

*Bitterne Local*

*History Society*



ESTABLISHED 1981

*'Keeping Bitterne's History Alive'*

REGISTERED CHARITY NO. 1005127

# BYGONE BITTERNE

WINTER 2021 VOLUME 155



See page 5

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## **CHAIRMAN'S CHATTER — *Ian Abrahams***

Dear Friends,

As I write we have been able to hold our meetings in recent month but at the moment we are not sure about January! Our AGM was in October and again I would like to thank those who have been elected to various responsibilities for their willingness to serve, we really could do with a few more Committee Members and also someone to co-ordinate the loan of our educational boxes to local schools. Please do speak to me if you think you may be able to help. After the AGM business we took the opportunity to look at a few slides of Bitterne and some showing events in the early years following our foundation in 1981.

In November Lt. Col. Jeremy Prescott gave us a fascinating talk entitled 'Sacrifice and Remembrance' and we were reminded of the staggering numbers of people lost during the war years. The slides of the War Grave Cemeteries showed how well maintained they are and he also focussed on several individuals who had made "the ultimate sacrifice".

Our Christmas meeting was very well attended and we enjoyed an evening of carols led by St James Excelsior Brass Band followed by seasonal refreshments provided by Jill, my thanks to her for a lovely spread and especially for our 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary cake. I took the liberty of performing the cutting ceremony as sadly I am the only founder member left! Along with Mike Paget our longest serving Museum Steward who has been a Society member for twenty-two years. Whilst on the subject of membership can I thank all of those who have already paid their 2022 subscription, thank you for your support.

Long serving member Bert Warne (38 years a member) celebrated his 102<sup>nd</sup> birthday in December and we extend our belated congratulations. Congratulations also to long-serving members Mary Shorter (39 years), Eric Reed and Marie Edmunds (37 years), Marilyn Bechter, June Macey

and John Stockley (36 years), and Doreen Hall (35 years). Sadly, as we go to print, we have just heard of the sudden passing of Keith Worthy who was a member for 37 years and for many years allowed us to store some of our artefacts in his garage. Our thoughts are with his friends at this sad time.

In November we had a stall at the Christmas Lights switch on in Bitterne Precinct and over thirty children took part in a Treasure Hunt we organised round the local shop windows, this time looking for a picture of Southampton Bargate!

Also in December we held a 'thank you' party for all our shop volunteers and Museum Stewards and I am pleased to say that most were able to attend and had a very enjoyable time – again my thanks to Jill who provided a lovely spread as usual. It was a very small show of our appreciation for all the work those people did throughout the year. Our shop has been doing very well and we have been able to welcome visitors and enquirers in our Museum. Our 2022 Calendar has sold very well and as I write we have approximately twenty-five left – if you didn't get a calendar for Christmas then you may still be able to obtain a 'limited edition' one of Old Bitterne!

Our Ruby Jubilee brochure was distributed to all members in November and we have received some lovely comments about the memories it brought back; my thanks again to Steve Adams for all his hard work on both the Calendar and Brochure.

Finally, thanks to Peter Richards who has put together an excellent programme for the year, let us hope we are able to hold our meetings in what is going to be another 'difficult' year!

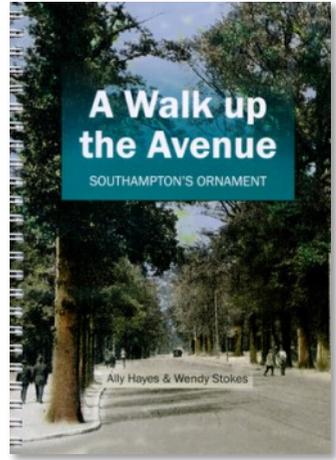
We are planning a giant book sale at the Mercantile Flea from January 10 – 15, if restrictions allow; do call in and see us and support this new venture.

Best Wishes for 2022, and our 41<sup>st</sup> year, from Jill and Myself.

*Jill* 

## A WALK UP THE AVENUE — Book Review

This new book, which is available in our shop and from our website, has the sub-title “Southampton Ornament” and is a guide to the buildings, views and people who have a connection with The Avenue and takes you from London Road to Burgess Road. Popular lie-flat spiral binding to take with you while exploring. Its ninety pages are lavishly illustrated and it is a most interesting read put together by Ally Hayes and Wendy Stokes of the Bevois Mount History Group. It costs £12.00.

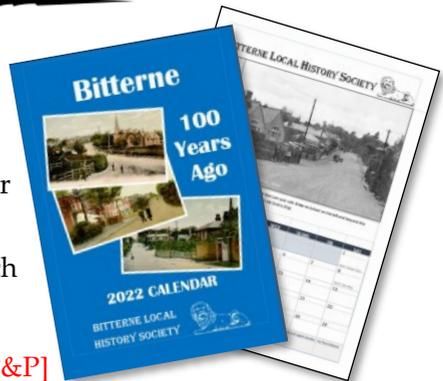


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## BLHS 2022 CALENDAR

We still have a very few of our 2022 Calendars left for sale, available from our shop or online on our website. It is A4 wire bound with a month to view on each page with a Bitterne photograph.

Price: £4.95 in shop or £7.30 online [inc P&P]



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## COVER PHOTOGRAPH

A postcard recently donated to our collection. John I. Thorneycroft & Co. were always great supporters of local carnivals. There were Southampton Hospital Carnivals for many years, including in 1914 and 1920 then most years until 1939. This one looks to be before the first world war so is this the event on 11 July 1914? We would love to hear from anyone who has more information.



## DEATH OF A HERO – *Jim Brown*

During the last war, my late wife, Marion, had a cousin she was immensely proud of, John James Robinson, known as 'Jackie'. He had the reputation of being a bit of a dare devil and getting up to all sorts of mischief. Twenty-seven year old Jackie was fond of his twelve year old cousin Marion, who he treated as a little sister.



**'Jackie' Robinson**

He had enlisted in the famous Gloucestershire Regiment in 1940 and by 1943 had risen to the rank of full Corporal in the 7th Battalion. That December he applied to transfer to No. 3 Commando, an elite force. At his own request he reverted to Private on the transfer and obtained the coveted green beret after the tough Commando course close to Ben Nevis.

He was stationed on Southampton Common prior to D-Day. Although they were not allowed to leave the Common, he, typically, nevertheless managed to get away and pay a visit to Marion and the family in South East Road, before

embarking for France 6 June 1944.

Marion used to receive letters from him when he was fighting in France and kept them all. Included with the letters once was a British Armed Forces pound note, known as a BAF.

He clearly fought well as a Commando as he was promoted '*in the field*' to Lance Corporal on 29 June and full Corporal on 20 July.

However, that August the terrible news was received that Jackie had been killed in action. No details were known but his parents understood that he had been killed by a sniper. Marion often spoke about him and in the summer of 1996, we decided, together with Marion's cousin Joyce and her husband Ray, to travel with our caravans to France and visit Jackie's grave.



The family already had a photo of his original temporary

headstone, but we knew that the Ranville War Cemetery, Calvados, France had War Graves Commission wonderful headstones. This proved to be true, and the cemetery was an impressive sight, with its neat, absolutely straight, rows of perfectly kept headstones.

That October, 1996, after the visit, I decided to find out more about the battles he was in and, if possible, how he was killed in action.

I first wrote to the Ministry of Defence, enclosing £20 for his full service record. This gave me the details of his promotions etc., (as already explained.) I then wrote to the Commando Association, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex and had an amazing reply.



First, they mentioned obtaining a book “*Storm from the Sea*” by Peter Young. He was the Commanding Officer of No. 3 Commando, Jackie’s section, and when I purchased the book, I found that Jackie was mentioned.

*The Germans in the Bois de Bavent were by no means as placid as our old neighbours in the Bas de Breville, and on 13<sup>th</sup> August, taking advantage of a misty morning, about half a dozen of them attacked 1 Troop’s listening post and killed Corporal Robinson. Trooper Furber shot one with his Bren and the rest made off. The dead German was brought in, he was the section commander.*

But there was even more surprising news. The Commando Association sent a copy of my letter to Charles Mager, who was on the General Committee and known to also be a member of No. 3 Commando. He replied to us direct with an exceptionally long letter, explaining not only was he a close friend of Jackie, having served with him in training and landing on Sword beach, he was also with him when he was killed! (Corporal Charles Mager and his comrades knew Jackie as “Robbo”)

The following is thus a very abbreviated account of the actions that both were in prior to and after landing on D-Day:

Charles and ‘Robbo’, following their tough Commando course at Achnacarry, close to Ben Nevis, reinforced No. 3 Commando at Worthing on 16 February, following their return from the Middle East. No. 3 Commando had sustained heavy losses after their successful landing in Sicily and Italy, which had depleted their numbers to 280 (a full Commando would normally consist of six troops plus HQ, totalling 440 soldiers).

They were inspected by General Montgomery on 21 February at Hove and were then sent to Scotland for more assault landing exercises, returning to Worthing on 10 March.

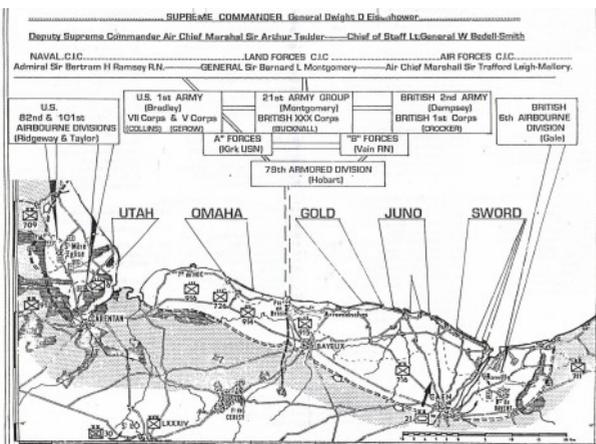
General Miles Dempsey inspected them on 17 March at Broadwater Green before they recommenced training with speed marches and cross-

country marches in full battle order over the South Downs. Simulating what was to be their tasks for the forthcoming Normandy landing, they also visited badly bombed Limehouse in East London for street fighting exercises.

At the end of May they went to Southampton in what was known as Camp 18 (Southampton Common) where they were briefed daily, together with Nos. 4, 6 and 45 Royal Marine Commando, until everybody knew exactly what was expected of them. There was a Church Parade for all denominations on 4 June, with a final check on their weapons and equipment and a good night's sleep.

The following day, 5 June, their Brigadier, Lord Lovet gave them what was called a 'Henry V' type address and wished them good hunting. They then moved to HMS *Tormentor*, the shore establishment on the River Hamble, where their assault craft were moored.

They then bussed to Warsash in the early afternoon and prior to embarkation played football against a team from No. 6 Commando in a field close to the *Rising Sun* pub. They then embarked onto their five Landing Craft, part of No. 200 Landing Craft Flotilla commanded by Lieutenant Commander Rupert Curtis, RN, also part of 'Force S', the code name for the force attacking Sword Beach.



They received their sailing orders at 9.30 pm, but lay off the shelter of the Isle of Wight owing to the storm that had delayed the attack for twenty-four hours. Leaving the Isle of Wight they lay off Sword Beach at 8.30 am, waiting for their turn to run in, with

Jackie landed on Sword Beach, near Caen

a broadside from HMS *Ramillies* and other warships softening up the shore defences.

Their landing at Queen Road sector of Sword Beach went reasonably well, although three of the five Landing Craft were hit before they beached, and a number of casualties sustained. Having quickly dashed across the wet sand of La Breche beach, they formed up in damaged seafront houses and then made their way through a flooded and mined area to Colleville, their first objective.

After some minor opposition they quickly got to the outskirts of St Aubin d'Arquenay, made good progress, by mid-day passing through Benouville, to the delight of the Ox & Bucks 6<sup>th</sup> Airborne, who had been there since midnight, and continued over the Caen Canal Bridge (Pegasus) and onto the River Orne Bridge, that were both intact. Their next objective was Amfreville, part of the high ground that dominated the beach-head, where the enemy could shell the supply ships.

Their first night was spent at Ranville, defending the 6<sup>th</sup> Airborne HQ against counter-attack, prior to their move to Amfreville. Their 1 Troop took up a defensive position in the grounds of a Chateau just yards from the enemy line, who did their unsuccessful best to dislodge them. Due to their losses 'Robbo' was promoted to lead a section, and after a dawn stand to on 18 July Caen took a pounding from a 2,000-bomber raid, leaving them safe to move forward.





**Marion and cousin Joyce at Jackie's grave.**

They then occupied cross-roads at Le Mesnil in the Bois de Bavant, taking over from the 13<sup>th</sup> Parachute Regiment, and on 6 August close on one hundred and twenty mortar shells fell on their position, causing many casualties. They had a further twenty-eight reinforcements on 7 August and were able to continue their patrol activities.

Soon after dawn on 13 August there was an attack on their advanced listening post close to the

German front line in the thick wooded area of the Bois de Bavant. 'Robbo' was in the standing position, taking aim at the enemy, when one of their patrols got in first with a single shot that pierced the left side of his chest. He died instantly. Their Bren gunner, Bill Furber, killed the enemy patrol leader and the remainder fled. Both bodies were recovered.

Charles Mager stated *"A very sad loss to 1 Troop, a brave soldier, a good comrade who had the happy knack of always being cheerful under the worst of circumstances"*.

This was true of so many Commando who gave their all during the Normandy landings, and it is thought worthwhile to commemorate Marion's cousin in our magazine as a record of what he did for us all.



## SEARCHING FOR CHARLES ST. JOHN — *Dave Payne*

Some years ago, a friend of mine gave me a book entitled *The Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands* by Charles St. John. Having re-read the book recently I was intrigued by a mention in a short chapter at the beginning of the book entitled *Life of C. St John*. In it the author (who has only initialled this piece as M.G.W. 1892), says that Charles St. John died in Woolston in 1856.

I decided to try and find his address in Woolston at the time of his death. My initial inquiries through Wikipedia only said that he died in Woolston. My next port of call was to Bitterne Local History Society, (which by the way led me to join the Society, but that is another story) A reply from Steve Adams suggested Southampton Central Library, which set me upon an interesting journey.

I made an appointment to visit the local studies section, and went along armed with information I had so far learned.

To sum up, he was born in Chailey, Sussex, on 3 December 1809. His father was General the Hon. Frederick St. John, who married Arabella Craven. Charles went to Midhurst School where he spent a lot of his time fishing in the River Arun.

In 1828 Charles was appointed to a clerkship at the Treasury, but the regular work and confinement indoors proved irksome. His Uncle lent him a property in Sutherland called *Rosehall*. There he devoted his time to the study of animals and birds. He started writing articles for the *Quarterly Review*. On 20 November 1834 he married Ann Gibson, the daughter of a Newcastle banker who according to the rather amusing quote I found “brought him some fortune and much sympathy with sport and natural history”.

At this stage I should point out that “sport “in those days more often than not referred to the “field sports” of shooting, fishing, stalking, etc.

In 1846 he wrote his first book, *Short Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands*, more were to follow, some of them he also

illustrated himself.

He began to suffer from severe headaches and had a particularly violent attack at the beginning of December 1853. Having recovered he was travelling to a days shooting when he was struck by a paralysis of the whole of his left side. He was taken home and nursed by friends and family for several weeks. But he never recovered the use of his limbs and was advised to go to the South of England for a change of scene and the "air". Going first to Brighton and then, for some unknown reason, moving to Woolston. He died on 12 July 1856, aged 45, while still retaining hopes of ending his days in the Highlands. He was buried in Southampton Old Cemetery with the skull of a favourite retriever at his feet.

He left three sons and a daughter; his sons included Colonel Frederick Charles St. John and Rear-Admiral Henry Craven St. John.

But back to the original title of this article, before my visit to the Local Studies Section at the library I obtained a copy of his death certificate hoping that it would include mention of his residence at the time of his death. The eagerly awaited death certificate arrived in the post but although it contained some interesting information, disappointingly there was no address. However, I took it along to the library with me together with my copy of his book and the information from Wikipedia. Rachel, the assistant, was very helpful and interested in my quest. Whilst I was looking through the microfilm of the Hampshire Independent and the Hampshire Chronicle, she made the first breakthrough, but also came up with a mystery.

Wikipedia gave the date of his death as 22 July 1856, but Rachel had found his obituary in the "Elgin Chronicle" which gave the date as 12 July. Closer inspection of his death certificate gave the date of burial as 18 July 1856.

Now armed with the correct date I found the notice of his death in the Hampshire Independent . But again, sadly only Woolston was given as his place of death. Rachel also found an article about Charles in the National Biography Website and in the National Probate archive. Again, a dead end, only telling me 'Woolston' again.

We also looked at the “find a grave” website [[www.findagrave.com](http://www.findagrave.com)], another disappointment although there was a picture of his headstone, but once again no address. In early October I arranged to meet the “Friends of Southampton Old Cemetery” and they kindly showed me his grave. The headstone is still in a very good condition. The “friends” told me they had the burial details and would send them to me.

A breakthrough at last! The email from the “Friends” arrived and there it was, (at least a partial result), HAZELEIGH COTTAGE. But I still had to be as sure as I could that Charles lived at Hazeleigh Cottage. Rachel at the Local Studies Library found a reference in a directory awaiting conservation of a Mrs St. John living at Hazeleigh Cottage in 1857. Although by the 1861 census she was living with her daughter Annie at Newchurch, Isle of Wight.

So now my search for Hazeleigh Cottage began, with possibly Hazeleigh Road being a good starting point. With Steve Adams from BLHS on the case it did not take long. He sent me an extract of a 1910 Ordnance Survey map which showed two large properties bounded by Obelisk



Road to the South, Hazeleigh Road to the North, to the East Hazeleigh Avenue, and on the East side Canada Road.

They were called Hazeleigh and Thornleigh, The area has seen a lot of changes since then, Hazeleigh Road is now called Thornleigh Road, and the short cul-de-sac which was Lyndock Place in 1910 now runs north all the way to Thornleigh

Road. Its route probably taking it directly over the site of Hazeleigh Cottage.

Steve also found a lot of Obituaries for me, some death notices, and a couple of book reviews. It would seem that at the time of his death Charles was a popular and quite well-known author, although now sadly mainly forgotten.

What started off as curiosity about where Charles was living in Woolston has led me on quite a journey. Which is not finished yet as I plan to follow up on the history of Hazeleigh Cottage which should make another interesting article. If anyone can help me with any information, or even pictures of Hazeleigh Cottage I would be extremely grateful.

I am indebted to the generous help I have had from Staff at Southampton Library Local Studies, The Friends of Southampton Old Cemetery, and Steve Adams from Bitterne Local History Society.



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## **CHRISTMAS IN WOOLSTON IN THE 1920s & 1930s — Laurie Bishop**

In the prewar era of the 1920s and 1930s Christmas was a simple affair, almost Dickensian in nature, with homemade paper chains to “deck the halls”, bunches of fresh holly draped over pictures, a lone sprig of mistletoe dangling invitingly from the hall light, and a small Christmas tree with real lighted candles, which flickered tantalizingly close to the tinsel-laden boughs.

But what made those Christmases so appealing to us kids was the deep faith we had in the existence of Santa Claus, or Father Christmas as he was mostly called then. We knew very little about him except for his physical appearance (gleaned from Christmas cards) and his uncanny ability to determine whether a child had been good or bad. We were hazy about his place of abode, and unaware of his marital status or even the names of his reindeer. Still, such things were of little concern to us. As long as he ‘delivered’, that was all that mattered.

Parents would go to great lengths to cultivate and reinforce this faith, and in most families, there was a deep conspiracy among the adult members to maintain utmost secrecy. Ours was no exception. During the week before Christmas, a succession of aunts would descend on our house with bulging shopping bags. Shortly after each arrival, my sister and I were told to ‘go play in the garden’ even if it was freezing cold or pouring with rain. We would obediently trot outside and the moment the door slammed shut behind us, there was a mad rush to the front room where the contents of the shopping bags were transferred to a cupboard and securely locked away.

On Christmas Eve, my sister and I were packed off to bed under the age-old threat that Santa would not come if we were still awake. And when my mother was convinced that we were fast asleep, she would take the gifts out of the cupboard and carry them upstairs to place them on our bedside chairs.

Ah, the joy of waking before daybreak the following morning and

fumbling the presents in the dark, trying to fathom what each one was! Then, as dawn broke, unwrapping the boxes with eager fingers and holding up the contents with happy heart! I was never disappointed! Or, at least, not until the Christmas of 1932 when the magic world of Santa collapsed about me like a house of cards.



The first seeds of doubt were sown by a friend, Peter Parmiter, when he stood in his gateway in Florence Road and addressed a small gathering of neighbourhood boys. It was the morning of Christmas Eve and Father Christmas was naturally the principal topic of conversation. Pete ruthlessly pooh-poohed the idea of a jovial, generous, white bearded benefactor and maintained that it was our parents who bought the presents and passed them off as gifts from Father Christmas just to fool us and make sure we were on our best behaviour.

Revolutionary words indeed! And since Peter came from a more affluent family than most of us, he made a deep impact on his audience. In a desperate effort to counter this denial, I suggested that, in Peter's case, since his father was well off, he might buy a few presents to **add** to the gifts from Santa. This drew a derisive snort from Peter but a nod of approval from the gang, especially from Keith Gould, who clung tenaciously to his trust in Santa.

The damage was done, however, and my own faith was badly shaken. When I got home, I appealed to a higher authority in the form of my older sister. Instead of a direct reply to my question, she dropped a heavy hint that if I really wanted to know the truth, I should stay awake that night but pretend to be asleep. I did so, And as I lay there with eyes clenched tight, I heard someone climb the stairs and enter my room. There was a rustling as the presents were placed on my bedside chair. Then, as the footsteps retreated to the door, I opened one eye and caught

a glimpse of – my mother’s back!

A feeling of numbness came over me as I realized the truth that Peter had preached that very morning. And I knew that Christmas would never again hold its magic spirit of enchantment for me.

I had little sleep that night and in the morning, I went through the motions of opening my presents, curious to see what they were but not overly enthusiastic. Over breakfast, I realized that I would have to go and face Peter to confess how wrong I had been. I was sure Keith would be as devastated as I was and I expected Peter to have nothing but scorn in his voice as he pronounced his ‘told yer so’. To my surprise, I found a jubilant Keith and an ecstatic Peter who greeted me with: ‘He’s real! Father Christmas is real! Look what he brought me!’

He proudly displayed a brand-new bicycle. I opened my mouth to speak but before I had time to toss his own argument in his face, he went on: ‘I know what you are going to say but if my dad had bought it, there would be some kind of brand name like Raleigh or Hercules on it. But, see for yourself, it doesn’t have any mark at all. So, it must be from Father Christmas!’

Together, we went over every inch of the bike with detailed thoroughness. True enough, there was no identifying label of any kind. Nor was there any mark to show that perhaps a nameplate had been removed or painted over. And to make it more conclusive, there was no sign of a serial number! I looked up to see Peter’s Dad hovering in the background, his face creased in a smug, Cheshire cat smile. How he had pulled it off, I never found out, nor did I really want to know. For me, it was enough to see Peter’s trust in Santa fully restored.

The news of the ‘miracle’ quickly spread and there was a renewed avowal of faith in Santa by an elated group of boys. Seeing the joy reflected on their faces, I didn’t have the heart to recount my own experience.

After all, ignorance is bliss . . . !!





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## SHALL WE GO TO THE PICTURES? – Jim Brown

(We never called it the 'Cinema', did we?)

The Ritz in Bitterne, popular with so many locals and “townies” alike. But how many can recall seeing the films shown, *Show Boat*, *Samson & Delilah* and on the Children’s Saturday Matinee, *Song of the Range*?



This is now the site of PureGym and the shops in the precinct beneath it.



The Palladium in Portswode– the canopy kept you dry whilst queuing (There was always a queue).

Now a Poundland, the building to the right of the picture is still the Portswode Library.

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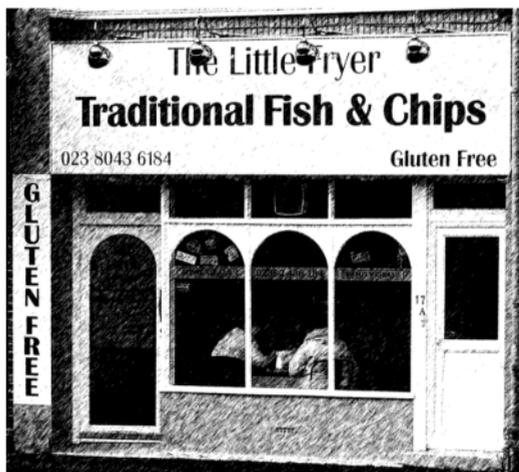
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Visit The Little Fryer on Facebook  
for menu and delivery details



The Regent in Shirley High Street, where I took my teenage girl friend, later to become my wife for 66 years.



The Atherley in Shirley Road, where also I took my girlfriend, both were a long way from Bitterne, so her parents wouldn't know!

The Forum, where an unexploded bomb dropped inside during the war. It was successfully defused and my War Reserve Constable father gave me the fuse, which I had for years)





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The Regal later became The Odeon, but still had a great restaurant.

The Gaiety, next to what used to be the Midland Bank, bottom of the High Street, was known to youngsters as *The Bug Hutch* but I can't imagine why!



The Plaza, at the far end of Northam Bridge, was where, in 1939, when I was 7 years old, I was a member of the Mickey Mouse Club. On my birthday I actually had a birthday card signed by Mickey Mouse himself. It was



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**From January 1997: The Southampton Heinkel — Maurice Young**

It is perhaps surprising to note that despite the high number of attacks carried out on Southampton by the Luftwaffe during the Second World War only one enemy aircraft is known to have been shot down within the city's boundaries. The enemy bomber was a Heinkel III type P2 from the eighth Staffel (Squadron) of No. 55 Kampfgeschwader (Bomber Group). The aircraft's coding was G1+ES and its Werkenummer (Serial Number) was 2857. It is known that, together with nineteen other Heinkels and thirty one Junkers 88s, G1+ES took off from its base at Villacoublay near Paris some time before midnight on April 15th 1941 to attack the city of Liverpool. It carried a crew of four consisting of Oberleutnant Gunther von Seidlitz (pilot), Feldwebel Franz Hummer (observer/bomb aimer), Unteroffizier Herbert Sauer (radio operator/gunner) and Unteroffizier Hans Rosenberg (gunner).

Although from the German point of view the raid on Liverpool was highly successful, for some reason that is unclear the crew of G1+ES were unable to locate the target and turned for home with the bomb still on board. At approximately 1.35 on the morning of the 16th April whilst the aircraft was heading southwards over the northern border of Hampshire, it was spotted on the on-board radar of a Bristol Beaufighter flown by the legendary Squadron Leader John 'Cat's Eyes' Cunningham and his radar operator Sergeant Cecil Rawnsley. The Beaufighter raced in pursuit and at a point somewhere to the north of Marchwood, attacked the Heinkel with cannon fire from astern at a range known to have been less than a hundred yards. With both engines on fire, von Seidlitz ordered the bombs to be dropped and his crew to stand by to abandon the stricken aircraft. The eight bombs – which had been 'made safe' in the bomber for the trip home – fell unexploded near Byhams House a little over half a mile north east of Marchwood. They were later

removed by a team from No. 22 Bomb Disposal Company commanded by Major Wood of The Royal Engineers.

The now fiercely burning Heinkel dived towards Southampton and at 1.45 am on Wednesday 16th April 1941 crashed onto a luckily unoccupied house in Padwell Road. Oberleutnant von Seidlitz and his observer, Feldwebel Hummer, had already baled out over the Northam area but were both killed due to what was described as parachute failure. Their dead bodies were found at first light close together in the scrap metal yard of Pollack and Brown. (Research indicates that only one partly opened parachute was found hanging on the jib of a yard crane with the body of Oberleutnant von Seidlitz in the harness. It is of course probable that Feldwebel Hummer's parachute was damaged in the aircraft and that both airmen attempted to escape on one).

Unteroffizier Rosenberg fared rather better, landing uninjured - apart from a slightly cut lip - on top of a stationary guards van in the railway marshalling yard at Mount Pleasant. Leaving his parachute draped over the roof of the guards van, he gave himself up to a railway official on night duty and, after surrendering his pistol, was given tea and a cigarette before being escorted to Portswood Police Station. After interrogation by Royal Air force Officers he spent the rest of the war in captivity. Unteroffizier Sauer was not so lucky and had the misfortune to land in the small front garden of a house in Alfred Street breaking one or both his legs by striking a low front wall. He was made as comfortable as possible by the householder until the arrival of an ambulance. After treatment in the Royal south Hants Hospital he too spent the rest of the war in captivity.

It is perhaps worth noting that when the Luftwaffe replaced the lost G1+ES with a new Heinkel (also coded G1+ES) the replacement aircraft had a very short life span indeed, being shot down by anti-aircraft fire into Poole Harbour about a month later.



## **OTHER LOCAL SOCIETIES**

Most local history societies are now starting meetings again, although not all have yet published their plans. Please contact societies directly for current information..

### **West End Local History Society**

Meetings in West End Parish Centre, Chapel Road, SO30 3FE at 7.30 pm

**None currently listed**

Contact: 02380 471886

[www.westendlhs.co.uk/meetings/](http://www.westendlhs.co.uk/meetings/)

### **Bishop's Waltham Local History Society**

Meetings at St Peter's Church Hall, SO32 1EE at 7.30 pm

**None currently listed**

[info@bishopswalthamsociety.org](mailto:info@bishopswalthamsociety.org)

[www.bishopswalthamsociety.org.uk/](http://www.bishopswalthamsociety.org.uk/)

### **Hampshire Genealogical Society**

**The Southampton Group is currently closed. The nearest groups are now Fair Oak and Romsey, see their website for details**

Contact: 077 6940 5195

[www.hgs-familyhistory.com/](http://www.hgs-familyhistory.com/)

### **Hamble Local History Society**

Hamble Memorial Hall , Hamble-le-Rice, Southampton SO31 4JE at 7.30 pm

3 Feb THE 'JOLIE BRISE' by Toby Marris

Contact: 023 8045 7189

[www.hamblehistory.org.uk](http://www.hamblehistory.org.uk)

### **Hound Local History Society**

St Edwards Church Hall, Grange Road, Netley, SO31 5FF at 7.30 pm

28 Jan SATCHELL LANE, HOUND OR HAMBLE? By Ian Underdown

25 Mar BURSLEDON IN WW1 by Jeff Martin

Contact: 023 8045 3641

[www.hugofox.com/community/hound-local-history-society-13390](http://www.hugofox.com/community/hound-local-history-society-13390)

### **Hampshire Industrial Archaeology Society**

Meetings at the Underhill Centre, St. John's Road, SO30 4AF at 7.45

**None currently listed**

Contact: 01962 855200

[www.hias.org.uk/meetings.htm](http://www.hias.org.uk/meetings.htm)

### **Botley, Curdrige and Durley History Society**

Meetings at Diamond Jubilee Hall, Botley, SO30 2ES at 8.00 pm

28 Jan THE MARY ROSE by Dawn by Perrier Baker

25 Feb THE PILGRIM FATHERS 1590 - 1630 by Jake Simpkin

25 Mar PEARTREE 400 ANNIVERSARY by Dr Cheryl Butler

Contact: 01489 691777

[www.botley.com/history-society](http://www.botley.com/history-society)

### **Friends of Southampton Museums, Archives and Galleries**

26 Jan UNSETTLED LANDSCAPES: THE ART OF THE EERIE by Steve Marshall

Contact: [info@fosmag.org.uk](mailto:info@fosmag.org.uk)

[www.fosmag.org.uk/events/](http://www.fosmag.org.uk/events/)

### **Millbrook Local History Society**

Holy Trinity Church Hall, Millbrook Road, SO15 0JZ at 7.00 pm

3 Feb THE MAN WHO FLEW TO ROMSEY by Nick Braddock

3 Mar BUILDING SPITFIRES WITHOUT A FACTORY by Alan Matlock

Contact: 023 8077 0148

[millbrookhistory.webs.com](http://millbrookhistory.webs.com)

### **Romsey Local History Society**

Meetings in Town Hall, Market Place, Romsey SO51 8YZ

**Four meetings a month so please consult their website.**

**Note their January and February meetings are via Zoom.**

Contact: [romsey.history@gmail.com](mailto:romsey.history@gmail.com)

[www.ltvas.org.uk](http://www.ltvas.org.uk)

### **City of Southampton Society**

Meetings at Edmund Kell Church Hall, Bellevue Road, SO15 2AY at 7.00

**None currently listed**

Contact: [info@cos.org.uk](mailto:info@cos.org.uk)

[www.coss.org.uk/](http://www.coss.org.uk/)



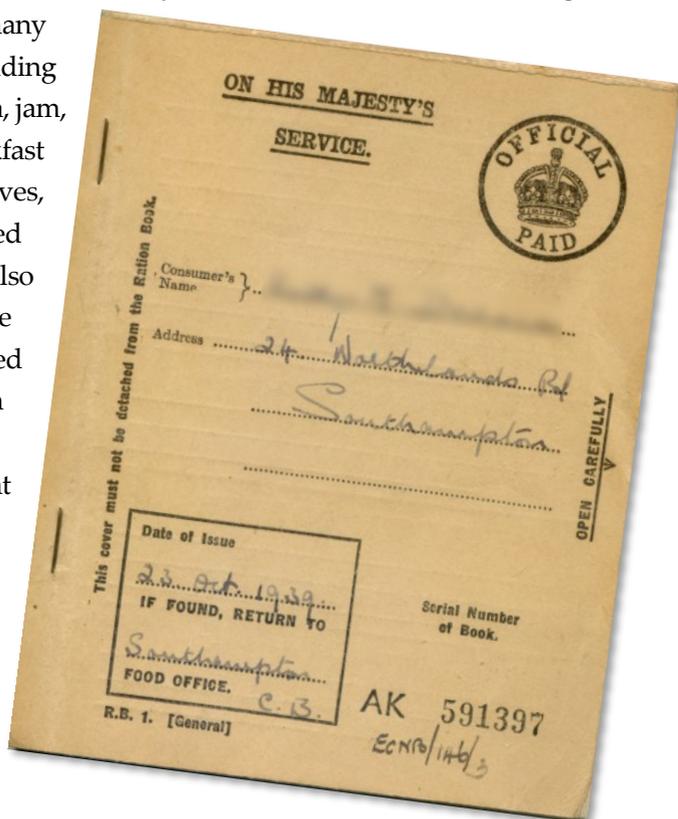
## FROM OUR COLLECTION

### Ration Books from World War Two

We have a number of original World War Two Ration Books in our collection. Every man, woman and child was given these for food and clothing filled with coupons, these were required before rationed goods could be purchased. You had to register at shops of your choice, there were no supermarkets so people had to visit several different shops to buy meat, vegetables, bread and other goods. The shopkeeper's name was written in the front of the Ration Book. When people wanted to buy items tokens in their ration book were cut out or marked by the shopkeeper. Shopkeepers themselves had to be registered and received only enough food for the customers registered with them.

Food rationing began on 8th January 1940 when bacon, butter and sugar were rationed, later many other foodstuffs, including meat, cooking fats, tea, jam, sweets, biscuits, breakfast cereals, cheese, preserves, eggs, lard, milk, canned and dried fruit were also put 'on the ration'. The rationed amount varied from month-to-month dependent on the availability of different foods.

Food rationing continued after the war as supplies were still very limited. On 25 July 1948 flour



rationing ended and gradually other items followed until all food rationing ended when meat became the last item rationed on 4 July 1954.

Other items such as petrol, soap, clothes, furniture and bread were also rationed. In fact bread was not rationed during the war it only went on the ration on 21 July 1946 and it was announced it was coming off ration on the 22 July 1948.

# CLOTHING BOOK

**1945-46**  
JUNIOR CB 4/8

This book must not be used until the holder's name, full postal address and National Registration Number have been written below. Detach this book at once and keep it safely. It is your only means of buying clothing.

HOLDER'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (in BLOCK letters)

ADDRESS 52 WINCHESTER ROAD  
(in BLOCK letters)  
SURLEY  
SOUTHAMPTON

HOLDER'S NATIONAL REGISTRATION No. ECU1 / 8 / 6

IF FOUND please take this book to any Food Office or Police Station

FOOD OFFICE CODE No. 5.83 J

THIS BOOK IS NUMBER JB 298758

PAGE 1

Hold Pages I—VIII in one hand and TEAR ALONG THIS LINE

## BLUE COUPONS

Keep quarter coupons for which need them

CLOTHING COUPON <b>TOKEN Q</b>		CLOTHING COUPON <b>TOKEN P</b>	
CLOTHING COUPON <b>58</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>57</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>54</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>53</b>
CLOTHING COUPON <b>50</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>49</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>48</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>47</b>
CLOTHING COUPON <b>44</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>43</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>42</b>	CLOTHING COUPON <b>41</b>

### MONTHLY A COUNTERFOIL—R.B.9

Holder's Name (BLOCK LETTERS) \_\_\_\_\_

Address (BLOCK LETTERS) \_\_\_\_\_

Name and Address of Retailer \_\_\_\_\_

MONTHLY "A"		MONTHLY "A"		MONTHLY "A"		MONTHLY "A"		MONTHLY "A"		MONTHLY "A"	
JUNE	APRIL	FEB	DEC	OCT	AUG	JULY	JULY	JULY	JULY	JULY	JULY
MONTHLY "B"		MONTHLY "B"		MONTHLY "B"		MONTHLY "B"		MONTHLY "B"		MONTHLY "B"	
JUNE	APRIL	FEB	DEC	OCT	AUG	JULY	JULY	JULY	JULY	JULY	JULY

July 42

MONTHLY B COUNTERFOIL—R.B.9

Holder's Name (BLOCK LETTERS) \_\_\_\_\_

Address (BLOCK LETTERS) \_\_\_\_\_

Name and Address of Retailer \_\_\_\_\_

RATION BOOK SERIAL NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

NATIONAL REGISTRATION NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

Coupon pages: left, coupons cut out; right, marked off



# BLHS CALENDAR

## MONTHLY MEETINGS

Hopefully the following can go ahead but check our website regularly for updates.

Feb 12 WINCHESTER: BISHOPS, BUILDINGS AND BONES

Andrew Negus

Mar 12 BUILDING SPITFIRES WITHOUT A FACTORY

Alan Matlock

Apr 9 PEAR TREE CHURCH : 400 YEARS OF HISTORY

Dr Cheryl Butler

May 14 MAGIC BRUNELS

Prof Tony Pointon

**Deadline for contributions to the Spring Edition  
is Saturday, 12th March**

Please send contributions to the Editor, Steve Adams  
**[blhseditor@gmail.com](mailto:blhseditor@gmail.com)**

or address them to The Editor at the Heritage Centre  
231, Peartree Avenue, Southampton, SO19 7RD



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Association

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Medication	Respite Care	Trips Out	
Hair Care	Sleep Nights	Holidays	
Catheter Care	Wake Nights		



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## BITTERNE LOCAL HISTORY SOCIETY

### CHARITY SHOP

Monday to Friday 10 am - 4 pm

Saturday 10 am 1 pm

### HERITAGE & RESEARCH CENTRE

Stewards present Monday to Friday 1 pm – 4 pm

Check our website for updates

**[www.bitterne.net](http://www.bitterne.net)**

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Southampton, SO19 7RD

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