

LINDSAY TURNER (nee Butler)

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Life started for me in Damerham in 1951 when I was born to Mr. Edwin Butler and Mrs.

Molly Butler at the home of my uncle and aunt, Mr. Arthur and Mrs. Edith Jerrard at East



End Cottages. My sister was born in 1954. I remember clearly on the day she was born I had stayed with my grandparents at Crossways Cottage, and got up early with my father to milk the cows at Hill Farm. On returning for breakfast I was greeted with the news that I had a baby sister she was to be called Jane. Nurse Casey took me in to see mum and my new sister.

My earliest recollections are of living at Common Farm for 10 years. During these years we collected our drinking water from Mr. Bedford's watercress beds. Mr. Herbie Nicklen came to collect the grocery order each week on his bicycle to take back to the shop and the order prepared by Mr. Rideout who delivered the groceries later. Our neighbours besides Mr.

Bedford were Ivy and Bill Manston who lived at Ivydene and Fred and Granny Manston.

Outside toilets were a common sight in these days. Ours was under a laurel bush which creaked against the building in windy weather and could make you feel rather nervous together with the added worry of the creepy crawlies who shared the facilities along with the pigeons who liked to sit on the roof.

As a small child I spent many hours with my father working at Hill Farm helping plough the fields with Punch and Jolly the cart horses. I also rode on the cart when we were haymaking. At this time my father ran a dairy, milking the cows, bottling the milk and also delivering it to the local villages of Martin, Rockbourne and Damerham in a Morris van.

Whilst living at Common Farm I walked the Goesmere path to Damerham School with a neighbouring girl, Brenda Edworthy. My teacher at the time was Nellie Tiller and later Mrs. Wilding who was Head Teacher. Through school I met with Margaret Colbourne who at that time lived in the High Street together with her three older brothers. Margaret and I still to this day keep in touch with each other regularly.



In the afternoons my mother would walk with my sister Jane in the pram to meet me from school. Very often we would call at Mr. Josh Tiller's Post Office to pay bills and find out what else was happening in the village. We would then call on my grandparents, Mr. Arthur Jerrard and Mrs. Emily Jerrard at Crossways Cottage for a cup of tea before walking a mile back home.

When I was 7 whilst playing with my cousins who came to visit us regularly I had an accident. A fire place surround, which I was told not to touch, which Mr. Nelson Bush was going to fit the next day, fell on me and I was rushed to hospital and found to have broken several bones in my foot. As I was unable to attend school for a month due to the injury my father purchased our first black and white television.

When I was ten my sister Marcia was born. Just after her birth we moved to Hill Farm which used to be the home of my grandparents, Mr. Fred Butler and Mrs. Florence Butler. Gran and Granddad moved into one of the tied cottages a little way down the road so we still saw them daily.

Hill Farm was like the Ritz, with all mod cons, two flushing toilets, hot and cold water, office and garage for dad's car. We also had an

orchard. The Corona man called weekly to bring fizzy drinks for all visitors of which there were many. My aunt Dot and family visited twice weekly. Jeff Hooper, Gerald Dyer and Arty Lush were regular Sunday visitors. Arty Lush (known as Brusher) was the first person I can remember to have a brand new car, a green Morris Traveller.

At the age of 11 I started Burgate School, Fordingbridge. I used to have to ride my bicycle up to Crossways Cottage and caught the bus either at 'The Cart Shed' or the top of West Park Lane along with Dawn Jerrard, Margaret Colbourne, Veronica Baverstock,



Roger Penny, Carolyn Jerrard, Gary Jerrard and Violet Crocker.

During my teenage years the place to meet was the Bus Shelter or on the Compasses Wall. There was no youth club in Damerham so I used to go along to the Fordingbridge one.

Hill Farm was the meeting place for many people. One Good Friday I remember we had 26 people unexpectedly for tea, but this was often the case as Mum always had the teapot ready. As we had a lot of relations in the village I have many fond memories of family gatherings, Christmases, Easter etc., and often just to play games like cards. Granny Jerrard used to play the mouth-organ and granddad used to accompany her on the piano.

My overall recollections of my time at Damerham is one of happiness and also the fact that we were always surrounded by family and friends. My family moved away from Damerham when I was 17 but I return often to visit family and also events in the Village.