

# REG & MARJORIE BUDD



ANN CLEVEREY (NEE BUDD)

My parents were both born in 1906. My mother was born in Martin and at the age of 3 years moved to Damerham to the police house, then at East End, where her father was in the force and responsible for three villages. My Father moved to Damerham in his late teens and lived next door but one to each other and "love blossomed". They married in 1930 and lived in the High Street - I was born in 1936.

My parents moved to Greenclose in 1961/62 where my father continued to live until 1995 before moving to sheltered accommodation in Fordingbridge. He died, age 91 years and my mother 84 years and they enjoyed a very happy Golden Wedding in 1980.

My father served in the second world war in the Artillery. I have memories as a small child lying in bed with my mother and being frightened by the searchlights and my mother telling me they are Daddy's lights and all suddenly seemed safe. The war changed village life in many ways, more women went out to work, we had evacuees and lodgers, which was compulsory if you had the room and the householder was not in full time work. The iron railings to our house were taken down and sent to be melted down. In about 1943 several of my friends were playing outside our house when a man with a brief case came by,

we were a little frightened because we had been told not to talk to strangers, but he put his case down on the road and told us to gather around and put our hands together. He began to pray :- "God is our refuge, don't be afraid, he will be with you all through the raid. When the bombs drop and the danger is near, He will be with you till the all clear". It so impressed us that we continued to say that prayer until the war was over.

Most of the main water in Damerham was put in by POW's. American soldiers were billeted at West Park House (we enjoyed the chewing gum and candy) and they gave us wonderful Christmas parties (with fruit and food we had never seen before). We also had black Americans, that was a little frightening to us children, until they began to talk to us because we had only seen black people in story books. Damerham had its own Home Guard and before my father was called up he played a part in its setting up. At that time he was the proud owner of an AJS motorbike so he became a dispatch rider taking messages to Fordingbridge (real Dad's Army).

My father was a keen sportsman and played for Damerham football team in his early years and Damerham Cricket Club up until his body began to say enough is enough but he still went to the field to watch and tell old tales with his buddies. Of course in later years he relived his youth by watching his grandson play all through his school days and whenever they met up it was always football or cricket. A proud moment for him was when his grandson took him to a football match (his treat). I remember once embarrassing father when Damerham played Downton. Dad was hit just below the

heart, it was a fierce blow and knocked him to the ground. Without anymore ado I ran on to the middle of the field but was soon told to go back to my seat at once!



He played darts for The Compasses and was their captain - they were a formidable bunch! He went on to play in the News of The World Challenge Cup but was knocked out in the semi-finals but I believe it was a good night out with lots of supporters.



His garden was his pride and joy where he spent most of his spare time. He loved to share his produce and you seldom left without some beans, potatoes and strawberries. At apple picking time he would fill a small box and put it at the entrance to the Greenclose for the children to help themselves on their way to school. If you stayed very quiet behind the hedge you would hear little voices say "Thank you Mr Budd, thank you Mr Budd".

Mother was keen on amateur dramatics and her early years, before I was born, they called themselves The Damerham Players and were very ambitious attempting Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. After the war the players reformed giving a wide variety of entertainment and it was standing room only in the village hall on a Saturday night.



In about 1952 we had dances once a month in the village hall with The Cherries Dance Band, mother used to help with the refreshments and was always taken home at the end of the evening by taxi. I was allowed to go to these dances a little earlier than I might have been because she could "keep her eye on me".

At harvest the flower club could be seen decorating the church and went around to other churches at festival time. At harvest festival time mother was always there to help prepare the meal whether it was in the village hall or a farm barn. These were very happy enjoyable times for the whole village.

My life in the village was very happy and carefree, school with Miss Tiller as teacher was bliss she was kind, encouraging, making us aware of what was wrong and right and bullying was something that was never allowed to flourish. At age 11 years we went into Miss MacKenzie's class which was quite a shock,

how we longed for the days back with Miss Tiller - growing up can be so hard! At age 16 years I went to Salisbury College to study a pre-nursing course. I had always wanted to be a nurse from an early age and my dollies and teddies were full of pin pricks and bandages. I passed my SRN in 1956; my nursing training for me was a special time it was all I could have hoped for.

At age 11 we could join the Girl Guides this was held at North End at the home of Dr and Mrs Brown. Mrs Brown was our Guider; she devoted so much time and energy to us all. Our HQ was up at the old nursery where we loved to ride a wonderful rocking horse. We camped many times at Gussage All Saints and thought this very exciting, especially when village boys raided our camp and we had to flee to Mrs Brown's tent in our nightclothes. Our parents would visit us on Saturday and we cooked them 'high tea'. I have wonderful memories singing around the camp fire - midnight feasts that started at 10pm because we could not wait any longer. Dampers which were a must and are made of flower and water mixed into a paste wrapped around a clean stick and cooked on the fire. Filled with jam we thought they were wonderful. I expect if we had to eat them at home it would have been a very different matter.

Our days were spent playing in the meadow and watercress beds and cycling many miles. Every Thursday we waited for the Beano and Sunny Stories to arrive I am glad we didn't have TV.

I was Flower Show Queen at Damerham's 30th Annual Horticultural Show in July 1955 with 2

attendants, Miss Shirley Murphy of Rockbourne and Miss Nina Lockyer from Whitsbury. My parents were married in St George's Church, Damerham and are both buried there. I was christened, married and confirmed there and both my children were christened there; my mother and I also sang in the choir.

When you are asked to write about people with such long lives it is difficult to know what to put in and what to leave out! - I hope this gives a thumb nail sketch of those times.

## ROY MURPHY REMEMBERS



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My grandfather Walter Curtis became licensee of the Compasses Hotel in 1898. My mother Dorothy Curtis went to Damerham School, later married and lived in Sussex. Walter Curtis died in 1927, his daughter Winifred married Mont Hockey and he became the licensee of the Compasses. I came from Sussex in 1930 at the age of nine, and went to live with them at the Compasses, they had one son John Hockey, who was the same age as me.

My Uncle Mont also had a small farm in the yard behind the pub, but it is now sadly in a derelict state. There are trees growing inside the old barn. There was a horse trough in the car park, it was my job to pump the water into it every day. There were outbuildings in the car park, the horse stable is now a garage. In the old Carthouse, Macky Witt and Jimmy Jerrard had a cider press and made cider to sell in the pub. My Uncle Mont rented a field at Cornpits from Mr Arthur Lush who lived at Manor Farm. John Hockey and I had to take turns everyday to go down to Cornpits and bring the cows back for milking. When we got to the bridge by the crossroads we had to drive them through the water to drink.

I can remember all the men who used to go to the pub for a pint, Marc Tiller, the Cobbler, John Baily, Joe Baverstock, Edgar Giles, Harry Bush the Carpenter. There was an old man

whose name was David Vallenge, we called him Old Davy, he lived in an old shepherd's hut owned by Mr Hibbert who kept Lower Allenford Farm. The hut was situated on an old farm track which led off the road to Cranborne at the junction of the Bouldsbury Farm road. He drew his old age pension which was ten shillings a week. He had an old sack bag which he took to Dan Palmer's the Baker, bought seven loaves of bread enough for the week, put them in the sack bag, then went to the Compasses for a few pints. He had an old dog with him, after a few pints he would then go back to his shepherd's hut. He was a real character.

Damerham show was a real thing in those days, a big Fun Fair, bowling for the Pig. A carthorse race once around the Cricket field for a ten shilling prize. All the old farmers riding their horses, it was a lot of fun.

I liked going round to Mr Roger's bakery which was next door to the Compasses, Percy Budd used to mix the dough by hand, it was lovely bread and he would let me have a go at mixing the dough. Reg Budd, Percy's brother I knew very well, also Herby Nicklen, he worked for Mr Rogers. Old Edwin Percy he was the Blacksmith, when he got too old, Charlie Percy his son took over. John and I loved to see him shoeing the young Colts for the first time, it took three men to hold them. John and I had to give a hand haymaking, we had to pitch the hay with a fork from the farm carts on to the men making the hayricks.

An old man called Fred Blake he lived next door to the Blacksmith's shop. He and another old man lived down Cornpits. His name was

Mr Tiller, all of us lads called him Tiff, Tiff and Fred would help with the haymaking, Tiff was also umpire at the cricket matches.

I went to Damerham School, Miss Barnes was the teacher a very lovely lady. To name a few of the boys, Cyril Hooper, John Young, Ted Butler, Gerald Jerrard, Ray Coombs, Ralph Colbourne, George Stainer. The girls, Freda Tiller, Molly, Phyllis, and Barbara Jerrard.

I left school when I was fourteen and went back to Sussex. I came back to Damerham when the war broke out. My Mother and brothers and sisters, stayed at Uncle Bill's at Stapleton Farm, and I stayed at the Compasses again, until Mother rented a cottage at Brickhill near the Brickyard at Sandleheath.



Before going into the army in 1941 at the age of nineteen, I was a member of Damerham Home Guard, talk about Dad's Army, we used to go to the rifle range for practising, Old Mr Rumbold the farmer up the High Street could

not close one eye, so they used to tie a bandage over his eye, what a laugh. I went into the army in 1941, I did four months training, then went to Egypt. As a point of interest I was in No 1 Army Hospital where I was recuperating, I was sitting on a seat at the front of the Hospital, an R. A. F. lorry pulled up and out jumped Jack Baverstock, our meeting was in Cairo. The rest is another story. I now live in Swansea, and I come home as often as possible, and never miss going to Damerham.