

Memories from the People of Scottow Part 1

20th January 2019

Our gratitude and appreciation goes to all the following contributors who so generously shared their valuable memories and photographs for publication on this site.

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From Mr. Cyril Atkins.

About the Family

Cyril (Stewky) lived with his family; mother Ida and father Jack (John), with brothers and sisters: Fred (Lighting), Barbara (Babs), Rosemary (Titch), Brian (Hattie), Alfred (Butch), and Colin (Nockie), at no.6 Park Avenue.

Nicknames are particular important in Norfolk social culture, often lasting a life time, so we are indebted to Cyril, not only for his own family's nicknames but a fair proportion of all the other village children's as well. These are to follow.

The first memory given by Cyril of living in Scottow, was walking some three miles to and fro school from their then home at Wood Cottages, Skeyton Road. The journey went through Scottow Hall Park, turning right at the church then left on to the Buxton Road past the bungalow 'East Lodge' where the gamekeeper Mr. Hardy Bayfield lived with his wife and two daughters, Barbara and Evelyn; continuing on past the War Memorial before eventually reaching Scottow School located in The Fairstead.

The Atkins' children did this return trip for two years running before eventually moving to 6, Park Avenue in 1948.

Quoting Cyril from here on:

"I remember us kids so excited when we got electric getting wrong off our mother for switching light on and off. As more families moved in we had plenty of playmates, many became friends for life.

Joining the cubs together, playing football for hours on the meadow (Park) behind our house which was the main pathway through. Setting up our cycle speedway track at 'Hedgies' (Trevor Hedge), Bird's Yard, and later on the football field Tunstead Road.

So many happy times we had. Going swimming at Mayton Bridges, Little Hautbios, in the summer, and nicking a few apples on the way home.

Sitting at the end of the runway watching the planes, especially the American's Super Sabre Squadron. They used to give us chewing gum when they came to the 'Horseshoes' pub.

My time on the milk round helping Ted for six years until I left school, prepared me for work.

Dad used to run a football draw, the highest score on Saturday won the money at 6d a team. We use to go round Friday night with a draw string bag with all the teams in from England and Scotland.

Going to the pictures in the barn (*club room or Oddfellows Hall*) at the Horseshoes pub and sitting on the corn sacks at the back to get a good view.

Me and Willie Watson turning hay at Trinny Cutting's farm Workhouse Loke.

Fruit picking in the summer at Westwick, and picking blackberries from the hedgerows and selling them to Tom Buck for 3d a pound, he used to take them to the 'camp' (RAF base) kitchens and sell them.

Friday night Dick Chapman fish and chip mobile van would park at the Sloley turn road (*Anchor Street*). Mother would give us half crown and we would go across the Park and get enough to feed us all".

Cyril also relates the story that when they moved from Wood Cottages to Park Avenue, his eldest brother Fred was away doing his National service. Unfortunately the letter informing him of their change of address did not arrive in time before Fred left for home on 'leave'. As a result, poor Fred getting off the bus at the Horseshoes walked all the way to Wood Cottages only to find his whole family had moved. Cyril describes how a weary Fred finally arrived at number 6, Park Avenue, muddled and cold having slipped down a hole in the unmade road.

This is a list given by Cyril of further nicknames:

Hedley Vaughan, *Chucka*. No. 5, Park Avenue.

David Roberts, *Rusty*, No.8, Park Avenue.

John Roberts, *Younker*. No. 8, Park Avenue.

Keith Bean, *Beano*. No. 9, Park Avenue.

Keith Jones, *Buck*. No. 15, Park Avenue.

Barry Tipple, *Tripolo*. No.17, Park Avenue.

Trevor Gibson, *Gibbo*. No.21, Park Avenue.

David Watson, *Willie*. No. 22, Park Avenue.

Derek Fuller, *Neddy*. No. 24, Park Avenue.

Brian Hall, *Hallicks*. The Laurels.

Bernard Shaw, *Barney*. The Laurels.

Trevor Hedge, *Hedgie*. Bird's Yard.

John Tysoe, *Hutton*, Hall Farm.

Derek Watts, *Archie*. Scottow Row.

Cyril Atkins 3rd November 2011

From Mrs Margaret Belson

Concert Party Group

One of the many activities that took place in the village during the post-war years was the Concert Party Group. This was organised by Mrs Hilda Collinson who was Headmistress at Scottow School.

The members were all girls and ladies of the village. The costumes that were worn were made with a degree of improvisation as there was a shortage with supply of many materials at the time. Some of the costumes were even made from parachute material, also white muslin was used. If required, some of the material would then be dyed bright colours. After several weeks of practise, the first performances always took place in the former Oddfellows Hall, known as the Club Room. This was near to the Horse Shoes Public House. The Club Room was quite large and had the advantage of a good permanent stage. The group performed in the concert room at Scottow Hall. They received requests from several nearby villages. This resulted in the group enjoying a “tour” performing in village halls in the surrounding area.

On stage at the Oddfellows Hall (Clubroom)



Concert Party1, 1950s. Held at the 'Club Room', Oddfellows Hall behind the Scottow Horseshoes.

Joy Buck, Beryl Ewing, Barbara Bayfield, Tessa Collinson, Margrit Kirk, Beryl Guzek, Margret Harmer, Rosemary Tysoe.

Organised by Mrs Hilda Collinson, Head Teacher at Scottow School}.



Concert Party 2 1950s, at the 'Clubroom' Oddfellows Hall behind the Scottow Horseshoes.
 Tessa Collinson, Beryl Guzek (nee Parden) Lena Appleton, Beryl Ewing, Rosemary Tysoe,
 Margret Kirk, Margret Harmer, Daphne Quadling, Joy Buck.
 Organised by Mrs Hilda Collinson, Head Teacher, Scottow School.
 Note the detailing on the front of the stage.

Margaret Belson (nee Kirk) 2018

Special Notice

The Oddfellows Hall was built in 1860, 100ft x 27ft.

From Mr. Trevor Hedge

Life around the Old Norwich Road

24th April 2012

As a child, I lived along the Old Norwich Road and I remember a large wood plantation [1] which none of us liked to walk past in the dark. You would hear all sorts of strange noises, which at the time seemed very scary, but with hindsight it was most probably just rabbits or pheasants, but you don't think of that when you are younger.

From my recollection, the first house [2] on the right was where Maurice and Violet Durrant lived with their son, also named Maurice. Maurice Senior worked for British Rail on the delivery lorry. The second building was the Blacksmiths shop which was run by a man called Ernie Raynor. He would cycle from Worstead to Scottow each morning. My close friend Austin Gray and I used to think it was funny to play tricks on him and we must have caused him some grief over the years when I think about it now!

One day while poor old Ernie was busy pumping the bellows to heat up the metal, Austin and I decided to climb up onto his roof and play a practical joke. We thought it would be funny to block his chimney with a union jack flag which I had. Needless to say, Ernie soon came running out of the shop coughing, spluttering and swearing and caught us climbing down from the roof. We ran as fast as we could and dare not go anywhere near the shop again for rather a long time!!

The next opening was called Birds Yard. As you entered, the first house in front was where Charlie Buck and Clare lived.

Round to the right of this stood a row of thatched cottages. The first cottage was where Frank and Marjorie Hubbard lived with their daughter Margaret. The second cottage was home to Ben Gaffe, a colourful character with a long beard who smoked a clay pipe and could always be found in the local pub, The Three Horseshoes.

The third cottage along was home to Mrs Ashfield and Betty. Betty's grandfather, Mr Ashfield worked on a farm for Blofield + Roberts and one of his jobs was to trim the hedges. As there were no mechanical hedge cutters in those days, a hook was used and this method was known as brushing. One day whilst brushing, Mr Ashfield struck a bomb that lay hidden in the hedge and was killed. Last in the row of cottages lived Jimmy Nicholson and his wife.

I lived in a three bedroom house with my parents Edith and Jack Hedge and my sister Jayne. There were none of the mod cons which are taken for granted these days. Our water had to be drawn from a Well, Tilley lamps provided the lighting and a pantry with a large solid slab was as near as we got to a fridge. We had an outside toilet at the bottom of the garden. Once a week the `night cart` arrived to empty a weeks' worth of `deposits...The smell was awful by the end of the week so thank goodness for the toilets of today!

For a short time we lived with my Aunt Gladys and George Crisp. My aunt, Gladys Buck had a small farm where she kept a few cows and some chickens. She would supply the village and Scottow camp [3] with fresh milk.

A short distance down the road was where Roger Gray and his wife lived at Malt House Farm. They had two children, Jennifer and my partner in practical jokes - Austin.

Roger Gray was a preacher at the Methodist Chapel and was a very strict man. I remember one day when Roger went to see the evangelist Billy Graham at the Norwich City football ground and Austin and myself got into another spot of mischief. We thought it would be a good idea to have a ride around in Roger's car - an Austin 10. We drove round and round the driveway before deciding to go

a little further and ended up along a little track at the side of the pond. Trouble is, we got the car stuck! We decided to walk back to Austin's and get the Massy Harris tractor to tow the car out before we got found out. The tractor had bands over the studded wheels and after hitching up the car, disaster struck. We ended up getting the tractor stuck as well as the car! When Roger arrived home and found out, the air turned a very strong blue. Austin and I were banned from hanging around together for quite some time after that...

Trevor Hedge 24th April 2012

[1] Steward's Plantation. This was part of a dense belt of trees running along the west side of the old Norwich Road. It continued across the Church Road along the Cemetery Road merging with the then called Oak Belt running towards Scottow Row.

[2] Approached from the War Memorial end.

[3] Although 95% in Scottow, was officially known as RAF Coltishall, Britain's number one wartime Fighter Aircraft Station. Now closed.

Mr Graham Kirk

The Vicarage

I would like to add some of my memories regarding the vicarage.

In the early 1950's, Reverend Baker who had a passion for music formed a choir. I was a member of a choir but I was there more to make up numbers as singing wasn't or indeed never has been my forte. At Christmas, the choir would go around the village carol singing. One evening would be to the west side of the village which included Scottow Row, we would finish at the Hall to be greeted by Colonel Shaw with mince pies and punch. The second evening would be to the east of the village which would include the Fairstead and Park Avenue. We would then finish at the Vicarage and be greeted by the Riviere's, again with mince pies, punch and also sherry. This was always quite a jovial end to the evening. I can well remember drinking a large glass of sherry and Mr Riviere calling out "that boy shouldn't be drinking that".

My second memory is the November 5th bonfire. For many days leading up to the bonfire night many of the lads mainly from Park Avenue would be going round the village collecting any waste to be burnt on the fire. This was collected on old prams and pushchairs. On one would be a Guy. Collections were taken for the purchase of fireworks. The bonfire was on the grassed area on the south side of the Vicarage to the left of the driveway. The bonfire was quite a large one with some of the older boys in charge. No health and safety then, but I can't remember there being any problems. Those standing near the fire would have to keep watch as some of the boys would be a little liberal with where they were directing jumping jacks and penny banger fireworks.

My final memory is in the early 1960's. By this time, the Riviere's had left and the Vicarage was partially demolished. The old coach house was still intact but rather cluttered with old timber, etc. It was here that I repaired Ken Peachment's Standard Vanguard car. A pulley block was slung in the roof and with Ken's help we removed the engine for repair. The engine was very similar to that of a Ferguson Tractor, something I was well familiar with.

Happy Days,

Graham Kirk 10 September 2017

Christmas Parties

In the early years of the 1950's, Col. Shaw provided a Christmas party at Scottow Hall for the children of the village. As I recall, anyone between 6 years to 11 years of age were invited. We would be picked up in the Shaw's Austin Horsebox; it was driven by Bob Cole. Seeing everyone safely on board was Jack Gregory with an oil burning hurricane lamp for illumination. The horsebox picked up at several locations around the village. By the time the last ones were boarded it was very crowded which was probably a good thing as at least it kept everyone upright when going round corners, etc.!

There would be two sittings for the Christmas "tea". The younger children would be either side of trestle tables in one room whilst the older had the same arrangement in another room. It was a very good Christmas tea for everyone. Afterwards we would go into the large room in the Hall for games, etc. After the games we would all sit and be entertained, usually by a Magician; all good fun. The climax of the party would be the arrival of Father Christmas with his sack of presents for everyone. Then it would be time to return home in the horsebox. Often there would be heavy snow falling which all added to the excitement. I can remember one year

there was very heavy snowfall and one of the older boys calling out “We won’t get back; we will all get stuck in a snowdrift”. Well we did all get home but Jack Gregory did have to get out on two occasions with a shovel and move snow to get the horsebox moving again after it had come to a halt in the snow.

This was a very generous gesture by Col. Shaw and the parties were very well organised by members of the Hall Staff. In the austere years of the early 1950’s, the parties were for many children, the highlight of the Christmas period.

An appreciative **Graham Kirk** 7th November 2018



A Scottow Ghost Story?

In Fond Memory of Bernard Dudley Appleton 1943 – 1963

Mr Keith ap Owen

After the death of my father, our mother using some of the proceeds from the Life Insurance to purchase a brand new 'state of the Art' Raleigh bicycle.

It boasted a three speed Sturmey- Archer gear unit with the option of a fourth, and a full working back and front lighting system (no more batteries) operated from a single dynamo housed within the hub of the front wheel axle. The faster you pedalled the brighter the lights shone. I even managed to accept the fact that it was a 'woman's bike', no crossbar! It was all so very exciting... but at the same time I could not help feeling a sense of guilt that it took the death of my father to get it!. A terrible way of acquiring a new 'bike'!

However, as a result of this new purchase and for a while on a Saturday night, my friend Bernard and I would cycle to his grandfather's house in Tunstead, (Orchard Estate Market Street, just prior to the Crowgate Street and Tunstead Road crossroads) to watch television.

Watching television was a rare to non-existent treat in those days. This was in the fifties and not many folk could afford them. Living with Bernard's grandfather were the lovely couple of Marjorie and Bernard's uncle Wilfred.

The only programme I vaguely remembered seeing was the Eamonn Andrews Show, which I think sometimes featured such characters as Spike Milligan and the ventriloquist Terry Hall with his alto ego Lennie the Lion!

An evening's viewing was capped off with a cup of cocoa made by Marjorie, before we left around 10pm homeward bound for Scottow.

On this particular evening, having recently discovered a mutual interest in girls, the subject was to be our main topic of conversation as Bernard and I cycled leisurely for home.

Having passed through the entire length of the village of Tunstead along Market Street, we reached Pound Lane, which on the right, which was flanked by a belt of trees. Immediately ahead was the locally dubbed 'Double Ruds', (A small narrow duel carriageway).

Suddenly a figure dressed in full evening dress, at what could have been no more than seven feet in front of us, darted across the road. He had emerged from an open gateway, flanked by two stone gateposts, situated on our left. We both braked sharply and simultaneously to avoid a collision. The figure then instantly disappeared!

The total sense of shock and disbelief stunned us both for what must have amounted to only a few seconds! Soon after which, in total silence and terror, we both 'stood on our pedals' and in a state of near panic, pedalled 'hell for leather' home! My new dynamo powered lights shining like a high powered search-light!

Normally Bernard and I would tarry a while at his gate chatting for a while before departing, but not this evening, without even slowing down he skidded left down his driveway to the sanctuary of his home. I likewise gasping for breath continued to pedal for home, turning right at the 'Horseshoes Corner' without any thought for oncoming traffic; fortunately for me there wasn't any and I raced like a 'bat out of hell' for the safety of my own home situated at the bottom of Park Avenue.

Was there an outcome? I am unable to remember, but I think our Saturday night TV excursions came to an abrupt end - and I took to supporting Norwich Speedway instead. Three years later, due to us both leaving school, our individual life styles dictated we both went our separate ways, and except for the occasional playing of our guitars in Bernard's uncle Arthur's band, we saw less and less of each other. Bernard was apprenticed into the highly skilled craft of boat building and me, I went off to Norwich School of Art, and shortly after I was to leave Norfolk for good. So the opportunity never arose to discuss the incident in later life. It would have been most interesting to have learned of Bernard's own recollections.

Tragically, Bernard was to die from a traffic accident near the War Memorial some eight years later, a great loss to both his family and friends.

So the whole incident might never have resurfaced if it had not been for my interest in researching the social history of Scottow. In that quest I come across a fellow researcher who had known Bernard's paternal family well and as a result of our correspondence, had reawakened those old forgotten memories

My friendship with Bernard began in early childhood. We had played cowboys and Indians, built snow houses, sang in the same church choir, attended secondary school, rode in the Scottow cycle speedway team and played guitars in his Uncle Arthur Earle's band. Although I was living in London, his death came as a great shock and a feeling of profound loss!

At that time I was living in the East End of London and had hitch-hiked back to Scottow for Bernard's funeral. Catching a tube from Liverpool Street to Epping, dressed only in a suit carrying an umbrella and wearing a bowler hat, I started 'thumbing' on the A11 road. Almost immediately the Heavens opened up and the rains poured down. In minutes I was drenched through to the skin.

It was indeed fortunate to get a lift so quickly in spite of my sodden and bedraggled appearance. Even luckier, as the driver was going to Mundesley and dropped me off at the top of Park Avenue in Scottow.

Bernard is often in my memory, particular every June. The actual event that took place on that Saturday night in 1955 has been little thought about until recently. The experiences of two young boys going through puberty would have been listened too with utter disbelief and ridicule.

The memory now tinged with sadness and some scepticism relating to the whole event, has laid partially dormant in my mind for almost sixty years unlikely ever to be analysed or placed in any context. For instance who and what was a figure in full evening dress, if he actually existed at all, doing crossing the road in a remote area on the borders of Tunstead and Scottow around 10.30 on a Saturday night? We shall never know!

It was only during a recent conversation with my brother that the tale took another twist when he reminded me that beyond the belt of trees lining Pound Lane stands the 16th century house of Sloley Old Hall, or as originally named Frankfort Manor. Now there's food for thought!

© Keith ap Owen 2016



A 2018 photograph where the Sighting of the Ghost in 1955 occurred, passing from the gateway on the left to Pound Lane on the right. Directly ahead is the duel carriageway (known locally as the 'Double Ruds') going to Scottow; behind is Market Street, Tunstead.

Keith ap Owen May 2016

Wash Days in the Fairstead

In Fondest Memory of Mrs Gertrude Ellen Parden 1905 - 1979

From Mr Keith ap Owen

The following article is in tribute to my own grandmother, Mrs Gertrude Ellen Parden, nee Gibbons. She was mother of four children and grandmother to seven, and finally great grandmother to two great grandchildren. Since my birth she was always referred to as Nannie, for the reason that her mother Mrs Julia Gibbons was still alive, already held the title of Granny.

Nannie was born at 54, The Fairstead in a now demolished cottage on the Horshoes corner, opposite the Three Horseshoes Inn. Her father Alfred Gibbons was the local wheelwright and carpenter. On marrying William Pardon, she moved next door to number 53, a semi-detached cottage with number 52. A one up and one down room cottage, where she raised her family of four. There were of course no modern services such as a mains water supply, electricity or sanitation. Rent was paid once a year on St Michaelmas Day at the 'Horseshoes'. However, the gardens were large and allowed cottagers to grow much of their food, and in cooperation with each, probably supplied most of their needs.

This story is particularly poignant as she and my mother, during world war two, did all the washing and ironing for the RAF personnel billeted in the Oddfellows Hall (clubroom) behind the Horseshoes pub. All managed using the facilities about to be described.

In these days of the modern washing machine, it may be of interest to look back, not so long ago, a weekly chore endured by many thousands of women throughout the country, right up to the forties and fifties and even later, known as Wash Day.

For many the device then used for the washing of dirty household linens and clothes was the 'copper boiler' - which actually was nearly always made of cast iron. It had a wooden lid to keep the inside of the copper clean and more importantly to retain the steam and heat when the copper was in use. The copper was contained in a brick built housing, and had to be filled and emptied by hand using buckets or ladles carried from either the pump or well. It is thought to have required around six pails of water to fill an average copper. The water was heated by a coal fire situated directly under the copper, with an iron door, which by opening and closing was used to control the temperature of the fire. There was another opening under the fire grate to provide a further flow of air and to enable the removal of fallen ashes. The flue or chimney was behind the wall against which the copper was built.

Our Nannie started her washing day early with the lighting of the copper fire, mainly fuelled by coal, but anything that burned was fair game. She then had to fill the cauldron with pails of water carried from the communal pump, which was a walk away. Nannie's wash house was an outside brick shed attached to the house next door, located in an alley way running down the gable end of her house. It had a stable door, the bottom half would be kept closed in winter, the top half was always left open to allow the steam to escape. It had a small glassless window covered in chicken wire and adjacent to the bricked housing containing the copper, a complete fireplace with hobs on both sides.

Nannie first hand washed all the dirty laundry in a galvanised bath, after which she separated all the whites, such as the linens, sheets, pillow cases, shirts and underwear, these were transferred into the now boiling hot water bubbling in the copper. This removal was done with the use of the 'copper stick', a stout wooden pole bleached white through use. It was also used to agitate the washing and when complete was used to remove the washing into a galvanised bath filled with cold water for the purpose of rinsing. To this would be added a 'blue bag' to further increase the whiteness of the wash. Sometimes the copper would boil over, cascading scalding water onto the earthen floor below. Nannie would immediately open the small metal door of the fire box under the copper to reduce the heat.

Once the rinsing process had been completed, the washing was removed from the bath, and until Nannie eventually got a wringer she wrung it all out by hand, twisting the wrung-out portions around

her arms. On completion it was then taken in a laundry basket and pegged out onto the washing line. This however was not the end of the process as the copper had to be emptied, which Nannie did with buckets and an implement she called a hand-cup. This was an inverted domed shaped metal bowl with a wooden handle.

Weather of course played a major role in the outcome of washing day! Until the arrival of the washing machine, then a great luxury, now an everyday item taken for granted, this process was to be repeated time and time again throughout spring, summer, autumn and winter alike, and like the marriage vows-through sickness and in health.

Yet in spite of all the hard work, or perhaps because of it, a statement often heard uttered, “there is no better sight or satisfaction than to see a full line of washing hanging out to dry, particularly when the white sheets are billowing in the wind.”

The penultimate task after ‘bringing in the washing’, was the drying and the airing. This was done indoors on a clothes-horse in front of the fire. At night, with everyone in bed, Nannie rigged indoor linen lines suspended across the living room, on which to hang the sheets and washing overnight.

The final task was the ironing. In Nannie’s case this involved the use of two flat irons, put to heat in a ‘clear fire’. One was used for the ironing and when it lost heat was placed onto one of the fire hobs for further heating, at which point the other iron was then used to continue. This sequence of events continued till the ironing was finally finished. Starch was much used in ironing at a time when all laundry was ironed, including the bed linen.

53, the Fairstead

53, The Fairstead was a double dwelling cottage. The one and only ground floor room was multi-purpose, functioning as dining room, kitchen, a bake house, a laundry, a drying and ironing room, a mending room, a bathroom, a place for entertaining and social occasions. My Grandfather cut the hair of the local village men there as well as doing boot and shoe repairs. In fact whatever was required it became, even on occasions acting as a spare bedroom.

It was not a particular large room, being estimated at no more than 10 feet by 12 feet, low in height with a ceiling beam running from front to back. Entered by the only door in the house directly from the front garden, having neither porch nor entrance hall.

Immediately on entering the room, to the left was a small pantry built out into the room. On the right hand side of the door, on the inside of the front wall, was the small but only window on the ground floor, with the exception of the tiny ventilation window in the pantry. Beneath the window stood a chair and between the chair and the door stood a wireless powered by an ‘accumulator, housed in a black painted fret-worked cabinet standing on four square legs.

One of the two house cats would sit on top of the wireless and rattle the sneck (term for an old style of door latch) to be let either in or out. As cats add character and atmosphere to a home they are worthy of a mention. Topsy was a long haired pretty white and ginger cat but decidedly unfriendly, whereas Tiddles, known affectionately as ‘Old Lady’ was a short haired tabby/ tortoiseshell. I often use to feed Tiddles, who would share my highchair as well as my meal at the dining table, shovelling food into her mouth with my small child’s fork. Mashed potatoes were much favoured.

On the right hand side wall of the room was a cupboard (originally for coal) flush with the wall, containing a small table with a white enamelled hand bowl, behind which stood a small green Valor Aladdin paraffin heater, which could be used for both heating and cooking. Boots and shoes were stored under the table. The cupboard smelled strongly of leather footwear and carbolic soap. Next to the cupboard was the open fire-place with hinged hobs on both sides and a built in wall oven.

To the left of the fireplace was a door opening onto a small narrow staircase leading to the bedroom, having been recently converted from a ladder to a staircase. The upstairs attic- come- room had been partitioned into two, creating a small space for the girls to sleep. It had a small window overlooking the alleyway at the gabled end of the cottage. The whole upstairs room was dominated by the pitched roof supported on low upright walls; leaving headroom and space much restricted. A leaking lantern skylight was unfortunately positioned over my Grandparent's bed. As a consequence, the bed was always covered with a mackintosh or raincoat.

The downstairs room end wall was devoid of any windows or doors. Instead, my memory of that time was of an upright piano with dual brass candle sconces and a fretwork fascia board backed with blue material. To the left hung a framed varnished coloured reproduction print called 'The Seahorses' by Fred Morgan. It was one of a series of pictures used in a promotion by Pears Soap at that time. The other print was hanging on the opposite alcove wall was Over the Garden Wall by the same artist, framed and varnished accordingly.

The protrusion of the pantry into the room from the left side wall created a wide recess, an alcove. A 5'4" tall triangular shaped corner cabinet built out of 5" pine tongue and groove boards were positioned at either end. Both contained top and bottom cupboards with doors. The cabinets, built entirely of 'hand-made cut nails', metal hinges and a lock, no screws or glue, and were finished in a 'mahogany' stain. The cabinets were made for Nannie by her father Alfred Gibbons, the village wheelwright and carpenter, around 1920/22. (We have one now at Sunbury).

Between the two cabinets stood a two drawer chest- of- drawers on bun feet. A doll's house, again crafted by Nannie's father Alfred Gibbons, which also stood in the recess adjacent to one of the corner cabinets.

The floor was covered in cocoanut matting and the occasional 'piece rag mat', especially in front of the fire. These 'Piece Mats' were hand- made colourful rugs made from strips of cloth cut from scraps of material and densely tied in to a sack cloth base using a tool called a 'Hook', made a cheap but attractive long lived and hard wearing floor covering.

The furniture further consisted of a dining table (which doubled as a Morrison Shelter during the war), dining chairs, a wooden armchair that converted into a bed and a further wooden spindle high back Windsor styled fireside armchair.

An oil lamp stood on the table and was cleaned, polished and filled with paraffin daily by Nannie. All other lighting was provided by candles, and torches were used for the late night excursions to the brick built lavatory some three minutes' walk away along the garden path. In the winter this meant wearing warm clothes and taking an umbrella. As such visits were usually made by groups of people, such expeditions involved queuing, waiting your turn, then waiting for your companions to finish before walking back together to the warm security of the cottage.

It was in this relatively small room that the whole family of 6 or 7 people would gather for Christmas day and social events.

Keith ap Owen (Formerly Jones). 20th January 2019

From Mr. David Watson 9th January 2012

The Scottow Estate.

Col. and Mrs. Shaw had moved from Northampton to take over the Scottow Hall estate from the Durrant family. They farmed the Hall Farm with Mr. E. Tysoe as farm manager.

Other farms with tenant farmers included:

Mr. Roger Gray – Malt House Farm, **Old Norwich Road** (closed) and Grove Farm, **The Mews**.

Mr. Roger Tooke – Horseshoes, **The Fairstead** and Lake Farm, **Sloley Road**.

Mr. Harry Wheldon – The Laurels, **The Fairstead**.

Mr. Harry Roberts – Rookery Farm. **Church and Buxton Road**. (Closed)

Mr. Harry Blofield – Manor Farm. **Church and Buxton Road**. (Closed)

Mr. Dowe – Grange Farm, **Skeyton Road**.

Mr. Fielding, Mr. Gray and Mr. Gould – Stakebridge Farm. **Skeyton Road**.

Mr. Jack Cutting – Mill Farm. **Workhouse Loke**.

About 45-60 men were employed full time, plus many more for fruit picking etc.

Mr. Hardy Bayfield was the estate gamekeeper and lived in a bungalow half way between the war memorial and the church, which was right beside the flight path of the runway. The bungalow, **East Lodge**, was later demolished when the runway was extended and the **Church and Buxton Road** was also closed as a result. The Bayfield's were to move to 40, The Fairstead, School Loke.

Mr. Bayfield always rode a bike having no car, his twelve-bore shot gun strapped to the crossbar, usually fully loaded, which wouldn't be allowed today.

When Park Avenue was built 1947-1951, a police house was built next to number 1.

P.C. Joe Stevens was the policeman. He had a bicycle with an extra cross-bar as he weighed about 23 – 24 stone; but if he needed to catch anyone he could really motor on his bike, always around the villages and knew everybody by name. He liked to play whist when whist drives were held in the village; run by Jack Gregory, Jack Watson (my father) and other helpers.

Mr. Stevens was a very good policeman to have in the village.

Scottow once had a cricket team. It was run by 'Trinny' Cutting from Mill Farm, my uncle.

Scottow also had a football team, both cricket and football teams played on the same playing field at Tunstead Road.

Jack Cutting, Jack Watson, Jack Gregory, Sid Kirk, Percy Bower, and Alfred Ewing were all on the football committee. I remember going with my dad, Jack Watson, and sitting in a wooden hut, which acted as the changing room, in the middle of winter with a couple of Tilley Lamps as the only heat, while they picked the team for the next game.

My father used to order the Pink'un (the Saturday evening newspaper of football results) from the Eastern Daily Press office in Norwich. The papers would arrive on the 7:15 pm Eastern Counties bus and would sell at three pence old money. Some would go to Swanton Abbot, the rest we would deliver around the houses, and the remainder to the 'Horseshoes' pub.

Scottow had a lady netball team in the early '60s.

A drama group performed in the Oddfellows Hall next to the 'Horseshoes' pub. *(At this point David refers me to my auntie Beryl, nee Parden, who took part in these productions, perhaps she will grace us with her recollections?)* The cast were made up from all the ladies of the village.

Pictures (*mobile cinema*) were also held in this Hall on Sunday nights until North Walsham opened. Concerts were held with Sidney Grapes performing as 'Boy John' in a Norfolk dialect.

Dances were also held here.

Cyril (Atkins) has already mentioned the cycle speedway on Mr. Hedge's land at Bird's Yard. This all started when four of us, Trevor Hedge, Cyril Atkins, John Tysoe and myself cycled to watch the Spixworth cycle speedway team ride, and as a result decided to ask Trevor's dad if we could build a track on his land. If my memory is right we were all about 11-13 years old.

When we wanted to move the track to the playing field at Tunstead Road, in the late fifties, I wrote to the National Playing Fields Association and a meeting with the parish council, with a lady from the N.P.F.A. in attendance was arranged. I remember her asking, "Where are the rest of your team?" as only Maurice Durrant and myself turned up, and anyway, Maurice finally decided to ride for Austin Gray's team- The Bulldogs- at their track in the Mews.

However, it was agreed we could build our new track at Tunstead Road and we set about doing this through the winter with Tilley Lamps and a wheel barrow. A lot of soil had to be moved.

Unfortunately my uncle Jack 'Trinny' Cutting held the deeds to the playing field, where it stated that no turf could be removed from the field and was against us building the track. He held me responsible for this and we had a strained relationship for some time.

I was born at Workhouse Corner living with my grandparents, Ricky and Emma Watson, till mum, dad and I moved to Park Avenue in March 1948.

Prior to the move I remember having to get to school in the winter of 1947, which was very bad, going on the back of my mother's bike, and having to go round trees onto the fields, as the trees had blocked the road, and the fields were covered in snow.

Here are some more nicknames:

Maurice Durrant ***Currant.***

Robert Thornton ***Tickler***

Graham Kirk ***Sid,*** after his father.

Austin Gray ***Greyhound***

I have spoken to Sylvia Gray, *now Mrs. Vaughan*, who was the post lady in the forties and fifties. When we spoke Sylvia went through every house in the village to who lived where. I have asked her to make a list. *To follow later under the heading of Mrs Silvia Vaughan.*

David Watson **9th January 2012**