26 WEST PARK LANE

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BOB & CYNTHIA SMITH

Map Reference E3

where the end of the local league which is the highest position the club has been. The house dates back to the late fifties, we have lived here for 29 years and have enjoyed living here.

27 WEST PARK LANE

PEGGY & JOHN MCFARLANE

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Map Reference E3

 $B^{\text{oth retired. Peggy ex-office worker, John}_{\text{ex-carpenter.}}$

We moved into Number 27 in March 1987. Redundancy meant losing a tied cottage in Sopley. Regarding pets, we have two dogs, a Red-tailed hawk and a fluctuating number of ferrets. Our hobbies consist of gardening, falconry, angling, rabbiting and occasionally water-colour painting. Also, supporting the local pub! Peggy supports the WI.

I believe the bungalow was built around 1970. Nothing is known about the previous occupants. The bungalow is heaven as far as we are concerned and there is no chance of us moving. The only alteration we have made is to build a conservatory. The garden on the veg side is in beds to facilitate easy digging when we reach old age!

The village in my opinion seems to be split by the river, often in more ways than one but generally speaking it is comparable to any other village. Gossiping and twitching curtains - great, I love it. I think the real problems that will be encountered, unfortunately, are the youngsters having absolutely nothing for them to do, apart from sitting on the pub wall. When they marry, or whatever, there is no chance of them ever being able to buy or rent a property in the village - a real shame.

28 WEST PARK LANE

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FREDA, DAVID AND BARRY WATERMAN

Map Reference E3

part from a period of eight years, our A family have lived here all our lives. Since 1879 when my great granddad moved to Damerham from Rockbourne, at least six generations of our family (on my mother's side) have lived either here or in neighbouring villages. My mum, Freda, (Harebell Cottage, High Street), my brother David (Number 2 The Bungalow, West Park Drive) and myself, (the Limes, High Street), were all born in the village. We also at various times attended the village primary school. Just like my granddad (farm worker) and my late father (farmer and game keeper), I too (Barry) have also, so far, worked in the village all my life, coppicing the local hazel copse to make thatching spars.

Our house was built by the council around 1948. We moved here in 1981, when my father retired from work. Three years later, the property was bought by my parents thanks to the government's right to buy policy.

As we head into the new millennium, much of Damerham's rural way of life has changed, with fewer houses to rent for local people, even fewer rural jobs and village craftsmen, the village baker, cobbler, undertaker, postman and policeman gone and the watercress beds closed down. But all is not lost. We still have a post office, pub, church and chapels, school, football and cricket teams, a magnificent new village hall where many activities take place and a great community spirit within the village.

A poem written by my granddad, Reg Bailey, firmly expresses my family's view of this village. In a quiet Hampshire valley Where peace lies deep and sweet The old farm gate swings wide in state The country man to greet If just one wish were granted For ever and a day I'd whisper to the giver At Damerham let me stay.

29 WEST PARK LANE

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SYLVIA PENNY

Map Reference E3

From 1939 - 1950 my late husband, myself and family lived at Royal Cottage, South End, Damerham. Then moved to 30 West Park Lane after my husband returned from the War in 1945. We lived there for 47 years, and now live in the bungalow number 29 for the past 18 months.



31 WEST PARK LANE.

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KATHLEEN ELLSWOOD

Map Reference E3

Lapart from the village most of my life, apart from the war years. There were five children in our family, and only three still living, and I am the only one here. My brother worked in the watercress beds, and lived down the Common. He also played cricket, and his son, for Damerham.

We lived in an old house up the Street. It had two staircases one each end. After the war it was knocked down. Now it's a Car Park for the Methodist Church, also a bungalow built which was the P.O. My parents moved to a house at East-End which has been knocked down.



When we were growing up we knew everyone in the village, it's very different now. I do think the village needs something for the children and the young ones.