

THE OLD CARRIER WOULD TRUNDLE ALONG THE WINDING LANES, GETTING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY EACH MILE, BUT AS GRIMSBY DREW NEARER AND NEARER WE WOULD ALL PERK UP AND BEGIN TO WONDER WHAT THE GARDEN WOULD LOOK LIKE AFTER A MONTH AWAY AND WE LOOKED FORWARD TO SEEING OUR SCHOOL FRIENDS—AGAIN TOO ALSO AUNTIES AND UNCLAS AND GRANDPARENTS WE HADNT SEEN FOR SOMETIME. IT WOULD BE EXCITING TO GET OUR BIKES OUT AGAIN AND RIDE AROUND THE BUSY STREETS. AFTER THE DDLE IT ALL ^{WOULD} SEEM VERY NOISY AND THE GARDEN WOULD BE STRANGE AND OVERGROWN AND THE APPLE TREE LADEN WITH FRUIT.

JANIE AND MOTHER WOULD 'FLY ROUND' GETTING A MEAL WHICH WAS USUALLY "FISH AND CHIPS FROM THE SHOP" IN HENEAGE ROAD—MY LITTLEST SIST ADORED 'SHOP' FISH AND CHIPS AND A BIG SMILE WOULD COME ON HER LITTLE ROUND FACE AS THE BIG PARCEL OF STEAMING CHIPS AND FISH WOULD BE SERVED OUT, PERFECTLY COOKED AS ONLY GRIMSBY FISH AND CHIP SHOPS CAN DO!

AFTER A GOOD 'TUCK IN' WE WOULD DASH OUT TO SEE ALL OUR FRIENDS AND RELATIONS AND SETTLE DOWN FOR ANOTHER YEAR OF 'TOWN LIFE' AGAIN.

THE END!

W. Colborne 1967



Theddle

By ONE OF THE 'COLMILL' GANG

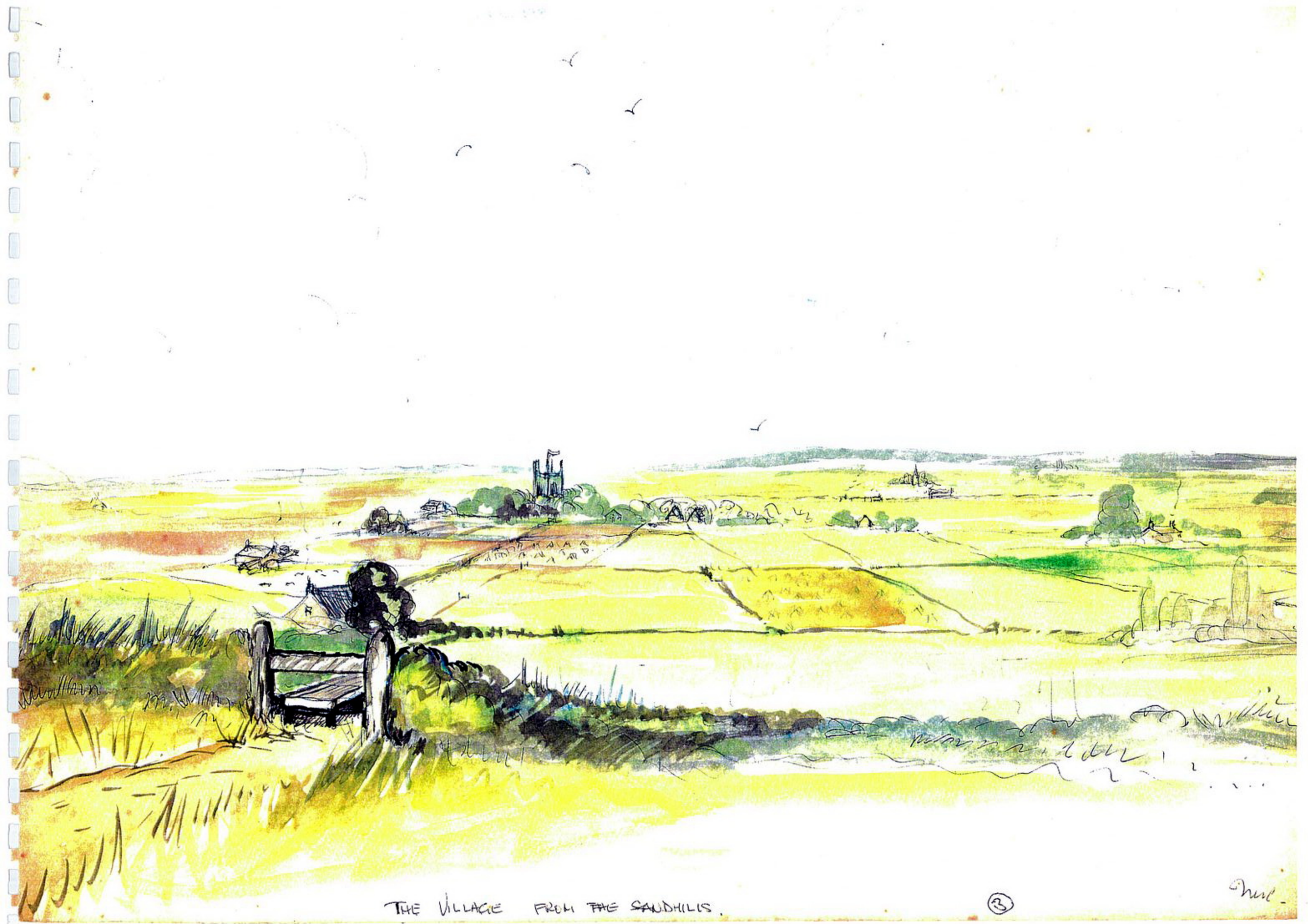
A JOURNAL OF OUR HAPPY CHILDHOOD HOLIDAYS, FROM 1921
TO 1933, AT OUR BELOVED THEDDLETHORPE, A TINY QUIET PLACE OF
BROAD BEACHES OF WHITE SAND AND WILD, WILD, SANDHILLS, WHICH
WAS OUR PARADISE FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST EVERY YEAR, WHERE

WE ROAMED TO OUR HEART'S CONTENT, OF GAMES WE PLAYED
AND MANY EVENTS IN THE TWELVE YEARS OF HAPPY-GO-LUCKY
TIMES IN THE RED BUNGALOW AND LATER IN THE MUCH LOVED
VICTORIA BUNGALOW — OF WONDERFUL UNDERSTANDING PARENTS
AND AUNTIES AND UNCLAS, OF COUSINS BY THE SCORE AND ALSO THE
MANY FRIENDS WHO LATER FOUND OUR 'DELECTABLE' HOLIDAY COUNTRY..

THIS IS FOR MY CHILDREN, WHO HAVE ALWAYS LOVED
THE STORIES OF 'THEDDLE' WHEN "I WAS A LITTLE GIRL".

Fannie Urquhart Osborne 1966-7





THE VILLAGE FROM THE SANDHILLS.

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W. H. M.

FIRST YEARS

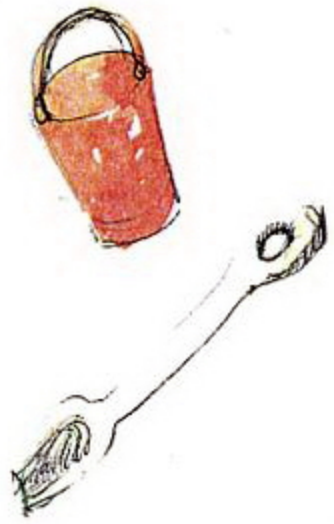
OUR FIRST VISIT TO THEDDLETHORPE WAS IN 1921, I WOULD BE ABOUT FIVE YEARS OLD AND SHEILA, MY BABY SISTER ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

I CAN REMEMBER GOING ON A TRAIN WITH MOTHER, DADDY, AUNTIE LOTTIE AND UNCLE ALFRED AND MY THREE COUSINS, JOHN JIMMIE & TONY COLLINSON.

IT WAS A LOVELY SUNNY DAY AND ALTHOUGH IT WAS ONLY 37 MILES TO OUR DESTINATION, IT SEEMED A VERY LONG JOURNEY TO ME. I CAN EVEN REMEMBER WHAT ~~WE~~ I WORE TOO - A LITTLE BONNET SHAPED 'CHIP' STRAW HAT IN NAVY AND CREAM PLAITED STRAW WITH A LARGE NAVY BLUE SATIN BOW AT THE FRONT AND A WHITE MAGYAR TYPE OF DRESS AND BLUE COAT. SHEILA WAS A PRETTY, VERY FAIR BABY, IN A WHITE EMBROIDERY BONNET WITH A LACE FRILLED EDGE AND A LOVELY LITTLE WHITE COAT, UNDER WHICH WAS A WHITE EMBROIDERY DRESS AND LACE PETTICOATE - HER TINY FEET IN WHITE KID BOOTS



AND PURE SILK WHITE OR CREAM SECKS - SHE LOOKED BEAUTIFUL WITH HER HUGE BLUE EYES + SOFT GOLD HAIR AND ROSE PETAL SKIN AS SHE SAT ON MOTHER'S LAP.



WE EVENTUALLY ARRIVED AT A LITTLE COUNTRY STATION AND WERE MET BY A TALL THIN INDIVIDUAL IN A CLOTH CAP AND LONG DRAB COAT, HE HAD GLOOMY DARK EYES AND A DROOPY WALRUS MOUSTACHE HE ESCORTED US OUT OF THE STATION AND HELPED US ALL INTO HIS HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE, A GREAT THRILL TO WE CHILDREN. I WAS VERY IMPRESSED BY THIS CONVEYANCE AND SO WERE MY COUSINS, ESPECIALLY AS MR TAYLOR (THE GLOOMY MAN) HAD A LONG WHIP, WHICH FITTED INTO A SOCKET BESIDE HIM, AS HE SAT ON THE BOX.

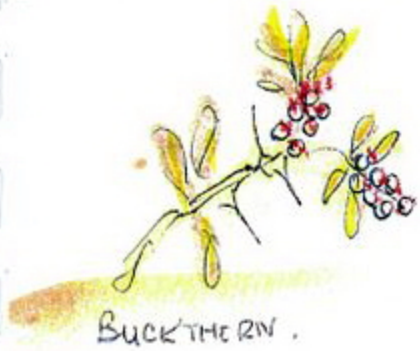


'Owd' Taylor

THE CLIP-CLOP OF THE HORSES' HOoves WAS VERY PLEASANT TO OUR EARS AND TO OUR DELIGHT WE HAD TO GO QUITE A LONG WAY FROM THE ~~STATION~~, WHICH WAS AT THE DDLETHORPE ALL SAINTS, THROUGH THE DDLETHORPE ST HELENS AND THEN UP THE SEA ROAD TO THE SAND HILLS, WHERE A LADY AND GENTLEMAN WERE WAITING TO SHOW US ROUND THE FIRST BUNGALOW WE STAYED AT - NAMELY THE RED BUNGALOW - BECAUSE OF COURSE, IT WAS PAINTED RED!



THE WHIP.



THE BUNGALOW WAS OWNED BY MR AND MRS WHITWORTH WHO LIVED AT THE 'OLD HALL' THEDDLETHORPE AND WE STAYED THERE FOR TWO SUMMERS. IT WAS PLEASANTLY SITUATED ON A SAND HILL, OVERLOOKING THE SEA AND WAS SURROUNDED BY LONG GRASS AND BRAMBLE BUSHES AND A CURIOUS GREY LEAFED BUSH CALLED BUCKTHORNE.

THERE WAS A PUMP WHICH WAS VERY INTERESTING, TO WE 'TOWN' CHILDREN, ESPECIALLY AS IT PUMPED UP (AFTER A VERY LONG TIME) A STREAM OF WHITE WATER, WHICH HAD TO BE TREATED BEFORE USE, IN A LARGE STONE ARRANGEMENT CALLED A FILTER, EVEN THEN IT DIDN'T TASTE VERY NICE, BUT WE SOON GOT USED TO IT, ESPECIALLY AS MOTHER AND AUNTIE MADE LOVELY LEMONADE WITH EIFFLE TOWER LEMONADE CRYSTALS TO DISGUISE THE TASTE!

THE FIRST TWO YEARS ARE RATHER HAZY NOW, EXCEPT FOR A FEW OUTSTANDING INCIDENTS, THERE WERE VERY HAPPY TIMES AS WELL AS SOME FRIGHTENING AND BAD EVENTS, BUT BEFORE I GO



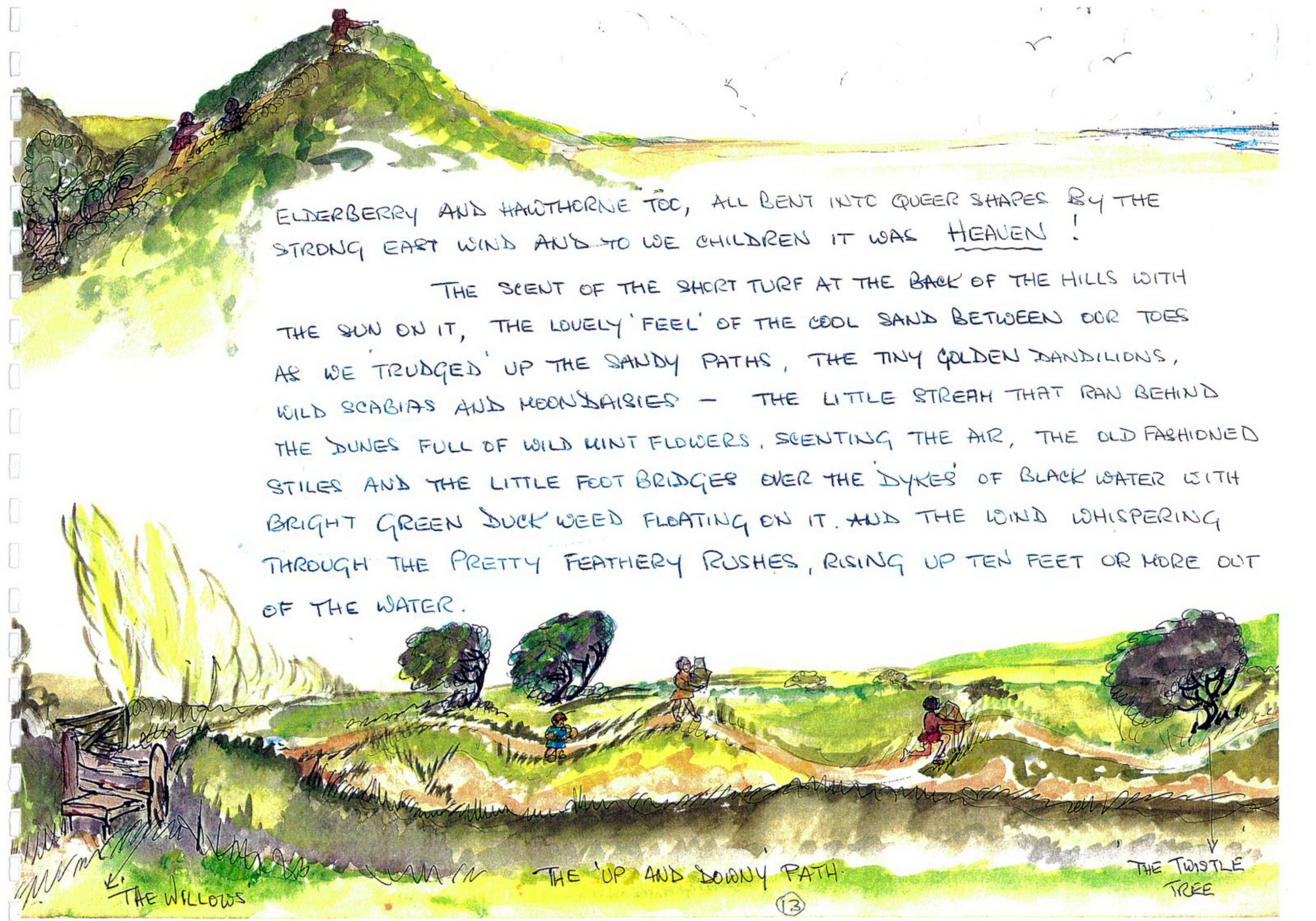
ANY FURTHER, I WILL TRY TO TELL YOU ABOUT THIS TINY WINDSWEEP BIT OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE COAST BETWEEN SALT FLEET AND HABLETHORPE IN THOSE EARLY YEARS BEFORE THE MOTOR CAR AND CARAVAN SITES SPOILED THE COASTLINE OF BRITAIN — !

THE SANDHILLS WERE NOT VERY HIGH AND WERE COVERED BY A TYPE OF SWORD GRASS ON THE 'BEACH' SIDE, (IT WAS VERY SHARP TOO AND IF A MISGUIDED PERSON PULLED A BLADE, A NASTY CUT FINGER WAS THE RESULT.) MOST OF THE HILLS WERE COVERED BY A PROLIFIC GROWTH OF BRAMBLES TOO, WHICH ~~Y~~ YIELDED A DELICIOUS BLUE BLACK BERRY WITH A PLEASANT 'TANG' — THE CORRECT NAME IS DEWBERRY, I THINK, BUT THE VILLAGE PEOPLE CALLED THEM 'BRAYNBERR' (OR SOMETHING THAT SOUNDED LIKE THAT). WE GATHERED THEM FOR MOTHER AND AUNTIE AND MANY A LOVELY PIE OR SUMMER PUDDING WE HAD, SOMETIMES MIXED WITH GOOSEBERRIES, WHICH ALSO GREW WILD IN THE HILLS. THERE WERE LOW STUNTED BUSHES OF



"SUMMER PUDDING"





ELDERBERRY AND HAWTHORNE TOO, ALL BENT INTO QUEER SHAPES BY THE STRONG EAST WIND AND TO WE CHILDREN IT WAS HEAVEN!

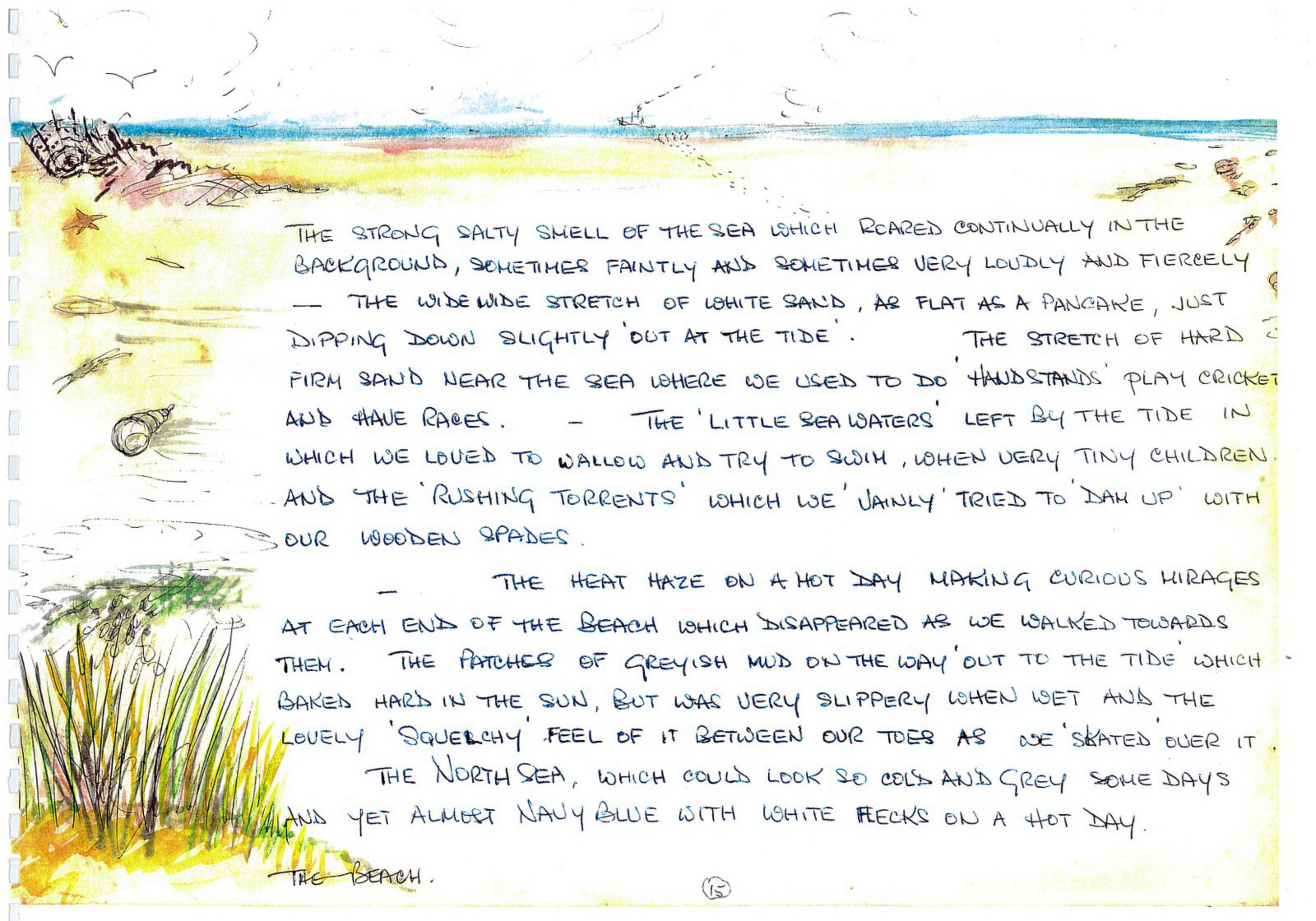
THE SCENT OF THE SHORT TURF AT THE BACK OF THE HILLS WITH THE SUN ON IT, THE LOVELY 'FEEL' OF THE COOL SAND BETWEEN OUR TOES AS WE 'TRUDGED' UP THE SANDY PATHS, THE TINY GOLDEN DANDILIONS, WILD SCABIAS AND MOONSAISIES - THE LITTLE STREAM THAT RAN BEHIND THE DUNES FULL OF WILD MINT FLOWERS, SCENTING THE AIR, THE OLD FASHIONED STILES AND THE LITTLE FOOT BRIDGES OVER THE 'DYKES' OF BLACK WATER WITH BRIGHT GREEN DUCK WEED FLOATING ON IT. AND THE WIND WHISPERING THROUGH THE PRETTY FEATHERY RUSHES, RISING UP TEN FEET OR MORE OUT OF THE WATER.

THE WILLOWS

THE 'UP AND DOWNY' PATH.

(13)

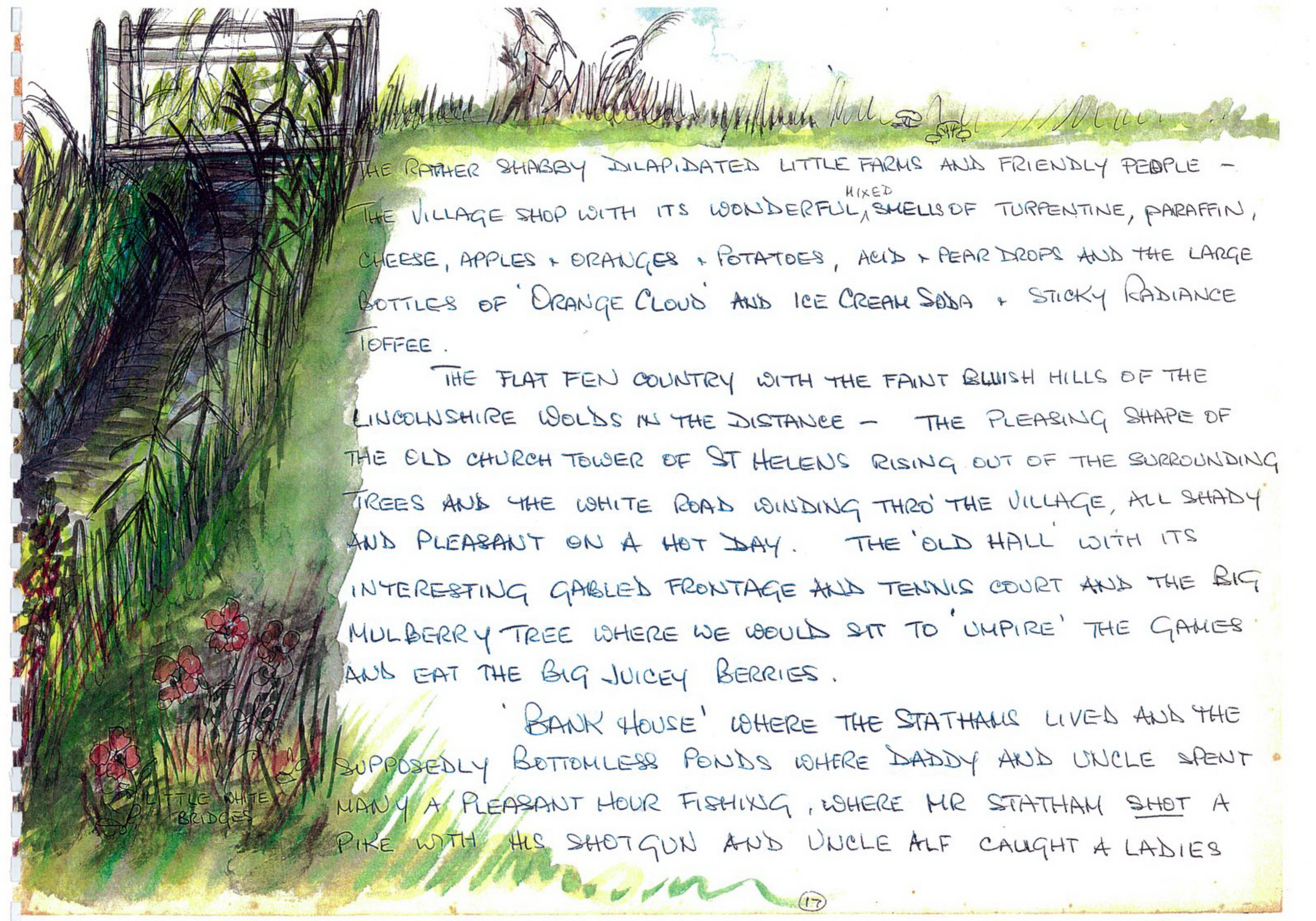
THE TWISTLE TREE



THE STRONG SALTY SMELL OF THE SEA WHICH ROARED CONTINUALLY IN THE BACKGROUND, SOMETIMES FAINTLY AND SOMETIMES VERY LOUDLY AND FIERCELY — THE WIDE WIDE STRETCH OF WHITE SAND, AS FLAT AS A PANCAKE, JUST DIPPING DOWN SLIGHTLY 'OUT AT THE TIDE'. THE STRETCH OF HARD FIRM SAND NEAR THE SEA WHERE WE USED TO DO 'HANDSTANDS' PLAY CRICKET AND HAVE RACES. — THE 'LITTLE SEA WATERS' LEFT BY THE TIDE IN WHICH WE LOVED TO WALLOW AND TRY TO SWIM, WHEN VERY TINY CHILDREN AND THE 'RUSHING TORRENTS' WHICH WE 'VAINLY' TRIED TO 'DAM UP' WITH OUR WOODEN SPADES.

— THE HEAT HAZE ON A HOT DAY MAKING CURIOUS MIRAGES AT EACH END OF THE BEACH WHICH DISAPPEARED AS WE WALKED TOWARDS THEM. THE PATCHES OF GREYISH MUD ON THE WAY 'OUT TO THE TIDE' WHICH BAKED HARD IN THE SUN, BUT WAS VERY SLIPPERY WHEN WET AND THE LOVELY 'SQUERCHY' FEEL OF IT BETWEEN OUR TOES AS WE 'SKATED' OVER IT. THE NORTH SEA, WHICH COULD LOOK SO COLD AND GREY SOME DAYS AND YET ALMOST NAVY BLUE WITH WHITE FECKS ON A HOT DAY.

THE BEACH.




THE RATHER SHABBY DILAPIDATED LITTLE FARMS AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE -
THE VILLAGE SHOP WITH ITS WONDERFUL ^{MIXED} SMELLS OF TURPENTINE, PARAFFIN,
CHEESE, APPLES + ORANGES + POTATOES, ACID + PEAR DROPS AND THE LARGE
BOTTLES OF 'ORANGE CLOUD' AND ICE CREAM SODA + STICKY RADIANCE
TOFFEE.

THE FLAT FEN COUNTRY WITH THE FAINT BLuish HILLS OF THE
LINCOLNSHIRE WOLDS IN THE DISTANCE - THE PLEASING SHAPE OF
THE OLD CHURCH TOWER OF ST HELENS RISING OUT OF THE SURROUNDING
TREES AND THE WHITE ROAD WINDING THRO' THE VILLAGE, ALL SHADY
AND PLEASANT ON A HOT DAY. THE 'OLD HALL' WITH ITS
INTERESTING GABLED FRONTAGE AND TENNIS COURT AND THE BIG
MULBERRY TREE WHERE WE WOULD SIT TO 'UMPIRE' THE GAMES
AND EAT THE BIG JUICEY BERRIES.

'BANK HOUSE' WHERE THE STATHAMS LIVED AND THE
SUPPOSEDLY BOTTOMLESS PONDS WHERE DADDY AND UNCLE SPENT
MANY A PLEASANT HOUR FISHING, WHERE MR STATHAM SHOT A
PIKE WITH HIS SHOTGUN AND UNCLE ALF CAUGHT A LADIES



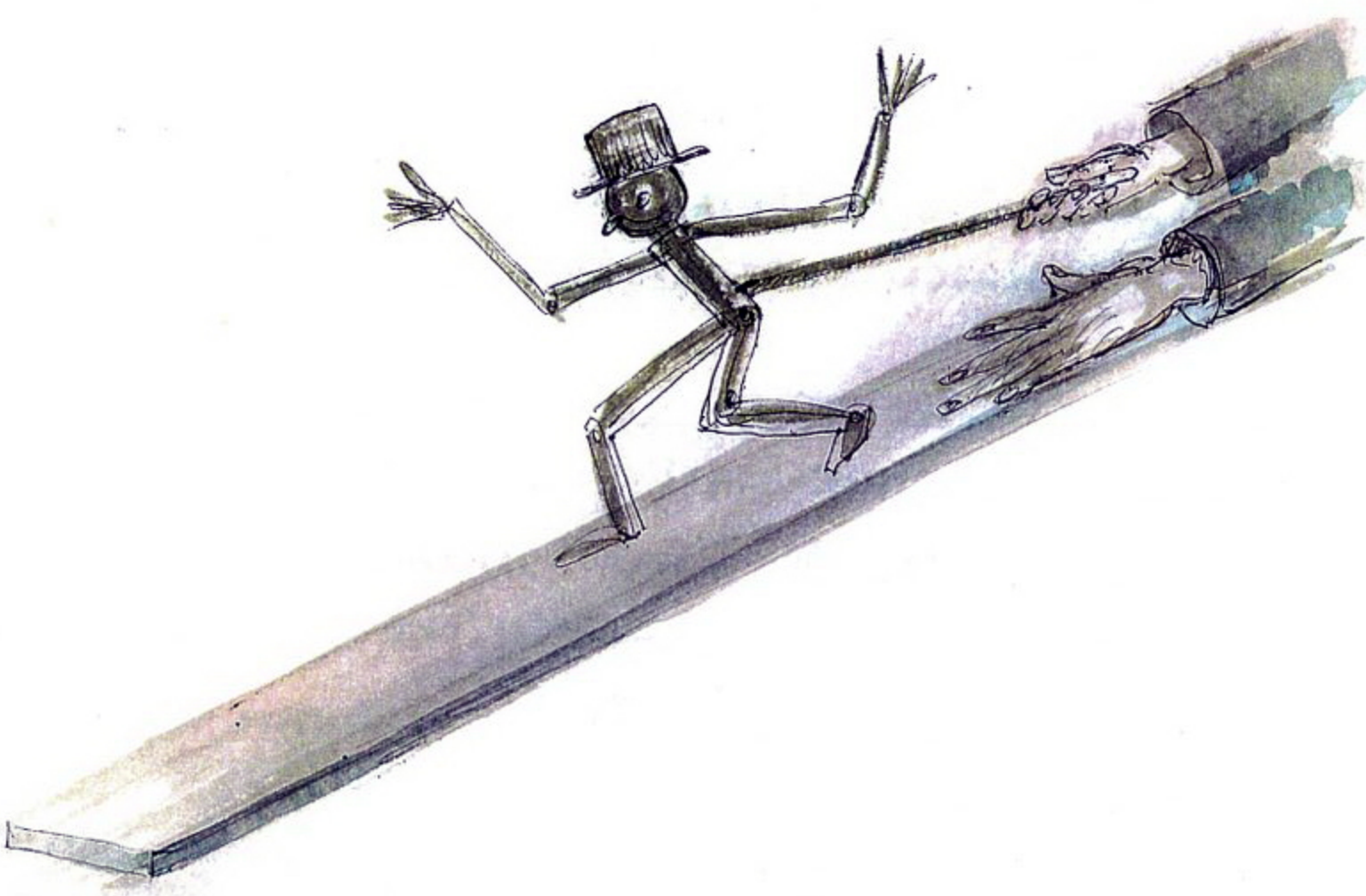


BICYCLE AND CAST HIS LINE AGAIN TO FIND THE LADY! 'PARRISHES' FARM WHERE WE WENT FOR PEAS AND POTATOES, 'PHILIP'S' FARM WHERE WE WENT FOR THE MILK AND THE 'TEN ACRE' WHERE UNCLE AND DADDY WENT MUSHROOMING EARLY MOST MORNINGS, COMING BACK WITH A LOVELY BASKFULL WHICH WE HAD, FRIED, WITH BACON FOR BREAKFAST - OH THE BLISS!!!

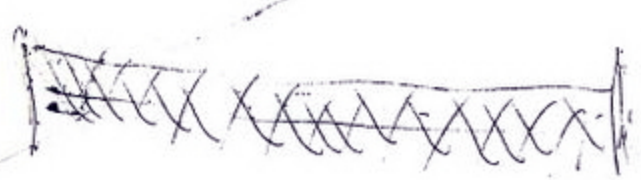
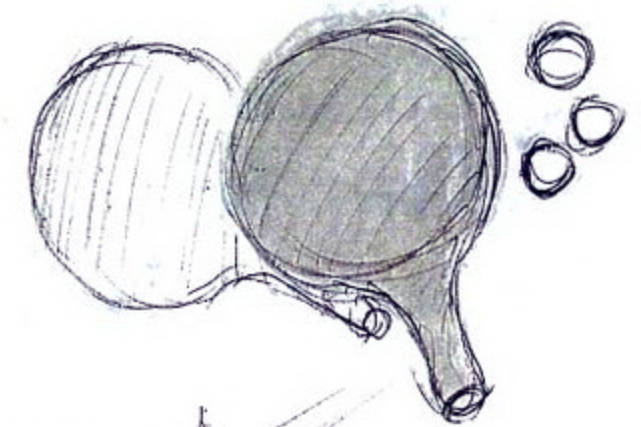
THE SUDDEN AND VIOLENT THUNDERSTORMS WHICH ECHOED ROUND AND ROUND, RUMBLING AND GROWLING AND THE RAIN 'PITTER PATTERING' ON THE RED CORRUGATED IRON ROOF OF THE BUNGALOW, EVER INCREASING IN NOISE UNTIL WE WERE NEARLY DEAFENED, EVEN THE LEAKY PARTS OF THE ROOF WHICH WE HAD TO PLUG UP WITH SOAKED NEWSPAPER - ALL THAT WAS PART OF THE DIDDLE!

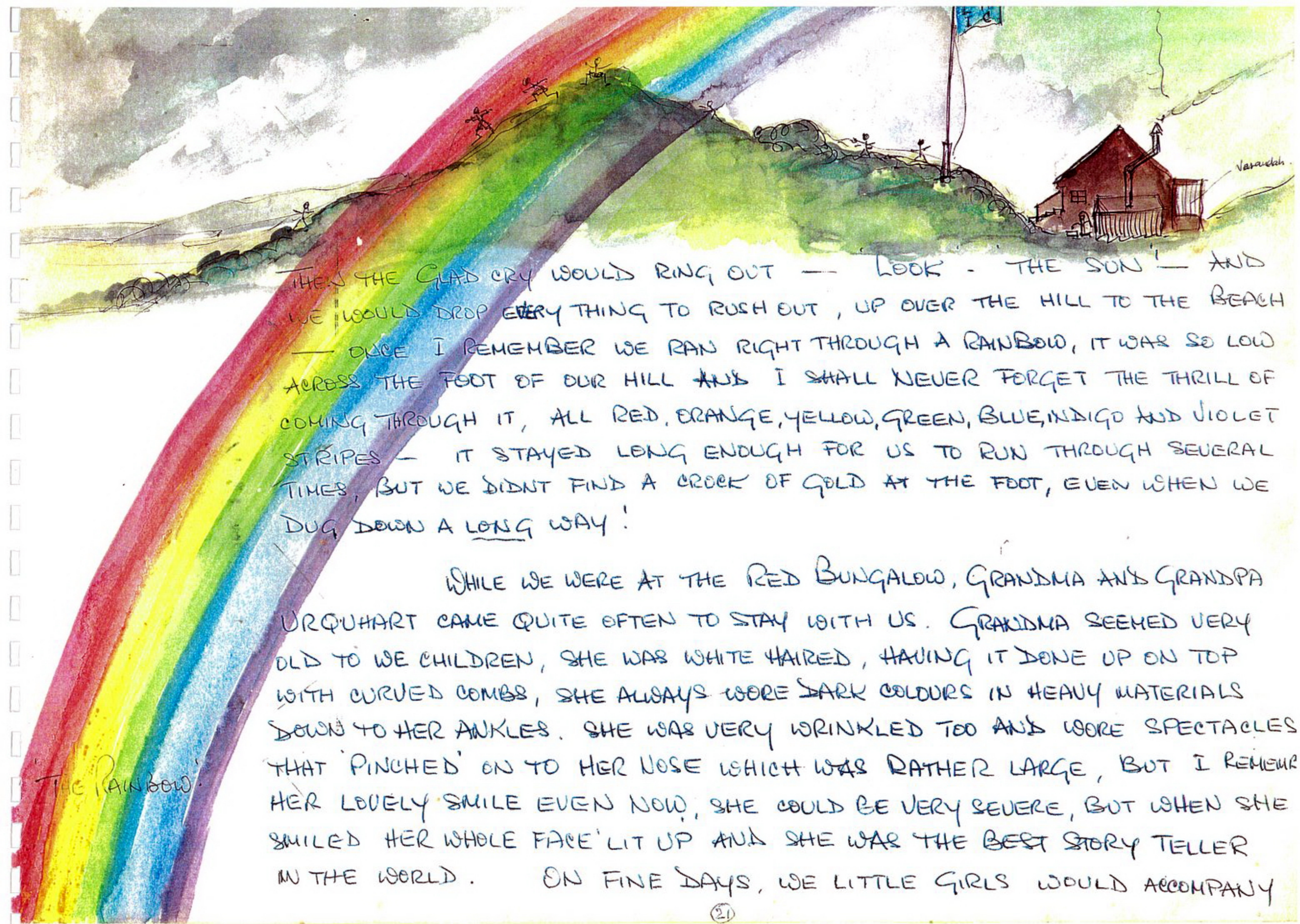
AS A LITTLE GIRL, I TOOK ALL THIS RATHER FOR GRANTED I SUPPOSE, BUT ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE, UNTIL I GRADUALLY GREW AWARE OF THE QUIET BEAUTY OF THE PLACE, MY MIND IS FULL OF PICTURES OF THOSE LEVELY DAYS, NOT ALWAYS THE SUNNY ONES THOUGH THERE WERE DAYS OF MIST AND RAIN AND WIND HOWLING AROUND, WHEN WE HAD TO STAY IN THE BUNGALOW, BUT EVEN THOSE DAYS WERE PLEASANT AS UNCLE WHO WAS A TEACHER, ALWAYS HAD LOTS OF LOVELY THINGS TO DO, COLOURED PAPER TO CUT UP AND GAMES WITH PENCIL AND PAPER AND A WONDERFUL LITTLE MAN MADE OF WOOD WHO DANCED ON A BOARD WHICH WAS MANIPULATED BY HAND, TABLE TENNIS + WHEN WE WERE OLDER, CARDS - !

THE SUDDEN AND VIOLENT THUNDERSTORMS!



'A WONDERFUL LITTLE WOODEN MAN WHO DANCED ON
A BOARD'.





THEN THE GLAD CRY WOULD RING OUT — LOOK — THE SUN! — AND WE WOULD DROP EVERY THING TO RUSH OUT, UP OVER THE HILL TO THE BEACH — ONCE I REMEMBER WE RAN RIGHT THROUGH A RAINBOW, IT WAS SO LOW ACROSS THE FOOT OF OUR HILL AND I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE THRILL OF COMING THROUGH IT, ALL RED, ORANGE, YELLOW, GREEN, BLUE, INDIGO AND VIOLET STRIPES — IT STAYED LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO RUN THROUGH SEVERAL TIMES, BUT WE DIDNT FIND A CROCK OF GOLD AT THE FOOT, EVEN WHEN WE DUG DOWN A LONG WAY!

WHILE WE WERE AT THE RED BUNGALOW, GRANDMA AND GRANDPA URQUHART CAME QUITE OFTEN TO STAY WITH US. GRANDMA SEEMED VERY OLD TO WE CHILDREN, SHE WAS WHITE HAIRD, HAVING IT DONE UP ON TOP WITH CURVED COMBS, SHE ALWAYS WORE DARK COLOURS IN HEAVY MATERIALS DOWN TO HER ANKLES. SHE WAS VERY WRINKLED TOO AND WORE SPECTACLES THAT 'PINCHED' ON TO HER NOSE WHICH WAS RATHER LARGE, BUT I REMEMBER HER LOVELY SMILE EVEN NOW, SHE COULD BE VERY SEVERE, BUT WHEN SHE SMILED HER WHOLE FACE 'LIT UP' AND SHE WAS THE BEST STORY TELLER IN THE WORLD. ON FINE DAYS, WE LITTLE GIRLS WOULD ACCOMPANY

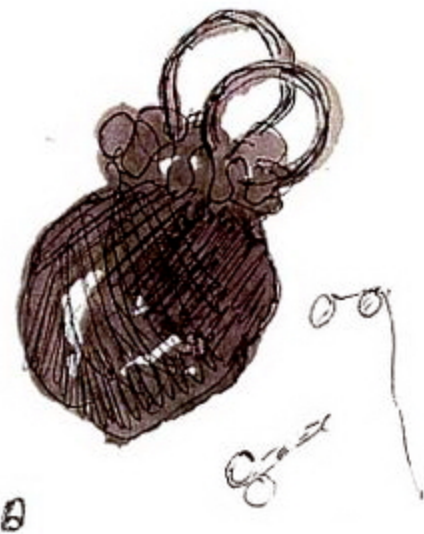
The Rainbow



GRANDMA AND GRANDPA LOVED THEDDLE.

WE WOULD FIND GRANDMA A 'NEST' IN THE SANDHILLS!

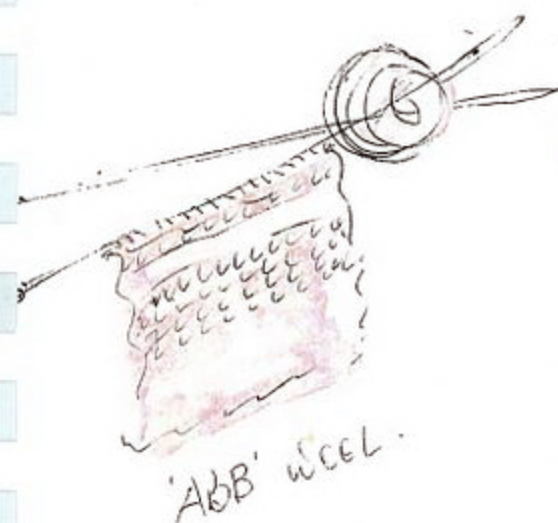
HER DOWN TO THE BEACH CARRYING HER KNITTING, HER RUG AND A MYSTERIOUS BLACK VELVET BAG WHICH USUALLY HUNG ON HER WRIST — FROM IT SHE COULD PRODUCE ALMOST ANYTHING — PEPPERMINTS, TOFFEES — CLEAN HANKIES, ENOUGH SWEETS! LITTLE SCISSORS HER SILVER THIMBLE + HER SPARE 'SPECS' ETC: -



WE WOULD FIND HER A 'NEST' IN THE LONG GRASS (USUALLY ON A LITTLE HILL WHERE SHE COULD WATCH EVERYONE AND SEE THE SEA. WE WOULD SIT BESIDE HER, CUDDLED UP IN HER SHAWL AND SHE GAVE US SWEETIES AND TOLD US STORIES ABOUT 'WHEN SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL' UP IN PETERHEAD IN SCOTLAND, SEVENTY YEARS BEFORE AND HOW SHE AND HER SISTERS WOULD BATHE ON WARM DAYS IN A HOLLOW IN THE ROCKS, THEY CALLED THE 'ROON'S' POT. SHE LOVED THEDDLE, SO QUIET, SERENE AND GOLDEN, UNDER THE AUGUST SUN AND WAS QUITE CONTENT TO JUST SIT AND DOZE OR KNIT AND WATCH US ALL PLAYING WITH THE SAND.

GRANDPA URQUHART THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THEDDLE TOO, HE WOULD COME DOWN RESPLENDENT IN UNCLE JIMMIE'S CAMBRIDGE BLAZER WHICH WAS WHITE WITH BROAD PINK STRIPES EDGED WITH DARK BLUE, UNCLE HAD BEEN KILLED IN THE 1914 WAR, AND GRANDPA PROUDLY WORE IT, ALSO A PAIR OF RATHER BATTERED BINOCULARS, WHICH ALSO HAD BELONGED TO UNCLE.

GRANDPA WAS A RATHER SHORT, THICK SET, HANDSOME OLD MAN WITH A HIGH CHEEK BONES, HAWK NOSED FACE AND KIND BLUE EYES, HE HAD A WHITE MOUSTACHE AND CURLY WHITE HAIR, A FORTHRIGHT MANNER AND WAS LOVED BY ALL — WE CALLED HIM 'THE GREAT WHITE CHIEF'. HE WOULD ORGANISE GAMES ON THE BEACH, COME SWIMMING WITH US MOST DAYS, AT SEVENTY, DOING 'HANDSTANDS' AND 'HEAD OVER HEELS' IN THE WATER. HE WOULD COME TO STAY WITH US EVERY YEAR, EVEN IF GRANDMA DIDN'T COME, UNTIL 1928 WHEN HE DIED AGED SEVENTY EIGHT, IT WAS A GREAT LOSS AS WE CHILDREN LOVED



TOFFEES

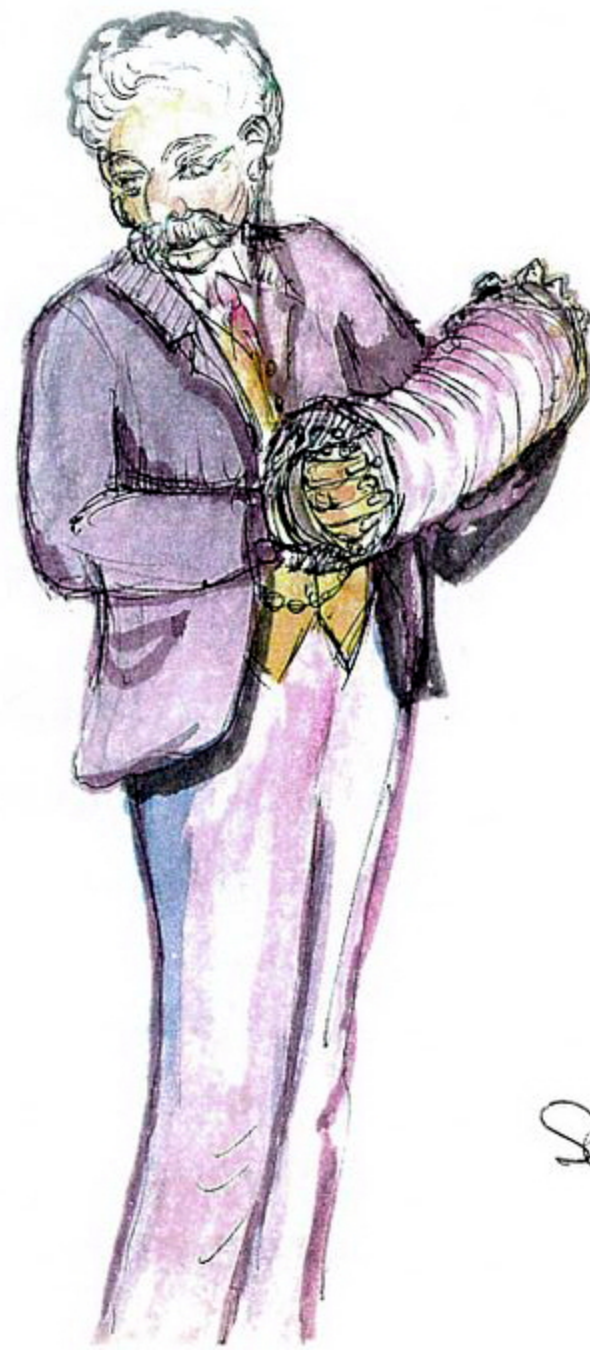
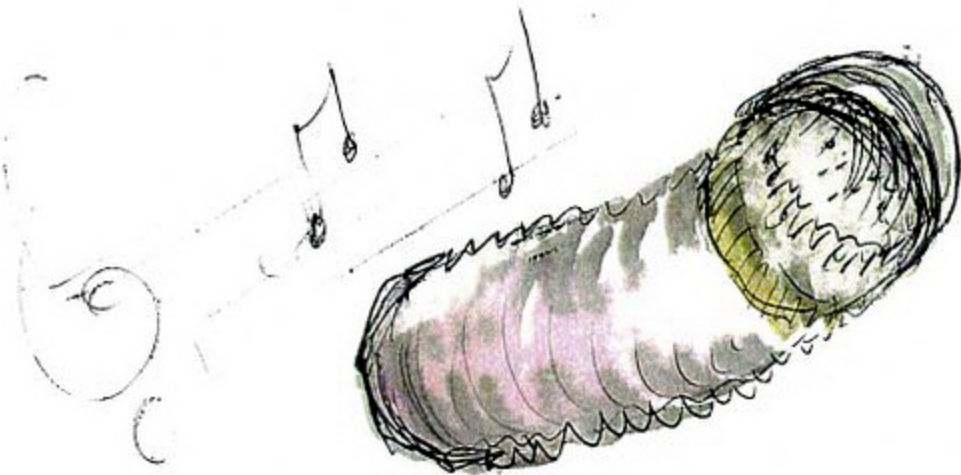


GRANDPA
URQUHART



HE CAME SWIMMING WITH US
MOST DAYS.

GRANDPA HAD A NEW PAIR OF
DANCING SLIPPERS WHEN HE WAS SEVENTY SEVEN!

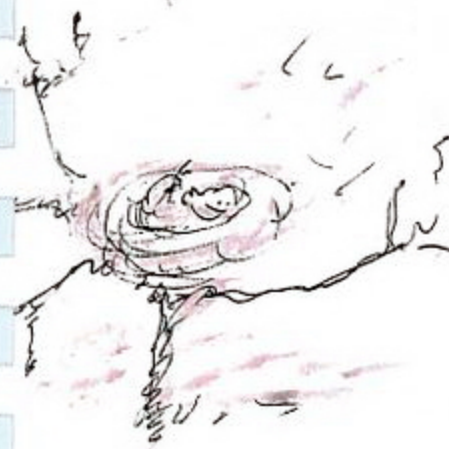


GRANDPA COULD
PLAY ALL THE
SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCES
ON HIS CONCERTINA.



THE FIRE IN THE HILLS!

SANDY PATH, JUMPING OVER THE FLAMES AS THEY LICKED ACROSS, THEN THE GREAT RELIEF TO SEE HER AGAIN WITH LITTLE SHEILA IN HER ARMS AND THE TWO MAIDS, FOLLOWED BY BY A CROWD OF FARM PEOPLE WITH SPADES, WHO RAPIDLY GOT THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL WITH SAND, BUT NOT BEFORE A GREAT STRETCH OF HILLSIDE HAD BEEN BURNED TO WITHIN A FEW YARDS OF OUR BUNGALOW. THE SMELL OF BURNING BUSHES AND THE DESOLATION HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF MY EARLIEST MEMORIES AND THE SORROW AFTERWARDS TO FIND LITTLE BIRDS' NESTS ALL BURNED AND THE POOR BABIES ROASTED IN THEM!



THE LITTLE BIRD'S NESTS BURNED AND THE POOR BABIES ROASTED IN THEM!

AS WE TWO FAMILIES LIVED CLOSE TOGETHER IN GRINSBY AND MOTHER AND AUNTIE WERE SISTERS, WE WERE OF COURSE VERY CLOSE TO EACH OTHER AND LOOKED UPON OUR COUSINS MORE AS BROTHERS THAN COUSINS AND DID EVERYTHING TOGETHER, SO OF COURSE IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT WE SHOULD SHARE A BUNGALOW AT THEDDLE FOR ALL THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS FOR OVER TWELVE YEARS. THEDDLETHORPE WAS OUR 'DREAM COUNTRY', OUR GOAL FOR THE WHOLE YEAR, WE COUNTED THE DAYS FROM CHRISTMAS ONWARDS AND AS THE TIME CAME, USUALLY THE 24th. JULY, WE WOULD BE ALMOST ILL WITH EXCITEMENT. MOTHER WOULD START TO GET UP EARLIER IN THE MORNINGS TO MAKE US NEW DRESSES AND ALL KINDS OF USEFUL THINGS WITH HER CLEVER FINGERS, AND WE WOULD COME DOWN EARLY TOO AND WOULD WATCH HER 'PEDDLING AWAY' AT HER SEWING MACHINE IN THE EARLY MORNING SUN, TRYING TO HELP BUT USUALLY BEING MORE OF A HINDRANCE — THEN THE GREAT WASH DAY A FEW DAYS BEFOREHAND, WHEN THE LINES IN THE GARDEN WOULD GROAN UNDER THE GREAT LOAD OF SUMMER THINGS LITTLE DRESSES ALL WITH BLOOMERS TO MATCH, SHIRTS, TOWELS, SHEETS, PILLOW CASES ETC., ETC., THEN ALL THE IRONING AND PACKING. MOTHER AND SADDY WOULD BRING DOWN THE BIG BRASS BOUND TRUNK, AND IT WOULD BE PLACED IN THE

FAMILIAR LOVED LANDMARKS, THE LOVELY NAMES OF THE VILLAGES WE WENT THROUGH, ON THE 'LOW' ROAD ALONG THE COAST. — 'TETNEY', MARSH CHAPEL —, CONISHOLM, NORTH SOMERCOTES, SALT FLEET AND SALT FLEETBY, RYMACK —!

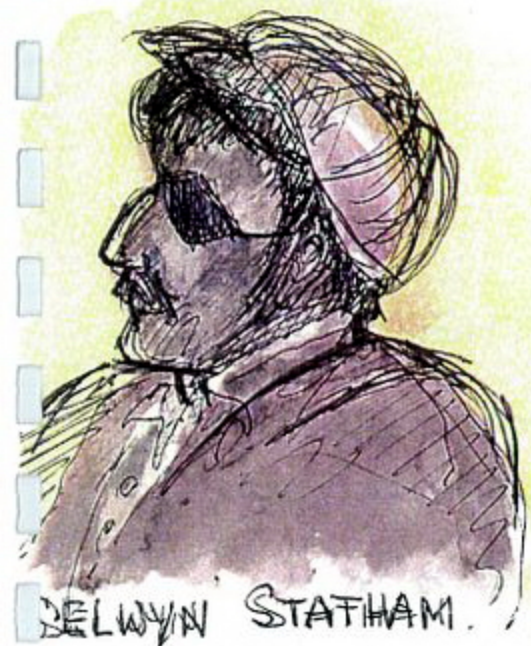
THE CHEERS FROM EVERYONE AS WE APPROACHED THE SANDHILLS AT NORTH SOMERCOTES — WE ALMOST WAITED FOR MOTHER TO SAY 'CAN YOU SMELL THE SEA?' — 'YES' WE WOULD ALL YELL — SNIFFING LUSTILY. THEN SALT FLEET AND RYMACK AND THE FIRST COTTAGES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE DIDDLE — CROSSING THE 'RIVER' ^{Fen} AND THE SIGHT OF THE SCRUBBY LOW SANDHILLS WITH THE GREY AND GREEN BUSHES — THE SIGHT OF THE VILLAGE ITSELF WITH ITS HUGE TREES CLUSTERING ROUND THE OLD CHURCH OF ST HELEN'S AND THE FLAT FENLAND LINED WITH DYKES FULL OF BLACK WATER WITH THE LITTLE WHITE BRIDGES ACROSS THEM, SOMETIMES WITH A HANDRAIL AND SOMETIMES, JUST A 'PLANK'!

OUR FIRST STOP WOULD BE THE VILLAGE SHOP FOR BREAD AND EXTRA THINGS, SKELTON'S WAS THE CORRECT NAME BUT IT WAS ALWAYS 'SKELINGTON'S' TO US, OR 'OLD SKELLIES'. MR AND MRS SKELTON WOULD COME OUT AND SMILE AND WAVE AND OFF WE WOULD GO AGAIN UP THE SEA ROAD TO 'STATHAMS' AT BANK HOUSE TO COLLECT THE KEY OF THE BUNGALOW. AS WE NEARED THE HILLS, SHEER MAGIC TO US, ALTHOUGH IN REALITY THEY WERE NOT VERY IMPRESSIVE, WE COULD SEE THE TALL FLAGPOLE AWAY THERE WHERE THE BUNGALOW WAS LYING IN THE VALLEY OUT OF SIGHT AWAITING US.

MR EMERSON COULD ONLY TAKE US AS FAR AS 'BANK HOUSE' WHICH WAS A BIG COTTAGE WHERE MR AND MRS STATHAM AND 'DOT' LIVED.



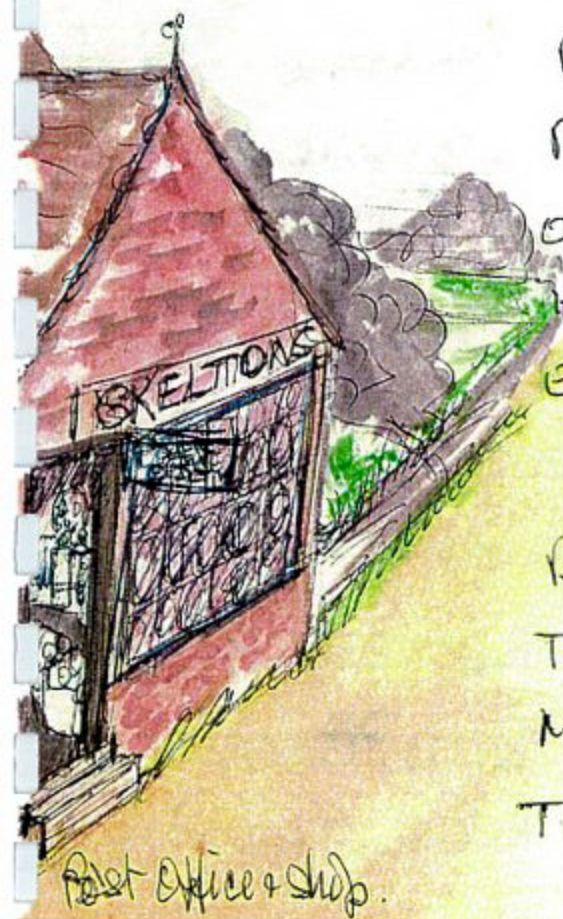





MR STATHAM WAS CARETAKER OF THE BUNGALOW - FARMER, COALMAN AND PART TIME COAST GUARD AS WELL. IN FACT A 'JACK OF ALL TRADES' HE WAS AN OLD SOLDIER WITH A HUGE HEAVY FRAME AND ONE EYE, VERY DARK AND SWARTHY AND HE ALWAYS CARRIED A SHOTGUN. WE WERE ~~ALWAYS~~ VERY CAREFUL TO BEHAVE WHEN HE WAS AROUND AND HE KEPT FERRETS IN HIS OUTHOUSES, TO USE WHEN SHOOTING.

EVERYONE WAS EXPECTED TO HELP WITH THE UNLOADING OF OUR GEAR, EVEN THE LITTLE ONES AND WE HAD TO CARRY EVERYTHING OVER TWO FIELDS AND A STYLE, THEN ALONG THE 'UP + DOWNY PATH' PAST THE "TWISTLE TREE" INTO A LITTLE SHELTERED VALLEY AND THERE IT WAS, A BROWN WOODEN BUILDING, WITH A RED TIN ROOF, LIKE A BIG WARM MOTHER HEN WITH HER WINGS SPREAD OUT TO GATHER US IN, THIS WAS THE VICTORIA BUNGALOW AND WE SPENT TEN OR MORE HAPPY SUMMERS THERE. IT HAD BEEN AN OLD ARMY HUT WHICH WAS BUILT DURING THE 1914 WAR AND HAD BEEN VERY SUCCESSFULLY TURNED INTO A LOVELY ROOMY BUNGALOW, WITH A LARGE LIVING ROOM AND KITCHEN, FOUR BEDROOMS OPENING OFF A LONG VERANDAH — IT WAS THE ONLY OTHER BUNGALOW IN THE THEDDLETHORPE HILLS AT THAT TIME AND FOR SEVERAL YEARS WE HAD THE BEACH AND HILLS ALMOST ENTIRELY TO OURSELVES.

WHEN ALL THE TRUNKS AND GEAR HAD BEEN CARRIED TO THE BUNGALOW, ONLY THEN WOULD WE BE ALLOWED TO GO OVER THE HILL TO THE BEACH. — AND I CAN STILL FEEL THE GREAT SATISFACTION OF THAT MOMENT — TWO LITTLE GIRLS AND THREE LITTLE BOYS ALL DASHING DOWN THE SANDY PATH, OVER THE STYLE, UP THE HILL BETWEEN THE THICK

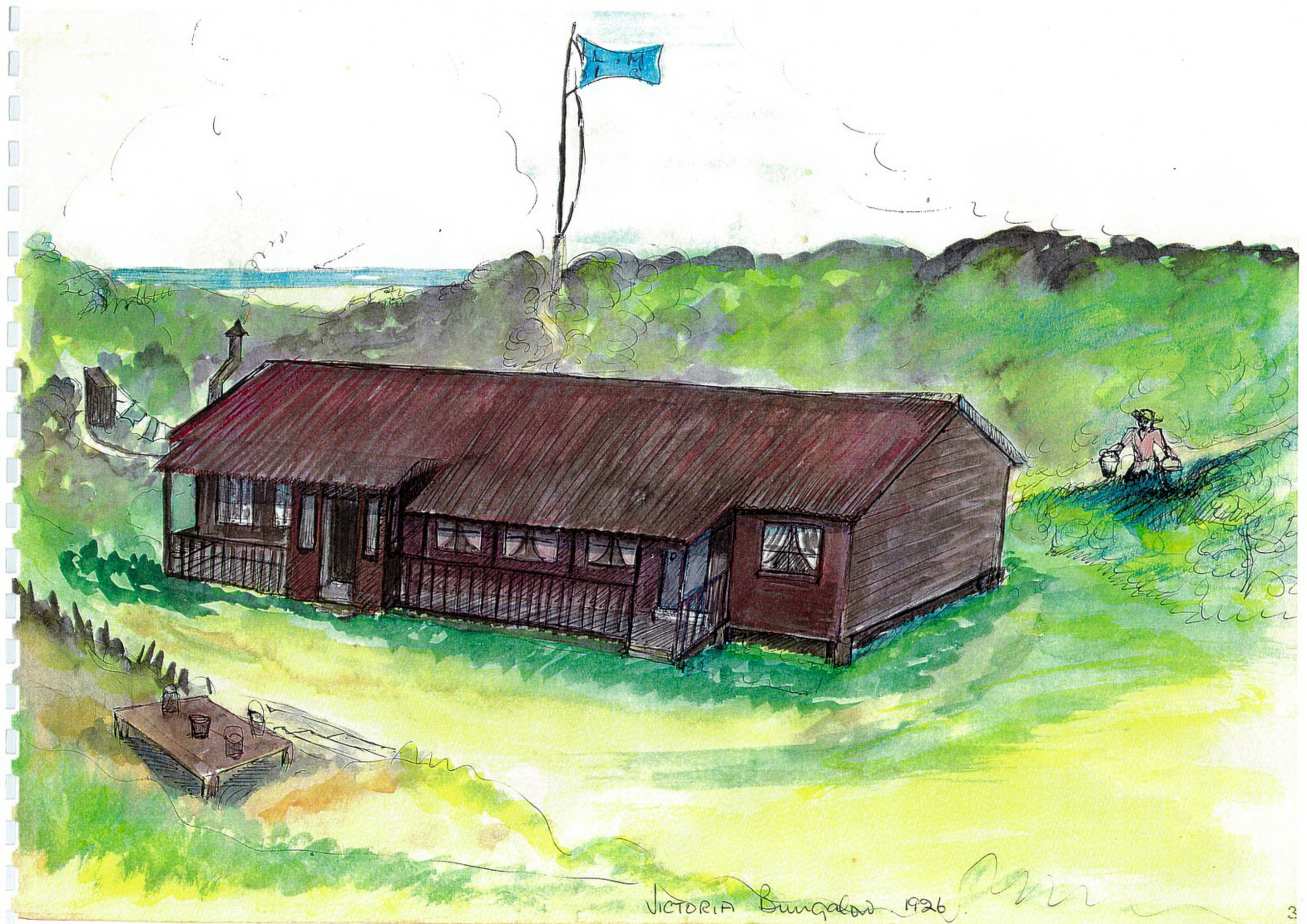


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BUCKTHORNE AND GORSE BUSHES, THEN THE SIGHT OF THE SEA — THERE WE WOULD STAND TO TAKE GREAT GULPS OF THE SALTY AIR AND LOOK DOWN ON THAT HUGE EXPANSE OF FLAT GOLDEN SAND, ALL SILENT EXCEPT FOR THE RUSHING OF THE WIND ROUND OUR EARS AND THE DULL ROAR OF THE SPARKLING SEA WAY OUT BEHIND THE SANDBANK — WHAT HAPPINESS — ! THEN, WITH A YELL WE WOULD ALL RUSH HEAD LONG DOWN THE SLOPE TO THE BEACH WHERE THE LOOSE PALE SAND WAS HOT TO THE TOUCH AND SILKY TO OUR HAND, AS WE FLUNG OURSELVES FACE DOWNWARD IN IT, THROWING IT UP IN GREAT CLOUDS, TO LET OFF STEAM, THEN OFF WE WOULD GO TO SEE IF EVERYTHING WAS STILL THE SAME AS 'LAST YEAR' WHEN THE SHRILLING OF THE 'TEA WHISTLE' WOULD CALL US BACK AND WE WITNESSED WITH GREAT CHEERS THE BIG BLUE + WHITE FLAG BEING HOISTED ON THE FLAGPOLE. THIS WAS VERY MYSTIFYING TO MOST PEOPLE AS IT HAD ON IT THE LETTERS L. M. I. C. MEANING LINCOLNSHIRE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY, THE FIRM FOR WHICH MY FATHER WAS MARINE SURVEYOR, BUT WE ALWAYS CALLED IT 'LITTLE MILLERS AND IKEY COLLINSONS'

WHEN BACK IN THE BUNGALOW WE WOULD FIND THE TEA ALL SET ON THE BIG TABLE, COVERED BY AN ENORMOUS PIECE OF PALE BLUE OILCLOTH, PLATES PILED WITH THICK BREAD AND BUTTER, PLATES OF BISCUITS AND SLAB CAKE AS WELL AS LOVELY STRAWBERRY JAM. MOTHER AND AUNTIE ALWAYS ORDERED HUGE TEN POUND



VICTORIA Bungalow 1926

W. W. ...



THE GREAT MOMENT → THE BEACH!

JARS OF JAM FOR THE HOLIDAY AND SEVERAL BIG 'SLAB' CAKES AS WELL AS TWO OR THREE LARGE TINS OF ASSORTED BISCUITS, THIS WAS TO SAVE CAKE MAKING WHILE ON HOLIDAY AND TO MAKE IT EASIER FOR THEM, AS USUALLY THERE WOULD BE TWELVE OR FOURTEEN PEOPLE AT EACH MEAL, ~~AND~~ IT WAS NO EASY TASK, BUT TO MAKE THINGS EASIER 'JANIE' MOTHER'S 'MAID' WOULD COME PART OF THE TIME AND AUNTIE'S 'MAID' THE SECOND FORTNIGHT . . .

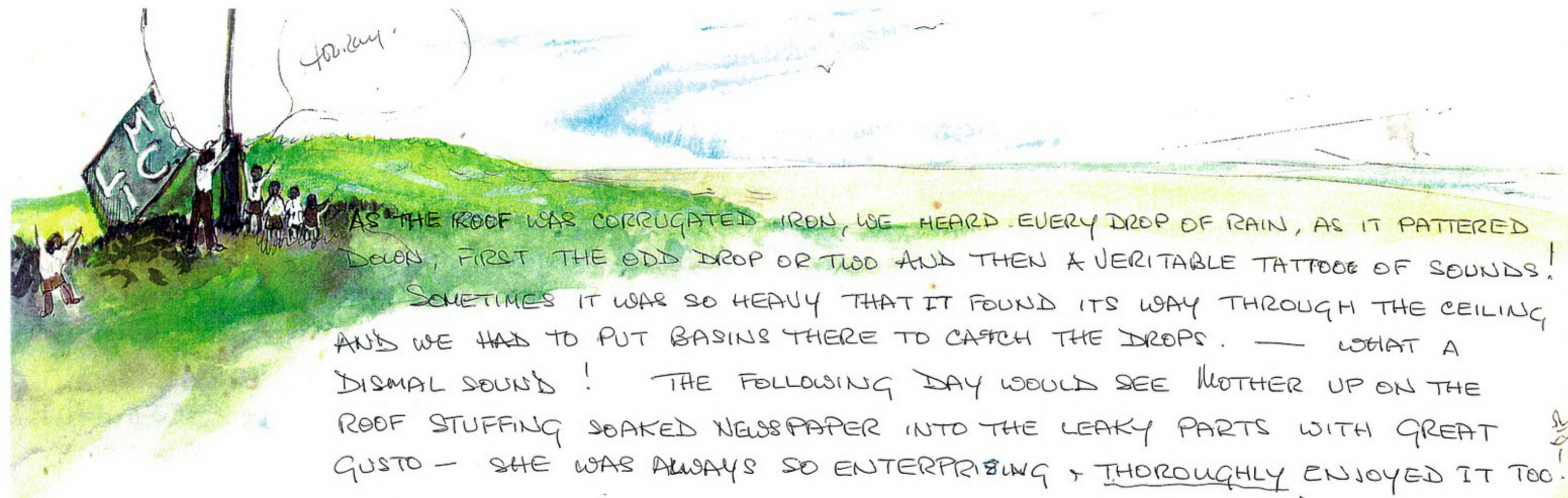
AFTER TEA WE WOULD ALL HELP TO PUT THINGS AWAY IN THE BIG CUPBOARDS AND DRAWERS, AND MOTHER AND AUNTIE WOULD TAKE UP ALL THE 'RAG' RUGS WHICH BELONGED TO THE BUNGALOW AND WERE AS MOTHER SAID 'SAND TRAPS', THESE WOULD ALL BE STOWED AWAY IN THE BIG SHED OUTSIDE EXCEPT THE BIG ONE IN FRONT OF THE ARMY STOVE AT ONE END OF THE LIVING ROOM.

ALONG EACH SIDE OF THE LIVING ROOM WERE WOODEN LOCKERS WITH CUSHIONED TOPS, WHERE WE CHILDREN SAT AT MEALTIMES, ALWAYS IN THE SAME PLACES TOO, WE WERE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THAT!

WHEN DARKNESS CAME WE WOULD LIGHT THE BIG HANGING LAMP WHICH HUNG FROM ONE OF THE RAFTERS, IT WAS AN ORNATE AFFAIR OF GOLD PAINTED METAL WHICH HAD A BIG WHITE GLASS SHADE — THE 'ONE GOOD LAMP' AS IT WAS FONDLY KNOWN BY ALL.

AT BEDTIME WE WOULD RETIRE TO THE SNUG LITTLE BEDROOMS WITH OUR CANDLES AND GO TO SLEEP TO THE SOUND OF THE MURMURING SEA AND THE SHRIEK OF THE OWLS AND THE CURIOUS SQUEAL OF THE BATS WHICH WHOOPED AROUND EVERY FINE EVENING.

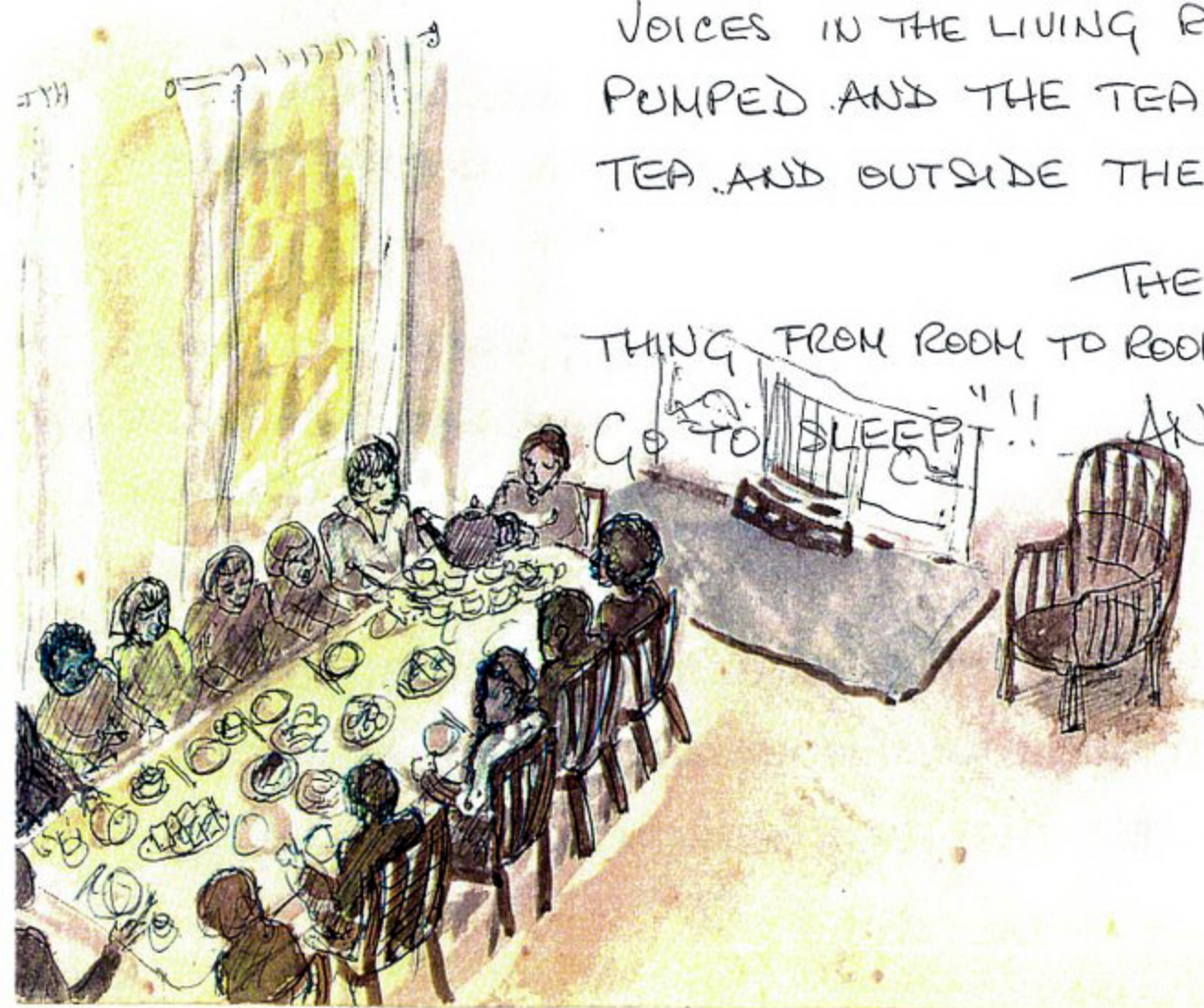
today



AS THE ROOF WAS CORRUGATED IRON, WE HEARD EVERY DROP OF RAIN, AS IT PATTERNED DOWN, FIRST THE ODD DROP OR TWO AND THEN A VERITABLE TATTOOE OF SOUNDS! SOMETIMES IT WAS SO HEAVY THAT IT FOUND ITS WAY THROUGH THE CEILING, AND WE HAD TO PUT BASINS THERE TO CATCH THE DROPS. — WHAT A DISMAL SOUND! THE FOLLOWING DAY WOULD SEE MOTHER UP ON THE ROOF STUFFING SOAKED NEWSPAPER INTO THE LEAKY PARTS WITH GREAT GUSTO — SHE WAS ALWAYS SO ENTERPRISING & THOROUGHLY ENJOYED IT TOO.

I LOVED TO WAKEN IN THE MORNINGS TO THE CHEERFUL SOUND OF VOICES IN THE LIVING ROOM AND THE VIGOROUS SOUND OF THE PRIMUS STOVE BEING PUMPED AND THE TEA CUPS CLATTERING AS UNCLE AND DADDY MADE CUPS OF TEA AND OUTSIDE THE 'KER-PLONK' OF THE WATER PUMP.

THE WALLS WERE SO THIN THAT WE COULD HEAR ALMOST EVERY THING FROM ROOM TO ROOM AND I CAN STILL HEAR MOTHER SAY 'QUIET NOW GIRLS, GO TO SLEEP!!' — AND WE DIDNT NEED MUCH ROCKING!



THE GAMES WE PLAYED.

JOHN COLLINSON, MY ELDEST COUSIN, WAS ABOUT EIGHT WHEN WE FIRST WENT TO THEEDLE, HE WAS A FAIR HAired, SLIM BOY WITH RATHER A DREAMY PAIR OF BLUE EYES, HIS MIND WAS FILLED WITH THE WONDERS HE HAD READ ABOUT IN HIS PRECIOUS BOOKS AND HE WOULD INVENT GAMES WHICH USUALLY WERE BASED ON THE CHARACTERS HE HAD READ ABOUT: -

ONE GAME WE PLAYED WAS 'THE WINGED HORSE PEGARUS', WHERE WE ALL HAD TO LEAP TO OUR DEATHS FROM THE TOP OF THE HIGHEST 'CLIFF' WHICH IN REALITY WAS A VERY SHALLOW SANDHILL!

ANOTHER GAME WAS 'GOING BERSERK' WHEN WE ALL CHEWED GRASS AND RAN 'FOAMING' AT THE MOUTH, ROUND THE BUNGALOW FOURTEEN TIMES, ENDING UP IN A 'GORY' HEAP IN THE SANDPIT.

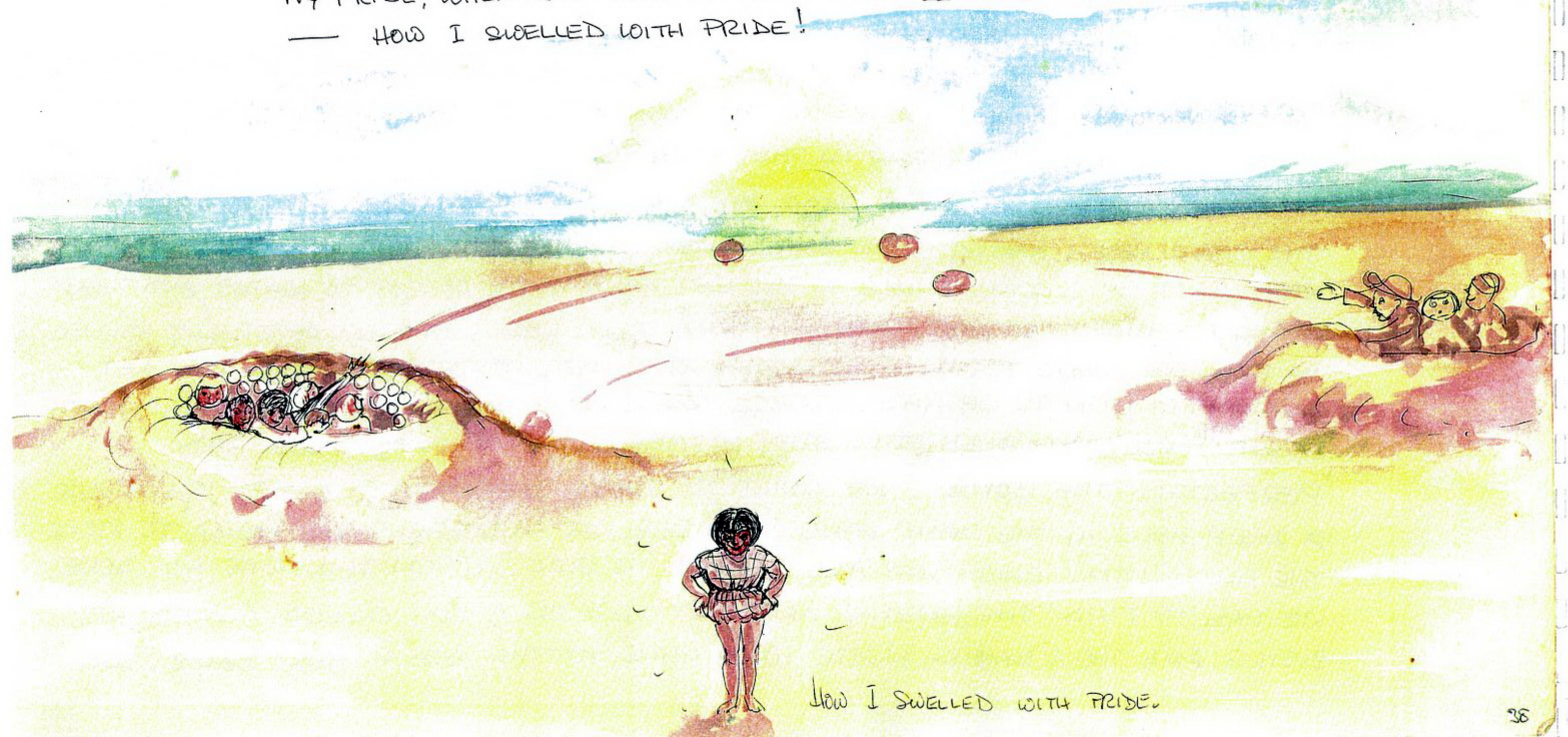
ONE YEAR JOHN WAS VERY 'WARMINDED' AND WE SPENT THE WHOLE MONTH MAKING 'SAND BOMBS' WHICH HAD TO BE MADE IN A VERY SPECIAL WAY, FIRST BY DIGGING A HOLE IN THE WET SAND UNTIL WE GOT TO WATER AND THEN TAKING A HANDFUL OF WET SAND TO FORM A SOLID BALL, THIS WAS CAREFULLY ROLLED IN FINE DRY SAND THEN COATED AGAIN WITH WET, THEN DRY AGAIN AND WET ALTERNATELY UNTIL WE HAD A LARGE SOLID 'BOMB' WHICH COULD BE THROWN WITH GREAT FORCE, BUT WOULD STILL STAY INTACT — ! AFTER WE HAD

'PERFECTED THE BOMBS', WE BUILT TO JOHN'S DIRECTIONS, A FORT, WHICH WAS A DEEP HOLE IN THE DAMP SAND WITH SHELVES AND RACKS ALL ROUND TO STORE THE AMMUNITION, WHICH WAS ALL GRADED IN SIZE. WHEN THIS WAS ALL DONE, WE HAD TO FIND 'THE ENEMY' AND SETTLED ON A BOY CALLED ALFRED, HIS SISTER AND THEIR DANISH NURSE, WHO CAME TO THE BEACH MOST DAYS. —



THE WINGED HORSE
'PEGALUS'

POOR ALFRED COMPLAINED BITTERLY, WHEN HIT IN THE MOUTH WITH AN EXTRA HARD 'BOMB', WHICH DISLODGED THE GOLD BAND, WHICH HELD HIS RATHER PROTRUDING TEETH IN! SO, AFTER A HEARTY ALTERCATION, IT WAS DECIDED THAT ONE OF 'OUR SIDE' SHOULD JOIN ALFRED AND HIS TROOPS, AS WE HAD MORE 'MEN' THAN HE HAD, SO IMAGINE MY PRIDE, WHEN JOHN SAID HE COULD SPARE 'ME' AS I WAS AS GOOD AS A BOY ANY DAY. — HOW I SWELLED WITH PRIDE!



How I SWELLED WITH PRIDE.

PILLBOX FORT
ALONG THE BEACH.

THE COLMILL GANG

SHEILA

NANCIE

JOHN

JIMMIE

TONY



IT WAS JOHN'S GREAT IDEA TO FORM THE 'COLMILL GANG', WITH HIMSELF AS CAPTAIN, JIMMIE AND ME AS HIS TRUSTY LIEUTENANTS AND TONY AND SHEILA AS THE 'ALSORANS' THEY WERE TOO LITTLE TO CARE REALLY, BUT STILL WERE MEMBERS OF THE GANG.

JOHN MADE UP RULES AND SIGNS AND SIGNALS AND EVEN 'CURRENCY' WHICH CONSISTED OF EMPTY "EIFFLE TOWER" BOTTLES AND 'COURIE' SHELLS, THESE WERE VERY RARE AND IT WAS A GREAT THRILL TO FIND ONE ALONG THE WATER LINE, AFTER THE TIDE HAD BEEN UP - SUCH PRETTY LITTLE SHELLS TOO, WE TREASURED THEM GREATLY - WE USUALLY FOUND THEM BETWEEN 'OUR' 'PULLOVER' (AS WE CALLED OUR PATH TO THE BUNG FROM THE BEACH) AND THE OLD FORT ALONG THE SHORE, AND THE BEST METHOD OF COLLECTING THEM WAS ON OUR HANDS AND KNEES, AND MANY IS THE TIME THAT WE LITERALLY CRAWLED ALL THE WAY (A GOOD HALF MILE) TO THE FORT, WHICH WAS AN OLD 1914 'PILLBOX' FORT WITH A FLAT TOP, WHERE I ONCE FOUND AN OLD RUSTY POCKET KNIFE WITH UNTEEN DIFFERENT BLADES. - I WAS THE ENVY OF THE GANG!



Rusty knife I found in the fort.

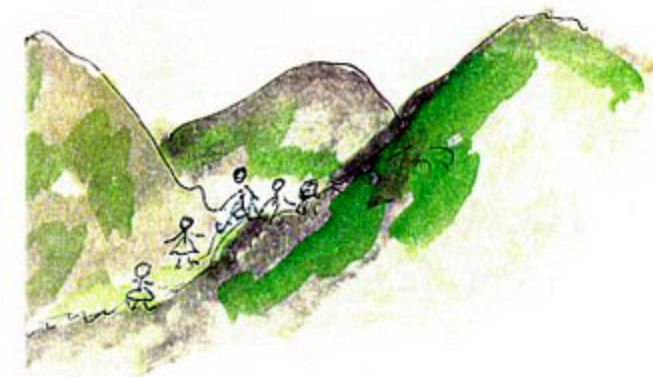
OUR SIGNS AND SIGNALS WERE VARIED, WE COULD BLOW INTO AN EIFFLE TOWER BOTTLE IN A CERTAIN WAY, OR, IF IN DISTRESS, SEND UP ANOTHER BOTTLE FULL OF FINE SAND, TO THE ACCOMPANYING SOUND OF AN INDIAN WAR CRY - SUCH GLORIOUS SECRET FUN WE HAD!



JOHN WAS A GREAT EXPLORER TOO, AND WENT OFF 'ON HIS OWN' QUITE A LOT TO SPY OUT THE LAND IN THE AREA, GIVING THE LITTLE VALLEYS AND HILLS NAMES ONE OF WHICH WAS 'DEATH VALLEY' BECAUSE IT WAS USUALLY STREWED WITH THE SMALL SKELETONS OF RABBITS AND BIRDS — WE WENT TO LOOK AND CAME BACK VERY THRILLED, BUT A BIT FRIGHTENED TOO!!!

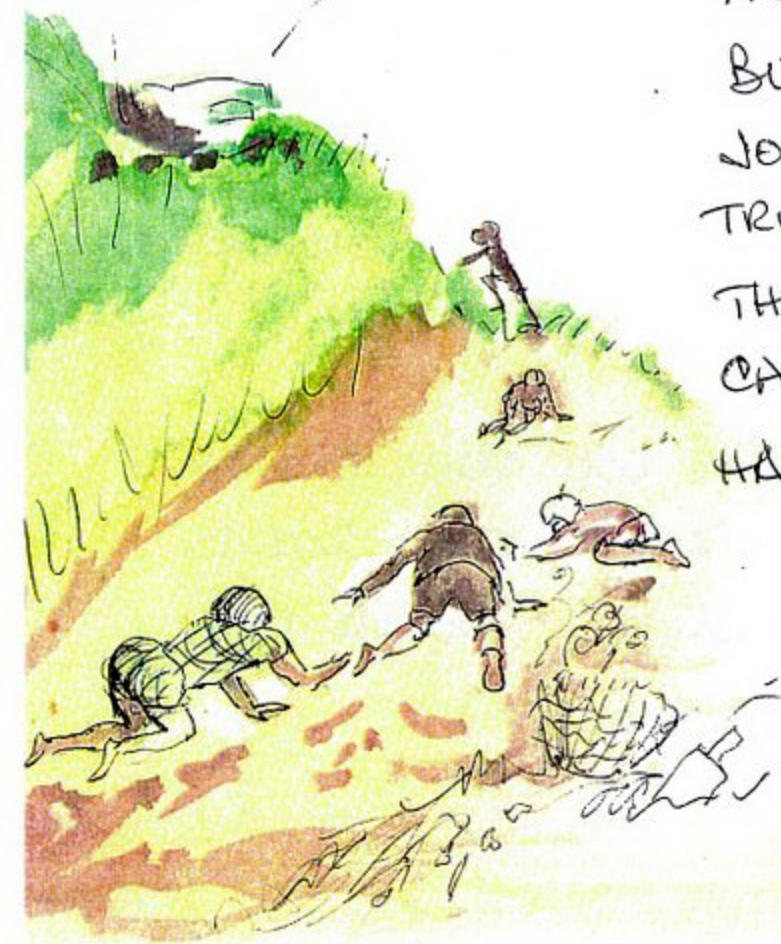
ONE YEAR WE HAD A WHOLE MONTH PLAYING 'ROBIN HOOD' WITH HOME MADE BOWS AND ARROWS MADE FROM THE 'WILLOWS' GROWING IN THE STREAM AT THE BACK OF THE SANDHILLS, I NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD THOUGH, AND ALWAYS SEEMED TO USE THE WRONG HAND TO SHOOT WITH.

MY COUSIN JIMMIE AND I WERE GOOD FRIENDS 'ON AND OFF' AS WE BOTH HAD QUICK TEMPERS AND DIDN'T ALWAYS SEE EYE TO EYE, BUT WE WERE VERY FOND OF EACH OTHER REALLY AND BOTH 'HERO WORSHIPPED' JOHN WHO WAS THE 'GREAT LEADER' WITH A VERY DIPLOMATIC WAY OF TREATING US TOO! TONY AND SHEILA ALWAYS HUNG TOGETHER — THE TWO OF THEM DRIFTING OFF INTO THE HILLS TO PLAY 'HOUSES' AND CALLING THEMSELVES "MR AND MRS ORGLES" (WHERE THEY GOT THE NAME FROM HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MYSTERY).



'DEATH VALLEY' !!

Pill box fort.



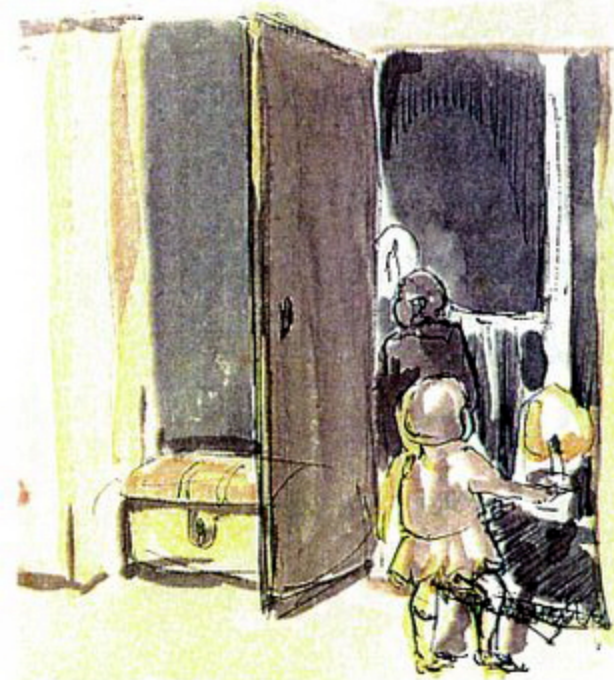


ANOTHER VERY POPULAR GAME WAS TO BUILD A BOAT OF SAND WITH HIGH THICK SIDES TO WITHSTAND THE LITTLE WAVES WHEN THE TIDE CAME UP — THIS COULD ONLY BE DONE DURING THE SPRING TIDES, WHEN THE SEA CAME UP TO THE EDGE OF THE SAND HILLS, OVER THE HALF MILE FLATS ~~WAS SAND~~ — IT CAME NEARER EVERY DAY UNTIL THE HIGHEST TIDE BROUGHT THE WATER RIGHT UP TO THE EDGE OF THE SANDHILLS. OUR BOAT WAS USUALLY STARTED A FEW YARDS OUT ON THE WET SAND AND WE DUG WITH A WILL ALL DAY TO TRY TO MAKE A BOAT STRONG ENOUGH TO STAND UP TO THE SEA, WITH HIGH SIDES WHICH WE PATTED AND PATTED WITH OUR SPADES UNTIL THEY WERE AS HARD AS IRON, THEN, AS THE TIDE CAME NEARER AND NEARER (ONLY SIX INCHES OF WATER ON THAT FLAT BEACH) WE SAT IN THE BOAT ROWING AWAY WITH OUR SPADES SINGING 'RULE BRITANNIA' AND OTHER PATRIOTIC SONGS, WE WOULD TIE A FLAG TO A STICK AND STAND IT IN THE BOWS OF THE BOAT, AND NOT UNTIL THAT FLAG HAD BEEN WASHED DOWN DID WE 'ABANDON SHIP' WITH GREAT CHEERS AND YELLS TO PADDLE TO THE SHORE!

WHAT A THRILL IT WAS TO SIT THERE ROWING IN OUR SAND BOAT, WHILE THE TIDE RACED AROUND US, GRADUALLY EATING AWAY THE HARD SAND WALLS WE HAD MADE, WHILE WE FRANTICALLY DUG MORE SAND TO PATCH THEM. SOMETIMES WE WOULD BE THERE A GOOD HALF HOUR BEFORE THE WATER GOT IN AND WHAT A SAD SIGHT TO SEE OUR LITTLE CRAFT ENGULFED AT LAST!

THEN THE 'GROWN UPS' WHO HAD WATCHED WITH GREAT INTEREST AND LAUGHTER WOULD GATHER US UP AND DRIVE US PROTESTING UP THE SANDY SLOPE TO THE 'BUNG' WHERE HOT COCOA AND THICK BREAD AND BUTTER WERE AWAITING US IN THE BIG ROOMY DINING ROOM, UNDER THE SOFT LIGHT OF THE 'ONE GOOD LAMP'.

WHAT A NICE SMELL - THE COMBINED 'SCENTS' OF THE PARAFFIN LAMP, THE PRIMUS STOVE AND THE DRIFTWOOD BURNING IN THE FIRE AND THE ACCOMPANYING SMELL OF HOT COCOA, WHICH WE HUNGRY YOUNGSTERS SIPPED, DIPPING IN OUR BREAD & BUTTER, (WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING) - THEN BED, WITH A CANDLE TO LIGHT THE WAY ALONG THE VERANDAH AND A LONG DREAMLESS SLEEP TO WAKEN TO THE EXCITING THOUGHT OF FINDING THE SEA UP TO THE HILLS AGAIN AND A GOOD PADDLE BEFORE BREAKFAST!!!!



off to bed with our
candles.

ANOTHER VERY FAVOURITE GAME TOO WAS CAFE'S AS SEEN BELOW.



AT ONE END WOULD BE THE KITCHEN WITH WORKING SURFACES ALL ROUND A DEEP SPACE WE DUG TO STAND IN. BETWEEN THE KITCHEN AND THE CAFE WAS A SERVING HATCH WHERE THE 'CHEF' PASSED OVER 'DELICIOUS DISHES' OF DRY AND WET SAND SERVED ON BIG SHELLS - RAZOR SHELLS MADE ICE CREAM SANDWICHES, FAN SHAPED SHELLS WERE PLATES, THE 'TWIRLY' WINKLE SHELLS AND WERE ICE CREAM CORNETS, THE SPONGY THINGS FOUND AT THE SEA EDGE WERE 'DUMPLINGS' AND THE BLACK 'SPATES EGGS' THE BEEF STEAKS -



AT ONE END WE WOULD MAKE A TABLE LOADED WITH FANCY SAND CAKES DECORATED TASTEFULLY WITH DANDILIONS AND SHELLS. WE WOULD BORROW THE TIN TRAYS FROM THE BUNGALOW AS WELL AS TIN PLATES AND WE ALSO USED THE RAZOR SHELLS FOR KNIVES AND FORKS AND SPOONS!



WINKLES



WHAT GREAT FUN IT WAS, ESPECIALLY AS MOTHER AND AUNTIE MADE US APRONS OUT OF CRINKLED PAPER AND WAITRESSES CAPS ~~AND~~ WHAT EXCITEMENT WHEN THE 'GROWN UPS' CAME TO PATRONISE OUR LITTLE CAFE - WE WOULD REGALE THEM WITH 'BEEFSTEAKS' AND 'DUMPLINGS' AND FINISH THEM OFF WITH 'CHOCOLATE ICES' (WET SAND) AND THEY ALWAYS ENTERED INTO THE SPIRIT OF IT - BLESS THEM. THE BOYS WOULD LOVE TO BE 'CHEF' AND SERVED OUT THE FOOD FROM THE LITTLE KITCHEN - SO WE WERE ALL HAPPY - UNTIL A NEW IDEA CAME ALONG.



SKATES EGGS



ANOTHER GAME WE INVENTED WHICH GAVE US HILARIOUS FUN ^{was} SWITCH-BACKS
FOR THIS SUPER GAME, WE BORROWED THE SMALL RAG RUGS FROM THE 'BUNG'
AND SLID DOWN THE STEEP GRASSY BANKS OF ONE SIDE OF THE VALLEY,
THE GRASS WAS LONG AND BEAUTIFULLY SLIPPERY AND WE SPENT HOURS
TOILING UP THE SLOPE TO TOBOGGAN DOWN AGAIN AMID SHRIEKS OF GLEE
UNTIL THE ANTS WHICH WE EVENTUALLY DISTURBED, CAME OUT IN FORCE
TO STING US, SO WE RETIRED DOWN THE VALLEY TO FIND ANOTHER
NICE STEEP PLACE TO SLIDE

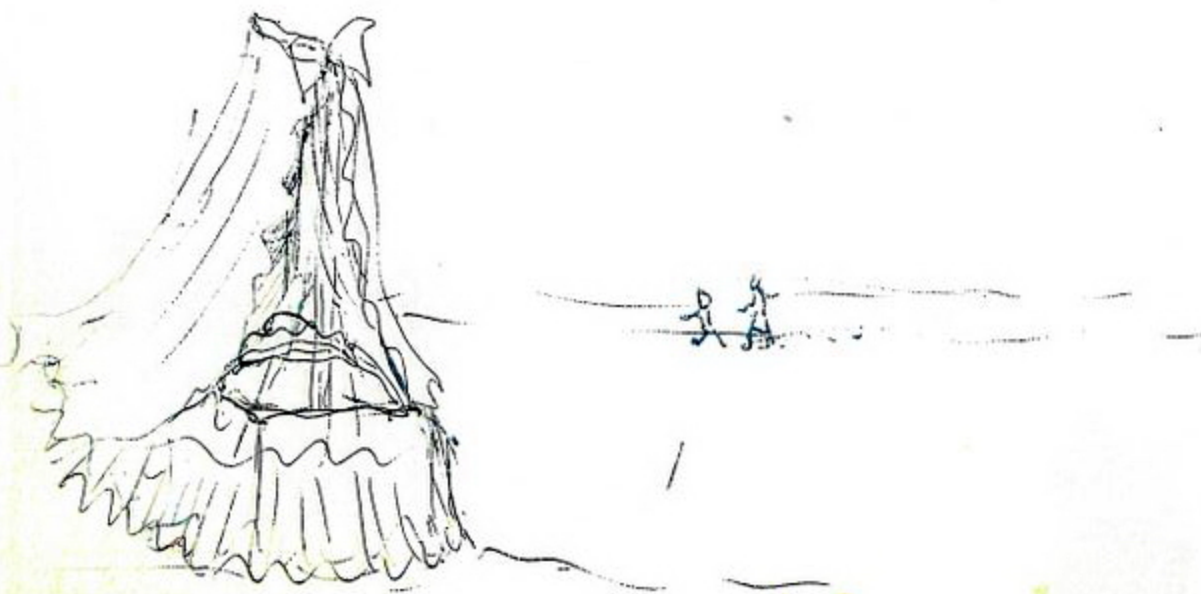


NEW ARRIVALS.

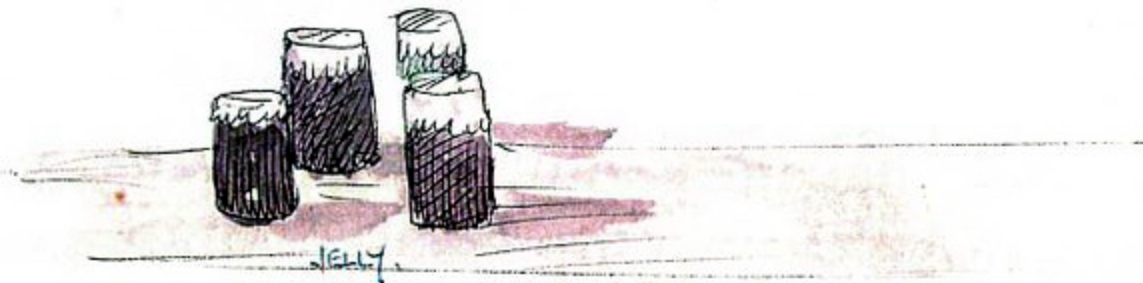
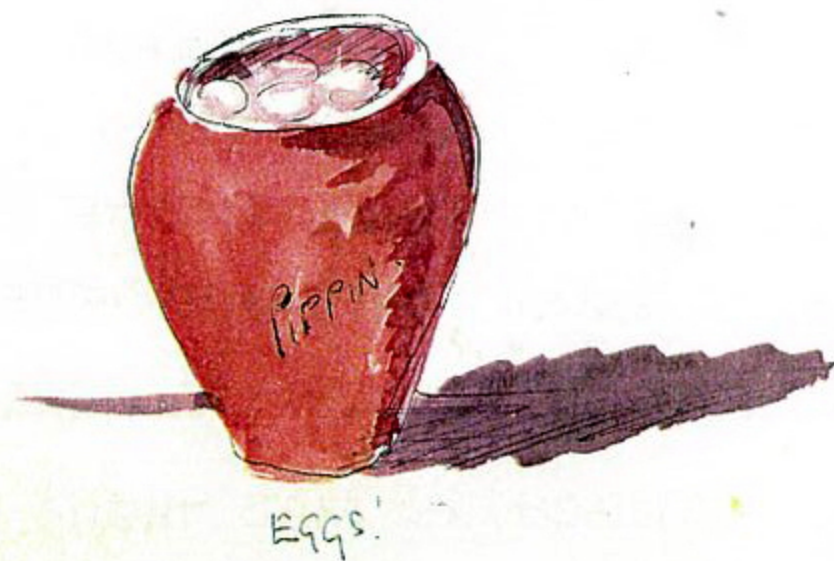
WHEN I WAS ABOUT SIX MY LITTLE BROTHER DAVID WAS BORN IN THE FEBRUARY - HE WAS A GREAT TREASURE AND REJOICED IN THE NICK NAME OF 'YOUNG TUT' BECAUSE IT WAS IN THAT PARTICULAR YEAR THAT TUTANKAMEN'S TOMB WAS DISCOVERED IN EGYPT.

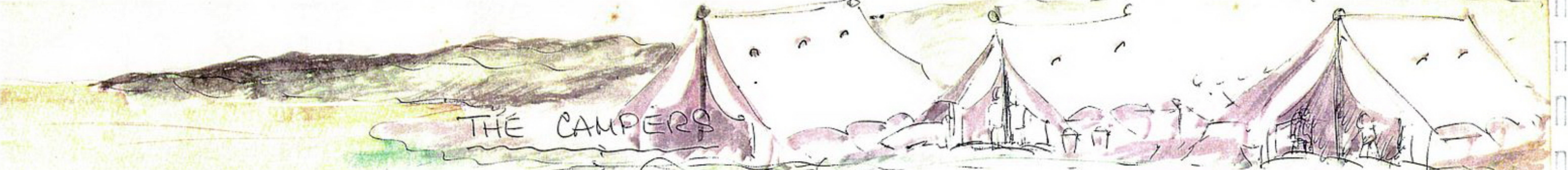
HE WAS A JOLLY, FAT LITTLE BABY & HE WAS ADORED BY EVERYONE, THE COLLINSON BOYS PARTICULARLY, THEY WOULD CARRY HIM AROUND WITH ^{THEM} VERY PROUDLY, I REMEMBER THAT MOTHER BROUGHT HIS BIG WHITE TREASURE COT WITH THE LACE FRILL TO THE DEDDLE AND WHEN WE WENT OUT TO THE TIDE, DAVID WAS CEREMONIOUSLY CARRIED OUT THERE IN THE COT I CAN STILL SEE THE NET CURTAINS BLOWING IN THE WIND AND 'YOUNG TUT' ASLEEP OUT THERE BY THE SEA.

LITTLE SHIRLEY WAS BORN THREE YEARS LATER WHEN I WAS NINE, SHE WAS A GORGEOUS LITTLE GIRL WITH A MOP OF RUSSET CURLS AND BLUE EYES - SO PRETTY - LIKE A WILD ROSE - WE WERE ALL VERY PROUD OF HER. SHE WAS THE LAST LITTLE BABY TO GO WITH US TO THE DEDDLE AND BEING SO MUCH



YOUNGER, I DONT THINK SHE WILL REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT THE EVENTS IN THE FIRST PART OF THIS BOOK. SHE AND DAVID WOULD PLAY TOGETHER IN THE SANDPIT OR WOULD GO 'BRAMBLING' WITH MOTHER, WHO WAS AN EXPERT! WE WOULD ALL HELP TOO DURING THE LAST WEEK AT THEDDLE AS MOTHER ALWAYS TOOK A GREAT LOAD OF BRAMBLES BACK WITH US TO BE MADE INTO BRAMBLE JELLY WHEN WE GOT HOME AGAIN. SHE ALSO BOUGHT SEVERAL DOZEN FARM EGGS TO BE 'PUT DOWN' IN THE BIG EARTHENWARE 'PIPPIN' IN THE PANTRY.





THE CAMPERS

ABOUT THE FOURTH SUMMER AT THE DLE, WE ARRIVED AS USUAL AND RUSHED TO LOOK AT 'OUR' BEACH — UP TILL THEN WE HAD HAD IT ALMOST COMPLETELY TO OURSELVES EXCEPT FOR ALFRED CHAMBERS WHO ONLY CAME OCCASIONALLY, BUT THIS TIME WE RUSHED TO THE TOP OF THE HILL TO LOOK DOWN UPON 'OUR DOMAIN' TO FIND TO OUR GREAT CONSTERNATION THREE LARGE COLONIAL TENTS ON OUR BEACH — ALSO ABOUT FIVE OTHER CHILDREN PLAYING THERE. WE WERE DISGUSTED AND WENT BACK TO REPORT, PROTESTING VIOLENTLY TO OUR PARENTS — ONLY TO BE TOLD THAT IT WASN'T 'OUR' BEACH AT ALL AND THAT ANYONE WHO LIKED TO CAMP THERE AND TO MAKE THINGS WORSE THEY HAD BEEN GIVEN PERMISSION TO USE 'OUR PUMP'!

WE WATCHED THE STRANGERS WITH HATRED FOR A FEW DAYS, STALKING THEM LIKE INDIANS, WATCHING THEM FROM BEHIND THE LONG GRASS AT THE BACK OF THE TENTS, THEN TO OUR GREAT ANNOYANCE WE FOUND OUR PARENTS MAKING FRIENDS WITH THE 'GROWN UP CAMPERS' AND TAKING TEA WITH THEM, WE WERE DISGUSTED AND SLUNK OFF INTO THE HILLS TO PLAY 'TRACKING' BUT THE 'CAMPER' CHILDREN WERE ALSO PLAYING IN THE HILLS AND AFTER GLARING AT EACH OTHER, WE FOUND OURSELVES FRATERNIZING AND BY THE END OF THE WEEK WE WERE OF COURSE AS 'THICK' AS THIEVES' AND DID EVERYTHING TOGETHER.

OUR PARENTS 'GOT ON' FAMOUSLY WITH THE GROWN UP CAMPERS WHO TURNED OUT TO BE THREE FAMILIES FROM THE MIDLANDS — TEACHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES WHO CAMPED EVERY YEAR FOR SIX WEEKS IN HUGE COLONIAL TENTS

WHICH WERE VERY COSY AND ALMOST AS NICE AS A HOUSE. WE WERE FASCINATED AND MADE FRIENDS FOR LIFE IN FACT EVEN NOW WE STILL KEEP IN TOUCH AND ALL THIS HAPPENED FORTY YEARS AGO! WE LOOKED FORWARD EVERY YEAR TO MEETING AGAIN AT THE DIDDLE AND HAD A GRAND RE-UNION EVERY YEAR FOR THE NEXT SIX OR SEVEN YEARS. — DURING THIS TIME MORE AND MORE OF THEIR FRIENDS CAME DOWN TO CAMP UNTIL THE ROW OF TENTS GREW AND GREW — SUCH LOVELY PEOPLE TOO — WE DID ENJOY MEETING THEM EVERY SUMMER.

THE CONCERT

ONE SUMMER WE DECIDED TO HAVE A CONCERT, SO SHEILA & PIXIE (OUR COUSIN) THE BOYS AND I ALL SET ABOUT LEARNING DANCES AND SONGS. A VERY NICE AUNTIE CALLED AUNTIE WYNKIE WAS STAYING NEARBY AND SHE GAVE VALUABLE HELP BY TEACHING US SOME SONGS AND PUTTING FRESH WORDS TO OLD TUNES.

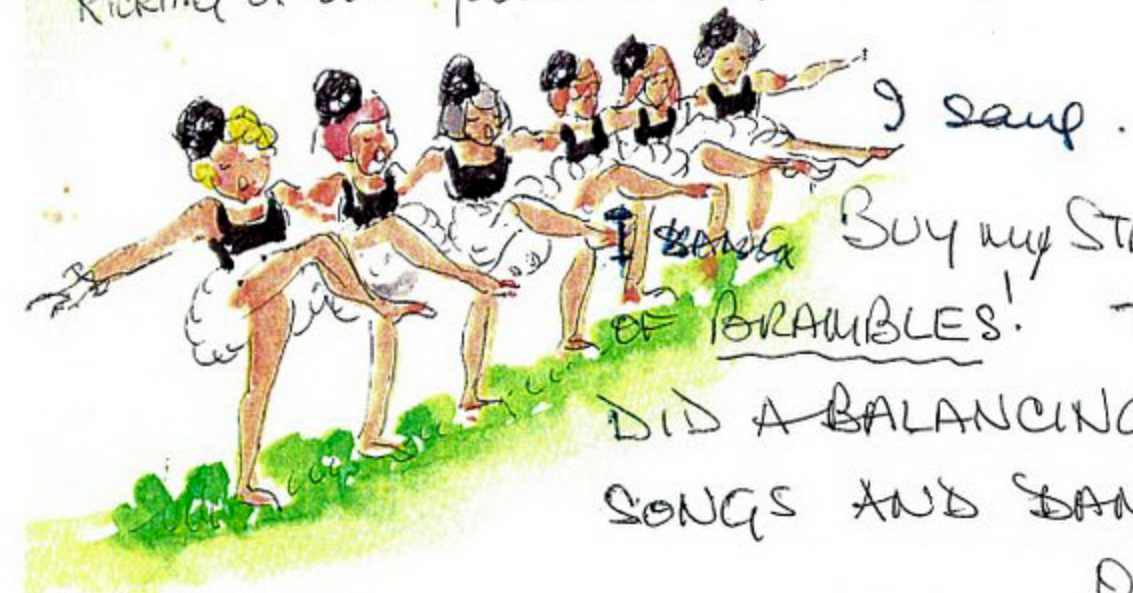
SHEILA AND PIXIE AND JIMMIE 'BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE' BY SINGING 'WE THREE AUGHT TO COMBINE' DRESSED AS CLOWNS, THIS WAS A FUNNY SONG WHICH INCLUDED EVERYONE, MAKING GENTLE FUN OF EACH FAMILY. ONE VERSE I REMEMBER WAS :-

WHEN YOU'R PASSING ALONG, I HOPE YOU WILL PASS
THE SMELL OF BOILED ONIONS THAT COOK ON THE GRASS
DOWN AT THE DIDDLETHORPE DOWN BY THE SEA!!

— THIS WAS A DIG AT ONE FAMILY WHO ADORED BOILED ONIONS!



KICKING UP OUR YOUTHFUL LEGS .



IN THE TIME
HONOURED WAY OF
THE CHORUS!

Buy my STRAWBERRIES DRESSED IN A PAPER CRINOLINE AND A LARGE BASKET OF BRAMBLES! THEN UNCLE ALF DID CONJURING TRICKS AND THE COLHILL GANG DID A BALANCING ACT, (WHICH DIDNT QUITE COME OFF) AND VARIOUS OTHER SONGS AND DANCES .

OUR CONCERT WAS SO MUCH ENJOYED THAT THE FOLLOWING YEAR THE CAMPERS BEGGED TO BE IN THE NEXT ONE, ~~SO WE~~ SO WE GAVE A MUCH BIGGER EFFORT WITH A LINE OF CHORUS GIRLS IN WHITE FRILLED PAPER DRESSES WITH BLACK ROSETTES .

WE SANG :-

ICE CREAM, YOU SCREAM, WE ALL SCREAM FOR ICE CREAM
RA - RA - RA - ELDORADO !! AND LOTS

MORE OF THE THEN POPULAR TUNES . KICKING UP OUR YOUTHFUL LEGS IN THE TIME HONOURED WAY OF THE CHORUS .

ETHEL, ONE OF THE CAMPERS WHO HAD A LOVELY VOICE SANG A JAPANESE SONG WHILE WE SANG THE CHORUS, AND PEGGY, A PRETTY FAIR GIRL, DID A ~~VERY~~ 'HUNTING DANCE' IN COSTUME OF PINK COAT AND BLACK CAP AND RIDING CROP .

WE DID COUNTRY DANCES TOO, SINGING THE TUNE AT THE TOP OF OUR VOICES AND I DONT KNOW WHO ENJOYED IT MOST, WE OR THE AUDIENCE !!

'THE CARNIVAL'

ONE YEAR WE HAD THE ~~WORST~~ ^{GREAT} IDEA OF HAVING A CARNIVAL - ALL TO APPEAR IN FANCY DRESS WHICH HAD BEEN CONTRIVED OUT OF BITS AND PIECES.

THE GREAT DAY ARRIVED AND WE ALL ASSEMBLED IN OUR HOMEMADE COSTUMES - SUCH OUTFITS - THEY WERE SO CLEVER TOO - WAITRESSES AND FLOWERGIRLS, JACK & JILL - ETC. ONE VERY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY TURNED UP IN A LONG SLINKY DRESS, HIGH HEELS AND A CLOCHE HAT, WITH BLOND CURLS AND VERY ROSY, MAUVEY RED CHEEKS - ! IMAGINE OUR SHOUTS OF GLEE WHEN THE SUPPOSED GIRL TOOK OFF HER HAT & FLUFFY CURLS AND DISCLOSED THE GRINNING COUNTENANCE OF KENNETH DANIELS (ONE OF THE CAMPER). HIS CHEEKS HAD BEEN REDDENED WITH BLACKBERRY JUICE, LIKEWISE HIS LIPS & HIS CURLS WERE PIECES OF SHEEP'S WOOL HE HAD FOUND CAUGHT ON THE BARBED WIRE!

THEN A GREAT SHOUT WENT UP WHEN A STRANGE PROCESSION APPEARED OVER THE HILL FROM THE 'BUNG' A STRANGE LOOKING CHINA MAN AND A QUEER LOOKING CREATURE WADDLED DOWN THE HILL MAKING A TERRIBLE CLATTER, BLOWING SMOKE FROM ITS MOUTH - THIS TURNED OUT TO BE UNCLE ALFRED AS THE CHINA MAN, ^(IN AUNTIE'S RED DRESSING GOWN) WITH THE TEA COSY ON HIS HEAD - LARGE SUN GLASSES AND DROOPY BLACK WHISKERS OF WOOL AND TWO SMALL POTATOES IN HIS MOUTH TO MAKE HIS CHEEKS BULGE. HE WAS LEADING THE CURIOUS BEAST WHICH HAD A BROOM HANDLE HEAD & WAS MADE UP OF MY COUSIN ROGER & THE THREE COLLINSON BOYS UNDER A LARGE RUG - THE SMOKE BEING





THE MONSTER

MADE BY ROGER WHO PUFFED VIGOROUSLY ON A CIGARETTE UNDER THE BLANKET!
IT WAS THE FUNNIEST SIGHT I HAVE EVER SEEN! OF COURSE WE ALL HAD TO PARADE ALONG THE BEACH AND I THINK THE VICAR GAVE THE PRIZER, WE FINISHED THE EVENING OFF THE WITH A 'BON' FIRE ON THE BEACH SITTING ON RUGS SINGING AWAY, UNTIL THE GLOWING EMBERS DIED DOWN, WHEN WE ALL RELUCTANTLY WENT OFF TO OUR BEDS.

THESE ARE JUST SOME OF THE THINGS WE DID AT THEDDLE, LOOKING BACK I THINK THE EARLIEST YEARS WERE THE BEST, BEFORE OUR 'EDEN' WAS INVADED, WHEN THE COLMILL GANG RULED THE HILLS OF THEDDLE FOR A MONTH EVERY YEAR

OF COURSE, ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END AND WHEN OUR MONTH WAS OVER, WE WOULD RELUCTANTLY PACK UP ALL OUR THINGS AGAIN IN THE BIG TRUNKS AND MR EMERSON WOULD ARRIVE WITH THE CARRIER AND EVERYTHING WOULD BE LOADED UP FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY, WE WOULD ALL BE QUIET AND SAD AND WOULD SLIP AWAY TO SAY GOODBYE FOR ANOTHER YEAR TO ALL OUR BELOVED HAUNTS, THE FLAG WOULD BE LOWERED FOR THE LAST TIME AND A RATHER DEJECTED LITTLE PARTY WOULD EMBARK ON THE OLD 'BUS', CHEERING DEFIANTLY, TO HIDE OUR FEELINGS, AS THE HILLS AND VILLAGE SLIPPED OUT OF SIGHT, LUCY SKELTON WOULD COME AND WAVE FROM THE SHOP DOOR AND WE WOULD WAVE RATHER TEARFULLY BACK, THINKING HOW SUPER IT WOULD BE, IF WE COULD LIVE AT DEAR OLD THEDDLE ALL THE YEAR ROUND!