

QUEEN'S SILVER JUBILEE



HAYWARD

In 1977, the Queen's Silver Jubilee year, Damerham staged a carnival/pageant. I am sure it will have been written about already. There was a parade of floats through the village, and stands, stalls and games on the recreation ground, and a big barbecue for everyone in the evening.

Knoll Farm's entry for the parade was a replica of Concorde, at the time a state of the art aircraft, viewed with much national pride, which it is still.



The Concorde, which was about ten feet long, was made up in the farm workshop with old oil drums for the fuselage, a cone-shaped piece of metal for the famous "droop snoot" and plywood wings. It was painted in British

Airways colours, and mounted on top of a tractor cab. John Attle drove it down to the village to join the parade. We all thought it was amazing, but we didn't win! I think it was South Allenford's entry with all the Shepherd family who won, with a portrayal of Laurie Lee's Cider with Rosie.

I really feel I must write a few lines about Reverend George Moule who was vicar of Damerham when I first came here. In his pre-BMW days - I am sure he was the first person to own a BMW in Damerham, most people had never seen one around here! - George visited his parishioners on a push-bike. He was the most delightful and courteous man, a real gentleman. Also a confirmed bachelor and a little nervous of women. I am sure he wouldn't mind me telling the following story. One very hot summer day, my mother and I were sunbathing in the garden, A peaceful hour before collecting the children from school. Our garden was fairly secluded and therefore we were scantily clad! There was a long border of flowers running down one side of the garden, parallel with the lane. Suddenly with no warning George Moule burst through the delphiniums and landed almost at our feet. Imagine his embarrassment! He was extremely confused, mumbled an apology, and disappeared the way he had come. Apparently he had been knocking on the door to no avail, but as he was leaving on his bike heard our voices, so decided to clamber through the flowerbed. He wouldn't stay for a cup of tea, but instead went to see my mother-in-law at the house. I am sure she calmed him down with a good brew and a large slice of her chocolate cake.

If I were asked to nominate someone of the village as PERSONALITY MOST RESPECTED or whatever title might be chosen, I would nominate without hesitation Monty Palmer. As we all knew, he and his late wife Joyce ran the village Bakery, together with small shop, for many many years. Every day he baked the bread very early in the morning and come rain or shine delivered it to the villagers in his white van. Always cheerful and helpful, he came up to Knoll three times a week without fail. Our children would await his arrival with their pennies for sweets, with cries of "Mr. Palmer! Mr Palmer's here!". He's our Number One.