mrs Cooper was "out back". The Co-op sold Lyons Maid ice cream and the Post Office sold Walls.*
> *The Post Office was quite different. It was darker in there but I remember nice Mr Gilby who came out from the town every day to help Mrs Ackroyd and he wore a black jacket and a big white apron. He always had a few words for the little ones..."*
>
> *Debbie Williams (née Talbot)*

The Co-op was later taken over by Long Buckby Co-operative society and eventually closed in 1960.

**The Bakery**

People in East Haddon also have fond memories of the long-gone village bakery, and not only for the bread. Run by the Craddock family, it was also a place to which the villagers brought their Sunday joints and Christmas turkeys to be cooked. Marjorie Wightman remembers that the bakery would charge sixpence for cooking the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and that when the Sanctus bell was rung during communion at the Church, it became known as 'the pudding bell' – the signal for the Yorkshire pudding to be put into the oven! Marjorie also recalls that villagers taking their jugs of pudding mixture to the bakery had to make sure that the tea towels covering them were 'absolutely pristine' for fear of neighbour's raised

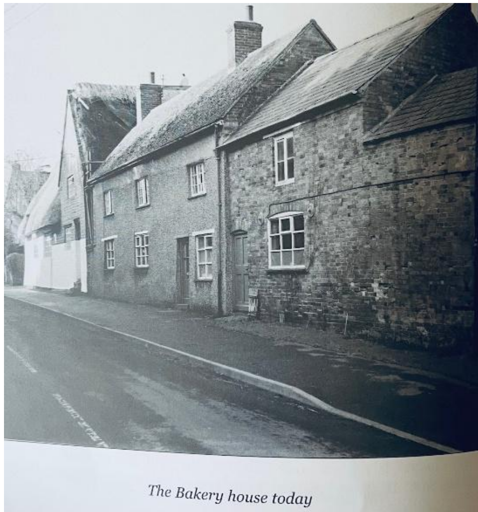
eyebrows! According to Maurice Fletcher, one Christmas Frank Cadd took his big turkey to be cooked at the bakery, and when he went back to collect it found that it had apparently shrunk to half the size. It turned out that Vic Alibone had gone home with the big turkey, having left there his own much smaller one!

*Dick Craddock outside the Bakery in about 1925*

But it is the smell of freshly baked bread that is missed the most. One of David Muddiman's earliest recollections is the bakehouse with its warm bread. According to Marion Allen, it was "*the best bread ever. I remember walking down the road chewing the corners off the crust.*" Jan Pike confesses, "*we used to eat half the bread before we got it home!*" Diana Halliwell recalls her first visit to the bakery to buy bread: "*it came straight out of the oven and it was so hot I was juggling it from hand to hand as I came back! I thought it was wonderful.*"

The Craddock family, who owned the bakery until it closed in 1975, bought the business from the previous owners, the Parkers, in 1925. Baking was in the family: Ken and Neville's grandfather had been a baker, and their father had joined them in the business until he had realised there was not enough work for him, and he left to become an odd-job man. Within a few years, the opportunity arose to buy the East Haddon bakery, and father and then two sons produced bread there for 50 years. As Ken recalls, it wasn't an ideal set-up in the first place: "*We didn't have mains water in the house when we first moved here, and all our water, even for the bakery, had to be collected from the pump across the road.*" They kept working through thick and thin, even managing to bake and deliver bread during the bad winter of 1947: "*I will always remember delivering bread in the snow and walking over the hedges on the Teeton/Spratton junction to get to Teeton, with a sack of bread on my back.*" Lynne Threadgold often used to see Ken delivering bread, "*his big basket under his arm*". She says there always used to be a queue outside the bakery. According to Neville, it was the bread strike of 1974 that spelt the end of the business: "*We had to work so hard and gained so many new customers that we couldn't cope and had to make a decision to give it up. We finished on 1 January 1975.*" According to historical records there had been a bakery in existence in East Haddon since at least as early as 1771.

> *"We used to make the dough overnight and then we'd get up about 4.30am. The dough was rising in the trough during the night for eight hours. The first thing in the morning we'd weigh off the dough at about 2lb 4oz. The 4oz was because the loaves had to weigh about 2lbs when they were baked. This was all done by hand until we got a machine. Then we'd roll it out and shape it. I suppose we'd do about 200 loaves a day. We'd do two batches, we'd roll out one while the other was baking. We could get about 140 loaves in the oven at one time but they were various sizes. We used to*


The Bakery house today

*use long 'peels' to put the loaves in the oven and get them out again. When she was a teenager, Lady Diana used to come from Althorp".*

*The bread was delivered all round the villages. We had vans to do this. People came from miles around to buy the bread. They used to eat it in the Red Lion and like it so much that they would ask where it came from and so they would sometimes fill their boot up with bread to take home. We tried to keep some back for the people who got off the bus from work every night.*

*Neville Craddock*

**Butchers**

East Haddon's butcher, which was situated in St Andrew's Road, closed in 1966. The shop had been owned and managed by Sid Dixie, who had worked for the original owner, Joe Painter, until he died. Mr Dixie had been a familiar sight in the village, riding around on his bicycle in white coat and blue striped apron to deliver meat. According to Ernest Poole, "*Sid would chop all the meat up and Mrs Dixie would wrap it and put it on the tray on the front of Sid's bike."* He would deliver as far as the Red Lion, where he would stop for a drink, and then his wife would shut up shop and complete the round. Paul Capell helped Mr Dixie in the shop, and drove Mrs Dixie to deliver meat in the surrounding villages. "*I used to take Mr Dixie to Northampton sometimes, where they slaughtered the animals on Campbell Square.... Before that they used to poleaxe the animals."*

Joe painter bought animals as he needed them and slaughtered them behind the shop. "*At one time he used to come and kill our pigs,*" Paul Capell remembers. "*He didn't shoot them, he used to 'stick 'em'. It's not cutting their throats, it's hitting a nerve and killing them that way."* Many people in the village used to buy their Sunday joint from Mr Dixie, and before him Mr Painter. "*The meat was very good from Mr Painter, very fresh because it was slaughtered in the premises*," Dick Craddock recalls.

**Other Trades and Professions**

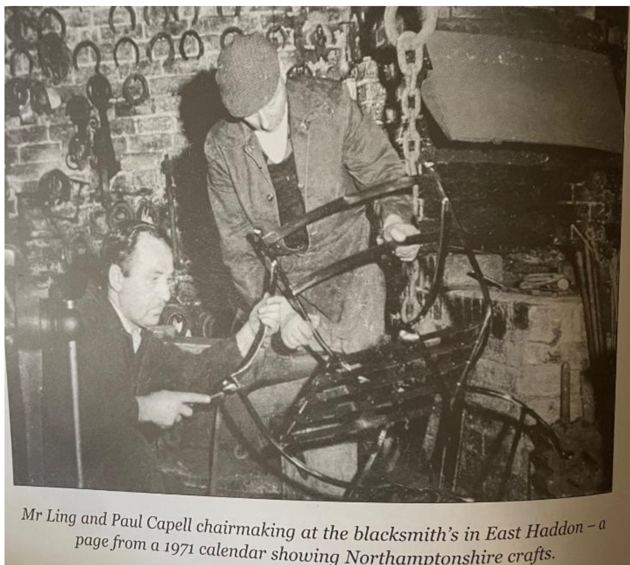
It is not only the shops and food suppliers that have now gone; other crafts and trades have also disappeared, through a drop in demand or increased competition from big business. Sid Allen used to have a carrier's business, which was taken over later by David Garrett, Paul Capell's uncle; and Jean Holt's elder sister, Mary, was a dressmaker in the village, as were Florrie Johnstone and Mary Snelson. Florrie Johnstone lived in half of Mrs Talbot's cottage; Mary Snelson lived in Priestwell Cottage.

There was also a saddler's shop in the village, now Saddler's Cottage on the corner of Vicarage Lane, where a Mr Robinson used to work two days a week – he also had a shop in Long Buckby. He made other leather goods, including Paul Capell's school satchel. George Page's uncle, Mr Blackett, was the village's wheelwright, and George worked for him when he was

14 years old. "*We did general carpentry work, farm work, repairs to carts etc... I can remember seeing a photograph of a fete or some such down at the Hall, and this showed old Mr Blackett with a little four-wheeled trap pulled by a goat, in which he took children for a ride.*"

There was a malt house in the village in a thatched barn at the back of what is known today as Malt House. Here the wetted, sprouted barley was placed on fire bricks, over a fire, and gradually dried out ready for beer-making.

Many people have fond memories of the cobblers and blacksmiths who used to ply their trade in the village. Phyllis Hobson remembers that there two cobblers – the Caves and the Snelsons. Daphne Walding (*née* Snow) used to enjoy watching Mr Cave repairing shoes with a mouth full of tacks which he spat out one by one. Barbara Pearson (*née* Cooper) was often sent as a child to have the shoes she was wearing heeled; when each one was being worked on she had to hop around on one foot until it was ready!


Mr Ling and Paul Capell chairmaking at the blacksmith's in East Haddon – a page from a 1971 calendar showing Northamptonshire crafts.

David Muddiman "*loved the blacksmith's and I would stand and watch Mr (Maurice) Ward for ages*". According to Ernest Poole, "*I could never understand how such a small man could hold a huge shire horse's foot and the horse never moved.*" As Dick Craddock recalls, before Maurice Ward had become the blacksmith it had been a Mr Soden, and children in the village believed his wife was a witch "*because she used to dress like one*". Marjorie Wightman says that you couldn't walk past the blacksmith's forge without there being a crowd of small boys outside watching the sparks fly. In addition to the big shire horses, the hunters were also shod there, but the blacksmiths did not only shoe horses: they made a variety of metal items.

Eileen Freeman had a goatshead poker made at the shop, and Paul Capell remembers making polished steel chairs that were sold in Liberty's; three of them were used in the film *The Devils*, which starred Oliver Reed. Both Dick and Neville Craddock had their garden gates made by the blacksmiths.

> *"The blacksmith's shop was opposite the school, and we would often see him coming out on to the road to fetch water from the pump there. Mug after mug of water he used to collect. We could always tell when he was shoeing horses, because that distinctive smell used to penetrate into the school."*
>
> *Dick Craddock*

More recently, Marjorie Ennever was part of a bead-threading group, assembling jewellery for John Powell at Holdenby. *"That was great fun and I am sorry when it came to an end. Two of our customers were Dickins and Jones and Liberty's*."

**The Police**

There is no policeman permanently based in the village now, but Jean Holt remembers a Mr Sadifer being the bobby when she was a child, and after him a Mr Francis. According to Jean, the policeman used to live in the house now known as Rosehaven. After a few years, Mr Francis became the first tenant of a new Police House on the Holdenby Road. *"He used to say to my father, "If I was here 100 years there'd be nothing happened."* Mr Burton, who is still in the village, was the last resident policeman.

**The Doctor's Surgery**

There used to be an occasional doctor's surgery in the village at Winn Cadman's house. According to Jean Muddiman, she "*always had a roaring fire and you'd sit there in the warm and chat and time passed ever so quickly. I remember her black and white collie. It was quite a social event."* Marjorie Ennever remembers the surgery 'with affection'. "*My husband used to go there for regular check-ups and I used to go with him because I used to enjoy the company so much and got to learn a lot about the village."* Eileen Freeman also remembers the Cadman's 'enormous dog' and the smell of Winn's dinner cooking, wafting through the room. The surgery had formerly been held in Gardener's Cottage. David Muddiman remembers a child seeing "*a big Welsh dresser which always had bottles of medicine on it".* Maurice Fletcher recalls that the surgery door was "*left open and people were able to go and help themselves to their prescription medicines and drugs which were left for them on a shelf".*

**The Undertaker**

One profession unfortunately still required by everyone eventually is that of the undertaker, and East Haddon used to have its own in the form of Henry, known as "Putty", Brown. Paul Capell recalls that he used to have a sign outside his premises: "Undertaker, Carpenter and Decorator". "Henry used to have to organise the bearers. That is why there is a bier house in the cemetery because of the distance [from the Church]. My Aunt Mary used to do the laying out for him." Mr Brown used to play the organ in church, as did his wife, who gave piano lessons. The gravedigger was a certain Percy Beaumont from Long Buckby: Paul Capell recollects "After one funeral the mourners returned to view the wreaths and flowers, but Percy had not filled the grave in and was sitting with his legs in the grave eating his lunch."

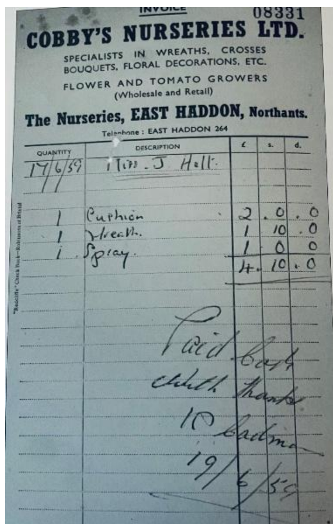
**Nurseries**

A number of nurseries in the village supplied fruit, vegetables, plants and flowers for the villagers and for customers from further afield. The Hall kitchen gardens were a popular source of such produce. Fred Moore worked there when he left school at the age of 14:

> *"I worked for the head gardener, a man named Mr Burke. I worked there with Winnie Cadman's brother, who was a bit older than me. We heated greenhouses with coke boilers... Some of the produce went down to the Hall and some went into Northampton and the people in the village would also buy lettuces, tomatoes*

*etc. There were fruit trees trained up the walls and we used to net every one when they were ripe so that the fruit dropped into the nets".*

Part of the kitchen garden walls can still be seen today. David Muddiman's father was the head gardener in later years, and David spent much of his childhood in the gardens. At this time, the gardens provided the Hall School with fresh produce, and the Muddimans fed the leftovers to their pigs. Debbie Williams remembers buying tomatoes and strawberries from Mr Muddiman senior.



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| QUANTITY | DESCRIPTION | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 17/6/59 | Mrs. J. Hall. | | | |
| 1 | Cushion | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| 1 | Wreath | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 1 | Spray | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| | | 4 | 10 | 0 |

Paid Cash with thanks 10 [illegible] 19/6/59

Two other nurseries in the village were Cobby's, later taken over by Frank Pidcock, and Charlie Brown's. Charlie worked at Holdenby House before coming to work for Mr Butler at Cobby's. According to the Blacklees, Mr Butler loved growing orchids. Charlie Brown also grew orchids, and Ernest Poole saw one for the first time at his nursery. Ernest said it was Charlie who first interested him in cacti and succulents, and Daphne Walding remembers getting chrysanthemums from his greenhouse. "*Charlie was a chapel man, and he did the flowers for my wedding",* she recalls. Debbie Williams remembers buying tomatoes and lettuces from Charlie Brown: "*He'd pick the tomatoes while you chatted to him or sometimes, he'd let us pick our own.*" She has fond memories of Cobby's "especially at Christmas when there was a lovely fire burning in the grate in the potting shed. There was a lovely smell of pine needles and piles of holly used for making the Christmas wreaths." Fred Moore worked for Cobby's from 1949: "*They made about 3,000 wreaths each year for their five shops in Northampton."* He continued working there when Mr Pidcock took over the business. Daphne Walding used to bunch up the holly at Christmas for Mr Pidcock. "*We used to do a great big box for about £2.00*," she says.

**Haddonstone**

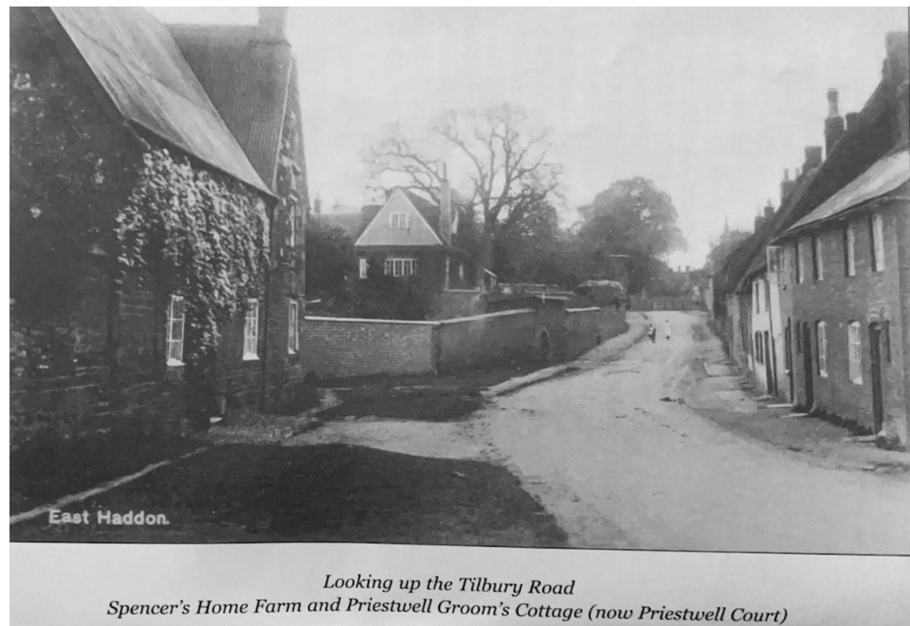
Haddonstone, the internationally known manufacturer of garden stonework, was established in East Haddon in the early 1970s by Bob Barrow. He had formerly worked in the leather industry, in his family's firm of Barrow, Hepburn and Gale, but left to form Haddonstone, recognising that with increased leisure time, gardening was likely to become more popular in the future. He approached Nene College of Art to find designers, and eventually employed a number of students. He was unable to pay them very much, so each student was also given lunch. Some of the students were very enthusiastic, and they set up a complete range of designs. Until Haddonstone exhibited for the first time at the Chelsea Flower Show with a range of six or seven products, they had not sold a single item, but the business took off from there. Jane Barrow describes Haddonstone's amazing growth:

*"I was secretary for the company for about two years and if I took any time off during the day I was typing often until 11.00 at night. Ginny was a very small baby so we had a Filipino girl to help as I couldn't answer the phones with a tiny baby in the background. The factory was our garage and we put the urns out where the swimming pool is now. In those days the forge was still a blacksmith's, but later we bought it and moved the offices over there. First we had an office in our spare bedroom and then we*

*made an office over the garage. Eventually we opened a factory in Brixworth. We all worked very hard but we loved it. We didn't have transportation so we used my horsebox to transport urns around. We began with £500 and we didn't borrow a penny. Now we have a factory in America. We have excellent staff including a lot of local people. Barbara, our sculptress, has been with us almost from the beginning and she still does most of the designs...*

*When Bob became ill he carried on working for the company. He was always involved, even when he was very ill. It was a lifeline to him really and kept him going through his dreadful illness. Bob died in 1996."*

Haddonstone now describes itself, justifiably, as "The world's leading manufacturer of ornamental and architectural cast stonework".




*Looking up the Tilbury Road*
*Spencer's Home Farm and Priestwell Groom's Cottage (now Priestwell Court)*

*Butchers Lane (now St Andrews Road) early in the century*

## Chapter Three – VILLAGE CHARACTERS

### Doll Andrews the Dairymaid

Doll Andrews used to deliver milk for Fraser's farm. According to Ernest Poole, as she delivered milk to one house, her horse always used to carry on to the next house without her. "*I remember her when you used to go round the back of Fraser's farm to get the milk she always had her arms in water. She used to have a green plastic apron and wellies and there was always water everywhere*." Marjorie Wightman recalls that most people had their own milk can or jug with a long handle to dip into the churn. Marjorie says that Doll used to come round twice a day, after each milking, so fresh milk could be had in the afternoons as well. Doll's pony was the only horse on Fraser's farm. Stewart Fraser remembers that when Doll had finished her round, she used to come up and help in the house. "*She was always in the door at 6.30am and we'd come down to a lovely lit fire*." Margaret Wrathall used to watch Doll during milking and see the milk rippling down the cooler.

### Madame Arnold

Madame Arnold was the deputy head at East Haddon Hall School from when it opened soon after the Second World War. She was French, and, as Elsa Talbot recalls, she was always known as 'Madame'. She arrived in England before the war as a student teacher, working at a south coast school run by her future husband, who had been a maths teacher at Northampton Grammar School. The couple gave up the school when war was declared, and Mr Arnold returned to Northampton, again teaching at the Grammar School. After her husband died, she remained living in the village, at Laundry Cottage. According to Elsa, "*she kept her lovely French accent to the end and was always entertaining and much loved.*" Jan Pike remembers Madame Arnold being:

> *"A lovely lady – I still miss her. She was charming and fun and loved men. I remember being there when her chiropodist called and they were having such a flirtation, and she must have been very elderly! Her husband was quite a bit older than her and he died very suddenly, which must have been a great sadness for her as they were obviously very much in love".*

Jan adds that Madame Arnold's birthday was quite an occasion, with a stream of visitors all day from early in the morning. Jane Barrow recalls that Madame Arnold was a 'delightful person'. She used to help Jane's daughter, Fiona, with her French. Jack Halliwell remembers playing cards with her regularly: "*She'd fill me up with gin and we'd speak French. We'd play cards for hours*." His wife, Diana, also remembers Madame Arnold's fondness for gin:

> *"I was working in the shop when Madame Arnold was having some rewiring done and the house was in an upheaval. Hilda Adams helped her straighten it out and she came into the shop about 4.00pm and said that the two of them were absolutely exhausted so they had to sit down and had a large gin each! A cup of tea wasn't sufficient for them!"*

Michael French recalls Madame Arnold as being 'a very charming lady'. He describes how she used to prepare a 'dinner' every day for the birds, and spread it out on the ground. "*The birds would all be there waiting for the feast. We had two cats at the time and the birds used to dive-bomb one of them.*"

**Mabel Austin**

Edwina Canning moved to East Haddon in 1961 and immediately came across Mabel Austin:

> *"We bought the two end houses but could only move into the middle one because the end one was occupied by Mabel Austin. Mabel had lived there since she was three years old... She had been told that we had bought both houses and that we were going to convert them into one and she was going to be evicted. She was very upset and frightened. She had no living relatives and she believed she was going to be thrown out onto the street. We were quickly able to reassure her."*

Mabel had been paying five shillings rent a week but the Cannings told her they would not charge her rent. Nevertheless, they still used to sign her rent book for her, because someone had told her that this had to be done. Mabel could not read or write: she had a speech impediment due to having no roof to her mouth, and she had never gone to school because, according to Edwina, no-one had been interested in educating her. Edwina used to go shopping for her, but, because she was difficult to understand, sometimes returned with the wrong things. "*I used to hang my washing on the line on Saturday mornings because I worked all week and she would knock on the door and point to my tights on the line and say 'come 'ere – I want some of them'. She was about four foot two and it was quite a problem getting tights for her*." Diana Halliwell remembers Mabel coming into the village shop: "*I couldn't understand her but she used to bring previous packets in to help us to know what she wanted*."

Mabel's mother had died when she was very young and she had looked after her father, who had lost a hand in a farming accident, until the end of his days. She used to walk to Holdenby House every day to work cleaning the scullery, kitchen and cellar steps, for which she received 7s 6d a week plus a hot meal every day. According to Edwina, Mabel had never been anywhere else apart from East Haddon and Holdenby until one day she needed to go to Long Buckby surgery. "*She had never been to Northampton and didn't want to go there. Peter used to ask her if she would like to go to Northampton to see the market and she always said no*."

**Mr and Mrs Butler**

Mr Butler, owner of Cobby's Nurseries, where the maisonettes on Tilbury Road now stand, used to live on Main Street, and Marjorie Wightman remembers him as being a 'rather dapper man'. He was apparently 'fond of the ladies' but used to keep quiet about it because his wife did not approve. Once at a W. I. Dance in the 1950s, Marjorie's children Roger and Jane, who were quite grown up then, gave a demonstration of the new rock and roll dancing. Afterwards a waltz was played and Mr Butler asked Jane for a dance. Mrs Butler stood stock still as they waltzed around the room, glaring at them with her arms folded. *She* may not have been happy, but it caused everyone else in the room to have a good laugh at her expense. Mrs Butler was a stalwart member of the W.I., and was always a good organiser, having a very precise nature. Her sister, Miss Richardson, was very different, and known as 'the nice one' of the two – Mrs Butler could be very sharp and cutting if she wanted to be.

**Joe and Alice Cadd**

Joe Cadd and his sister Alice, who lived on The Terrace, were very well liked in the village. Jan Pike remembers Joe Cadd as "*such a sweet man and very appreciative of anything that is done*

*for him. He never said anything bad about anyone*." Mrs Barnett describes him as 'wonderful'. Joe himself has fond memories of his whole family, especially his mother whom he greatly admired and loved. They were also known by the name 'Cadman' – somebody in the family (an aunt, Eileen Freeman remembers Alice once saying) objected to the name and added the '-man'.

*Pictured are Joe, Ruth, Alice and Jack Cadd on the occasion of Alice's 100th birthday.*

Alice used to work for Captain Fitzroy, who was at one time Speaker of the House of Commons, and Joe sometimes used to ride over to Foxhill to see her. Alice also worked for Captain Fitzroy in London. Joe says that the Fitzroys were very good employers and that they 'thought the world of her'. Eileen Freeman describes Alice as 'a wonderful lady'. She went into service at the age of 11 and worked in a few of the big houses in the district, starting as a scullery maid and eventually working her way up to being housekeeper to three Speakers of the Commons, living in quarters under Big Ben and feeding the swans on the Thames from her kitchen window. Eileen says her experiences working in London made her a lady, "*because she learnt a wonderful life and learnt the way to live*". "*I learned a lot from Alice. She told me one thing in particular: 'always receive a gift with the grace in which it is given'.*" Eileen remembers that Alice retired at 65 and returned to East Haddon to look after her mother. After her mother died, she moved in with Joe. She wanted him to modernise the house, but he refused – even though she was prepared to pay for half of it. She died at the remarkable age of 105, just short of her 106th birthday – the day she was buried. In her later years, Alice had lived in a home in Northampton.

Joe used to ring the bells in the Church and, at the age of 95, believed that he could still ring a peal! According to Phyllis Hobson, Joe had a set of hand bells as well. Joe also recalls that

he was well regarded for his hedge-laying skills – he took part in many competitions, and once finished a hedge for someone else, but that person still won the prize! In his youth he used to play cricket and football in the village. He used to frequent both pubs in the village but preferred the Plough. After Alice died, Eileen Freeman invited Joe to Christmas dinner. She says he was very appreciative, arriving in his smart suit with a gold tie pin, but he eventually found the 'noise and goings-on' in the Freeman household uncomfortable. In subsequent years he declined the invitation, but Eileen used to take his dinner round to his house with a glass of wine to celebrate.

Joe had another sister, Ruth Andrews, who, Marjorie Wightman remembers, owned a parrot. Marjorie doesn't know why, but Ruth was known to everyone in the village as 'Phoebe'.

**Mabel Cave**

Mabel Cave was the daughter of the village cobbler. Norah Greaves remembers her playing the piano at the Village Institute for social evenings held there soon after the war. Mabel told her that she had been 40 years old before she learned to play and then had saved up all her pennies and halfpennies with which to buy her own piano. Elsa Talbot recalls encountering Mabel when she was housekeeper at the Vicarage.

> "*after we arrived in the village, we were invited to tea at the Vicarage. We arrived at about 4pm only to be greeted by Mabel, leaning out of the window above the porch shouting "you're too early!" so we beat a hasty retreat.*

> *Mabel used to help Elsa bath her children every night. "She died without having ever seen the sea." Mabel was very friendly with Muriel Eglesfield, and, according to Marjorie Wightman, both of them used to travel to Northampton to All Saint's Church rather than attend church in East Haddon. No matter who was vicar at the village Church, the two ladies disapproved of him. It seems that Mabel was the most resolute in this regard, because after she died, Muriel relented and started attending St. Mary's."*

**Jim Chapman**

Eileen Freeman remembers Jim Chapman as a 'lovely man', who would often stop for a chat as he walked his dog Trixie. "*He used to look after our cat for us when we went away, and because he was so good to us, when his dog died we went to Thrapston to get another Trixie for him.*" Barbara Pearson recalls the fire on the terrace. When the fire brigade came, Jim begged them to try to save a dressing table in one of his bedrooms. Although the firemen were more concerned with putting out the fire to save the houses and prevent it spreading, they did eventually rescue the dressing table. It was said to be full of money!

**Miss Cross**

Miss Cross came to East Haddon as headmistress of the school in 1958, first living in the School House, but then, shortly before her retirement, moving to a bungalow in Orchard Close. She had started teaching at Ilkeston in Derbyshire, followed by about 20 years at a school in Leicester and a few years at a Surrey music college and small schools in Wellingborough and Arthingworth. Marion Allen's mother was caretaker and dinner lady at East Haddon school when Miss Cross was headmistress, and Marion remembers her sometimes having to go to

the School House to wake Miss Cross up when she dozed off after lunch. After she retired in 1970, Miss Cross went to art classes. She was a talented painter in oils and watercolours, particularly enjoying painting the countryside. She was also gifted at portraiture, but she did not enjoy this as much as landscapes. According to Lyn Engle, she could capture not just the outward appearance of a person, but also their inner essence. In later years, unable to go out, she used to paint the clouds from her window.

Lyn says that Miss Cross was a staunch Labour supporter, "*mostly because she had a deep concern for people*". She enjoyed a good debate, and was 'very involved in life', going to meetings and art exhibitions, and writing to the newspapers giving her views on various subjects. She was once taught by a Quaker, and although she had initially been attracted to the religion, she said in an interview in 1986, "*I couldn't be a Quaker because I couldn't believe in peace at any price,*" – but she added: "*I continued my attachment to Quakerism right through my college days and I am a Quaker now*." She always enjoyed the company of children and kept chocolate in the house for whenever they visited. According to Lyn, she never complained and always made the best of any situation. Ian Barnett remembers her playing the organ sometimes, and that she had 'found it so difficult'. She would practise for hours in the Church with the door locked: she was a little deaf and did not want to be startled by anyone coming up behind her. Marjorie Ennever found Miss Cross very welcoming when she first came to the village. On the day after Marjorie had moved into her house, she put a letter through the door asking if there was anything she could do to help. She also took her to the Women's Institute in the Village Hall and introduced her to the members. According to Marjorie:

> "*She was a wonderful character and very loyal: she wouldn't have a word said against the village school. Even last summer [2000] she went to the fete and she went to the last jumble sale. She was an enthusiastic gardener and if a weed had a pretty flower on it she would leave it to grow. If it was a living thing, a plant, a bird or a mouse, it had to be left to live on... She loved birds and was always feeding them. She also grew a lot of soft fruit in her back garden."*

Miss Cross had her idiosyncrasies, and once when wanting to drive down to visit her brother in Essex she asked Marjorie's husband to work out a route for her 'without any circles'. He managed to devise a way that avoided all roundabouts apart from the one near Billericay! She used to call on local men to do odd jobs round the house and was always careful not to ask the same man too often. One day, Marjorie went into her house with some shopping, and she could hear a ticking noise. Miss Cross insisted it was a cricket, despite it being the depths of winter. Marjorie discovered that it was in fact a smoke alarm that needed new batteries, but Miss Cross would not believe her until Graham Houston came in to change them and the noise disappeared!

Graham used to take her to church regularly. She enjoyed classical music and visits to the theatre with Lyn Engle and Leslie Roberts. Marjorie says that even in her nineties she was prepared to experiment with modern art and produced pictures 'with lots of brilliant colours'.

Marjorie says she misses Miss Cross greatly. "*I miss going on a Friday with her shopping. She was always grateful for help. She was a wonderful character. I found that if you introduced someone to her they said afterwards how much they enjoyed talking to her*."

Miss Cross died in August 2000.

**Mrs Dickens**

A formidable character in the village, many people have vivid memories of Mrs Dickens. According to June and Peter Wilkinson, she 'always spoke her mind'. One night at the Parochial Church Council meeting, she objected to something and stormed out in a temper. The meeting was being held in the Malt House in a room with several doors out of it, and it wasn't long before Mrs Dickens returned looking sheepish because she couldn't find her way out of the house. Victor Thorman remembers her making life 'very difficult' for his father the vicar, "*but when he died she couldn't stop praising him. She always came to church and wouldn't look at father when he preached, and she fell out with mother*." When Philip and Sylvia Blacklee moved to the village, one of the first things they were told, by Billy Jones, was 'never cross Mrs Dickens'. Jack Halliwell quickly became involved in village life when he first moved to the village – too quickly for Mrs Dickens. *"I was painting the old wooden pavilion inside and out and Mrs Dickens came along and said, 'I don't know why you are doing that – it's nothing to do with you'. That's because I was a newcomer to the village. She was abrasive but she didn't mean to be and she had the village at heart."*

Of course, her powerful personality certainly was an advantage in some circumstances, and she was instrumental in saving the Post Office when it was in danger of being closed. (Many would say it is a pity that she wasn't around a few years ago to prevent its apparently irreversible closure this time.) According to Fred Moore, if you wanted anything done in the village, she'd see to it. Lynne Threadgold remembers that during the particularly bad winter of 1979, when snow blocked the roads in the village, Mrs Dickens collected the pensions of all the old people from the Post Office. Elsa Talbot remembers Mrs Dickens's own little milk run round the village for which she used to wear First World War land army breeches.

Mrs Dickens with the Reverend Rowe and Jock Cooper

According to Jane Barrow, Mrs Dickens was a stalwart supporter of the Conservative Party. "*She had very definite opinions, but she did a lot for the community.*" Daphne Walding's father was chairman of the Parish Council and Mrs Dickens always used to 'have her say' at council meetings. "*One day she was going on about something for rather a long time and Dad wanted to get home, so in the end he asked her to sit down – she replied, 'I'm not sitting down for you, Tom Snow'. I remember Dad coming home and laughing about it."*

Paul Capell recalls Mrs Dickens's forthright manner:

*"I lived in Clifden Terrace on my own for about 12 months and it was a Bank Holiday and I'd been busy the night before and Mrs Dickens, who lived opposite, banged me up at 6.15 the following*

> *morning saying, "come on, come on, you're late for work". I said, "I'm not working," but she said, "I know, but it's no excuse for not getting up!"*

Jan Pike remembers Mrs Dickens working her way round the village with a wheelbarrow full of library books that she had chosen for people. Jan used to get on well with her, as did Ernest and Gwen Poole. "*Mrs Dickens was very helpful to us. She helped Karen, my daughter, with a school project on the history of the village. She had her own words like 'gallond' with a 'd' on it. She called a bus 'a buzz'."* Mrs Barnett thought Mrs Dickens 'was lovely' and the Barnett's children 'adored her'.

Connie Tenniswood, manager of the Red Lion, used to chat to Mrs Dickens in the village, although she never frequented the inn. She remembers that during one snowy winter, after she had kept Church Lane open with salt from a bunker, the bus company had been so grateful for this that they had given her a day out.

Marjorie Ennever remembers an awkward time with Mrs Dickens on an outing as part of a WEA course in medieval architecture. Mrs Dickens had approached her husband asking for a lift, and Marjorie had independently offered a lift to Miss Cross. They were unaware that the two women hadn't spoken for years because of a quarrel in the past.

> *"We didn't know anything about the dispute but when we were driving there we couldn't understand why they were so quiet in the back of the car. I had to keep turning round and chatting to keep things going. When we got to Kirby Hall, one member came up to me and said: How on earth did that happen?"*

Marjorie told her that she was unaware of the falling out between the two women. "On the way home they chatted to each other all the way! So we did a bit of good!"

As Jane Barrow recalls, Mrs Dickens was very proud of the Maundy money she received one year from the Queen.

**Muriel Eglesfield**

Sallie Jones has fond memories of Muriel Eglesfield. She was the family's babysitter for many years, and was asked to baby-sit on a weekly basis, even when they no longer needed her to, because she was such a sweet lady and had always loved children. Jeanette Barnes also observed Muriel's love of children, and that she always had sweets in her pocket for them, particularly Cadbury's penny chocolate bars. Sallie and her husband Nigel only stopped having Muriel to baby-sit when they found out that the children usually put themselves to bed because she had fallen asleep! Muriel used to have Christmas dinner with the Jones's. Sallie remembers that she used to arrive at the house after visiting four others in the village for sherry, and that she was always very jolly! According to Daphne Walding,

> *"Muriel used to eat our Mark's dinner! She'd walk in one Sunday after church and she'd stand talking. We'd probably finished our lunch but Mark was always late so I'd put his out on a plate. She'd say, "Oh, you make the best Yorkshire pudding in East Haddon" and then she'd sit down and eat it!"*

Marjorie Ennever remembers Muriel selling raffle tickets for the village fete during the summer; this always meant a few glasses of sherry at the houses she visited! Marjorie says: "*She was a lovely little soul. When her house was flooded, which it was on at least two occasions, we all went in and helped her. I remember cooking hot meals for her at such times and making sure she had a flask of hot chocolate at night.*" The situation of Cosgrove Cottage,

where Muriel lived, at the bottom of Tilbury Road, made it prone to flooding and Jeanette Barnes remembers men rushing from the pub when called to 'sandbag her up'. Sally says that most people's memories of Muriel are her love of cats and of the Royal family. She used to take in all the stray cats in the neighbourhood and was helped by other local people who used to donate tins of cat food. Her cottage was filled with photographs and memorabilia of the Royal family.

**Eileen Ellershaw**

Eileen Ellershaw was well known in East Haddon through her various activities, most notably working behind the bar in the Red Lion with Connie Tenniswood. Connie says: "*She was a character!*" According to Lynn Threadgold, Eileen came to the village in the 1960s after managing the pub in Welton with her husband, from whom she had now separated. She was the first tenant to move into the Hall flats, and she started her job at the Red Lion not long afterwards, working there until she retired at 65. Lynne remembers that she worked very long hours – 10am to 3pm and then again from 6pm to closing time, every day. After she retired, she joined the Church. Among other things, Eileen used to organise car parking for Haddonstone open days, and Jan Pike recalls that she also used to help at the Holdenby Christmas sales. Maureen French says that Eileen was one of the characters that she remembers most. "*She was always very friendly to us and interested in our family*." Lynne Threadgold adds:

> *"She liked to keep abreast of what was going on in the village, but she sometimes got it wrong. She tended a little garden at the front of the flats and also enjoyed sitting in her chair and talking to passers-by. She liked to walk down the Park and that is where her ashes are scattered."*

**Mrs Fooks the Cat Lady**

One of Jean Muddiman's earliest memories is of Mrs Fooks, the Cat lady. She lived in a caravan at the Holdenby end of the village. Jean lived in Holdenby at the time and says she used to quicken her pace as she passed the caravan on her way home from school! June and Peter Wilkinson also remember the Cat Lady. She used to get her water from nearby houses.

*A newspaper photograph of Mrs Fooks with her many cats*

This was about 1964. She was eventually 'taken away', and the caravan gradually disintegrated before being removed by the Council. The local newspaper's reporter visited her and found that she had four cats and four kittens in the caravan, which had no electricity or gas. For warmth and cooking she had a paraffin heater. She was apparently 84 years old, and the reporter said: "*There must be grave misgivings about a woman of 84 living alone in an old wooden caravan, with no water supply, out by itself in long, dank grass, with the risk which always attends the aged who rely on paraffin for heating and lighting.*" Her weekly income was £4 4s, and she had to pay rent for the

caravan "*quoting a figure which astonished me*". The reporter concluded: "*But Mrs Fooks is hardy, independent, and fond of her cats... There must be tact and understanding as well as sympathy if she is to be helped*."

**Billy Jones**

Paul Capell describes Billy Jones as 'the motorbike farme'. "*He didn't own any land, he rented it. He had some at Ravensthorpe and some at Long Buckby."* Ernest Poole remembers that

> "*Billy Jones had a little motorbike and he used to go down to his buildings in Church Lane [now Tire Hill Farm] and you used to see him with a sheep or lamb on his bike and put it into the 'club' room at the Plough to recover."*

David Muddiman remembers Billy having a minor accident:

> "*One day Billy Jones fell off his motorbike by the phone box and I had to pick him up. Lots of times his dog was on the bike as well. His sheep used to get out a lot because he wasn't too good at fencing and I often used to run and tell him and he used to say "they've taken their mouth with them". He was never in a hurry to fetch them back".*

Paul Capell, who used to work for him, remembers "*cocking hay with a fork where the Playing Field is now for Billy. He was always getting things stuck and I was always being called to help get them out!*" Ernest Poole recalls his practice of filling holes in fences with old bedsteads and scrap metal, known as 'Billy's barbed wire'. These can still be seen in fences around Tire Hill today.

**Arthur Langton, the Road Sweeper**

Dick Craddock remembers Arthur Langton shovelling leaves into a barrow one day outside the village shop, and somebody knocking it over:

> "*You never heard such language in your life! I also remember the time when I was walking home with him from the Plough. We got to "Duffus" (Dovehouse) Doors, in the wall opposite Vicarage Lane, and the stick he was leaning on went down the drain and he fell flat on his face. I said, "What are you doing down there, Arthur?"*

According to Ernest Poole, Arthur had a 'twisted leg'. "*When he retired he had two sticks, one to shake at people and one to lean on*". David Muddiman also recalls Arthur's good work being undone after he had been clearing up leaves from the lime trees in the churchyard: "*One year he had got them all swept up into heaps and a lorry came along and scattered the leaves all over the place, so he threw his brush into the road in a rage." But Arthur wasn't without a sense of humour. Norah Greaves remembers him having a rest near the gateway to Holdenby House. Arthur, who was hardly the most active man, told her: "They've just been to see me from the Council and told me to take it easy because they said I was going like a racehorse!"* Norah once found him sitting in the bus stop having thrown his cheese sandwiches to the ground. He moaned to her about the rent he had to pay to his sister, Hilda, and that all she could give him for lunch was cheese sandwiches.

Paul Capell says he always got on well with Arthur, but he apparently had an irritable nature: "*He used to stand up at the top of Church Street, directing traffic. One day a man comes up to him and he says, 'How do I go to Hill Farm?' and he says, 'You ought to have had more bloody sense and asked before you got this far because you've gone past it!"*

Margaret Wrathall remembers that, despite the fact that Arthur was usually seen 'propping up the Church wall', the village was always very clean. Dick Morton, Joan Page's brother, used to work with him. Joan remembers Arthur before he worked as a road sweeper, visiting farms with threshing equipment. He had a traction engine, and its brakes once failed on Tire Hill: "*It ended up upside down in the hedge at the bottom of the hill!" June and Peter Wilkinson remember Arthur being a familiar sight in the village, with his cry: "The 'unt's coming! The 'unt's coming!"* Arthur once waylaid Barbara Pearson's husband Tony in the village and asked him if he was on his way to Northampton. When Tony said he was, Arthur asked him to go to White and Bishop for 'some rubbers for the end of me stick'. Two weeks later, the same thing happened, and two weeks later yet again. Tony decided this time to bring back a supply of the 'rubbers' to keep at home and ensure that Arthur was well stocked for a few months. He continued to do this for many years and still had some long after Arthur had gone.

**The Mains**

> "*I remember the Mains who lived in the Malt House ever so well. The Mains were maltsters. Old Dick Main used to tell us these tales because he fought in the Boer War. Aunt Mary used to take me round there during the war so that they could practise First Aid on me because Annie Main ran a First Aid course from the house. I used to enjoy it because they had a coffee mill and this coffee was beautiful. Annie Main had an "olde world" cottage garden. At one time Walter Main managed the sewer bed farms over at Bagginton. Then his nephew, Harry Weston, took it on. The other sister lived in Somerset. Walter Main was a gent. One Friday he said to me, "I've got an appointment with a specialist over in Kettering, do you think you could run me over there?" I said I would. I went round the next morning, and Sid Dixie said, "Mr Main's died." Annie Main was a nice old lady. She used to make lace. None of them married, except the sister in Somerset."* Paul Capell

Marjorie Wightman thinks that Annie attended a lacemaking school in Bedford. According to Marjorie, tea parties at the Mains were always very correct, with just the right size lace napkins, two-tier cake stands, fresh hot scones etc. – teatime was evidently regarded as something of a ceremony. Elsa Talbot remembers that Annie was also a regular churchgoer and an enthusiastic gardener. According to Sylvia Blacklee, she made 'the best cottage cakes that I ever remember'.

**The Thormans**

Paul Capell remembers the Reverend Thorman as 'a nice old man' but recalls that he once attacked a beech tree in his garden, chopping off so much that the whole tree had to come down. He was a keen gardener, and Ernest Poole remembers that he used to be quite competitive with his vegetables. When he met Ernest's father, he'd say to him: "'*Louis – show me your biggest potato' and then he'd produce a big one from his cassock and say, 'Is it bigger than this one?'."*

Marjorie Wightman recalls that Mrs Thorman always personally greeted any newcomer to the village, and if they did not attend church, she would soon be knocking at their door to find out why! Mrs Thorman was very impressed that Marjorie's baby son Roger was able to sleep through the church services, whereas Victor had howled as a baby when she had taken him to church.

The Reverend Thorman with a Sunday School outing to Wicksteed Park

Philip Blacklee remembers that Mr Thorman used to call round to their house at about 9pm for coffee and stay for hours. Sylvia had a tapestry that she always brought out to work on when he called –"*she always got masses done!"* Margaret Wrathall thought the Thormans "*very eccentric but very kind*". She recalls the vicar ranting from the pulpit about the importance of coming to church, when of course the only people listening were those in the Church already – literally preaching to the converted! Debbie Williams remembers some of the family's eccentricity, like how Mrs Thorman was frequently late for church on a Sunday morning, appearing at the last minute dressed from head to toe in mauve. She also remembers Mr Thorman's 'fire and brimstone' sermons. He always used to dress in his black cassock, except when he worked in his garden.

**Other Ministers of the Church**

Although not strictly speaking a member of the East Haddon community, and not even officially appointed as vicar, Max Parker did take the services at St Mary's Church for a number of years. June Wilkinson remembers him as the one vicar that 'out' in a period when there were many changes of vicar in the village. She says he was always around when anyone was in trouble. She particularly remembers him at christenings: "*Babies didn't cry when he took the service – he used to cuddle them and then he'd go back and he would show the baby to everybody with his face shining and saying 'we welcome you'. He was just so special, we were very lucky."* When Max retired, there were parties held for him and he and his wife Jane were presented with tickets to visit their daughter in Canada and for the theatre in Stratford.

Peter Wilkinson remembers Canon Jim Richardson as being a very flamboyant character, full of energy. Apparently, one day he was preaching a sermon in a typically enthusiastic manner when he thumped the pulpit, and a piece of masonry fell out! Despite this, he carried on as if nothing had happened.

Canon Keysell, who was minister just after the Second World War, was known to many as a typical 'hunting parson', and was also a keen cricketer. According to Elsa Talbot, "*he was tall and good-looking with a beautiful hunter that he rode about the countryside. The story was that he had been chased by three wealthy ladies but managed to avoid them all. However, it is said that they all left him their money!"*

**Arthur Voss**

Paul Capell remembers Arthur Voss as owning a lot of property in the village:

> "*Mr Voss bought properties up all over the place, here and in Ravensthorpe and Long Buckby. I think the Voss's were in the grocery trade but he did work up at Harlestone Firs because they made pit props in the First World War. He didn't serve in the forces because he said he suffered from pernicious anaemia [others say he was a conscientious objector]. He also bought cottages up St Andrew's Road in East Haddon. He also owned the fields past his house where Jane Spencer's riding school is now and on up to the main road where he kept poultry and geese and all sorts of things."*

Marjorie Wightman has one vivid memory of Mr Voss: she was once out collecting house to house around the village and knocked at Mr Voss's door only to be told, "*We don't give at the door*!" Marjorie turned to depart but heard the door opening again. She saw a little hand appear and a voice whispered, "*I give at the door*," and Mrs Voss handed her half a crown. According to Ernest Poole:

> "*Mr Voss was a chain-smoker with a black coat and black hat. He lived next to the Mannings who lived in the end cottage behind Muriel's [Eglesfield]. My uncle's (Mr Manning's) garden went right up to the Vosses' boundary. Sometime in the past there was a dispute and so their name wasn't mentioned in this house. However, somewhere along the line there was a Manning née Voss! This was in the late 19th century, but we still haven't managed to sort it out."*

**Miss Jarman**

Sylvia Blacklee used to take Miss Jarman to Northampton once a week shopping.

> "*She would sit next to me with her eyes shut and her mouth working and she was praying that we'd get a parking space. She always did this and I always got a parking space! She always helped me make my marmalade and while the marmalade was cooking she taught me to play bezique. We always seemed to make more marmalade than I wanted because she enjoyed it so much".*

**Mrs Smith**

According to Marjorie Wightman, Mrs Frederick Smith Senior was famous for her Sunday hats. No-one dared to sit in the same pew as her in the Church. She seemed to have a different hat each week, but the other ladies attending the Church gradually realised that it was often the same hat, trimmed differently. Nevertheless, it became a Sunday church tradition to have a look at 'the hat'.

**Mrs Dixie**

*Mickey Watson and Phyllis Hobson in the winter of 1947*

Mrs Dixie, the butcher's wife, was also well known for her headgear: she always wore a bright salmon-pink crocheted hat. According to June Wilkinson, she was one of the 12 elderly people in the village to receive 'meals on wheels' but was often not at home when they were delivered, so they had to be put in the oven to keep warm.

She was a regular churchgoer, and June's mother, Mrs Bettington, used to help her up the step to the altar rail to receive communion, even though Mrs Bettington was probably older than her. This procedure took so long that that one day they arrived at the rail after the vicar had dispensed the bread, and when he came back with the wine, Mrs Dixie called out at the top of her voice: "*I haven't had me bread yet!"*

## Chapter Four - VILLAGE EVENTS

There have been a number of major events in East Haddon over the years that have affected the lives of the residents. The following are descriptions of a few of them, the first two having taken place in the latter years of the nineteenth century but still having repercussions well into the twentieth....

**The Strange, Sad Tale of Annie Pritchard**

*In a village not far from Northampton,*
*A poor woman's body was found*
*A victim of sad mutilation*
*And covered with many a wound,*
*Her head had been cut off from her body,*
*Fromm her shoulder her arm had been torn*
*What a heartaching scene it must have been*
*She'd been lying there since early dawn.*

*Annie Pritchard at Birmingham dwelling,*
*To McRae she was living next door*
*What possess'd her alas there's no telling,*
*Her lips they are closed evermore,*
*It is said that she left her relations,*
*And to Northamptonshire went away,*
*A poor simple plan. She went with a man,*
*And that man George Andrew McRae...*

*Madly in love with McRae she had been,*
*His plausible tongue to her so bewitching,*
*Led her astray as you all must have seen,*
*Tho' a wife and young children McRae had living;*
*In Birmingham close by where poor Annie did dwell,*
*Such entreaties to her he must have been giving,*
*That she left her home and by murder she fell.*

Above are excerpts from a song entitled 'The Althorp Horror' that was written shortly after the extraordinary and brutal murder of Annie Pritchard came to light in 1892. Her body, or what remained of it, was discovered near East Haddon in August of that year. On a particularly hot day a local man was travelling down what is now the A428 road and his attention was drawn to a sack lying in a ditch by the nauseating stench emanating from it. He tried to open it, thinking it must contain an animal carcass, and was startled to find white flesh inside. He could not bear to investigate further, because the smell was so intense, and so he went to seek help in the village. A short time later, a group of East Haddon men were at the scene, and John Chapman volunteered to climb down into the ditch and have a look at the contents of the sack. It turned out to be a woman's body, minus the head and parts of the arms, but still wearing a blood-stained dress.

It was decided that an autopsy would be necessary, and Dr Churchouse was called from Long Buckby. He arrived during a heavy downpour, and conducted his examination on a table in the kitchen of the Red Lion pub. He confirmed that the body was that of a young woman, and

that she had been dead at least three weeks. He concluded that a heavy knife, a hatchet or a saw had been used to sever the limbs. An inquest was held into the death at the same location on 8 August. There was apparently one significant clue: the name E.M.RAE, Northampton appeared on a sugar bag which formed an inner lining to the sack. It was established that this was one of the bags used by Edward Macrae, a bacon factor in Northampton, in which to send goods all around the country. Numerous people would have been in possession of such bags, so this evidence was initially discounted because it had no apparent relevance.

As to the identity of the victim, it was at first thought to be a Mrs Tite, who had been missing from her home in Northampton for some time. Her mother thought the clothing, which was of good quality, was at least similar to that worn by her daughter when she was last seen. However, Miss Tite returned home soon after the reports appeared in the local press. The investigation seemed to be losing impetus, and the mystery of who the murderer and victim could have been no nearer to being solved. Then a local journalist, ignoring the conclusion of the investigating authorities about the sugar bag, published a drawing of the label in his newspaper. The proprietor of a second-hand clothing business, Mrs Bland, saw the picture and recalled buying some women's and babies' clothing from the bacon factor's brother, Andrew George MacRae. She had remembered this particularly, because it had seemed strange for him to be selling the baby's clothes so soon after becoming a father. She contacted the police, and they brought McRae in for questioning.

The facts gradually emerged, despite MacRae's vehement denials of any wrongdoing. MacRae had been living in Birmingham with his wife and two children, but had left them to join his brother's business in Northampton. A near neighbour, Annie Pritchard, with whom he had been having an affair, left home at about the same time, leaving a note to say she was going to New York with an artist friend, Guy Anderson, and that they intended to get married. She was in fact carrying MacRae's child, and soon joined him in Northampton, where they set up home together. The baby was born in June 1892. In July, they vacated heir lodgings in St John's Street with the intention of moving to Duke Street, but they never arrived here. A woman helped them in the move by carrying the baby, but she left them at Dychurch Lane, where Edward MacRae's business was based, and neither the mother nor the baby were seen alive again.

Andrew MacRae appeared in a pub the following day in an agitated state, saying he had been up all night washing bacon. Over the next few days, several people observed thick smoke coming from the Dychurch Lane premises that Andrew managed and there was a smell of burning bones. Subsequent events indicate a degree of panic on his part, or perhaps carelessness. On 23rd July, he sold the clothing to Mrs Bland, and two days afterwards he bought a quantity of lime. On the 26th, he hired a trap twice from a Mr G. Ward and was seen driving it out of town by a Mrs Morrell. It later transpired that this was how MacRae had taken away the body and then disposed of it in East Haddon. MacRae sold Mrs Morrell a trunk with the initials A.P, clearly marked on it. The police searched the Dychurch Lane works and found remains of bones and light brown hair under a copper and a slimy fatty fluid inside it. The whereabouts of the baby was never established but the police believed it had been burned in the copper.

Despite MacRae's claims that Annie Pritchard was now in New York with Anderson, with all the circumstantial evidence pointing to him the jury at his trial had few doubts and found him guilty of her murder, on Christmas Eve 1892. He continued to protest his innocence and turned on the jury, saying: "Each and every one of you this day has become what you have made me – a murderer. You have widowed a good devoted wife and made fatherless loving children. Go to your homes with clear consciences if you can, for as long as you live your consciences will accuse you." He was hanged, aged 36, on 12th January 1893.

Annie Pritchard's burial took place at East Haddon cemetery following a funeral service conducted by the Congregational Minister from Long Buckby. The vicar of St Mary's Church at the time had refused to have the body buried in the churchyard, because it was not complete and was of a murder victim. Wreaths covered Annie's coffin – sent by people in the county who had been touched by her story – and 100 parishioners followed the coffin to the burial service. Public subscription also paid for the headstone on Annie's grave, which reads; "I was a stranger and ye took me in." There are tales of a face appearing on the headstone and of footsteps being heard on the hill where the body was found. Well-wishers erected a stone beside the ditch to show where the body had been found but this was later removed by the authorities as being unsuitable.

Although the murder took place more than 100 years ago, the case still holds a fascination for the people of Northamptonshire, and particularly East Haddon. The treatment of the victim both in life and after her death was truly appalling. East Haddon residents were clearly moved by the tragedy, and their response was commendable – especially in view of the fact that their only connection with the affair was because the murderer had, by chance apparently, chosen to dispose of the body in the parish.

**The Diphtheria Epidemic and its Consequences**

In 1889 a serious outbreak of diphtheria occurred in East Haddon. There were 134 recorded cases and 17 people died. It is thought that the seriousness of the epidemic was due to the whole village attending a party given by the Sawridge's in their garden. Bad weather meant that everyone sought shelter in the marquee, allowing the disease to spread easily. Public health inspectors instituted several improvements to village life in order to prevent further epidemics:

> The church cemetery was closed to further burials because of the danger of disturbing the older bones and risking disease from them.
>
> The new cemetery was opened in 1891.
>
> A new water tower was erected in the Post Office garden because existing water supplies were too close to village privies, from which there was a risk of contamination.
>
> New drains were laid, consisting of closed pipework leading to open ditch drains along main roads; they smelt foul. A modern sewerage system with a sewage farm to the north of Holdenby Road was not constructed until 1954.

## Mains Water, Gas and Electricity Arrive in the Village

Ken Craddock remembers that when his father took over the bakery in 1925, they had no mains water and all their water had to be collected from the pump opposite their house. They also had a well in the garden, but its water was not drinkable and could only be used on the garden. Water was originally provided for the village from the water tower in the garden at the back of the Post Office. The two 5000 gallon tanks in the tower were fed from springs by means of ram pumps, which were replaced in 1932 by electric ones. There is a story that the man responsible for maintaining the water supply used to go to the pub sometimes at midday and sleep off the effects of the alcohol in the afternoon, leaving the village without water. Whatever the truth of the matter, the water tower provided water to the houses of the village situated at a higher level for only part of the day. Maurice Fletcher recalls that his family's well once caused his father to have an accident.

> The cottage we lived in, in St Andrew's Lane, was joined to the next one at the roof by an archway in the centre. Halfway through that there was a well for our drinking water. Father used to go to work on a motorbike. On a Saturday, if he'd got any money, he used to stop on the way home and have a drink or two. I had the lid off one day and was looking down this well and there was a frog in it. He came round the corner and his front wheel went straight down the well. He wasn't very happy!

Dick Craddock regards the arrival of mains water, sewerage, gas and electricity as the major improvements to village life in the last century, but laments the loss of the shops. Elsa Talbot remembers that the introduction of mains sewerage caused a "great upheaval" and that when each home was provided with mains water, the village water pumps were removed; an indent is still visible in the Village Hall where one of these stood.

According to Paul Capell, gas supplies arrived in East Haddon from neighbouring Long Buckby in 1937. Prior to having gas, many people in the village used paraffin for cooking, as did Paul's mother. The paraffin was delivered by Bailey's of Long Buckby. Long Buckby had had gaslights for some time, and Paul remembers how lamplighters used to come out in the evening to light the lamps. When it was decided to lay gas pipes to East Haddon, the trenches were dug manually and the joints between the pipes sealed with clay before lead was poured in on top. Paul Capell says:

> We had gaslights then, and a gas cooker. It was very modern. We moved to No. 1 Clifden Terrace in 1937, the Coronation year, when the gas was connected up into Northampton. Everyone had gas because we had to pay a service charge for electricity and no one could afford it. We couldn't get electricity laid on after the First World War until 1928. Gas was connected for nothing but there was a service charge for electricity.

Street lighting was late arriving in East Haddon, and one of Marjorie Wightman's earliest memories of the village is walking home from the Plough in "absolute darkness", which was quite a shock because she was used to busy well-lit Birmingham.

## A Fire in the Village

In September 1950, there was a serious fire in the six (now three) cottages at the St Andrew's Road end of the Terrace. It was thought that the fire started in a wooden beam stretching across a chimney stack, and the fire brigade said it could have been smouldering in the roof a

week beforehand. Dickie Neale claims to have been the first to spot the fire: "*I happened to be walking up from Freddie Smith's... and I saw this smoke pouring out from the side of one of the chimneys."* Dickie told Jack Adams, who lived there, "but he said 'Oh, that's nothing'. Within an hour the whole lot was alight." The firemen from Long Buckby took their engine up St Andrew's Road and drew water from a dew pond in St Andrew's Field. They drained the pond, and it never refilled.

It was decided to evacuate the houses, and while the firemen were trying to remove the corrugated iron covering the thatch, people from the village came and formed a human chain between the houses and Church Lane and passed every single household item to safety. It was a quite extraordinary event because without any organisation the villagers banded together to save the goods – even the bottled plums that one of the residents had recently prepared from her garden! Farmers had brought their tractors and trailers to the bottom of the steps on Church Lane, where the property was loaded onto them and taken to the Village Institute to be stored. The tractors went backwards and forwards in the dark without any lights, loading and unloading. There was some concern that there might have been a spark amongst all the goods piled up in the Institute, so a vigil was mounted all night. Tom Farmer was due to be married the next day, and the Institute had been booked for his reception. This was now out of the question, so it was transferred to the school – a supposedly alcohol-free zone, but not on this occasion!

The response of the East Haddon residents to the fire is looked back on as a remarkable example of a village community pulling together in a time of crisis.

*The Main Street with Gardener's Cottage on the right early in the century*

# Chapter Five - THE WAR YEARS

The Second World War had a number of direct effects on life in East Haddon. Most notably, the Hall was occupied by a maternity hospital, transferred from Plaistow in East London. Many village residents joined up, and others contributed to the war effort in different ways. Farming was of course essential in this regard, to provide food to feed the nation.

**Joining Up**

Jock Cooper didn't finish his last term at Uppingham School because he joined the Territorial Army. With war imminent, Col. Scott-Robson, Margaret Wrathall's father, who commanded the local TA regiment, requested that Jock join him with an immediate commission. It is thought that he was then the youngest officer in the British Army. He served with the Northamptonshire Regiment throughout the war and was in Ack-Ack command during the Battle of Britain. He helped defend aerodromes before becoming an Air Liaison Officer, flying with air crews on D-Day. He was later assigned to become an Auster pilot in the Far East, but before he could get there peace was declared in Japan, and he disembarked instead in Egypt to take command of a repatriation camp near Alexandria. Fred Moore was in the Home Guard when he met some of the troops billeted at Althorp, who told him that if he wanted to get into the Royal Army Service Corps he would have to volunteer, so that is what he did.

> *When I joined the army I was sent to Carlisle for14 weeks, then I did six weeks with the Border Regiment and then I was sent to drive lorries in Carlisle and to maintain them. I loved doing that. I was sent to France, Belgium, Holland and Germany and I have three medals, but there were thousands and thousands issued. We had to take the ammunition, food and clothing to the front.*

Norah Greaves's husband Maurice was wounded fighting in Belgium in the early part of the war. He lay in a field with a fractured thigh for three days before he was discovered by three men from his own unit in an area that was still under enemy fire. Maurice believed that the Germans thought there were far more British soldiers in the vicinity than there actually were, and that was why they continued the bombardment. He told his rescuers to count four shells before moving him, because then there would be a lull in the firing. Unfortunately, this time there was a fifth shell, and one of the men was killed. Maurice came back to England from Dunkirk in the last hospital boat that managed to sail home and then spent a year in the hospital in Wakefield. Norah only managed to visit him once in this time. Later, he took part in retraining exercises but collapsed during them and was invalided out of the army.

Elsa Talbot moved to East Haddon with her husband Paul at the time of the Battle of Britain in 1940.

> *I was soon left on my own expecting my first child when my husband went off to join the Royal Navy. He was on The Prince of Wales when it was torpedoed off the coast of Malaya on 10 December 1941. He was one of the lucky survivors who got safely home just before the fall of Singapore but had lost many friends.*

Dick Craddock was in a reserved occupation, engineering, during the war, but was eventually called up in February 1945.

> *I did a training course first, then an amphibian course. I remember that on VE Day we were in Derby and on VJ Day we were ready for embarkation, all kitted out for the Far East, and we still had to go. I went to India for a while, and then to Singapore.*

Neville Craddock operated the first tank in the Grenadier Guards:

> *I was sent to Chelsea Barracks, then we moved down to Caterham Barracks during the Battle of Britain. I then went to Wellington Barracks. From there I was the first 'horrible, dirty, greasy tank man' – that's how the staff sergeant shouted out to us. I had the first tank in the Guards.*

Neville was in France after the D-Day landings and in Holland when it was liberated. Peter Wilkinson, who moved to East Haddon in the 1960s, was awarded the military cross when fighting in Italy.

Jean Holt has reason to look back at wartime with some sadness. She had been asked out one evening by Ron Gardner, who was due to go back off leave later that night, but she had turned him down because she had had to go to work. Nevertheless, she was able to accompany him into Northampton on the bus and said goodbye to him at the railway station. She was the last person from East Haddon to talk to him before he left for the war, during which he died. Paul Capell remembers that a groom at Priestwell House, Bill Sims, was in the Royal Navy during the war and was lost at sea when the battleship *The Hood* was sunk.

**The Home Front**

According to Jock and Ann Cooper, during the war there was a genuine fear that in the event of a bomb attack, so many people could be killed that there would be no time to bury them all. A piece of land near Vicarage Lane was allocated as a place to put the bodies until there was time to dig proper graves in the cemetery. Fortunately, such a tragedy never occurred, but bombs were dropped near the village, as Jean Holt recalls. They were jettisoned from German bombers after one of their raids on Coventry, and one landed near what is now Covert Farm and the fire was clearly seen in the village proper. Another came down at nearby Harlestone when Jean was returning from work at the Co-op – "*nearly turned me round that did".*

The Home Guard in East Haddon was commanded by Sidney Allen, who, according to Paul Capell, had been in the Black Watch during the First World War and had won the Military Medal for knocking out a machine-gun nest single-handedly. He used to conduct drill at11am on Sunday mornings exactly the same time as the church morning service. During quiet parts of the service, the sound of Sidney's voice bellowing out commands could be clearly heard. According to Ann Cooper, her father, who was Home Guard commander for the area, had more trouble keeping the peace between Sidney Allen and the vicar, Canon Keysell, than with anything else! Fortunately, an amicable agreement was reached through the intervention of Jock Cooper's father, who managed to persuade Sidney to change the time of the drill to 10.30.

George Page was in the Home Guard from the beginning of the war and was initially exempt from call-up because he worked for his uncle, Mr Beckett, the wheelwright, whose business was linked to agriculture. He was eventually called up in 1943 when he was 20 years old. Ken Craddock was also in a reserved occupation, and joined the Home Guard:

> *I can recall on one occasion when we were required to walk into Kingsthorpe on one Sunday morning. We weren't marching so much as supposed to be crawling along through the undergrowth, so ready to surprise an attack! When we got to Kingsthorpe, we were all very hot and dry and our sergeant, Sid Allen, bought us all a pint at the Cock Hotel. It was my first taste of beer, and I thought it was awful, and*

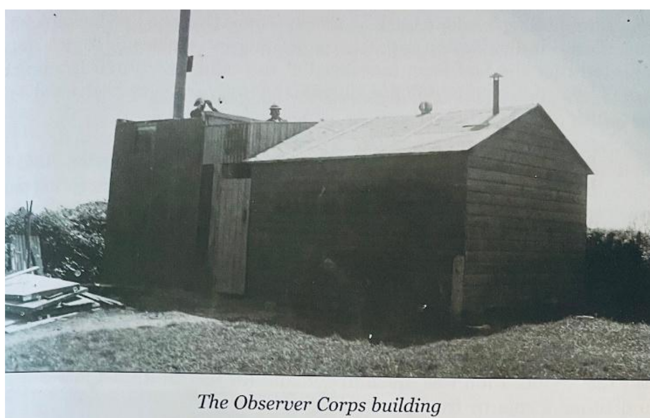
*even though I was really thirsty I poured it down the drain! I can remember one or two more excursions, spending the night in ditches etc. in Ravensthorpe. I thought it was like playing at soldiers!*

Dick Craddock remembers Armistice Day parades behind the Hall: "*Mr Scott-Robson, who inspected us, told us we all needed a haircut!"* Fred Moore has memories of the Home Guard before he was called up to the regular army.

*I was on fire watch and I used to walk round the village to make sure there were no fires. I remember Vic Allibone coming home on leave one day when we doing an exercise at Althorp Station and somebody said: "Halt! Who goes there?" and Vic was walking home from Northampton and he said: "Hang on, I'll come down and see who you are."*

**The Observer Corps**

Joe Cadd was in the Observer Corps throughout the war and was granted the Royal Observer Corps medal with bar and received a letter from the Home Secretary. His eyesight was perfect, so he was ideal for the job, and his descriptions of aircraft were always accurate.


*The Observer Corps building*

The village post for the Observer Corps was established near Tire Hill under the command of Jock Cooper's father. They were in direct communication with Observer Headquarters in Bedford, and through them with the Air Ministry. It was important to identify both German and Allied aircraft and they had to plot all air movements. Ken Craddock's father was in the Observer Corps, and one day when Ken took him his dinner on a Sunday night he caught sight of what he thought was a German aeroplane through a break in the clouds. His father confirmed that it was indeed German. It was later also spotted by Duston Observer Corps and tracked all the way to the coast before being shot down. Ken found out that the sighting over East Haddon had been the first of this particular aircraft: "*This was my only claim to war action."* His brother Dick recalls enemy aircraft flying over East Haddon on their way to bomb Coventry, and Allied aircraft returning from raids to the aerodrome at Harrington "*sometimes struggling to get there".*

**Feeding the Nation**

The Spencers moved to East Haddon in 1940 to farm 250 acres and immediately became aware of the problems of farming during wartime. As Nancy Spencer recalls, *"Everything was rationed. Petrol was allowed for work only... We shot rabbits and laid them out on the roadside so that people could come and get them. These helped supplement the meagre meat ration."* They employed two cowmen, one waggoner and a tractor driver, and they also had help from two land girls, based at a camp in Church Brampton, two Italian prisoners-of-war, and some schoolboys, who could set up stacks of corn, pick up potatoes, and other minor tasks. Mrs Spencer remembered that one of the land girls, from London, was sent one day to

pick blackcurrants in the garden. She was gone a very long time and later found asleep under a bush. It was apparent that she had been picking each berry individually and was consequently replaced! It was later reported that she had been murdered at the camp in Church Brampton. Mrs Spencer remembered life during the war as "*very restricted and parochial".*

> *We helped raise money for charities such as the Spitfire Fund by holding whist drives, fetes etc. Wives made rolled up suet crust puddings with potatoes, onions and lots of meat and chutney in one end and jam in the other, all wrapped in cloth and placed near the threshing machine fire to get warm for midday. I used to send a bucketful of cocoa made with milk – there were no Thermos flasks in those days, so they drank cold tea from the bottle.*

Hilda Craddock was very active in the Women's Institute, and during the war the organisation was much in demand for its traditional jam-making and other forms of fruit preserving, which were necessary for the war effort.

As elsewhere, there were fears in East Haddon during the war about food shortages. Reserves consisting of bully beef, dry biscuits, sugar and tea were stored in stables at Brook Hill and checked every Sunday morning to make sure everything was in order. Mr Ackroyd and the Post Office shop used to take an inventory once a month to ensure that nothing had been stolen. Rationing meant that luxuries had to be foregone, but it was not all doom and gloom. Daphne Walding (*née* Snow):

> *I can remember my Mum giving me the page out of the ration book for sweets. You got a pound and a quarter a month or something like that. You could have a quarter a week and then at the end of the month you could have half a pound! I remember sherbet lemons and sugar bonbons in jars along the top shelf.*

Elsa Talbot remembers 'treats' during the war, such as fresh eggs from the farms and tomatoes and strawberries from The Hall garden grown by Lavender Scott-Robson and David Muddiman's father.

**Evacuees**

Children were not as affected by the wartime restrictions and hardships as the adults. Anne Leatherland has few memories of the war:

> *I do not really remember the Second World War except sometimes we went into the cupboard under the stairs when we heard the planes going to bomb Coventry. We had a family of evacuees staying with us for a while. I was too young to remember the full horror of it all.*

Evacuees from the East End of London were brought up to East Haddon and taken to the Village Institute, where people from the village came to 'select' the ones they wanted to take in. The new arrivals inevitably found some things about village life difficult. Some would not drink the milk they were given, because it came direct from the cow in a can and they were used to it being in bottles. Some had no idea how milk originated before they came to the country. Fred Moore remembers that the first two evacuees his family received initially refused to eat anything for dinner except fish and chips.

Maurice Fletcher remembers evacuees coming to stay with his family during the war. One arrived later in the war from London and was used to the horrors of the bombing.

*One Sunday night he leapt out of bed and shouted that there was a Doodlebug overhead. This Doodlebug landed at Creaton but he knew what it was before it even got there. There were a lot of planes flying over to Coventry, but the Doodlebugs made a totally different noise and he recognised it.*

Paul Capell's family also had evacuees:

*We had two boys for a start. They each came with a tin of condensed milk and a tin of corned beef. We had Len Rivers from Hackney Wick and Sam Lawrence... One was a Jewish lad and, of course, we had a visit from Canon Keysell to lecture us on different faiths. Then we had Gerald Wheatley. His parents had split up and his father, Alan Wheatley, was an actor... Len's brother was a sergeant pilot stationed at Anstey. He would often circle around in his Tiger Moth. He would often come up at weekends. Len's parents would arrive and his mother would load them up with goodies, bacon and eggs to take home with them. Anyway, we three boys slept in one bed. It was really cramped... We all ate the same food because, of course, we kept pigs, so Sam Lawrence [the Jewish lad] ate bacon... Gerald Wheatley couldn't read when he came to us and mother taught him to read... He worked for Mr Burr in the Hall Gardens when he left school and then his mother came one day and said: "Oh, he's earning money – I want him back"... He was about ten when he arrived and was here until after he left school. Then he went to Palestine during the troubles there in 1947 and he was killed there.*

*Peter and Gerald Wheatley – two of the evacuees who came to East haddon*

Daphne Walding remembers that the evacuees attended the village school and that a teacher called Mr Dorline was sent from London to help teach them all. She says her sister still corresponds with some of the evacuees, and one from Enfield occasionally visits them. According to Elsa Talbot, there were so many children at the village school that there had to be morning and afternoon shifts for them.

Michael French was living in Northampton during the war, but he actually came to East Haddon for a holiday. Towards the end of the war, people were encouraged to have holidays 'at home', and so he spent a week or two with Mrs Snow (Daphne Walding's mother) in her bungalow.

There was a home for handicapped children in the now-demolished Priestwell House. In the First World War it had been a convalescent home for Canadian soldiers. East Haddon Hall was also used as a hospital during WW1.

**Maternity Hospital Recollections**

During the war, Plaistow maternity hospital in East London was evacuated and transferred to East Haddon Hall. The Hall was requisitioned on 1st June 1940 and Margaret Wrathall's family moved out into The Gables, between the Old Bakery and Well Cottage, but her mother, Mrs Scott-Robson, took care of the administration at the hospital. The nursing staff at the hospital all came from London as a unit, and the domestic staff were provided by St John's Ambulance, the majority being unpaid volunteers. There was no doctor on the staff, although a doctor from Northampton conducted a weekly antenatal clinic there; a doctor from Long Buckby was sometimes called in, if necessary, for example to apply stitches after a birth. On the ground floor there were eight wards and two nurses for the newborn babies, with a further three wards including the two labour wards upstairs. There were on average 30 women patients in the hospital at any one time, from surrounding villages as well as from the East London catchment area. The latter were evacuated four to six weeks before their babies were due, and they remained in the hospital for about 10-14 days after giving birth.

The domestic staff at the hospital were all local women – around five paid staff plus volunteers (farmer's wives and others) from neighbouring villages. They did all the cleaning and cooking for the patients and the staff and would cover nights as well as days. Their duties included keeping the coal fires going in the two nurseries. One of the babies born in the Hall hospital during the war was David Muddiman, whose father was gardener for the Scott-Robsons. The family were then living in a flat above the stables. Ernest Poole was also born in the hospital, in 1942, as was Marjorie Wightman's second child, Roger.

*The hospital staff during the Second World War*

**Jean Holt: Ward Maid**

Mrs Scott-Robson asked Jean Holt to go to work at the Hall as a ward maid. She worked from 8am until noon, and as able to keep her job at the Co-op. Mrs Scott-Robson said that she would guarantee Jean a full-time job when the call-up came, and she worked there until the hospital closed. She loved working with the cook, Mrs Gardner. Once or twice, she had to interrupt her meals to answer the telephone and tell someone how their wife or girlfriend was progressing. Often the man had an American accent! Her food was sometimes cold when she got back to it, because she kept having to go upstairs from the telephone to speak to the nurse on duty to find out how the patient was. Jean remembers a driver from the hospital arriving at the door one night with a woman in labour when the nurses were all having dinner. He said: "*Here you are – better get her upstairs fast [to the labour ward]"*, but then he disappeared leaving her to get the rather large woman upstairs by herself. At one point, she leaned so heavily on Jean that they both nearly fell down the stairs. They made it to the ward just in time – the staff nurse arrived and the baby was born five minutes later.

According to Jean, the hospital could 'at a pinch' take 50 patients at a time, using the top floor as well when absolutely necessary. Among the many births in the hospital during the war, she remembers a number of stillbirths, and on one occasion a mother and baby both died in childbirth. Jean says "*it was a very sad occasion, that affected all the staff. Unless the babies that died had lived for a certain amount of time they were not regarded as having had a separate existence and their bodies were not allowed to be buried in consecrated ground. I was upstairs one night and Mr Brown [the undertaker] was along the back corridor and he said: "Hello Jean, I've come for the damage," so I got a nurse to see him. It was very upsetting for me because they used to put the little bodies all wrapped up in my broom cupboard. The babies used to be put in a little coffin which was draped in a black sheet and Mr Brown took them away in the middle of the night and buried them under the hedge behind the Bier House up at the cemetery. They were in unmarked graves*".

Another baby born at the hospital, named Victor Haddon Mead, died after he had been in London for a few months, and was brought back to be buried in the cemetery. One mother who had been at the hospital and lived the rest of her life in London died a few years ago, and her family brought some of her ashes to be scattered in the churchyard because she had always said how happy her time at East Haddon had been.

The cooking at the hospital was all done on a huge coal-fired Aga. One Sunday, one of the staff, Mrs Hickman, was cooking lunch when Jean heard her screaming: "*The oven's on fire"* – and it was, because the dripping from the roast was burning. Jean shouted to her to close the oven door, but she was too frightened to, and so Jean slammed the door herself. The fire was out within a few moments, but Mrs Hickman was still shaking like a leaf. The food was generally much better than anything the general population was able to eat, although the menu was rather repetitive. Jean hated Monday's fare: cold meat from the previous day's roast with jacket potatoes, beetroot and cheese sauce! Canadian dried milk powder was provided for the women in the hospital, and Jean maintains that it made the most wonderful milk puddings she has ever tasted. Although Jean was well fed at the hospital itself, this did not help her family eke out the rations. "*I always used to eat again when I came home – I could really eat in those days! The work at the hospital was quite strenuous, so it made you hungry."*

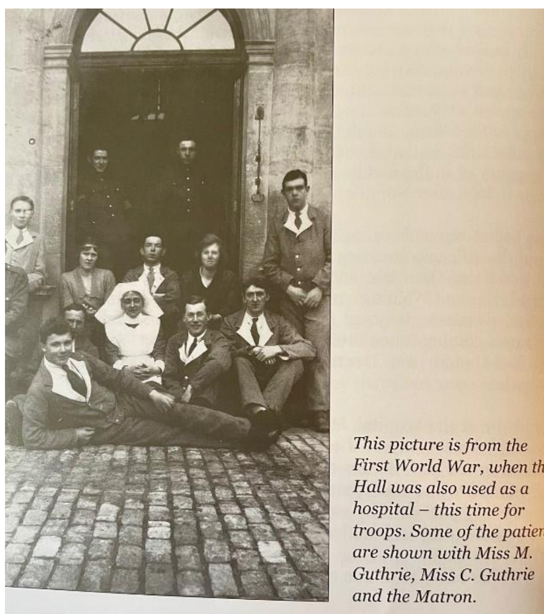
One day, Jean and another woman on the domestic staff were sent to get a box of apples from the Cooper's orchard. The quickest way to the Coopers was through 'the jungle' – a patch of land deliberately left wild, stretching from behind the Hall towards the Ravensthorpe Road. They successfully negotiated the path and picked up the apples, but on their way back they were pursued by the coopers' pure-bred Rhode Island Red cockerels. They were very aggressive, so the women had to run for it. They just made it over the fence back to the Hall but refused to go by that route ever again!

Another incident that Jean recalls was when she was asked by Mrs Gardner, the cook, to carry the vegetables to the dining room for the staff lunch. She had a plate in each hand, one with green vegetables and the other with mashed potatoes, beautifully shaped on the plate with a palette knife. Nobody told her that the dining room floor had just been polished, and she slipped and dropped both plates. Fortunately, Mrs Gardner had enough extra vegetables in the kitchen, but the big brass bell used for calling the staff to lunch was rung a little late that day!

Jean recalls that the Hall's 'ghost' was seen on a number of occasions by hospital staff:

> *The three night nurses came on at 8.30pm. The patients had had late drinks and a nurse was in the kitchen preparing them when she saw someone pass the kitchen. She ran to see who it was, but there was no-one there. Another nurse said she saw a lady in grey go out of one of the windows. She was said to come out of the churchyard and down the well at the back of the church where there is reputed to be an ancient passage underground to the Hall.*

Some of the mothers who came to have babies at the hospital already had children, and they were sometimes looked after by the villagers. Paul Capell's family looked after three little girls, one at a time for ten days each. The mothers themselves were also found accommodation before they went into labour and were taken into the hospital: there were two hostels, at the Manor and at Watford Court in Watford, but others stayed at private houses in the village. Norah Greaves had two expectant mothers staying at the same time, so that if one had needed to be taken to the hospital in an emergency or in the middle of the night, another adult was present in the house to look after Norah's children.


*This picture is from the First World War, when the Hall was also used as a hospital – this time for troops. Some of the patients are shown with Miss M. Guthrie, Miss C. Guthrie and the Matron.*

Elsa Talbot remembers seeing "*little groups of very plump ladies dotted about the village comparing notes, and sometimes we heard footsteps in the middle of the night and we knew that another baby was about to arrive"*. Daphne Walding's mother was a billeting officer during the war, placing evacuees, pregnant mothers and soldiers. According to Daphne, husbands coming to see their wives often did not realise how small a village East Haddon was. Her mother often had servicemen staying the night when they came to visit.

A midwife at the hospital, Mrs Farey, relates how she and her colleagues checked whether any of the expectant mothers were nearly due to give

birth or in the early stages of labour before going out in off-duty hours: "*We needed to know whether we would be likely to be called and so give up our off-duty period.*" She says that the Hall was efficiently run by Miss Luck, the matron, assisted by Mr Ryder and Sister Sutor.

> *Miss Mary Hickman and Mrs Gardner were in charge of meals and cooking (my word, didn't we miss the food on our return to London!)... Mrs Cooper, Jean Holt and several more helped with meals and cleaning. Mrs Cooper kindly offered her lovely bedroom overlooking the orchard to night nurses, away from the hustle and bustle of the hospital... We started our midwifery training in Plaistow, London. As the mothers were to be evacuated, so we had to be transferred too, mainly to get our 20 cases of delivery before we went back to London to sit our finals.*

**A Nurse's Story**

Maisie McComish, a nurse at the hospital, has 'treasured' memories of her time there:

*I, along with other nurses, had been evacuated from war-torn London to complete training in the oldest profession in the world – well, maybe not the oldest! We travelled with a number of mothers-to-be (of about 36 week's pregnancy) in order that they, at least for the latter part of their pregnancy, would be able to live and sleep in peaceful surroundings until the birth of their babies. They were to be housed in the Manor House at East Haddon whilst we as staff would be housed across the road in East Haddon Hall. This had been converted for use as a maternity hospital for the duration of the war. Many large houses had been requisitioned by the government for whatever purpose necessary to minimise the risks to over-populated cities from air attack.*

*So here I was a resident of lovely East Haddon Hall. Likewise, many a baby from the East End of London breathed their first gasp and yelled a lusty cry in a country house. The Hall was a dignified and beautiful building whose architecture was probably that of the eighteenth century. It was a much-welcomed haven for us after the turbulent days and nights in London. How heavenly it was to go to bed and to sleep knowing that it was unlikely to suffer air-raid attacks. The full moon once more became a thing of beauty and not something to dread when it became a bomber's moon. There in London it had seemed to invade every nook and cranny and nothing could block it out, except for a thick sulphurous fog – real pea-soupers! Then, and only then, did we really feel safe. So, nights in East Haddon were wonderfully peaceful, apart from those nights when babies decided to enter the world. Somehow, babies always decide to arrive at dead of night.*

*Living as we did, we scarcely knew that there was a war on, apart from news bulletins, rationing and Winston Churchill's rallying speeches. But I still, from force of habit, often peeped from the blacked-out window at night and think that the weather was not so good, or good, for air raids to take place. How wonderful it was thought to be able to live amidst such beautiful surroundings, in a country house even though it had been adapted for use as a hospital. There was nevertheless a feeling of guilt that others were less fortunate, particularly the armed forces who were enduring great hardships and often under terrible conditions, deprived of home life and loved ones.*

*The rooms at the Hall were so spacious and became four-bedded wards for newly delivered mothers. Our bedrooms were mainly two- to three-bedded rooms, but still more comfortable. On the ground floor, beyond the grand staircase one came to the domestic area, where the former schoolroom was adapted for use as a dining room. Opposite was the kitchen*

*area where Mrs Hickman reigned supreme along with her staff and voluntary workers. Onwards still, one came to the laundry and cottage of 'darling Dunkley' who was the jack of all trades and a Godsend to us. His long-suffering wife, I think her name was Nellie, must surely have worked herself to death! Such was the conscientiousness of the staff of that period.*

*The whole establishment was like one happy family, yet just like any family, differences of opinion and quarrels abounded. Yet, each and every one cared for the other and it was a happy place in the main. I think though we must have been a tough bunch to cope with it all and it was a wonderful experience. The public rooms and large reception-cum-hallway was our sitting room, all very gracious with panelled walls lined with portraits of previous families who had lived there. I am sure that they looked down on us as 'squatters' and their eyes seemed to follow our every move no matter where we went. This seemed to be particularly so in the library, which was used as an office by the matron. It also housed the mini-telephone exchange which we, as night staff, had to operate. I found this room quite awesome! Surely this must be the reputedly haunted room!*

*It didn't take long to become part of the village, for the folk were so friendly and of course inquisitive about newcomers. It was not really a large village as I recall, and it had all the amenities of a cared-for and well-organised community. There was the stalwart Church, central in the village – a symbol of faith as if to tell the people to hang on and that soon the evils of the war would be overcome. There was also the school, the Post Office-cum-general shop, the bakery and three pubs – the Plough, the Red Lion and the Why-Not down by the Folly – can't think why it was known as the Folly! No doubt each in their turn would be frequented whenever beer was available. Very often a sign would appear outside a pub saying: "Closed – out of beer" or possibly 'No cigarettes'Nonetheless the pubs provided a gathering place for the village men, those that were left, to meet and discuss the state of things and how the war was progressing, and in particular the added excitement when it occurred of Hitler's new secret weapon, the V1s or V2s – the pilotless planes sent to destroy a war-weary public. One thing for sure, the spirit in the pub would never be dampened even if they thought the beer was 'watered'. We would win at all costs!! But they were frightening times! I believe that one 'Doodlebug' – V1 – actually landed at Creaton, but I am unclear about this.*

*The Co-operative store seemed to supply all available rations by the rationing system of the period and their motto was 'waste not, want not, join today'. On entering, the shop looked fairly well stocked until one realised that the packets and tins were dummies... On the opposite side of the road was the village shop and Post Office. In here were all manner of posters to remind us that there was a war on – eg 'Be like Dad and keep Mum' – reminding us that careless talk costs lives and reminders that 'left on lights and running taps make Happy Huns and Jolly Japs' and a picture of a mum asking 'How would you like your egg done this month?'. Not much to buy other than, say, Carter's Little Liver Pills if one felt liverish, corn plasters for aching toes, gripe water for babies, Glauber Salts to keep you fit and Epsoms to keep you 'regular', castor oil for the innards and so on and so on! All home cures to keep the villagers fit and healthy. Being the Post Office of course one could buy stamps or postal orders, send a telegram – nine words for sixpence – and make a telephone call at the risk of being overheard. I always bought my monthly sweet ration there mainly to catch up on the local gossip. I can tell you that it was a veritable den of gossip and goings on. The postmaster, bless his heart, (no names, no pack drill) was a bit like God who knew one's innermost thoughts and sins even before you had committed them.*

*None of this would have made much difference to us at the Hall for we had neither the time nor opportunity for leisure. Apart from the monthly trip to Northampton by bike or the very erratic bus service, we led quiet lives. Cars were unknown to us, and besides petrol was rationed and very scarce. But it was quite a treat to attend a performance at the Repertory Theatre where one could see such productions as The Gondoliers, Blithe Spirit, The Quaker Girl and so on. Afterwards one could enjoy a high tea at the Co-op café. This could be scrambled egg on toast (dried egg that is), beans or mushrooms on toast and a pot of tea all for one and sixpence. There was always the occasional village "hop" somewhere, usually in Long Buckby, if one felt inclined or had the energy to "jitterbug" or "jive" the time away, but it wasn't much fun because of the dearth of male partners. Some of the girls went with the lads from the village, Ken and Dick Craddock or 'universal' (can't remember his name!), but without transport there was always the long trek home by 'shanks's pony'. It did of course, make one so exhausted, that even a bed with nails would have been welcomed and, my goodness me, our mattresses were so hard, yet good for our backs. It was all harmless fun. However, I do recall one particular invitation was to a dance at Thornby Hall – Wow! – it was a 'Must Go To' for the troops of a nearby military camp were also invited. So, great excitement, partners at last! It was held at the delightful home of the Mildmay family of racehorse renown (I hope I've got that right) and we were given an evening to remember. There was no philandering, though, for we had a long-mile cycle ride home at the end of the evening. But somehow that evening stands out in my memory.*

*Other entertainment mainly took the form of long walks. Occasionally we would encounter Italian Prisoners-of-war singing beautiful songs of their homeland such as Cara Mia, Barcarole and songs of Napoli. I found it difficult to think of them as our 'enemy'. They were allowed complete freedom to roam along our country roads. Back at the Hall we sometimes produced our own concerts to which the folks of the village would be invited, but I shudder to think what they must have thought of it all for we were so amateurish. It was, however, a great diversion from the boredom, tiredness and stress. On another occasion, a concert was to be held at nearby Holdenby House for the war effort. One of our nurses, a gifted cellist, was to give a recital, but without much needed transport how was she to get there plus cello? Someone came to the rescue with an old dilapidated pram, for in those days' prams were in short supply. Maybe it was borrowed from The Manor. It resolved our problem and we put the cello in it and walked all the way to Holdenby. The concert raised a lot for the war effort.*

*Now we were at the end of the war. It had been a long wearisome time and we had all become accustomed to the restrictions and shortages... So many had not lived to see the 'lights go on again'. We were the lucky ones. With the ending of the war, the emergency hospitals and requisitioned properties and suchlike all ended and soon any time at East Haddon had come to a close. Before I in particular, say goodbye to beloved Northamptonshire, I must just add another story. East Haddon Hall, like so many old houses, had a reputation for being haunted. The resident ghost was said to be that of an 18th-century beauty who had married a previous owner when he visited Savannah in the USA. Her portrait adorned the top of the winding stairway. One could not pass by without gazing at her beauty. It was said that she died in childbirth and that her spirit frequented one particular room from time to time. However, we were never told which room it was and it was not to be revealed until the final departure from the Hall to London. I had convinced myself that it was the panelled library, which was matron's office and home to the mini-telephone exchange system. I had*

*always felt uncomfortable on entering the room. There was a coldness which seemed to envelop the atmosphere despite its grandness. One could attribute this to the presence of the portraits gazing down from the panelled walls. Maybe it was just the product of a fertile imagination. Not everyone felt this sensation. It was very real to me though. However, on the appointed day of departure we were told that in fact the haunted room was one of the first-floor bedrooms used by newly delivered mothers, yet no one ever claimed to have seen the phantom ghost. I left for London still feeling unconvinced and to this day I am left wondering!*

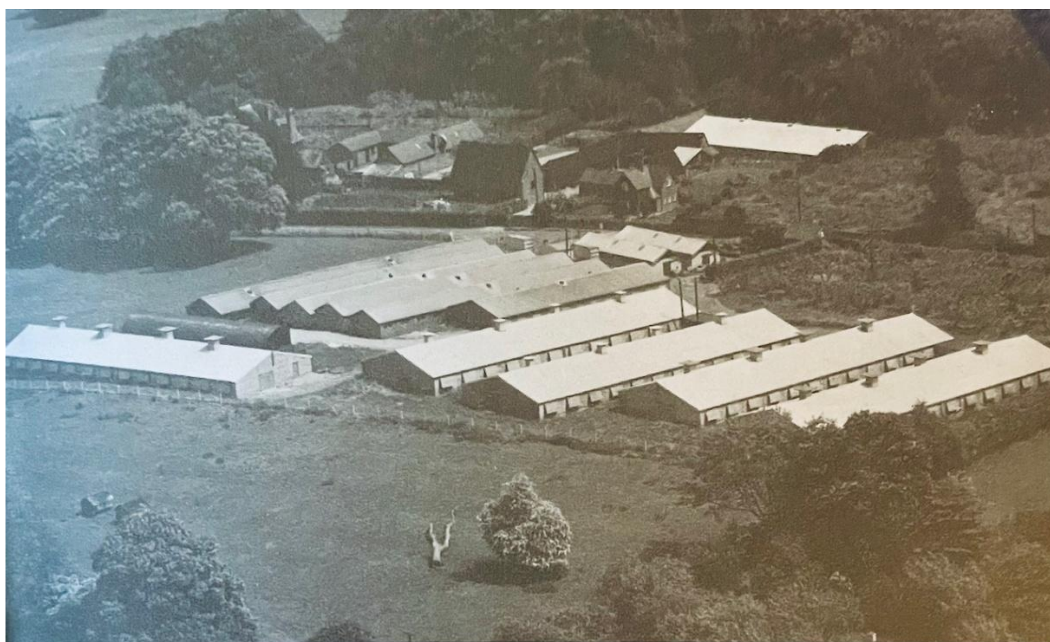
Maisie McComish

# Chapter Six - FARMS AND FARMING

In common with farmers throughout the country, those in East Haddon are worried about the present state of the rural economy and their prospects for the future. The memories of village residents over the past hundred years are most often connected with farms and farming.

The Cooper family were part of a tradition of farming stretching back hundreds of years. They are direct descendants of the Clarkes, who farmed in East Haddon as early as 1620, and possibly before that date. The farm inherited by Jock Cooper's father in 1913 consisted of 300 acres and included all of what is now the Spencer's farm. Jock's father, who signed up for war service a year later, was recalled to East Haddon to run the farm, because agriculture was a priority to provide food for the nation. At that time, he had pedigree shorthorn cattle and sheep, as well as arable land. He sold the farm in 1927, with the agricultural depression looming, and moved into poultry and apple growing.

The poultry farm bred Rhode Island Reds, the hens for egg-laying and the cockerels to improve future generations. This provided a living for the family, and they were able to enter egg-laying competitions both in this country and in the USA and won many awards. Apparently, photographing the successful birds was not easy: they would not stand still and pose for the camera! In the end, the problem was overcome by holding them by the legs, and slowly turning them round, putting their heads down on a white line. They then remained motionless and the pictures could be taken.



*The Coopers' poultry farm where Northfield Green now stands*

The Cooper's orchard contained mainly Bramley cooking apples, which were planted with the help of several villagers. The apples were sold to wholesalers in Northampton and a few retailers locally. Each September, pickers were recruited from surrounding villages as well as from East Haddon itself. Weekdays saw 30 to 40 people harvesting the crop, and at weekends as many as 70 or 80. Their wages may not have been huge, but they were allowed as many

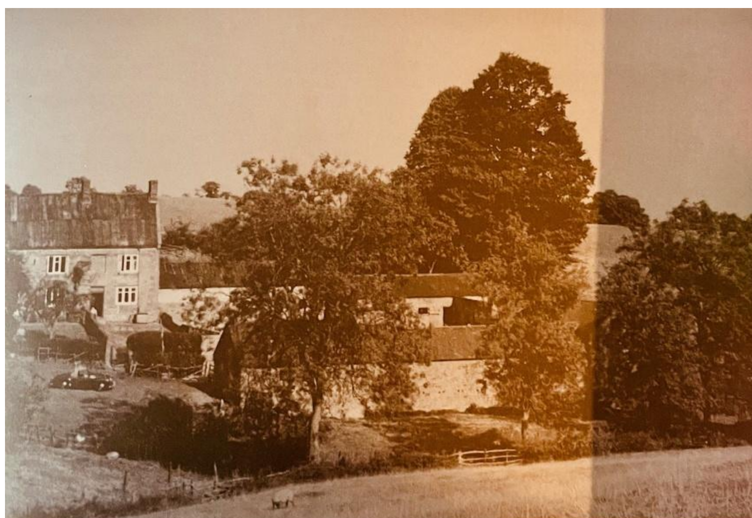
apples as they could carry to take home with them. Fred Moore used to go to the orchards each year to help pick the apples: "*They were huge apples. My uncle, Albert Barford, used to prune the trees and look after them*."

In the late 1970s, with better gas storage methods, the Cooper's orchards were not able to compete commercially, and they decided to open them up as 'pick your own' for the general public. An empty bag was sold at the gate to each person, who could then fill it and take it home. Unsurprisingly, some people also filled their clothes with apples, and some even had them under their caps! This method of buying apples was very popular, and cars were parked from Brook Hill as far down as the Washbrook and one year a field belonging to the Spencer's farm was used as a car park. The Coopers also grew Coxes eating apples.

Paul Capell's family kept pigs, and it was a fine art deciding which pigs to buy:

> *"We never used to keep big pigs, only 14-score pigs at the most [a score = 20lbs] because if you got a birthday pig you got too much fat and no meat. You always chose your own pigs, ones that were nice and square. You never accepted one already bagged. It was usually a runt. So, never buy "a pig in a poke". A poke is a hat, a poke is also a sack and we used to go anywhere to get eight-week-old pigs. We used to go to North Lodge at Holdenby and fetch them back and we used to go to South Lodge at Philip Smith's. We also used to go to Vanderplanks' on the gated road between Long Buckby and West Haddon to fetch pigs and also to Nobottle and anywhere to fetch them in a sack on a bike".*

The Spencers began farming in East Haddon in 1940, taking over Home Farm (originally built in 1665) which was in a very dilapidated state. The shell of the building was constructed of sandstone, but some of the walls were of the original wattle and daub. Inside, there were exposed beams and an inglenook fireplace with the fire laid directly on the floor. The house had stone floors and a well below one of the rooms. There was a baking oven in one wall, and there was a cool pantry to keep food in. Unfortunately, it was also damp, and when the Spencers first arrived it was infested with rats, fleas, cockroaches and mice. In 1960, with the beams showing signs of decay and the roof beginning to sag, it was decided to demolish the old buildings and build a new farmhouse.



*Steepleton Lodge*

During the war, the Spencers practised mixed forming, producing potatoes to feed the nation, as well as rearing pigs and sheep and keeping a dairy herd. The newborn piglets and lambs were often brought into the house to be kept warm by the inglenook fireplace, because there was no other means of warmth for them. One night, the couple arrived home to find that not only had the piglets been warmed up successfully, but they had also gone to sleep

in the armchairs! Much of the farm was arable land, on which was grown corn and root crops such as swede, mangel and beet to feed the animals.

Farming used to be a major form of employment in East Haddon, but things have changed considerably with the introduction of more machinery. As Mrs Spencer pointed out, today, with a farm covering twice the acreage compared with when they first started, they only employ one man, whereas during the war they needed two cowmen, one waggoner and a tractor driver, and they also had the services of two land-girls and two Italian prisoners-of-war. Anne Leatherland, who grew up in what is now known as Steepleton Lodge, but it was then simply Steepleton Farm, laments the loss of the "old farming ways": "They were very hard, but happy. Now the farm workers are largely gone from small, family farms and we are trying to farm as best we can."

Mrs Spencer remembers some of the April Fool tricks that used to be played on unsuspecting farm workers:

Ann Leatherland's mother with twelve cade lambs

"*When we had a new lad from London they sent him to the blacksmith to fetch an unknown piece of equipment and Maurice Ward, who was always game for a joke, sent him on to the wheelwright, Teddy Blackett, and he sent him on to the butcher, who said "try the bakehouse" – he eventually came back mystified, and all the farm workers were lined up to shout "APRIL FOOL!"*

Frederick Smith's family bought Dairy Farm from the Sawbridges in 1919. Although it was a dairy farm, they also had sheep and they owned nearly 300 acres, including some land south of the main A428. Shire horses were then still very important on farms, and the farm had two teams. Joe Cadd worked for Frederick Smith Senior, looking after the horses and breaking them: as Ann Smith reports, Joe had to be up very early in the morning to catch the horses in the field where they were kept.

Joe also worked on the Fraser's farm for John Chambers at Tythe Farm, and sometimes as far away as Whittlebury Park, from where he once walked all the way home. He used to ride a lot when he was breaking hunters at Holdenby and sometimes rode over to visit his sister Alice when she was working for Captain Fitzroy at Foxhill. As Ann Smith recalls, her father-in-law continued farming during the Second World War, as a reserve occupation. Ann's husband, also called Frederick, later took over the farm from his father, who died in 1959, aged just over 80.

Albert Barford, who came from one of the old East Haddon families, was a labourer on the Cooper's farm in charge of carthorses. Jim Hobson helped with the milking and other jobs, such as hedge laying and ploughing with horses, for a Mr Westlake on what is now Butterfields' farm. He started work at 7am, and often worked seven days a week. He remembers harvest time well:

> "*We were always busy at harvest time with the sheaves because there were no combines in those days. I remember sitting in the hedge at lunchtime when the*

*horses had their nosebags on and we would eat our packed lunch. This often consisted of the top off a cottage loaf, a lump of home-cured fat bacon – hardly a streak of lean on it – and washed down with cold tea. We do remember the Bedfordshire Clanger as well, a sort of suet roll, savoury filling at one end and jam at the other"*

Mrs Spencer remembered that Jack Cadman used to eat a whole loaf for his lunch at harvest time. During the time of rationing, which lasted a few weeks after the war, the beer ration used to be delivered at 7pm, and however important it was for the men to continue the harvest, they would rush to the Plough for the beer before it had all gone. Many of the farm workers cycled to the Why Not pub, and on their way back down the hill used to fall off drunk and have to walk home with their bicycles! Michael French spent some of his holidays in East Haddon during harvest time. He recalls seeing the corn being cut from the edge of the field towards the middle, and as the remainder to be cut became smaller and smaller, the men would wait with their shotguns for wildlife to run out.

Paul Capell used to do

"A lot of work for Billy Jones... Billy kept shire horses and we used to see an old man come round with a stallion all done up with brasses and plaited up. Billy would leave a note on the gate saying "busy with the hay, try the mares in the morning!" He was up to all sorts of tricks like that."

Billy Jones (nominally the landlord of the Plough) was quite a character and used to be seen around the village with a sheep or lamb on his motorbike, according to Ernest Poole. Paul Capell:

*"I remember when they used to wash the sheep down the Washbrook on the Ravensthorpe Road. This was done before the shearing. My grandfather used to stand in a barrel to wash them. They used to dam the brook up by the spinney at the bottom of the Ravensthorpe Road and it formed a small reservoir, then it used to come out of a pipe and down on the right there was a walkway down for the sheep and pens. There were many flocks waiting ready to go in."*

According to Jock and Ann Cooper, Billy rented land in seven parishes, although his main farm was Tire Hill. He was a stock farmer all his life, except during the war when pastureland was ploughed up to produce crops for the war effort. When temperatures were freezing, he would often take the weak lamb's home with him to warm up and it is said that he wasn't averse to giving them a spot of whisky in their feed bottles!

Stewart Fraser's grandfather was originally a farm manager in Ireland, and he came to work in the same capacity for the Guthries, eventually negotiating a tenancy agreement in the late 1930s and beginning mixed farming. Stewart now farms 142 acres, but their property was larger then. Stewart's father Charlie used to farm the land, while his uncle, Alex, dealt with the dairy cattle. Stewart remembers the dairy farming side of the business very well:

"*We had no horses on the farm while I was growing up except Doll Andrews' pony for delivering the milk. Alec worked on the farm until we stopped the milk round... When I was growing up here we always milked mechanically twice a day and the milk went to the Co-op in Northampton. It was collected in churns to start with. Before it was all sent into town I can remember filling and washing the bottles. The herd was*

> *Ayrshires to start with and it got up to 80. We used to milk at 7 in the morning and 7 at night. Doll used to deliver the milk around the village."*

According to Ken Craddock, there were two other milk ladies at different times: Connie Chapman, who used to bring milk round in two buckets, and Mrs Dickens, who had a milk churn on wheels. Jim Hobson says that it was Mrs Dickens' sister, Lily Speed, who used to take the milk round the village. George Page remembers Connie Chapman's son Freddie driving his cows through the centre of the village to be milked in sheds on Butcher's Lane (St Andrews Road). He also recalls milk being taken from Frederick Smith's farm by Mrs Gardener in a pony and trap, and later the dairy collecting milk churns from the village. On Spencers' farm, milking was done in the traditional manner, by hand, sitting on a three-legged stool.

**Hunting**

The now controversial sport of foxhunting has long been an important feature of village life. The Pytchley Hunt traditionally met twice in East Haddon, once at the Hall and once in the field opposite Brook Hill, although there have been times when it didn't meet at all in the village. It now meets at East Haddon Lodge.

Dick Cooper hunted with the Pytchley in the years immediately following the Second World War. He was paid demob money and used it to buy a horse, named Bruce after Bruce Belfrage, the BBC newsreader. Unfortunately Bruce had to be destroyed after an accident on some barbed wire. Jock was also the local wire agent for the Hunt. He remembers that before the war there had been as many as 600 horses out hunting on a Saturday, because local riders were joined by officers from the Cavalry barracks at Weedon.
Anne Leatherhead refers to the sight of the Hunt coming across her family's land as her 'happiest memories of Steepleton Farm';

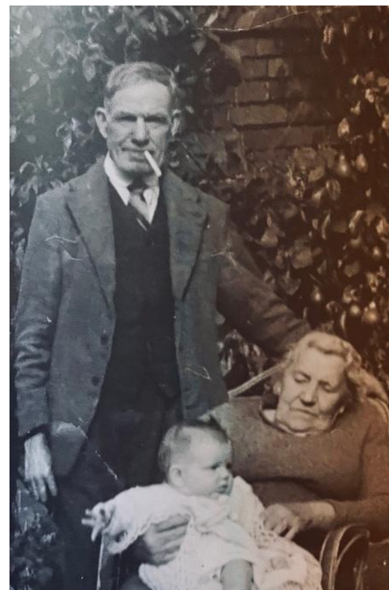
> "*I would stand on the hill behind the house and listen for the sound of the hounds – the sight of the hounds in full cry, the Huntsman and behind him the field. It was so moving, so unforgettable. To me hunting is a tradition that is bound up in the life of the real country people".*

The Joint Master of the Pytchley Foxhounds for the past 12 years, Richard Spencer, grew up in the village. He started riding from an early age and with his sister took part in gymkhanas and local horse shows. His farm was inherited from his father, who died in 1987. His mother believed that the present government, supported by urban dwellers in its aim to ban hunting doesn't understand how the countryside has been integrated over many years. She pointed out that most of the coverts and small plantations were originally planted to support hunting and shooting. The Spencers' farm today consists of an equestrian business, comprising a riding school and livery yard for hunters, and the only farm animals are breeding sheep – and the sheepdog to round them up.

Dick Threadgold works full-time for the Pytchley, not only following the hunt on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, but also building courses for many of the cross-country and team chase events. His other work involves building hedge jumps to make hunting easier, hanging gates, and ensuring that footpaths and bridleways are clear and in good order. His son David is also a keen huntsman, and they not only follow the foxhounds, but also the basset and mink hounds. David is whipper-in for the Northamptonshire Mink Hounds.

Stewart Fraser became interested in riding through following the hunt on his bicycle and was 26 before he started actively hunting on horseback. His earliest memory of the hunt is seeing Richard Spencer standing on a fence and the fox coming through the fence and looking at the two of them, and then the hounds following on but going in a different direction from the fox. Stewart learned to ride at a riding school that used to exist in Kingsthorpe, Northampton, where Waitrose now stands. According to Stewart, his father Charlie had no interest in hunting at all and would have banned it if he had been able. But Stewart would not have ridden at all if it hadn't been for the hunt. He is worried about the future if foxhunting is banned. He thinks there will be fewer foxes around, because they will be shot and trapped, and that there will be fewer horses and that Point-to-Point racing may also disappear, because there will be nobody to organise it. His livelihood depends on horses: "*Nowadays we only have horses on the farm, and we make more money out of them than you can out of cattle and sheep*."

*Charlie Fraser (on the right) judging a hedge-laying competition*



*Stewart Frasers Grandfather and Grandmother with Stewart*

# Chapter Seven - CHILDHOOD IN EAST HADDON

Memories of childhood – endless summers and snowy winters, and a sense of freedom more often denied to today's children. For most people, childhood memories are happy – the bad things tend to be forgotten, or at least they're not as important as the good. The inhabitants of East Haddon are no exception to this. Whatever their problems in adult life, they almost all look back on their youth as being a time of fun, excitement and laughter.

**Freedom to Roam**

Daphne Walding is among many who look back on childhood as a time of freedom: "*We used to take a picnic, a bottle of squash and some food. We were never bored.*" She remembers picking white violets for her mother on Mothering Sunday in 'White Violet Wood'. She says that her children, born in the 1960s, also had a fair amount of freedom compared with those today: "*They used to refer to Rowell Leys as 'Colditz' and had great adventures there".*

Barbara Pearson remembers playing with her friends Janet Threadgold and Diana Craddock, and Jean Stapley, who was an evacuee, during the war. She recalls running over the fields, where they were allowed to roam all day, and playing 'kick the can' near the house where she now lives in Holdenby Road.
Marion Allen (*née Smith*) describes this game, played with an old treacle tin: "*Someone used to place it in the middle of the road and they used to kick it as far as they could and everyone else used to run and hide. Then you had to get back to the can before the person had found you. All age groups used to play together."*

Debbie Williams also recalls the amount of freedom she had as a child to roam over the fields, leaving home after breakfast and not returning till teatime. She and Rosemary Davies used to play in fields owned by Frederick Smith Senior, and in a hovel on his land. She remembers making a swing out of binding twine hung from the rafters, with slabs of hay for the seats. The next day they bumped into Mr Smith, and he asked them if they had been responsible for making a mess of his barn. She denied it and has felt guilty ever since! Sheila Pennefather *née* Blacklee also remembers the amount of freedom children had. She has particularly fond memories of Tire Hill "*where we climbed the highest tree in the spinney and stayed there for hours in a sort of tree house*". Jill Teasdale remembers being "*free to play outside and even to go to the Playing Field with friends, and it always felt safe."*

Ernest Poole used to roam the fields with his friend Terry Godding, who lived at Mill House near the Why Not pub:

> "*I always used to end up in the pond, and he used to be as clean as anything. We'd collect newts and tadpoles. We used to spend our days in the fields, birds'-nesting and collecting tadpoles in jars. We'd get out tadpoles from the ponds behind what is now Mrs Shine's house... I remember seeing crested newts in those days, which are rare now. We also used to find big spotted lizards in the rotted tree trunks in the field at the end of the terrace*."

Debbie Williams also collected tadpoles from the ponds, and once she saw an adder in the field behind Clifden Terrace 'which frightened us to death'. She and Sheila Blacklee caught Eric Andrews stealing" birds' eggs and tried to stop him. She remembers picking wildflowers and blackberrying in Spencer's field, and her mother taking her to the Bluebell Wood (East Haddon Covert).

> "*We had to get permission from Mrs Maxwell as there was a sign on the gate which said 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted'. We used to walk along the cart track by the A428 to get there. I remember it was a magical place with a carpet of bluebells, some rhododendron bushes and a dark, secret area amongst the fir trees."*

Phyllis Hobson recollects gathering mushrooms in the fields around the village.

**Fun and Games**

Ernest Poole remembers playing cricket at 'The Oval' at the bottom of Vicarage Lane with Freddie Hylands and Mark Talbot: "*We used Mark's cricket bat and bald tennis balls. If the ball went past the Davies's we had scored a 4 and if it went into the Ratledge's garden it was a 6 and out, game over."* Jean Holt remembers playing hopscotch on the 'little hill', a rise in the Holdenby Road not far from where her house is today. Debbie Williams and other children used to play in Vicarage Lane, where there were rarely any cars. They also played hopscotch in the middle of the lane.

David Muddiman describes sledging in the winter on Tire Hill: "*Once it was very icy and we were going down the big field at tremendous speed, so fast that we went through the gate at the bottom and across the main road!"* He remembers Nick Talbot demonstrating how to wax the sledge's runners to make them go even faster. According to Sheila Pennefather, "*it did seem to snow every winter and tobogganing was a favourite on Tire Hill... We also skated regularly on Billy Jones's pond, the round one."* Debbie recalls sledging down Tire Hill. Victor Thorman and Duncan Peel had been on her sledge, a big one bought by her mother that eight children could get on, including herself and her brothers. According to Marion Allen, 'dozens' of children used to go sledging on the hill, and the wooden sledges that they used were often made by Maurice Ward, the blacksmith.

One of Marion Allen's first memories is of the opening of the Playing Field. She says she didn't have a father at the time – because he used to come home from work, have something to eat and then go straight out again to help get the Playing Field ready. He used to spend most weekends there too. She remembers that when it was finished, all the children of men who had helped with it were allowed to go on the seesaw and swings first. Unfortunately, the children didn't always treat the equipment with great respect: "*Mrs Dickens used to watch us from her window when we were up the Playing Field – we used to have about six people on a swing at a time, and she would report us. We had dozens on the seesaw at one time. It was amazing how long it lasted!"* She remembers playing a prank, tying the front doorknob of Walcott House to the front door knob of The Old Bakery and ringing the bells and running away.

Marion used to go on scrumping expeditions particularly in the Cooper's orchards, where she was chased by Jock Cooper. She says "*we had to eat the apples there and then, because they were too heavy to carry – but that Roger Wightman used to get caught when he used to try and run with them in his jumper. We'd scrump all over the village – Mrs Talbot's, Paul Capell's land and through Duffus gates opposite Vicarage Lane*." Ernest Poole also went scrumping twice and was caught both times. The first time it was from an orchard in Vicarage Lane, where the council houses now stand; his mother caught him with a pocket full of gooseberries

> "*And I am sure she was angrier because they weren't ripe more than the actual scrumping... The second time I was in bed and there was a knock on the door and I*

> *was terrified because it was Mr Blacklee, and he knew I'd been picking his damsons. It wasn't what he said, it was what my Mother said: "Leave it with me."*

When Sallie Jones moved to the village in the 1970s she didn't feel there was much entertainment for the children, other than the usual football and similar sporting activities and the youth club. But over the years, she regards the situation as having improved enormously, particularly with the refurbishment of the Playing Field, the Pavilion and the Village Hall. Her children attended the village school, as do her grandchildren today.

**Life with the Thormans**

Debbie Williams has fond memories of the Vicarage when Mr Thorman was the vicar. She says all the children loved going there, because the family were so unconventional. They used to have bible classes on a Sunday afternoon in the kitchen. She remembers the French students that came to stay with the Thormans, and that the boys were particularly good-looking. She once spent "hours" peeling potatoes in the scullery just to have the chance to talk to a handsome boy called Jean-Michel. According to Ernest Poole, the Thormans 'kept us all entertained'. "*They had a pony and a horse down in the paddock... They used to escape regularly during the night and we'd hear them galloping up the lane and a few moments later one of the daughters, Gloria, would be heard shouting after them!"* Ernest was taken on his first holiday by the vicar and his family. He went to stay in a caravan with them on two occasions, in Wales and in Somerset. He remembers getting burnt red, unlike Victor Thorman who was 'golden brown'. He also remembers the Thorman's French students, and that one of them, a girl called Françoise, went with them to Wales. Marion Allen remembers Mr Thorman as 'wonderful' when she had her appendix out: he came to see her in hospital every day and brought her sweets – 'he loved children'. Daphne Walding had elocution lessons with Mrs Thorman: "*It was funny, because as we came out we'd revert to our normal way of speaking!" She had piano lessons with Mrs Brown, the church organist, and had to practise at home when she wanted to be out with her friends – "I absolutely hated it".*

Debbie remembers Mr Thorman's 'fire and brimstone sermons', and sitting at the back of the church with his daughter Flavia, who would swing her watch in front of her like a pendulum if she thought he was going on too long. Ken Craddock sang in the church choir as a boy, first under the Rev. Pitter and then Canon Keysell, the hunting parson. He also attended Sunday School, and after being there for so many years, received a Bible as a prize, presented by Mrs Guthrie, Margaret Wrathall's grandmother. Margaret remembers being bored in Matins and going to church with the other girls from the Hall school, all wearing their hats. Marion Allen recalls that Mr Thorman could be very strict with members of the choir. One Sunday she was ill, and couldn't go to church. The following day, the vicar came to see her at home because he didn't believe she was ill.

The present Sunday School dates back to December 1986, when it was formed by the church in order to reach the children of East Haddon with the Gospel message and encourage them in the Christian faith. Margaret Divall has been organising the Sunday School from the beginning, and "*is very happy to be still very much involved*". She describes it as *"a very happy time to be spent with the children and helpers – hard work too, but worth every effort, and each child comes to know how much God loves each one of us".* She also takes part in the associated Family Service at the church. The Sunday School meets in the school building. In the year 2000, there were 38 children attending, with five volunteer teachers present each week out of a rota of 13, with seven 'reserves'. Some of the children were asked what they

liked about Sunday School: a number highlighted the games and quizzes, while others evidently enjoyed the singing and learning about Jesus.

**The Girl Guides**

The Girl Guides were originally formed in 1912 by Miss Snelson and Mrs Dickens. In 1920, after the troop had been disbanded during the war it was restarted by the two Miss Guthries (later Mrs Martin and Mrs Scott-Robson) and 'Kitten' Horne from Priestwell House. It was restarted after the Second World War, by June Cooper, Jock Cooper's sister, and was later taken over by Mrs Spencer, who had been involved with the movement since she was 18 years old. Marion Allen recalls being in the Girl Guides under Mrs Spencer, with Sheila Pennefather and Debbie Williams.

**On the Farm**

When does childhood end and being an adult begin? For many, this would be on leaving school – but in the earlier part of the twentieth century, some, like Joe Cadd, finished their education at the age of just 12. He left school during the First World War to work on a farm, ploughing in the fields with a plough pulled by shire horses. Before he left school at 14, Jim Hobson worked as a paperboy delivering papers from Mrs Roberts' Post Office shop for 1/6d a week, including the *Football Echo* on Saturday nights.

Maurice Fletcher remembers a man who lived opposite him in Butcher's Lane having a cow, which he brought up to the village twice a day to be milked. *"I remember the old butter churn in there and I remember going in there and he put me on the back of the old cow and I sat there and ate my bread and cheese!".* Ken Craddock remembers Mrs Chapman delivering milk when he was very young, carrying it around in two buckets, and later Mrs Dickens taking over the round with her milk churn on wheels. David Muddiman spent most of his childhood in the Hall kitchen gardens, where his father was a gardener. He says that the school always had plenty of leftovers, so his family kept pigs:

> *"There was a story about pigs. You were only supposed to have one pig after the war. We had two because we had such a regular supply of food from the Hall School. I always remember my father saying, "You'll have to take so and so (one of the pigs) for a walk because the policeman's coming round to inspect our pig". Fortunately, the pigs were tame. The policeman knew all along that there were two because he always got some of the pork!"*

Margaret Wrathall has vivid memories of watching the Craddock's pigs being killed: "*it was horrible*". Debbie Williams' family also kept a pig: "*I remember our pig being killed when I was very small and Mum trying to distract me but I can still hear the squeals. I had all my dollies and bears laid out on a leather armchair – all bandaged up – and I was playing hospitals and trying not to think about the pig".*

**Miscellaneous Childhood Memories**

A few other recollections of childhood life: Debbie Williams recalls

> "*the Loveridge's, the gypsies, and their lovely painted wooden caravan trundling slowly through the village. We wound all run outside to watch them pass. Cinderella Loveridge used to come to the door selling wooden clothes pegs. She looked like a typical gypsy with dark, leathery skin and black hair".*

Margaret Allen used to watch Alfie Barford the postman on his bike, waiting for him to fall off it – "*he used to wobble all over the place"*. She remembers being frightened of Rowley Adams, the head gardener at the Hall, because he seemed so stern. Daphne Walding has pleasant memories of Gertie Hadley's 21st birthday party "when I was about 6 or 7 and they gave me a glass of sherry and I felt a bit drunk!" She recalls carol singing as a child and being 'Miss 1949'. She was privileged in being allowed to watch '*Children's Hour'* on Miss Jarman's television, one of the first in the village.

And finally, Jean Holt has a somewhat strange story to recount: every Christmas her mother used to make her hem a towel with linen purchased from the Co-op by the yard. She doesn't remember why, just that her mother made her do it!

**Paul Capell's Childhood Memories**

Unfortunately for Paul, when he was a boy in the 1930s, his family were really "hard up": his father was only working every other fortnight for a shoe factory in Long Buckby, because of the Depression.

> *"We kept pigs and we couldn't afford the straw for the bedding. Up at the Folly near Mill House there used to be the village tip... and we used to go up there and cut the bracken round there for the pigs' bedding and dry it... We used to eat sheep's heads and lamb's tails. They were lovely, especially the lamb's tails... You'd get a pint of boiling and a pint of cold water to scald them and pull the wool out. We used to eat them fried, but you could have them in a pie. We used to stew the sheep's head until all the meat dropped off and we had an allotment down Conduit and used the veg for "hurdle punter stew".*

Paul was three years old when he saw his first pig killed, and saw many more during his childhood:

> *"We used to singe the pig and there used to be some open drains in these yards and we'd open them up there on a scratch and then hang them up over the yard to stiffen them up and then cut them up in the kitchen and salt them in the pantry. I used to help mother make faggots and brawn and can still do it".*

Paul says one thing he misses is the wildflowers that used to fill the hedgerows, and from which they made wine. One field by the Brington Road was full of primroses and cowslips. There were mushrooms "everywhere" and he remembers going to the Washbrook with his aunt and getting 'masses' of watercress.

He remembers the bucket lavatory in the garden with two holes and a box for the boys. Sometimes during cold winters, they would have to go through a snowdrift in the back yard to get to the lavatory.

> "*We boys all had to muck in, emptying the lavatories, cleaning the pigs out, and the water we washed in was out of the water barrel outside. We had a gas cooker, we had a range, a copper, and a hip bath which didn't take quite so much water and you could get one out and one in! We never thought anything about it! The lavatories were emptied in the garden and dug in. Maurice Ward and Rosie lived at No 5 Clifden Terrace and everyone used to say "Cor! Doesn't Billy Jones's barn stink!" I didn't know this for a long time but Maurice used to have a lagoon there where he poured all the buckets of effluent and he'd get a big ladle and go up and down his Brussels*

*sprouts. We had some cockerels and one day mother and I chased this cockerel down there and Joan says, "If it goes down there it won't get out". This old cockerel was stuck in the middle of it and we got a sack and we got him out and we got some water out of the water barrel and we sluiced him all down and he made a big fat bird, but we gave him away!"*

Paul used to do a lot of work for Frederick Smith Senior and his son –

> *"a real farmer... I used to cut kale for him on a Saturday morning... I used to work for Freddie's brother down at South Lodge in Holdenby. I used to go down on my bike in the school holidays. It was British Summer Time then and we could work till late. We used to get fourpence for mowing corn hay and tying it up into sheaves. When we cut with a binder every kid in the school would be out there with a big stick looking for a rabbit."*

He remembers Jack Cave driving a steamroller through the village, clipping the granite kerbstone and chopping the water pipe.

> "*Jack fetched Maurice Ward. The JCB hadn't been invented – it was a pick and shovel job and the more they dug, the faster the water ran... They stopped the flow by knocking a piece of wood into the pipe. The next problem was how to repair it. I don't remember how they resolved it. My vocabulary was greatly enhanced that day!"*

He also remembers the village fire engine, which was manually operated and pulled by a horse. He also remembers playing on two field guns from the First World War in front of the Village Institute.

**Anne Leatherland's Childhood Memories**

Anne Leatherhead (*née* Jones) lived at Steepleton Lodge, then simply known as Steepleton Farm, until she was eighteen. She has fond memories of childhood:

> *"...Steepleton was isolated, beautiful and safe. I spent my childhood in the fields and woods, as free as a bird, with my best friend Neville Pittam of Leighton Lodge, Long Buckby, and we spent hours ferreting rabbits, climbing trees, picking nuts and blackberries.*
>
> *My mother and father farmed Steepleton and Sheltons Farm (where Bill and I now live). They had breeding sheep, cattle, corn and horses. Carthorses to do the farm work eventually we had a Fordson tractor. I was never a good rider but I had a Welsh cob called Taffy with a short tail. I spent hours looking after Taffy, I even once went to the Pony Club and the other children laughed at me on their smart ponies!*
>
> *Steepleton was so cosy and warm, we had an old black kitchen range, which shone and had to be black-leaded every day. All the cooking was done on this range; we had a very big black kettle called Big Ben, which was always on the boil. This was very useful when the tin tub came out in front of the kitchen fire at bathtime! We were very lucky because we had a cold tap in the kitchen sink. There was a sitting room with an open fire and one other room downstairs. Upstairs there were three rooms and a BIG attic which was great to play in and to keep cooking apples. At the back, running the length of the house was a dairy and washhouse. There was no*

*electricity so we used lamps and candles. There was no indoor toilet just a little shed at the top of the garden – typical of those days.*

*At this time we had two farm workers, Wilf and Frank Watts who lived in East Haddon, known affectionately as Tig and Duke. They were so lovely and more like part of the family than employees. Tig actually taught me to walk!*

*Other memories include the smell of newly cut hay, misty mornings, icicles hanging from the cowshed roof, making dens in the snowdrifts, going to bed early to listen to The Archers and feeding cade lambs with my mother. Christmas was always very happy with simple gifts such as marbles and a book. In 1947 the road was completely blocked by snow and I was unable to go to school for six weeks. I attended the High School in Northampton and not the village school, so I missed out on knowing the village children which I would have liked. Summers seemed longer with many days spent in the hay field..."*

**The Village School**

East Haddon Village School in about 1940.
Back Row: Ted Bascott, Ted Woolston, Bill Walmsley, Albert Flynn, Peter Tarry, Ernie Barford.
Front Row: Maurice Fletcher, Maureen Blackett, Sheila Bascott, Barbara Snow, Margaret Ward, June Rogers, Paul Capell.
The teacher is Miss Frances Hollis

East Haddon Church of England School was founded in 1790 on the present site, and the original classroom, though much altered, is still in use. For many years, there existed a School House, where all but one of the school's headteachers lived. It was demolished in 1970. The school is one of the main centres of village life, and many people still living in the village received their education there. Joe Cadd had perhaps the earliest memories of the school, having attended in the early years of the twentieth century. His teacher was a Mr Thompson, and Joe used to dig his garden. George Page was born in Holdenby and originally attended the school there, but from the age of 11 transferred to East Haddon. He actually met his wife Joan there. Joan, who lived at Althorp, where her father worked on the railway, used to walk

to the school every day until at the age of 12 she was given a bicycle. Her earliest memories of east Haddon are of the headmaster, Mr Neale, and Mrs Painter, the infant teacher. She also remembers being with some of the other pupils: Phyllis Hobson, Jean Holt, Dorothy Davies and Gertie Hadley. Jill Teasdale, George and Joan Page's daughter, also attended East Haddon school, as her children do today. She remembers her first teacher, Mrs Irons, who still lives in the village. Maurice Fletcher's memories of his first day at the school are not so good: "*Len Seymour and Joe Ashby met me at the school gate and took me by the hand and led me into school. I remember being frightened to death!*" When Ernest Poole was at the school, the headmistress was Miss Ratcliffe, who was very strict, and the children used to take their troubles to the nurse, who had a kinder nature. David Muddiman also remembers Miss Ratcliffe, and her successor, Mr Reynolds: "*Mr Reynolds was very enthusiastic about sport and that's where I learned to play cricket.*" Daphne Walding was the first of three generations of her family to attend the school. She remembers that Barbara Pearson, Ernest Poole and Marion Allen (*née* Smith) were some of the other children there at the same time. According to Jim Hobson, Mr Neale was also a strict headteacher and prepared to use the cane. "*I was nearly given the cane once – he sent me to the cupboard to fetch it for him, but when I got there the cupboard was locked, so I got off lightly on that occasion. I can't remember what it was that I had done wrong at that time, but I had seen him break canes on boy's hands before." Jean Holt was a little late starting school, because of a bout of scarlet fever, but she recovered from the illness and on her first day "she chattered all the day*", she remembers her mother saying. The school was often closed over the years during outbreaks of disease, many of which are not such a problem today. It is recorded that in 1900 there were outbreaks of scarlet fever and diphtheria, in 1902 German measles, in 1906 measles, in 1907 mumps and scarlet fever – and there were many more similar incidents of serious bouts of illness which meant that all the children stayed at home, rather than congregating together and risking spreading infection. Jean Holt recalls that there were about 70 pupils in all when she was there – very similar to the numbers today – split between three teachers and three rooms. Some were 'unruly boys' from Ravensthorpe, sent to East Haddon because the teacher there couldn't cope with them – so perhaps it was a good thing that Mr Neale was so strict! Jean remembers school trips to the seaside at Skegness, and to the theatre in Stratford and cinema in Long Buckby. She used to sit next to Fred Moore.

> "*I remember going to school at 4. I was there for ten years and they were happy years. The headmaster was Mr Neale (Picture) but the other teacher was Mrs Painter, the butcher's wife. She taught in the back room. When you got up to the middle room, the teacher was Miss Masters from Flore. Mr Neale taught the older ones in the big front room. I used to sit next to Jean Holt... Mr Neale always made a boy sit next to a girl. Dick Craddock has always been one of my friends going right back to my school days. In those days you had to play cricket, football, athletics etc. We used to play football in Freddie Smith's top field which was called "Forty". Cricket was played down behind the Hall where there is a thatched pavilion... We used to play lots of games. One I remember is when you sharpened both ends of a piece of wood and then hit it with a stick and try to catch it in mid-air. We used to spend lots of time sitting on the church wall, but if Mr Neale got to hear about it we were in trouble at school the next day... We used to go down to the Hall on May Day. Mr Neale had an old open car and the May Queen would sit in there and we all had to walk behind the car from one end of the village to the other... We always had lemonade and cake down at the Hall."*

Fred Moore

The present headteacher is Stephen Lord, who was appointed in 1982. He feels that schoolteachers are not held in the same esteem today as they used to be, and that government directives allow them less independence in deciding teaching policy within individual schools. Stephen was once presented with a kitten at a morning assembly as a birthday present – he dislikes cats! Fortunately for him, it turned out to be a joke, and the kitten was later returned to its owner! The school remains an integral part of village life, and being a Church school, it has strong links with the vicar and St Mary's church. The aim of the school is to provide a Christian environment that is stable, caring, supportive and stimulating and in which children are given the opportunity to develop their spiritual, social and moral integrity. There is a very active 'Friends of the School' organisation, responsible for a number of fund-raising events throughout the year. The money is used for buying much needed equipment for the school. Parents are kept informed about school events (including those organised by the Friends) through a regular newsletter. They are encouraged to attend Open Assemblies three to four times a term; each class of children takes turns to present the assembly, which always includes Bible readings and hymns. Parents are also invited to a number of concerts throughout the school year, with the Christmas Concert being the largest production.

Music lesson at East Haddon primary school

Paul Capell went to Daventry Grammar School after passing his 11-plus at East Haddon school. He used to cycle over there most days, although there was a bus service operated by United Counties. When he left school in 1947 "people weren't so interested in qualifications – they were more interested in where you lived and who your parents were".

East Haddon Primary School Bicentennial, 1990

## Youth Clubs

Pal Capell used to go to the Youth Club with Maurice Fletcher and Ted Bascott, two of his friends from school:

> *"Grown-ups were always anti-youth, even in my day! We had sixpenny dances. It was all live music. Fred York used to come up from Long Buckby. We used to call his band "The Roosters"; Fred was known as "Freddie Midnight" because of the late hours he kept. On fete and open days the band would march up from Long Buckby and give a recital outside the Hall gates. It was quite loud! Any loud arguments after the pubs closed were known as "giving it Buckby band".*

Victor Thorman's father, the vicar at East Haddon in the 1950s, ran a church-oriented Youth Club: "*My father wasn't interested in which church you went to as long as you 'went to visit God'. There was a Catholic boy in the village who used to say he had been to Mass when he hadn't, but father checked with the priest and then banned him from Youth Club until he attended Mass."* Jill Teasdale remembers getting a Youth Club organised in the village in the 1970s: "*We were keen to have a Youth Club as teenagers, so we approached Mr Bruce Smith... [He] was a schoolteacher who was also involved in different school groups and organisations, and thanks to him we got our Youth Club started in the Village Hall."*

## The Hall School

As many remember, the Hall was once a girl's boarding school: a former pupil, Susie Fletcher, is now known as Susannah York, the actress. It had earlier been the family home of Margaret Wrathall, *née* Scott-Robson, but the family moved out during the war to make way for the evacuation hospital from Plaistow in east London. Margaret's parents opened the school in 1945, and she was educated there after first being taught by a governess, Jonny. This early education was apparently not very successful, because Jonny concentrated on her older sister, so she was fortunate to be able to go to the Hall school when it opened. The school originally had seven pupils, but the second term this number increased to 28 and then to 56.

It may have been a private school, but it certainly played a part in village life. June and Peter Wilkinson describe the school as being the 'dominant influence in the village': a fete was held in the grounds every summer, and a number of other activities took place that involved the school. As Debbie Williams recalls, villagers were invited to performances by the girls, often of Shakespeare plays in which Susie Fletcher had a major role. "*In winter a stage was erected in the front hall, which blocked the front door so we would go up some wooden steps and through one of the windows in the side. In the summer the plays were held on the back steps of the house".* Debbie's mother, Elsa Talbot, used to do some dressmaking for Susie and the girls and some of the others used to visit her for fittings and to see her bulldog. David Muddiman recalls going to the cinema with Susie Fletcher – "*but I think there were about 20 others there!"*

Margaret Wrathall's parents had hired a Mrs Lewis as the school's headmistress, and she used to allow village children to use the pool in the grounds. Many children learnt to swim in the pool, but as Debbie Williams remembers, it lacked a filter system and "*by the end of the summer the water was turning a suspicious green colour".* One summer, a boy spoilt things for everyone else by throwing broken glass into the pool, and the children weren't allowed to use it again. (The pool has now been turned into an ornamental pond).

The girl's parents used to visit their children on occasions, and some used to stay overnight at the Red Lion. Connie Tenniswood, who took over the Red Lion in 1965 with her husband, remembers that they could accommodate three couples at a time, "*but no more. Bed and Breakfast was about £2.00 a night!"*

East Haddon Hall School 1962

Margaret Wrathall learnt to ride at the Hall's riding school, one of the few in the country at the time. It was initially run by Margaret's father, but soon a Mr Goff from Weedon Cavalry Barracks took over. According to Margaret, he was a "*brilliant instructor and many people appreciated his talent"*. He moved to East Haddon with his family and was a familiar sight in the village.

When then school closed in 1967, June and Peter Wilkinson wondered how the village would cope without it, because it had been the centre of so many activities, including the annual fete. However, they feel now, looking back, that it was probably an advantage as it meant that the village had to do more for itself rather than relying on the school to do everything. According to Jack Halliwell, the last pupil there from East Haddon was Mandy Wykes, the granddaughter of Maurice Ward, the blacksmith. Winn and Jack Cadman's daughter Margaret also attended the school.

So much for the villager's memories of the Hall school – what about the pupils views of East Haddon and its residents? Susannah York certainly enjoyed her time there:

"*East Haddon Hall – happy days! Yes, they were. Except at the beginning. I'd been quietly removed from my previous school for swimming nude at midnight and, ironically, for bare-back riding on a neighbouring farmer's pony, also at midnight – O say ironically, because between schools during a summer holiday I spent sliding about on a wild Irish three-year-old my mother was breaking in, I lost my nerve. So when I fetched up at the Hall the following September I was horrified to find that almost everyone rode. A lot of girls had their own horses or ponies, showed, hunted, evented, seemed to be daughters of jockeys or trainers or MFHs. I would definitely be considered soppy; and so I was, reading poetry in the apple trees when the rides went out.*

*Time passed, I settled in, and come spring sometimes trotted out with classmates and big jovial no-nonsense Mr Goff. But not before that autumn evening when, far out of bounds and*

*lost among stark trees and rolling fields under a sky full of crows, I came upon a lichened headstone poking up through the hedgerow: "Here lies the remains of Annie Pritchard" with dates I no longer remember. I ran – ran and ran, found the village, raced through the dear school gates (and hadn't they become so!) – but who was poor cut-up Annie? Why was she buried in a field? Murdered? A witch? Or had she just liked vistas and crows? I never found out, never dared ask, and couldn't have found the sad, monument again if I'd tried – and I didn't. I suppose it's still there.*

East Haddon Hall School riding lesson 1946

The Hall School's production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, *featuring* Susannah York neé *Fletcher in the role of Puck*

The swimming pool at East Haddon Hall School

*That first term I got bitten on a burgeoning breast by somebody's horse I was nervously grooming. Whisked off for an anti-tetanus, I became a brief hero of sorts, for the school doctor was the object of crushes. ("Gosh, how brave, you showed him, Susie? You had to take off your bra...?!")*

*Caroline Lewis became my great friend. She was remarkably naughty for a headmistress's daughter – for anyone's probably – and got into at least as much trouble as the worst of us. Mrs Lewis herself was pretty atypical, I suspect. There was no lack of authority of course, despite her small stature dressed in unvarying browns: when she scolded, or you were branded "frivolous", you shrivelled. But she was undeniably fair, and she had an irrepressible sense of humour, brown eyes twinkling as she tossed her head. She wrote a very funny play The Knave of Hearts in which I was Jack, and Caroline was the princess. When we took O-levels and The Merchant of Venice was chosen for the summer production, I was mortified to be passed over for Shylock or Portia, and given the soppy Bassanio ("Concentrate on your exams, Susannah!").*

*The last summer term though, A-levels regardless, came my more-than-compensation: Puck in the open air! I remember Dawn as a spitfire Hermia, Gay a languid Helena, sultry Ann Hood's Lysander, and Caroline majestic as Oberon in black tights and tinsel crown – and oh, the euphoria of leaping, in my red and green tunic and acorn hat, over the stone steps of the terrace, our "stage" at the back of the Hall! Of cartwheeling and somersaulting on the grass below while the sun sank and the stars popped out and generous villagers and proud parents clapped. Of carolling out, any old how I suppose (what did I, what did any of us, know about diction?), those wonderful words: "If we spirits have offended –" I remember Brig – Brigadier Scott-Robson, a remote figure but always present at such events – being very kind about my somersaults and loud voice; and drunk on the doing, I was high as a kite for hours, for days after.*

*Besides writing and directing us rather wonderfully, Mrs L was a witty and passionate teacher. She tutored Caroline, Helena Schilizzi and me for A-level English: Hamlet (later to stand me in great stead when I played Ophelia, and Gertrude for the RSC) and the Romantic poets. She taught you to think, to dig, to analyse, to wring out sense, love language, be spare. She taught discipline in work – again to pay dividends later.*

*In the Hall gardens Rowley Adams [the head gardener] mowed, dug, trimmed, pruned, small and apple-cheeked, with Harry Hadley his nearly-clone: familiar sights with their rosy smiles, and their pony-and-cart for leaves.*

*In the village church choir, two teenage blonde boys were eagerly looked forward to every Sunday, flirted with over the Rev. Thorman's vague head, and jealously claimed by each of us in turn, but never spoken to, I think.*

*One summer my mother stuck a pin in the map to whisk Caroline and me to Ibiza, and Mrs Talbot who taught us sewing made rather peculiar, very dashing we thought, romper-suits based on my Bassanio pantaloons: bright pink for Caroline, bright blue for me. In fact they were to make us, when we scrumped for figs on the island, shine too horribly bright for concealment – still, we dashed.*

*And in our classroom there was dear Madame A., fussy and kind, excitable and bright-eyed, who bustled, and who was to settle in the village after years of running French verbs through our heads. There was Willygogs – Miss Williams, bold and black-haired, irascible and sarcastic, but splendidly teaching history: Griggy who taught art – shy as a rabbit, but bold,*

*too, in her subject and in her intuitions. And there was Miss Ellis with her strong, dimpled chin and hair astray; small, myopic, gentle, vainly being firm, and popular with us all. Trying hard – and more out of affection for her than for any talent I possessed – I won the geography prize one year; and through Madame A's good graces Le Grand Meaulnes, in French! A great test of her faith. But I read it, still have it, as well as the small silver cup for verse-speaking – but oh, never won the Acting Cup which I wanted more than anything in the world.*

*It was a happy school, a happy place to be: there was competitiveness, there were jealousies, there were broken and mended friendship, there were midnight feasts, pillow fights, apple-pie beds, boarding school things and by torch under the sheets we grumbled about supper or bossy Francis, and homesick, we read sentimental magazines, finished homework, wrote execrable poetry (me), swapped confidences into the night – and, turn-about, during A-levels, with Caroline, Helena, et al I'd swot through the night in the bath, wrapped in an eiderdown.*

*There was never a lack of discipline. Yet when we compared notes with other, less fortunate boarders, friends at different schools, I think we knew ourselves to be astonishingly free, astonishingly un-institutionalised at the Hall.*

*Perhaps it had to do with the presence of horses in the stables to be tended at odd hours, their snickers and whinnies punctuating lessons: those lovely grounds with their cedars and beeches, their roses, the pool – with the green fields stretching all about and the small, safe, yellow-stoned village tucked around us. Or perhaps...*

*When my daughter was born I went to show her off to Mrs L, happily retired in Tunbridge Wells. "A lot of love, Susie," she counselled, "and a little healthy neglect!"*

*It seems to me now, that a good deal of that marvellous philosophy went into her running of the school.*

Susannah York (Susie Fletcher)

**Victor Thorman: Recollections of a Vicar's Son**

The Thorman family are well remembered by many people in East Haddon as somewhat eccentric but nevertheless as very likeable people. Victor spent his formative years in the village and seems to have enjoyed them immensely.

*"We arrived in East Haddon in a snowstorm in March 1952 and we left in July 1962, after father had died that March. Zillia was at London University studying medicine, Gloria was 16, Flavia was 12 and I was 8 when we came. My brother Malcolm was killed in 1951. He was at Cambridge also studying medicine and was killed on his motorbike returning from visiting Pam, his wife, after the birth of their second child. Rozalia died in the 1930s in Long Buckby when my father was parson there. She came after Robert and Mercia.*

*We arrived at East Haddon on a very snowy day. For some reason we came up the Holdenby Road. The Vicarage was very cold and smelled of cats. He didn't like it at all – the house seemed very spooky. However, it soon became very exciting.*

*Pam came and lived in [Jasmine Cottage] with her two babies, Malcolm and Cuthbert.*

*The only time I ever heard my father swear was when he was chopping down a tree in the garden. He had learnt logging when he was a missionary in Canada and he used a 7-lb axe. He made all his own handles for his tools. In the frost he hit a piece of ice which bounced back*

*and went through his gumboot, his sock and his long johns and opened him up to the shinbone. His words were something like: "Oh, dear, good gracious BLOODY HELL, BUGGER!!!" The only other time I remember him being really upset was when the goat ate his dahlias. The day he died he was sawing down a tree and he died later that day – he was nearly 75 years old and he died in March 1962.*

*Both of my parents had an absolute belief in God and they had been missionaries together in Canada. My mother had grown up in a relatively small village and she had been a governess and a teacher and she had a commitment to the community and they loved young people. My father always said he would give his time to help others but they in turn must give some time to God.*

*The choir and Bible class were both very successful. There was also a Youth Club which my father ran. My father wasn't interested in which church you went to as long as you "went to visit God". There was a Catholic boy in the village who used to say he had been to Mass when he hadn't but father checked with the priest and then banned him from Youth Club until he attended Mass. He also used to preach at the chapel occasionally. There were always lots of young people around. It was my parent's favourite parish, which is the reason why they are buried in Holdenby Churchyard.*

*I remember Eric Andrew who was very mischievous and his mother used to send him to the Vicarage because she couldn't cope with him. He used to work very hard for my mother and father and they were very fond of him. He was killed on his motorcycle when he was very young. I remember the group of boys, Duncan Peel, Roger Wightman, Nick Talbot and myself all used to spend a great deal of time combing our hair.*

*It was a challenge to us boys to meet the girls from East Haddon Hall School. Some of them were in the choir and notes used to be passed in hymn books. It was pretty innocent stuff – a bit of kissing and cuddling – but the penalties were quite serious for the girls. Mrs Lewis was responsible for these girls, who were extremely wild. We were geniuses at getting into the school grounds. One of my favourite ways in was up the church path and across the remains of the mud wall into the "jungle". We could lose ourselves completely in that jungle. The other meeting place was in the trees down the back between the Coopers and the school. Roger Wightman, Duncan Peel, Freddie Highlands for a bit and Nick Talbot. I remember one lovely experience – one of the girls was titled "Lady" and it was May when the girls had just returned to school and Duncan, Roger, Nick and I met these girls and were chatting to them and we said: "Who do you think's going to win the Cup Final?", and this particular "ladyship" said: What horses are running? I'll tell you". We just could not stop laughing and because of all the noise we were making we didn't hear one of the teachers walking down the outside of the wood looking for us. We did our usual "drop" into the long grass and the girls ran for cover and panicked and ran up to the school and consequently were all caught.*

*We had code words for the girls and one of them was "the Old Curiosity Shop". We used to go for midnight swims in the pool with the girls and one night all the lights came on and Fritz the butler appeared. He could run like hell. We actually used to use the hut to change in and the great challenge was for Fritz to "run us" and he'd come belting out in his pyjamas in the dark but we could get away because there were so many places to hide. My last trip down there was with Roger Wightman and we arranged to meet the girls at the bottom of the wood at 2.00 in the morning. Roger came round and I slipped out of the window and we walked down the Ravensthorpe Road and we were half over one of the gates and a car came past and*

*we panicked. Roger jumped off the gate and I tried to dive over it. There were three strands of barbed wire on the top which caught me in the corner of my eye and opened me up to the corner of my mouth. Any way, we met the girls and kissed and cuddled in the bales in a barn until the light came up – this was July – so I had some explaining to do at breakfast! It was all great fun and exciting. Once in bravado we walked straight out of the main school gates into Mr Burton, the policeman, and he gave us a real talking to. He said he knew exactly what we were up to and if we had to do it we were to come out the same way we went in! He was pretty stern with us and we had a great deal of respect for him.*

*Flavia was at school there for a while, so some of the girls used to come round to our house. Susannah York was one of these. Sometimes some of the girls would spend the half-terms with us if their parents were abroad.*

*Roger, Nick and I played a lot of rugby together – we played at Long Buckby and we had a lot of fun. We were incredibly privileged children – there was no fear of molestation and we used to roam for miles over the fields. The farmers let us get away with it. I remember lovely times birds-nesting: we'd only take one egg out of a nest and we used to do it with great skill. We used to blow the eggs and it was disgusting when the eggs were addled and at some time or other every one of us fell out of a tree and we had some really bad falls. We used to go down into a plantation at the bottom of the Park and the bush was incredibly difficult to get through but we used to manage to beat paths through somehow.*

*There were some very hard winters and we sledged constantly on Tire Hill on wooden sledges. Mr Blackett made some of them in those days and my father made some with lovely steel runners. We used to sledge from early in the morning until late in the evening with bicycle lamps. When it was late it was freezing hard and we had a terrific run with jumps on it and we used to sledge at great speed down to the pond at the bottom where the cows had churned the mud up. If you came off there when it was frozen hard you really got hurt. The great thing was to sledge right onto the pond which was thick ice and put your feet out and spin round on the ice. We used to pile onto those sledges – we even built a ramp in Freddie Smith's field with Father and watered it so that it froze hard. We used to love sledging and there was even the odd time when the snow was so bad our school bus didn't make it into the village and so we could sledge all day. We knew all the places to go.*

*We wandered round for hours and hours in the summer, walking miles over the fields. There was a sheep midden and it was a place of great delight to us because there was a headless tailor's dummy of a nude woman in there. Someone had written on it "I love you Wilf". We never knew who Wilf was. This place (Rowell Leys) was occasionally inhabited by tramps. I can honestly say I was never bored in East Haddon.*

*I was actually architect of the "worst crime" committed in East Haddon. When we were about 16 we graduated from "little demons" and "penny and tuppenny bangers" to crow-scarers. I managed to get ropes of crow-scarers from a shop in Daventry, which we used to take off the rope and put a sparkler in the end and break the end off, and this thing was literally like a little grenade. Our great fun was to target the two people who would react best of all in the village. We used to fire a rocket at the front door of one of our victims but the greatest stunt we ever pulled was to put a crow-scarer half in the letter box and light it. The result was the worst thing I ever imagined. The thing went off with a deafening crash and the owner's dog was lying in the hall and it nearly had a heart attack. I ran and hid*

*behind one of the big tombstones in the churchyard in the wet grass and the owner of the dog came looking for me for two hours. By this time it was gone 9.00pm and I was late out and I eventually worked my way through the "jungle" and got to Duffus gates and eased them open and sneaked out. As I crossed the road a car came up and I think I must have run down the road to the Vicarage at an unbelievable speed.*

*I remember the Howard-Evans's at Priestwell House. The old lady was lovely. She was an Irish aristocrat and she had three daughters, Sheila, Irene and Jackie. Jackie kept horses down on the Holdenby Road and had a funny little car. Gloria was very friendly with Jackie and she used to hunt side-saddle and wear a veil. They all had battered old cars. I used to go to tea there. I also remember Priestwell when the Muddimans lived in the flat. I was very fond of Christine Muddiman and I think I still owe her 1/6d because she got me some carbide. The carbide got me into quite severe trouble. We used it for gassing the water voles in the Washbrook. We were horrible kids – we'd gas the voles out and then send a Jack Russell terrier after them. Once when we were bored with this there was a great old tree down there and I got my arm up inside with the carbide which had got wet with the water and all the watervoles scattered. The gas was coming out of the tree from every angle. We lit it and the tree burst into flames and then we tried to put it out without success, so we fled from there up into the Playing Field where they were playing cricket so we could be identified as having been present. We could see the smoke rising from the tree down by the Washbrook from the Playing Field. Somebody later said that it had been struck by lightning...*

*I remember the Talbots flooding their lawn and making an ice rink. I remember sliding round on it. Mrs Wightman made a great impression me and I spent a great deal of time with her. Billy Jones used to ride a little BSA Bantam motorbike and lived at the Plough. Mrs Jones used to serve us under-age beer. My father used to sit at the back of the bar with Mrs Jones and gamble with mythical money. They used to play crib. We boys used to go and play skittles there and Father would come out and join us sometimes. My father never drank himself, though my mother used to offer everyone sherry. I spent lots of times in the Red Lion and I quickly learnt a great capacity for drinking a pint very quickly and we used to take bets with the locals and I once deposited the contents of a pint I drank straight back on the carpet in the Red Lion. After we had played rugby at Long Buckby we used to come back and have a few pints at the Red Lion.*

*My father was a very tall man and he made all his own rake handles etc and he made them long. He walked out of the shed one day and he trod on a rake and the handle came up and hit him straight under the eye and blacked his eye. He saw his neighbour who said, "How did you get that black eye?" and Father said, "I trod on a rake" and the neighbour said that couldn't be true because a rake wasn't long enough so Mrs Thorman must have done it! So Father marched home to get the rake to prove to him that it was long enough to hit him in the eye!*

*Once when we came down to our caravan in Watchett, Mrs Wightman and the children came with us. Mrs Wightman had an artificial leg. The caravans were getting very old by then and needed constant repairs. Mrs Wightman wanted to help so she climbed the ladder and was busy bitumasting the top of one of the caravans and when she finished she started to descend the ladder which is not so easy with an artificial leg. She asked mother to help her by moving her leg down a step to help her get down the ladder. Mother got hold of it and lost her balance and fell backwards with Mrs Wightman's leg in her hands. Mrs Wightman was then stuck with one leg on the ladder. I came running and found mother in hysterics lying on the ground*

*with Mrs Wightman's leg. Father came along next and bodily carried Mrs Wightman down. Everyone was hysterical with laughing and I was very embarrassed seeing this artificial leg on the ground with all its leather straps.*

*I had a very strict upbringing. I had to work very hard and I had to attend all the church services, so I used to love going to the Wightmans or the Talbots for a breather. My mother believed that every spare minute you had you should be doing some work which usually meant gardening. I remember going to church four times every Sunday. We used to burn our fingers on the heating pipes in East Haddon church. We used to put a wodge of modelling wax on the pipes and we formed these wonderful stalactites dripping down.*

*Stan Smith was very loyal to my parents and to the church. He wasn't actually a lay reader, but he helped father a great deal with the services and he was also churchwarden for some time. Mrs Dickens made life very difficult for Father, but when he died she couldn't stop praising him. She always came to church and wouldn't look at Father when he preached and she fell out with mother. Mr Goff was father's last churchwarden.."*

# Chapter Eight - SPORT AND LEISURE

## East Haddon War Memorial Playing Field

The Playing Field was created in 1950 on land bought by the village to commemorate those who died in the Second World War. Situated on what used to be known as Mill Close and West Beacon Close, it consisted of a football pitch, crocket pitch, tennis court, pavilion and children's swings. Over £1,400 was collected in the village by numerous fund-raising efforts and this money, together with grants from the National Playing Fields Association, paid for the field and its equipment.

A trust was formed to administer the playing field – the East Haddon War Memorial Playing Field Trust – with the Parish Council as custodian trustees. On 5 February 1963 it was registered as a charity, and it is managed by the charity trustees (the Management Committee) with representatives from the parish council and sports organisations.

In 1992, the East Haddon Playing Field Association was formed, with the express aim of raising more money for better facilities. These have included a new tennis court in 1993 to replace the old one and new play equipment in 1994. In 1995, the Cricket Club was revived.

Activities remained limited by the lack of electricity provided to the field, meaning that there was no lighting or heating in the pavilion, and other facilities were in need of improvement, so in 1996 an application was made for funding from the National Lottery Sports Fund and other grant-aided bodies.

*The official opening of the cricket pavilion at the playing fields, June 1998. Left to right: Steve Kilsby, John Curtis, David Brine, Alan Halliday, Rachel Punch, Jill Knight, Brian August, Hank Sharpe, Terry Freeman, Angela Vance, Annabel Pettifer*

*Nick Brown (in front of the net), who officially opened the new tennis court in 1994, with Bill Knight and young players.*

The bid was successful, and in June 1998 a new pavilion was opened, together with a shed for storing equipment, fenced-off car parking, and a range of practice equipment for the Cricket Club. As an indication of how times had changed, these improvements cost a total of £116,000, whereas the total cost for the original facilities in 1950 had been £2,000.

The Playing Field is now host to a variety of sports activities, and the pavilion is hired out for private events. A bar licence has been granted to the pavilion, and it has become the focus of social gatherings at the weekends.

In June 2000, the Playing Field devoted a weekend to celebrating its 50th anniversary, with a children's sports day and a hog roast and disco on the Saturday, and a cricket match and tennis tournament on the Sunday.

**Miscellaneous Sporting Memories**

Maurice Fletcher was heavily involved in sporting activities before the inauguration of the Playing Field in 1950:

> "*I was secretary of the Cricket Club and the Football Club at different times. Ken Craddock kept the Tennis Club going throughout the war and then I more or less took it over afterwards. In those days there were two grass courts at the end of the village where Carpenter's bungalow is now, next to the track down to Ryehill Farm. I learned to play with the Underwoods and Bill Knight, though he was younger than me. I was a determined player – my main aim was always to get the ball back over the net. I wasn't so interested in the style but I wasn't a bad player, and I enjoyed it. I won the Grendon Tournament and that's what finished me off for tennis. One of the international coaches just dismissed me by saying, "No, you've got a swing like a grandfather clock – you'll go no further". I was only 15 then and it was very discouraging, so I didn't really compete any more.*
>
> *We had a badminton court in the Institute and both boys and girls played up there and I thought I was pretty good at that. It was just after the war and I was about 16 and at work and Ken Craddock came up and said in his usual quiet way, "Can I have a go?" He was so good he took me straight off the court. He was county standard tennis at least. He would have been a brilliant player if he had been a bit more pushy. He used to pair with Kath Barford as a doubles partner. They were very good... Neville Craddock played everything. Ken was a gifted player and Nev was more like me. We charged about the court! He was our bowler for the cricket team for years and years. Harry Smith was a very fast bowler. I've played football and cricket for the village teams up the playing field."*

*East Haddon Hall Cricket Club 1963*
*Back row: G. Andrews, W. Gallagher, F. Wetherill, F. Smith, H. Smith, R. Cadman, A. Alibone*
*Middle row: T. Barford, N. Craddock, C. Fraser, F. Holt. J. Smith, C. Craddock, J. Neale*
*Front row: K. Craddock, A. Fraser*

*East Haddon school football team 1935*
*Back row: Peter Sims, Dick Craddock, Ken Manning*
*Middle row: Wilf Squirrel, Ken Phillips, Walter Hadley*
*Front row: Aubrey Hickman, Jim Barford, Colin Smith, Dennis Arthurs, Jessie Drew*

Maurice's wife, Edie, was also involved in sports, if in a less glamorous role – making cricket teas and washing the football kit in a twin-tub washing machine! Marion Allen recalls that her brothers, Brian and Colin, both used to play cricket on the Playing Field and that Brian used to play football as well.

"*We always had to go up to the Playing Field to watch the cricket and my Mum helped with the teas and I used to score sometimes. The reason I went up there when I was a teenager was to see the lads in the opposing team!"* David Muddiman was in the cricket team and in the football team from the age of 15. "*I was always 12th man in the cricket team and if the opposition was short I used to make up their team. Nev [Craddock] used to bowl at me as fast as he could when I played for the other team*". Jack Halliwell remembers a "phenomenal

catch" by Neville Craddock: "*He ran about 70 yards around the edge of the boundary, dived full length and caught this ball which was going for 6! He'd be in his 50s or 60s then. He got 60-odd not out. He was a total natural.*" According to Jack, who played cricket for the village for 21 years, East Haddon had the best non-league side in the county in the 1970s. Apart from the Craddocks, Jack also mentioned Charlie Fraser as being a very good player in the 1960s. Jack's son, Andrew, was responsible with Mervyn Davies for reviving the football team in the 1970s:

> "*Mike Engle was also involved. They formed this young football club and applied to join the Northampton Town League Junior Division, but they cancelled the Junior Division because there weren't enough young people and put them in the 4th division where they were playing against men! One of their team scored 33 goals in the first season!*"

**East Haddon Squash Club**

The Squash Club in the village was opened in 1969, and remained a thriving club until the late 70s. At the end of the first year, the membership numbered between 150 and 180, and this grew to over 600 at the height of its popularity. It was one of the biggest such clubs in the county, with as many as six teams. There were two courts originally, and later two more were built.

According to Brian Barber, who joined the club in 1970 and was a member until it closed, the impetus for the creation of the club by Guy Wrathall came from Gavin Bell, "*who was a very good player. Gavin was very enthusiastic and persuaded Guy to start a club*." Jan Pike remembers Guy giving champagne cocktails to everyone present at the opening of the club "*and it went to everyone's head*". She thinks the male members of the club took the game more seriously than the women. "*We played so badly that we could even discuss recipes during the game!*"

With the opening of rival clubs in the county, numbers dwindled during the 1980s, and it eventually closed. Brian took part in the very last game:

> *"It was late at night and the party was going on, and we decided to have one last game of squash. We got to two games all and we shook hands and walked off and no-one was going to win – an appropriate end... The social side of the club was very strong and we didn't want this to end with the Club, so we decided to take up golf and formed the East Haddon Golf Society. It's probably the largest golf society in the county*".

**East Haddon Bridge Club**

The Bridge Club was founded in September 1999 and now has around 45 active members. It aims to be a friendly club, filling the gap between 'kitchen table bridge' and the more organised, formal clubs like those in Northampton and Kingsley. Some members of the latter have joined East Haddon's for a more relaxed atmosphere in which to play. The club has raised money to contribute to Village Hall funds through bridge drives.

**The Village Institute/Hall**

The Village Institute was given to the people of East Haddon by Lady Horne, who lived at Priestwell House, in memory of her son Eric Blacklock, lieutenant in the 8th King's Royal

Hussars, who had died while pigsticking in India. The site for the building was presented by Captain Sawbridge. It was opened by Lord Annaly in March 1914.

*Girls who took cookery lessons at the Village Institute.*
*Back row: Hilda Atkins, Mrs Neale, Barbara Bennett*
*Front row: Kathy Phillips, Grace Sims, Phyllis Franks, Kathy Barr*

Over the years, the Institute has provided cookery classes, gym classes and other educational opportunities as well as a library, baths and meeting rooms for the villagers. The charge for a hot bath was 2d, and for a cold one, 1d. It was men only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, women on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

In the First World War, the Institute was used as a convalescent home for soldiers, many of whom were Canadians. There were 20 beds in all. In the Second World War, it became a day centre for the expectant and new mothers from the maternity hospital in The Hall. When The Hall became a girls' boarding school, the Institute was used by pupils as a gymnasium.

*The Village Institute when it was a convalescent home during the First World War.*

Jim Hobson remembers some of the social events that used to be held in the Village Institute:

> *"I remember when I was about 17 or 18 years' old we used to have dances in the Village Hall. There used to be a large grating out the front of the Plough down to the*

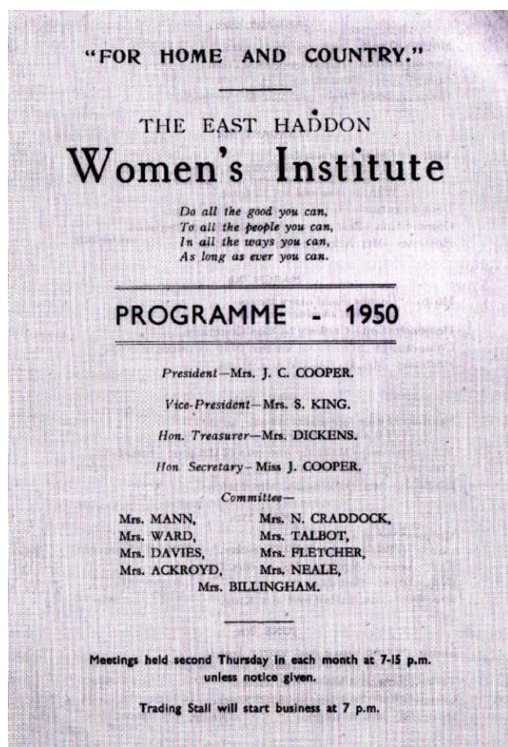
*cellar. I recall a few of us lads gathering there – Alex used to put his hand through the grating to unhook it and we would hold up the grating whilst he slipped down below and handed up free bottles! There used to be an old field gun standing outside the village hall with the barrel tilted up at an angle. So we used to hide these bottles inside the barrel of the gun and slide them out whenever we wanted one. I don't think we ever got caught.*

*There used to be a Rialto band come to the village hall, a four-piece from Long Buckby. There was Harry Clifton on the piano, fiddler Jack Smith from West Haddon, Pip Gammage from Guilsborough and Rio Letts on the drums. Mabel Cave used to play the piano for other social events that we used to have at the Village Hall".*

Ernest and Gwen Poole's wedding reception was held in the Institute in 1963. Daphne Walding remembers a big concert staged there also in the early 1960s, which she took part in and for which her husband, Fred, was stage manager. It was presented by the 'East Haddonians' in the form of an old-time music hall, with skits involving "characters" from the village, including one with a boy dressed as Mrs Dickens. Daphne says the event went like clockwork and was a sell-out.

In 1985, it was renamed the Village Hall, and in 1998 was completely renovated with the help of grants from the Millennium Fund, Daventry District Council and Northampton County Council. Today it remains an important focus for village events and activities.

**The Women's Institute** (Picture)


"FOR HOME AND COUNTRY."

THE EAST HADDON

Women's Institute

*Do all the good you can,*
*To all the people you can,*
*In all the ways you can,*
*As long as ever you can.*

PROGRAMME - 1950

*President*—Mrs. J. C. COOPER.
*Vice-President*—Mrs. S. KING.
*Hon. Treasurer*—Mrs. DICKENS.
*Hon. Secretary*—Miss J. COOPER.

*Committee*—
Mrs. MANN, Mrs. N. CRADDOCK,
Mrs. WARD, Mrs. TALBOT,
Mrs. DAVIES, Mrs. FLETCHER,
Mrs. ACKROYD, Mrs. NEALE,
Mrs. BILLINGHAM.

Meetings held second Thursday in each month at 7-15 p.m. unless notice given.

Trading Stall will start business at 7 p.m.

*The front page from the Women's Institute programme 1950*

Hylda Craddock was a member of the Women's Institute in East Haddon for more than 50 years and president for many of them. The WI at one time played a big part in the community and regularly arranged outings (Picture) for its members, but as Hylda says, "nowadays there are many more things going on and it is easier to leave the village to attend other things". There were also a number of competitions, with prizes of a silver spoon engraved with the initials WI. Hylda says it was slightly bigger than a teaspoon, and when used as a measure it was known as a "WI spoon". She won several prizes including some for needlework.

The Women's Institute Choir won a number of awards before the Second World War. During the war, the WI continued to fulfil its traditional role, making good use of fruit to produce jam and other preserves to help feed the nation. For this purpose, they hired a big boiler from the central Association of Women's Institutes.

*A Women's Institute outing*

**The Red Lion**

The first records of the Red Lion Inn are found in 1765, but the present building became occupied as the inn only in 1908. During the First World War, alcohol could be served from 6.00am to 11.00pm.

There have been many landlords and landladies of the inn over the years, but perhaps the ones most people remember well are Bill and Connie Tenniswood, who arrived to take over the business in 1965 and stayed until they retired in 1977. Connie comes from a family who have been in the licensed trade for generations: "*We've got beer instead of blood in our veins!"*

Connie has pleasant memories of the welcome they received from East Haddon residents: "*When we first moved here I remember everyone being very friendly and coming into the bar and chatting. There wasn't much going on in the village in those days and the pub was the mainstay of the village*." Connie remembers the royal events hosted by the inn (see below), and also visits from Althorp House by members of the Spencer family, including the present Earl's grandmother: *"She used to come in a little Austin car with some brochures and she used to knock on the counter and say, 'would you mind distributing these' – she was so gentle and nice and there was no fuss with her at all."* Other celebrities have also visited the Red Lion, including actor David Hemmings when he was making a film in the area. *"They came here for their meals at lunchtime. One Sunday, when we were very busy, they hadn't arrived for their lunch by 4pm, and the chef couldn't wait any longer. When they eventually arrived they were very angry because the kitchen was closed.*" Lynne Threadgold remembers the artist David Tindall's visits to the Red Lion. A Royal Academy artist, he used to live in the house converted from the chapel and spent a lot of time in the pub. According to Lynne, he used to arrive about 6pm, order a Guinness and sit around for about two hours.

> *"The pub would fill up around him but he didn't move and after a couple of hours he'd say "good night", leave his Guinness sitting there and go home and continue his*

> *painting. He wasn't particularly aware of life around him – though he had numerous children – he was just submerged in his painting".*

The Tenniswoods developed the restaurant at the inn – "*when we came here the dining room was like a school room with formica-topped tables*" – with Connie doing the cooking at first, and then later they employed a chef. They also enlarged the lounge bar and laid the patio. Connie was a keen gardener, and one year she enlisted some help from villagers to tidy up the garden and so that they could enter the Brewers' gardening competition – and they won! Connie remembers the garden as being somewhat different from how it is today, and they actually kept hens. There was also an antique shop called Bygones in the cottage, adjacent to the inn itself.

Jean Jardine, Connie's sister, worked with the Tenniswoods from 1972, and recalls the restaurant business as being quite arduous: "*Connie used to clean the ovens on a Sunday afternoon and I used to do all the washing so that everything was ready for Monday. It was a seven-day-a-week job including evenings. You would never go to bed on the same day as you got up"*. Connie had invited Jean to come to the Red Lion when her husband died and she decided not to return to teaching, her former profession. "*When I came, I more or less took over management of the bar. I moved into the little cottage then*." Jean stayed at the Red Lion for five years after the Tenniswoods' successors, the Kennedys took over.

There were many regular customers both from the village and from outside. Connie and Jean remember well the Beasleys and Rosemary Smith and her mother, Tom Farmer and Charlie Fraser, the butcher from Harlestone, and the vicar from 'Jimmy's End' in Northampton. Connie says that Mrs Smith "*always used to drink Guinness – she had a pretty dainty little face, with bleached hair and red lipstick"*. Connie also recalls Sid Allen spending time sitting in the corner of the bar, and engaging people with his wartime reminiscences. Among other regulars at the inn were Northampton Town footballers.

One of Sallie Jones's earliest memories of East Haddon is of a visit to the Red Lion before she and her family had moved to the village. They had been to look at a house, which was still only partially built, and to assess the village and see if they would like living there. They were impressed with the school, and then went to the pub for lunch. Bill and Connie allowed their children, Sarah and Nick, to go into the pub, as long as they "*sat very quietly in the window seat".* While the family were sitting eating their sandwiches, the vicar came in for a drink and they decided that if the vicar drank at the local pub it must be a good village! It turned out that it was not the local vicar (see above), but nevertheless it left them with a good impression and they felt that East Haddon was the place for them.

The present proprietor of the Red Lion is Ian Kennedy, who took over from the Tenniswoods in 1978. The inn still specialises in food today and provides bar meals in the two bars with á la carte lunches and dinners in the two dining rooms. There are five bedrooms, all en suite, for guests. Ian employs 30 people in total, not all of them full-time. His chef, Pat Sharp, comes from East Haddon and has been employed at the Red Lion all her working life.

Ian thinks that village life has changed because "*people are so much more nomadic and one doesn't get to know so many characters*". Like Connie Tenniswood, Ian also appreciated the company of Tom Farmer, who was a customer of the Red Lion for 60 years, and his friend Charlie Fraser. Both died in the same week in 2000. Ian says: "*They always had a story to tell and they were always perfect gentlemen and they are a great loss*". He still has regular

customers but feels that because the pace of life is so much faster "*the business isn't quite as much fun as it used to be".*

Ernest Poole feels that the Red Lion has changed too much.

> *"He used to have to hurry to get up there to get a go on the dartboard or even to get a seat. The place was full of characters likeTerry Freeman, Ted Threadgold, the cricketer, Jack Flavell from Spratton, Nick Butcher, Frank Pidcock, Mr Winnington, Rosemary and Mrs Smith and George Cooper. They all had their own places".*

Lynne Threadgold also regrets the loss of the 'village pub'. Some of her earliest memories of East Haddon are of the Red Lion, when it was a "real" pub with skittles, darts and dominoes and a totally separate bar, lounge and dining room. George Page was in the darts team at the inn, as was Dick Craddock. Jill Teasdale remembers the Red Lion being "*a big feature in our lives from the age of 18 onwards, and in fact we had our wedding reception there, as did Mum and Dad [George and Joan Page] before me"*. Jack and Diana Halliwell miss the Red Lion as it used to be: Jack remembers going into the pub after a cricket match and Bill Tenniswood being behind the bar and having a 'super evening'.

**The Plough**
(information provided by Bill Messinger)

The Plough is often looked back on as the village pub. According to Maurice Fletcher, it was 'quite a meeting place'; Daphne Walding says it was 'basic' but with a 'nice atmosphere'; Jim Hobson remembers the darts matches there. Ernest Poole was taken to The Plough as a child by his parents and told to sit behind the door and be quiet. Years later, he did the same with his own children. Many East Haddon residents recall the welcome extended by Madeline Jones, the landlady from 1927. She was married to Billy Jones, the 'motorbike farmer' (see the Farming chapter), and he was technically the licensee, but Madeline always managed the pub.

Paradoxically, The Plough apparently came into being because Capt. Sawbridge, the Lord of the Manor, in the nineteenth century and the village's major employer, didn't like drunkenness amongst his workers. He blamed much of this on a pub thought to have been sited on the opposite corner of the Ravensthorpe Road junction from The Plough. He managed to have the pub closed down, but he was outwitted by the tenant, who, pleading the need for a place to live, took the plot opposite as part compensation, and much to Capt. Sawbridge's annoyance, built another pub there! The Plough is thought to have opened its doors for the first time in 1874.

In 1903, The Plough was bought by Phipps Brewery for £1,800, and on 25 September that year Bill Messinger's great-grandparents, George and Harriet Howes became the new tenants. At that time the value of fixtures was £21.4.6d and included: 8 quart, 27 pint and 11 half-pint tankards; 17 pint mugs; 13 iron spittoons; 80 gallons of beer; 2 quarts of brandy; 1 gallon of gin; 3 pints of rum; 11 pints of Irish whiskey; and 26 packets of Woodbines. Harriet Howes came from The Old Kings Head at Long Buckby, a pub which her family had owned for many years and where Harriet and her three children, Kate, Madeline (later Jones, Bill Messinger's grandmother) and Kathleen, were all born. George and Harriet had previously kept The Plume of Feathers, a Northampton pub near the Fish Market, where George had promoted boxing matches using the title 'Professor George Howes'. George hadn't been at The Plough long before he died, in 1905. During his brief residence in East Haddon he had

become scorer for the village cricket team, many of whom were pallbearers at his funeral. Harriet continued to manage the pub until she died in 1927, at which time Billy and Madeline Jones took on the tenancy. They ran the pub for fifty years until they retired in 1977. They had bought the property from the brewery in 1970, and so were able to live at The Plough throughout their retirement until Billy died in 1984, aged 91. Madeline moved into residential care then, and died three years later, at 94.

Billy was born in Wales but moved with his family to East Haddon in about 1896. After attending the Town and County Grammar School he joined the family farm. He was conscripted into the army in 1916 and, although he was something of a horse expert, he was sent to the trenches. He married Madeline in 1917, and they went to live at The Plough with Madeline's mother. After the war Billy resumed farming whilst Madeline helped her mother run The Plough, which at that time also provided accommodation. When Harriet died in 1927, The Plough passed to Billy and Madeline; the name on the licence, and over the door, was William Jones but he never had any interest in the pub other than to entertain his farming friends – and he would claim that he was the only landlord never to have pulled a pint in his life! Madeline was an acclaimed cook, well known for her home-made pork pies and other types of country fare. She was also a fine singer for both the Church Choir and for the Women's Institute, with which she won many awards.

The Plough provided a range of pub entertainments, such as cribbage, dominoes, darts, skittles, and ring board and, ahead of its time for the 1920s, a 'polyphon' – which could be described as an early form of juke box! During the Second World War it became the headquarters for the Home Guard who used to adjourn to the cellar while the Coventry bombing raids took place, and no doubt helped to consume the contents to while away the time! Billy Jones was third in command of the Home Guard; another member was Tom Messinger (Bill Messinger's father), a farmer from Holdenby. It was probably at the Home Guard meetings in The Plough that Tom met Billy and Madeline's daughter Daphne, whom he married in 1947 at East Haddon Church.

Bill and Kim Messinger bought The Plough in 1985 from Madeline Jones when she moved into residential care. The house had become dilapidated after it closed as a pub and was suffering from, amongst other things, rising damp, wet rot, dry rot and woodworm. In addition, the wiring hadn't been updated since the 1920s and it was not unknown to get an electric shock when turning the lights on and off! On the day they moved in, the pipes burst due to a severe frost. They have carried out the necessary repairs and improvements to make the former pub into a family home, although many of the original fixtures and fittings have been preserved to maintain the character of the old building. These now include a pewter-topped bar and the old pub sign, both of which are now in the dining, formerly 'tap' room. The renovations were all a labour of love to keep the house in the family, because Bill's grandparents had predicted that one day it would belong to him.

**The Why Not/The Buckby Lion**

The Why Not was the third licensed premises in East Haddon, but it was situated away from the village proper, on the main Northampton to Rugby Road. Its most recent incarnation, renamed the Buckby Lion, failed as a business and the building stood empty for many years, growing more and more dilapidated, until it burned down in late 2003. This was not the first time fire had destroyed the premises – in fact the pub had been burned to the ground on three previous occasions.

The Why Not had also sold petrol, from a pump installed in 1930; Daphne Walding remembers using the pub when it still had the petrol pump outside it. Jill Teasdale met her husband Maurice at one of the Friday night discos that used to be held there in the 1970s. When the Buckby Lion opened, it was much larger than the previous buildings and had accommodation. It was hoped that it would thrive with the M1 motorway being relatively close by, but this never happened and it closed in the 1990s

**The Sports Pavilion**

The Sports Pavilion at the Playing Field was granted a licence to sell alcohol in its bar in 1998 and now is an important venue for socialising on Friday and Saturday nights. It essentially functions as a community pub, now that the other pubs have closed and the Red Lion is primarily a place to eat.

**The Wightman Players**

*Marjorie Wightman looking after the Squash Club creche*

Marjorie Wightman developed the idea for a theatre group in East Haddon after a Women's Institute trip to Duston to see the pantomime presented by the W.I. there. Someone suggested "putting on a play" for the Christmas party of the village W.I. and Marjorie was given the job of organising it, despite her protests that she had never done anything like this before – apart from at school. The play was an outstanding success, and a pantomime was planned for the next venture; thus Wightman Players was born.

Marjorie remembers Ernest Poole's great contribution to the Players in the early days – he proved to be quite a talented playwright. As Ernest remembers, his wife Gwen was also involved with the Players, making costumes. Ernest also recalls a rather bizarre incident that occurred when he and Les Dixey were working on the scenery for the evening performance on a Saturday. "*We were nearly finished, so I collected my pipe, tobacco and two boxes of matches, put them in my trouser packet, climbed the step to fix the last screw, when BANG! and I fell on the floor. I was concussed. Les could smell burning so he thought I had damaged an electrical cable and he phoned for an ambulance. I had fractured one wrist and sprained the other. I arrived home early at 10pm. Gwen helped me to get undressed, and from my trouser pocket she took out my pipe, tobacco – and two burnt-out boxes of matches. They had rubbed together when I climbed the steps! It was then that I realised that I had a low pain threshold. So after this I finished with the Wightman Players*". Marion Allen was also involved with the Players – 'it was great fun'.

Although the Wightman Players no longer exist in name, the theatrical tradition has recently been revived in the form of the East Haddon Players. Two original works concerning village life have been presented in 2000 and 2001, and the performances were very well attended.

**Bonfire Night**

Every year, Lynne and Dick Threadgold hold a Bonfire Night party in the field opposite their house. The event started about 20 years ago as a family affair, but more and more villagers became involved over the years and it has now grown into an East Haddon tradition. Dick builds a spectacular bonfire over the weeks before 5 November, and Lynne organises the food. People at the village contribute food and fireworks and the Guy is made by children at the school. It is a very popular social event, with both children and adults! Paul Capell remembers Len Tarry the postman building a village bonfire in the 1930s in the school playground – "*which was dirt and gravel in those days, which was bad for the knees*".

**The Harvest Supper**

Another regular event in East Haddon is the harvest supper, held in the Village Hall every October. According to Peter Wilkinson, it was Bruce Jongman who started the tradition of men doing all the cooking and serving. June Wilkinson thinks this gives it a unique atmosphere and makes it a very relaxing and enjoyable event for everyone. She says that the ladies certainly appreciate it!

**The Thursday Club**

The Thursday Club is an informal group for villagers, meeting on Thursdays usually at the Sports Pavilion, but, especially during the summer, at people's houses. It was inaugurated by Dorothy Beynon and Jo Rhodes and there are at present around 22 members. Marjorie Ennever says the club is very successful and that they are hoping to get more guest speakers and entertainment for future meetings.

**Royal Celebrations and the Millennium**

Paul Capell remembers bonfires being lit all over the country for George V's Silver Jubilee. East Haddon had its own near the spinney. "*I think in those days all we did was bake potatoes in the fire*." Two years later, when it was George VI's Coronation, the village celebrated with a garden competition. "*Mother did a load of flowers with wire and we decorated the garden and won a prize*." Canon Keysell judged the competition and the prize was half a crown. Phyllis Hobson also remembers the coronation and Mrs Scott-Robson organising a village gathering at the Hall. There were sports and races and Phyllis's sister Dorothy (Davies) won the slow bicycle race. Coronation year in 1953 was celebrated in style. Sheila Pennefather (*née* Blacklee) remembers the party in the Village Hall when Coronation mugs were given out. Marion Allen (*née* Smith) also remembers Coronation gifts: "*We were all presented with a book of the Royal Family and a little gift coach and horses*." Debbie remembers the fancy dress competition for which her mother took *"great trouble to dress me up as Britannia*". It was a cold, wet day and she spent most of the afternoon wrapped in an old shawl, having disposed of her helmet. She says the judges probably couldn't tell what she was supposed to be.

Connie Tenniswood remembers a number of royal occasions.

*"If there were any royal events they were all celebrated at the Red Lion. We used to have great do's with awnings over the patio. There was the Queen's Silver Wedding and the Silver Jubilee. On that day it rained and we had to roast the sheep in big chunks in the kitchen. It did clear up a little towards the end of the night. On Princess Diana's wedding day Judy Kennedy opened up the garden to the village children and Freddie Laker sent us a load of little airline trays and we served food for the children on them".*

Althorp House, Princess Diana's former home, is nearby and there have been many royal visitors to the area over the years. Elsa Talbot remembers going to Althorp station to see George VI and Queen Elizabeth (the Queen Mother) boarding a train after a visit to Althorp. Joan Page also remembers royal visitors at the station, including Princess Mary when she was the Princess Royal. Neville Craddock remembers the then Lady Diana Spencer visiting the bakehouse during the holidays. On the day of Diana's funeral, the royal mourners travelled by East Haddon on their way to Althorp for the burial, and many villagers lined the main road as they drove past.

The history of East Haddon school shows how many royal events were marked in the village during the twentieth century. On 8 August 1902, it is recorded that Mrs Guthrie gave a party to celebrate the Coronation of Edward VII. In June 1911, there was a week's holiday for the children because of George V's Coronation. On 23September 1913, the king visited Althorp House, and the school had a day's holiday. In the following years, Lady Althorp's wedding, Princess Mary's wedding, the Duke of York's wedding, the wedding of Prince George and Princess Marina, the wedding of the Duke of Gloucester, the Coronation of George VI, the wedding of Princess Elizabeth, and the Silver Wedding of the King and Queen in 1948 were all observed by the school. In 1953, there was a three-day holiday for the Coronation of the present Queen.

June and Peter Wilkinson remember the Jubilee of 1977 as a major event in the village. A tea was held in the village hall followed by a tree-planting ceremony at the Playing Field. The two oldest people in the village at the time – Alice Cadd and her sister Sarah Benfield – were chosen to 'plant' trees. It was "quite difficult" getting the two old ladies over the stile, but this was achieved and the two chestnut trees were planted on either side of the pavilion. Sadly, the trees were vandalised within a week and they never grew properly. Another tree was planted at the same time by the tennis court and that one has survived.

The Millennium was celebrated in style in East Haddon, and there was a spectacular fire work display for the whole village at midnight. Marjorie Ennever and her neighbours had "a wonderful time" in Orchard Close.

*"We had fairy lights on every house and we went round to each other's houses for various dinner courses. Miss Cross [the former headmistress of the school] dressed up for the occasion and we had a big blanket to put round her while she sat and watched the fireworks. She was thrilled to bits with everything that night. She loved to watch the disco dancing and Graham managed to get her up for a bit of a dance herself. I think that was probably one of the most enjoyable moments of her life. She told me that she had never, ever been to a dance in her youth."*

**Village Fetes** (Picture)

*The crowd at a gymkhana behind The Hall just after the Second World War. Barbara Pearson is in the foreground.*

Fetes have been part of village life for as long as anybody can remember. The Hall was often the location of the fetes when it was a girls' boarding school. Mrs Barnett was often in charge of the bottle stall at the fete, but one year she had a hat stall for which she collected *"hundreds of wonderful hats".* She had expected that the children would love to buy them but it was not as successful as she had hoped because mothers thought their offspring might catch head lice! Marjorie Ennever remembers fetes in the garden at Priestwell House. She always seemed to be in charge of a bric-a-brac stall, situated under a large thorn tree. She says that the owner of the house at the time used to visit every stall, donating money to each one, but not actually daring to buy anything because he thought most of the things for sale had been turned out of his own cupboards!

**Other Entertainment**

Jean Holt recalls that there used to be a factory at the bottom of Butcher's Lane (now St Andrew's Road) and that in front of it there was an old 'wooden room', known as the Reading Room, used for dancing. Jean used to travel to nearby Long Buckby by bus for other forms of entertainment – a cinema or the 'Buckby Feast'. Marion Allen also remembers going to the Buckby Feast twice a year:

> *"There was the May fair and the one in September. We'd go to the pictures first and then to the fair afterwards. We either caught the last bus back at 11.15 or we walked home, but there were so many of us it was safe. In those days the fair took up both sides of the square and was much bigger and it was always absolutely packed."*

Paul Capell remembers Frederick Smith Junior's home-made entertainment on his family's farm:

> *"At the beginning of the [Second World] war Freddie Smith and his brother Philip used to give film shows in the granary and fitted it out with a projection box and car seating. It was somewhere to entertain the evacuees. They hired the film from the old Emporium Arcade in Northampton. However, after some time some kind soul informed the authorities and it was stopped. Later on, Freddie built his own version of an electronic organ in the loft with the cymbals and drums on the beams. We would go round for carols and his mother would bring out mince pies and his father beer for the men."*

When Joan Page left school at 14, she went into service in Northampton but often used to return to East Haddon on her days off and can remember going to the Red Lion for a drink. She also used to go to dances in Long Buckby with her future husband George:

*" used to be dances at Long Buckby every Saturday night. We used to call in at the pub for a drink first, then we would catch a bus into Long Buckby. The dances used to finish at midnight, then a whole gang of us used to walk back to East Haddon. George would have left his bike at Mr Blackett's place, which he would then collect on the way home and cycle back to Holdenby [where he lived]."*

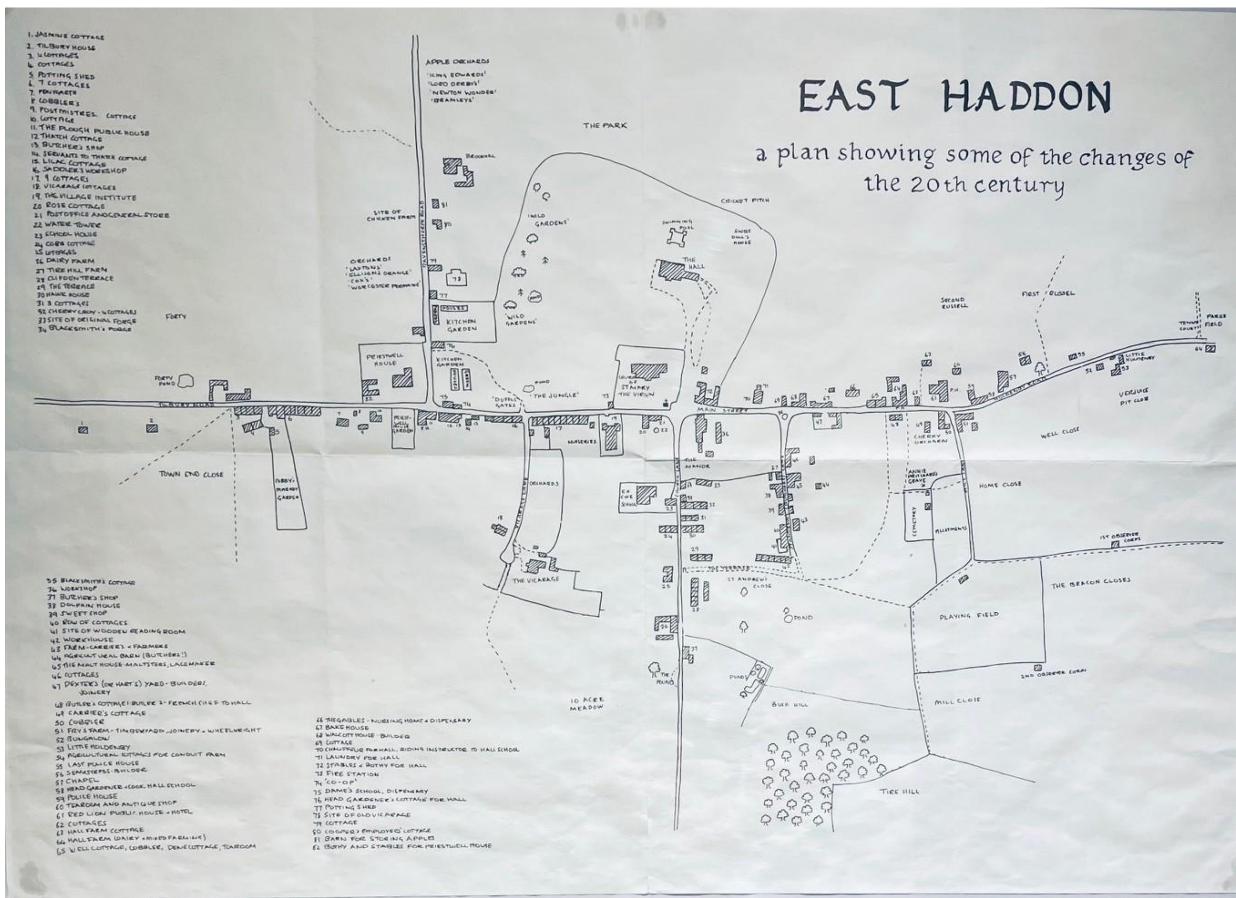
June Wilkinson's artistic activities have prompted her to arrange a number of events over the years. She has always loved painting and is an associate member of the Northampton Town and County Art Society and on the committee of Network Arts. For ten years she organised art exhibitions at the Haddonstone weekends in May, which were always successful. She has also organised flower-arranging classes and a sewing group; six former members of the latter jointly created the Millennium Wall-hanging in the church. Marjorie Ennever says that the flower-arranging classes were 'very enjoyable' and that they helped her to meet people when she first moved to the village.

# CONCLUSION

*This village how it dies to me,*
*No rural life that used to be.*
*Here for centuries they've stood*
*Those homes of thatch and stone and wood;*
*Demolished soon and in a while*
*Replaced by cubes of brick and tile,*
*Oh what histories they hold,*
*Those flagstone floors and beams so old,*
*Of babies born and life just started*
*To curtains drawn, the aged departed.*
*I remember as a lad*
*The hard time the women had.*
*Monday was the week's worst starter,*
*Light the copper, boil the water.*
*Not for them the wonder powder,*
*Washday was a tedious rub*
*Unless they owned a dolly-tub.*
*The mangle next, perhaps a wringer,*
*Not electric like the spinner,*
*Ironing too, another fate,*
*Heat the iron before the grate.*
*Clean it was before you press*
*Else you're in a sooty mess.*
*Scrub the floor down on the knees,*
*No such thing as 'easy-squeeze'.*
*Meals they cooked with loving care,*
*Some a rabbit, some a hare,*
*Cooked on grates all shiny black,*
*Boiling pot on swinging jack.*
*Flavours rare so sure to please,*
*Whoever heard of frozen peas.*
*Outdoor chores were sticks and gleaning*
*They had no time to stand there dreaming,*
*Night-time came, no magic box*
*But lots of pairs of holey socks.*
*Peace came then on Sunday evening,*
*Candlelight and Bible reading.*
*The men worked long with horse and plough*
*Or dog and sheep and pig and cow,*
*No machines but manual labour*
*"Harder still, you're out of favour".*
*Their evenings spent on family rood*
*They thus provided ample food.*
*Nights were spent in local pub*

*Swilling ale and chewing plug.*
*They stumble home all bloated red*
*"Now wife my dear let's go to bed".*
*The streets are smooth and have no pump,*
*No water comes from village pump*
*And at the spot where I was born*
*Large new house with large new lawn.*
*One meets new faces every day,*
*I wonder just how long they'll stay.*
*Cars pass by at such a pace,*
*This is just a commuter's race.*
*The milk arrives by van and crate;*
*No smiling milkmaid, can at gate.*
*The dairy's closed for sales of milk,*
*It disappears each day in bulk.*
*The trees have gone, the church is bare,*
*Only two stones standing there.*
*Is this the school I knew so well?*
*Where's the house? Where's the bell?*
*There is a blacksmith, still living;*
*Can he keep the anvil ringing?*
*Where's the butcher? Where's his shop?*
*Gone forever, they've removed the top.*
*The bakehouse now has closed down,*
*Bread arrives from the nearby town.*
*The chapel's closed and looks deserted,*
*I've heard tell it's been converted.*
*The wheelwright's there, but now retiring,*
*No longer tyres that need the firing.*
*The sawmills stand so full of rust,*
*Wood's too dear to make the dust.*
*There were allotments, now there are not,*
*Just another building plot.*
*And the verges once so steep*
*No longer grazed by cows and sheep.*
*Suburban lawns all neatly mown*
*Stretching toward the expanding town.*

Mr Paul Capell


EAST HADDON
a plan showing some of the changes of the 20th century
1. JASMINE COTTAGE
2. TILBURY HOUSE
3. 4 COTTAGES
4. COTTAGES
5. POTTING SHED
6. 7 COTTAGES
7. PENTRAETH
8. COBBLER'S
9. POSTMISTRESS COTTAGE
10. COTTAGE
11. THE PLOUGH PUBLIC HOUSE
12. THATCH COTTAGE
13. BUTCHER'S SHOP
14. SERVANTS TO THATCH COTTAGE
15. LILAC COTTAGE
16. SADDLER'S WORKSHOP
17. 9 COTTAGES
18. VICARAGE COTTAGES
19. THE VILLAGE INSTITUTE
20. ROSE COTTAGE
21. POSTOFFICE AND GENERAL STORE
22. WATER TOWER
23. SCHOOL HOUSE
24. COBB COTTAGE
25. COTTAGES
26. DAIRY FARM
27. TIRE HILL FARM
28. CLIFDEN TERRACE
29. THE TERRACE
30. HAWK HOUSE
31. 3 COTTAGES
32. CHERRY CROFT - 4 COTTAGES
33. SITE OF ORIGINAL FORGE
34. BLACKSMITH'S FORGE
35. BLACKSMITH'S COTTAGE
36. WORKSHOP
37. BUTCHER'S SHOP
38. DOLPHIN HOUSE
39. SWEET SHOP
40. ROW OF COTTAGES
41. SITE OF WOODEN READING ROOM
42. WORKHOUSE
43. FARM - CARRIERS & FARMERS
44. AGRICULTURAL BARN (BUTCHERS!)
45. THE MALT HOUSE - MALTSTERS, LACEMAKER
46. COTTAGES
47. DEXTER'S (OR HART'S) YARD - BUILDERS, JOINERY
48. BUTLER'S COTTAGE BUTLER & FRENCH CHEF TO HALL
49. CARRIER'S COTTAGE
50. COBBLER
51. FRY'S FARM - TIMBERYARD, JOINERY & WHEELWRIGHT
52. BUNGALOW
53. LITTLE HOLDENBY
54. AGRICULTURAL COTTAGES FOR CONDUIT FARM
55. LAST POLICE HOUSE
56. SEAMSTRESS - BUILDER
57. CHAPEL
58. HEAD GARDENER & COOK, HALL SCHOOL
59. POLICE HOUSE
60. TEAROOM AND ANTIQUE SHOP
61. RED LION PUBLIC HOUSE & HOTEL
62. COTTAGES
63. HALL FARM COTTAGE
64. HALL FARM (DAIRY & MIXED FARMING)
65. WELL COTTAGE, COBBLER, DENE COTTAGE, TEAROOM
66. THE GABLES - NURSING HOME & DISPENSARY
67. BAKE HOUSE
68. WALCOTT HOUSE - BUILDER
69. COTTAGE
70. CHAUFFEUR FOR HALL, RIDING INSTRUCTOR TO HALL SCHOOL
71. LAUNDRY FOR HALL
72. STABLES & BOTHY FOR HALL
73. FIRE STATION
74. 'CO-OP'
75. DAME'S SCHOOL, DISPENSARY
76. HEAD GARDENER'S COTTAGE FOR HALL
77. POTTING SHED
78. SITE OF OLD VICARAGE
79. COTTAGE
80. COOPER'S EMPLOYEES' COTTAGE
81. BARN FOR STORING APPLES
82. BOTHY AND STABLES FOR PRIESTWELL HOUSE
APPLE ORCHARDS
THE PARK
PRIESTWELL HOUSE
KITCHEN GARDEN
THE HALL
CRICKET PITCH
THE JUNGLE
WILD GARDENS
FORTY POND
TOWN END CLOSE
THE VICARAGE
ORCHARDS
MAIN STREET
ST ANDREW'S CLOSE
POND
CHERRY ORCHARD
HOME CLOSE
ALLOTMENTS
CEMETERY
WELL CLOSE
SECOND RUSSELL
FIRST RUSSEL
PLAYING FIELD
THE BEACON CLOSES
MILL CLOSE
TIRE HILL
10 ACRE MEADOW