

Oral History – Michael Stanley Waller

Recorded firstly by YVONNE SHAW and secondly by MICHAEL STANLEY WALLER

Transcribed in both cases by YVONNE SHAW

Further edited by CHRISTOPHER JOHN HOGGER and SUSAN MORRIS

Michael Stanley Waller was born in 1930 to parents Jesse Waller and Helen Maude (née) Price who had married at West Horsley Parish Church on 1 June 1922. From 1934 until at least the early 1960s he lived with his parents at 2 Station Cottages, Effingham Junction. He married Catherine P Fairbrother in 1968. In his last years he lived with her in Crossford, Dunfermline, Fife until his death in 2023 aged 92.

Introduction

Michael's first oral account to Effingham Local History Group (ELHG) of his life in Effingham was given in an interview recorded by Yvonne Shaw in The Sir Douglas Haig public house on 15 September 2010, and was transcribed approximately by Yvonne as *Life in Railway Cottages, Effingham Junction*; her transcript has recently been edited by Christopher John Hogger and Susan Morris to improve its accuracy. The interview was occasionally punctuated by questions posed by James Louie Nicholls, who was not an ELHG member but a regular patron of The Sir Douglas Haig.

In June 2011 Michael produced a DVD and sent this to ELHG a month later, in July. It contained a recording, made by Michael, which revised substantially what he had told in the first interview. This DVD, formally archived by ELHG under the reference *ELHG/waller/disk/1*, contains both video and audio components. The video shows a selection of his family photographs which he was displaying – one at a time, using a controller – on his television, while he was at the same time filming the television screen and reading from a script that he had written (thereby producing the audio component). In his reading he occasionally explains aspects of whichever image is displayed on the screen. In essence, the whole effect is that of a spoken commentary by Michael about his life in Effingham as well as about his family photographs as displayed on his TV.

Then in August 2011 Michael sent a second DVD, very similar to the first but with three minor corrections made to his spoken script. This DVD has been archived as *ELHG/waller/disk/2* and a transcript for it has been generated by applying his three corrections to an earlier transcript made by Yvonne of the first DVD.

The transcript of the first interview and the transcript of the second DVD are presented in sequence below. In the second of these, the images that Michael talks about are also shown.

In both transcripts Michael refers to the set of cottages in which he lived as, variously, “Railway Cottages” or “Station Cottages”. The latter is the formal name. Station Cottages, of which there were originally five, were situated just to the south of the railway line between Effingham Junction and Guildford; Nos 1 and 2 (he lived at No 2) stood alongside Effingham Common Road, on its western side, just south of the bridge over the railway line. By contrast, the twenty semi-detached properties formally named Railway Cottages stood rather further away to the north of the railway, along the western side of Old Lane.

Transcript of the interview in The Sir Douglas Haig Hotel

My name is Michael Waller. I lived in 2 Station Cottages from 1934 until 1965. The first thing I remember about the war years was in September 1949 [as spoken – he meant 1939] on September 4th [sic – 3rd] I remember war was declared and my mother crying because the first world war hadn't been over for 20 years. My neighbours at Station Cottages were named Mr [James] and Mrs Ponsford. They had two daughters Vera and Enid. They took on two evacuees from London, Rita Simmon(d)s and Sheila Brown, who I became friendly with as a child; we used to play on the Common and get up to all sorts of things. The Common, by the side of the cottages, we used to play a lot, and we used to play cricket and rounders and we used to climb trees and generally enjoy our youth on the Common playing. At that time of course it was Double British [sic – British Double] Summer Time during the war and so we had light evenings. I had to go to bed at 7 o'clock, and I could hear everybody else still playing on the Common which I was very annoyed about because I wanted to be there with them! Let's stop there for a moment.

Schooling: I went to Effingham (St Lawrence I think they call it now) School, Primary School when I was five and from what I can remember it was quite a happy period with my childhood then. Stewart Adams was the headmaster and his wife was the governess. I remember also that they had a stuffed lion on

a plinth in the corridor of the school. I don't know if it's still there! There were outside toilets in the playing fields and I had a real problem one day, I got stuck in the toilet outside. It was freezing cold and a teacher, Miss Parker, had to come out and fetch me in. The other teachers there were Miss Dixon and Mrs Hardement. Stewart Adams didn't do a lot of teaching from what I can remember. He did the odd lessons with physical examples like weighing bits and pieces – weights and measures – and he used to get volunteers from us kids to help him with his garden; so if we could get out of arithmetic lessons everybody put their hands up and special ones were chosen to go and weed his garden. I was also chosen by him to fetch his cucumbers from Mizens the market garden just down the road.

Still in the primary school, [at] The Lodge opposite the School we had allotments where we used to grow our own vegetables and we were taken for walks in the fields and we had sports day playing cricket etc up past Curtis' Farm, in a field at the back of Curtis' Farm. We used to go up there and play cricket with the school. What else can I say about the school ... There was also a big yew tree in the – er, in the school grounds – which I notice is not there now.

Nicholls: did you ever swim in The Lodge swimming pool?

Yes – yes, but that wasn't until later, not while I was at the primary school.

Yvonne: and then you moved on to secondary school.

Yes, I was going to say something else about the primary school, about the playing field that we had which opened in late Spring where on a fine sunny day we would sometimes gather in a group and have lessons sitting on the grass in the field which was all very pleasant.

And the classes were graded into As and Bs, and I went from 1A into 2A which I think was the top. I think that's from a junior class to an A class, A1, and then the top was A2; and then there was a B class, B1 and B2.

Nicholls: what was Stewart Adams like?

Stewart Adams was a very ... how can I put it ... he was a character, Stewart Adams was a character. He used to wear a trilby hat and he used to tell us all sorts of anecdotes, he was a bit of a comedian. He generally was quite a pleasant chap. I remember he had a Morris car which we all envied and sometimes when he gave lessons he spoke to us about the fact that he had visited nearly every county in England, I think he used to say. Generally I quite liked him and his wife too was very pleasant and I enjoyed the school there. My mother used to take me on the carrier of her bicycle and take me to school from Effingham Junction which I suppose was about a two mile bike ride in those days and also I used to walk back home from the school which was a pretty good walk on short legs and sometimes a car wouldn't pass me – there was no traffic at all. My cousin who worked for Bowman's [?] bakery had an Austin van, a white van, and as I was approaching the hill where the letter-box was along I'd suddenly see him appear with his van and he would give me a lift back to the Junction. Let's stop there a minute.

Still in the primary school, something else I remember, we had anthracite fires, with perspex ... [?], which sent out a lot of heat but we used to place the school milk around the fires to warm it up and we took it in turns to go to Curtis Dairy to fetch the milk in the crate and bring it back to the school. And I can also remember the cream freezing on a frosty day and the ice on the top of the milk which we quite liked. These are the childhood things I remember, you know?

Miss ... Mrs, Miss Hardement, I think she was a Miss [actually Mrs Annie Wyllie Millar (née Boyd) Hardement], rather a large lady, buxom woman, she taught music and we all sat crowded round the piano and we used to sing folk songs. And she encouraged us in that. And we used to take it in turns to take the red flag and stand out in the road to help the children cross the road, to encourage the traffic, you know to ... like the present lollipop lady.

From the primary school I then moved on to what was then called Effingham Central School. I must have been about ten I suppose, ten or eleven, and I was there until about the age of 13, probably about the age of 13 or a bit earlier, and my memories of Effingham Central School were quite happy memories. Hewitt, a Mr Hewitt, was the Headmaster. There was a playing field ... well, first of all, there were allotments on one side of the school nearest to the road, there was a driveway which led to The Lodge where we used to go swimming; we had permission use the swimming pool. It was a tree lined drive – chestnut trees, I remember conkers and things like that and to the left of that was a football ground where we played football, then just to the back of the football field was an asphalted playground and to the left of that was more grass, a sort of field where we used to play shinty and we had running on sports day – it was used for general sports.

The classes were divided up into Houses. We had Sheridan, Howard and the green ... red was Howard, yellow was Sheridan, green was ... can't quite remember that one at the moment. But there were three Houses and when it came to sports and games we all sort of competed on a House basis, to give it a bit of

competitive edge. We always did PT, we had to strip down, and we had PT. There was domestic science, [that] was on the agenda, and so was woodworking. We had an assembly hall where we used to assemble in the morning. We always started with prayers and hymn singing with the teachers on the stage and a day's talk by the Headmaster, Mr Hewitt. And we had woodworking and also – what do you call it, that science which talks about land, plants and everything and nature's cycle of growing – that was arable farming which was also on the agenda. We had a football team ... I don't think we played cricket there. The caretaker lived in the gatehouse just by the entrance to the school, I forget his name, and we were taken to school and home by coach. The coach, I remember, was Bland's. It was a blue coach, rather a streamlined looking coach and it went via East Horsley and the other one was a Tillingbourne Valley Coach which took the pupils to West Horsley. What else can I say ... [At] Christmas time we used to put on a concert, the school put on a concert there, and a dinner was also laid on by volunteers. I can remember it was sausage and mash at the time, during the war – braised sausages, I quite liked them actually. We used to have good school meals, the school meals were good, my mother used to help in the kitchen. And yes I considered the school meals were very good.

Yvonne: so what years roughly would you have been there?

These years were the 1940s. Now during that period, during the war, early war years, I only had half a day's schooling because the afternoon was taken up by the Strand School which was an evacuated school from London, so we had the morning and they had the afternoon, so I probably missed out on quite a bit of schooling there. But I enjoyed it – the time off! I think the school holidays was about five weeks or something – it seemed a lifetime at that time so we were back on the Common playing and doing all the other things.

Lord [actually Sir Nicholas Edwin] Waterhouse lived in a house called Norwood Farm and as children we spent a lot of time there, because he had a separate bungalow from the main house which housed evacuees who I became friendly with, and in charge of them was a governess. She was quite ambitious, if you like. She had some connection with Lord [Sir] Waterhouse; I don't quite know what it was. I wasn't very keen on her. Anyway I used to go to this bungalow and play with the evacuees. The house itself had an orchard full of Cox's Orange Pippins and I remember we used to help ourselves to these apples and he had a barn, which we used to play in, this barn, and a swimming pool in the front garden, a beautiful garden, and his wife, Lady Waterhouse, laid on a Christmas party for us kids and evacuees which was all very enjoyable and I think she did quite a lot for different people and charities.

Yvonne Arnaud the actress lived in Effingham and I think Lord Waterhouse actually bought this house for her [actually it was land that he sold to her], in some way they were friends. Anyway her husband, McLane [sic – McLellan] I think his name was, had the pig farm down there and us children used to collect acorns for his pigs during the war.

Yvonne: for Yvonne Arnaud's husband?

For Yvonne Arnaud's husband, yes. So she was a well-known figure in the village.

There was also an actor who lived in Surrey Gardens. His name was Desmond Tester and he appeared in two films and they are still being shown on television. One was *The Drum* and the other was *The Four Feathers* and the credits still show his name on the lists of the actors that took part. [Those two films and one other were produced by Alexander Korda during 1937-39; it is not clear that Tester played any role in *The Four Feathers*.]

There was another chap I seem to remember who said he was an actor at one time and who used to tell me all about his famous connections – I think he was a bit eccentric – his name was [Edward] Dignon, like a French name, and his wife, and he used to walk with a bit of a stoop and he talked very quietly and I think he fantasised a lot. And he used to walk to the Catholic church in Effingham and back. He was a regular church-goer. He lived in Surrey Gardens in Effingham [sic – East Horsley].

And there was a lady there by the name of Winifred Oughton who taught acting and my sister was involved in amateur dramatics with her. She was a bit of a slave driver I believe, she used to upset my sister quite a bit but she was involved in amateur dramatics at Effingham.

Yvonne: so where did they put the plays on?

The Memorial Hall at Effingham [Junction] and I think up at East Horsley at the village hall and I see now the dramatic group at the time were the Nomads and I think they're still going from what I saw in a recent ... [?]. And that was a Mr and Mrs Edwin used to be involved in that as well, I remember them.

Now during the war also, the Canadians were over here. The WVS laid on a canteen in the Memorial Hall and they used to serve these meat pies which I found delicious; home made meat pies, lovely crispy pastry I remember, and all the social life of Effingham Junction sort of revolved round the Memorial Hall. I was in the Boy Scouts, we had the Girl Guides and of course all evacuees joined as well. We laid on a

concert party for the Canadian troops and there was a Ken Birch who played the piano, who was quite a good musician, and the accordion, I used to play the guitar a bit and sing. And the Scouts, I mean we used to put on a concert for the Canadians. And they also used to have film shows, cine film shows, and I remember one of the films was *The Strawberry Blonde* with James Cagney which I thoroughly enjoyed and they also used to have *Felix the Cat* cartoons!

Nicholls: did you know Yvonne Arnaud?

I didn't know her, no. She was above my station! I think she was quite a big woman and she was a brilliant concert pianist. Which I used to have a 12-inch 78 record of her. She was a brilliant concert pianist, quite clever. Then of course she had a private road which led down to her house and when we were younger, my brother and several others, Lloyd Petitt with his terrier dog and ferrets we used to go rabbit shooting. Well these were all things I did during that time. I had a twelve bore shot gun, my brother had a twelve bore and we used to shoot rabbits, and our friend Lloyd Petitt had ferrets and we used to chase the rabbits out, this all went on during the war years.

Yvonne: well you had to eat, didn't you?

Yes. Then, when the bombing came, some incendiaries were dropped and landed on the Common unexploded and us kids, well two of us, Jack Warland [the son of Charles George Warland, the Stationmaster at Effingham Junction during 1941-44] and myself, were collecting up these incendiary bombs. I suppose they were about a couple of feet long with fins at the end – yes, quite long – and unexploded and we used to collect them all up and pile them all up and we were hauled in front of the class at Effingham Central School in the assembly room and given a right ticking-off by Mr Hewitt and I believe the local police came along because we'd been warned about these bombs. So we had a right ticking-off about it. And I remember they eventually buried these bombs by the side of the road between Mallaby-Deeley's [the family at Slaters Oak] and Effingham Station on that straight bit of road there on the right hand side of the road. I think I could go straight to them, stop right now, and tell you where they were buried.

A landmine landed at Effingham, at Mr Garnett's farm which is at the back of the Common. [Claude Garnett was a dairy farmer living at Brickfield Cottage.] There's a cinder path that went down by our cottages, past the railway sheds and right at the end is a right turn, right bend, and Garnett's farm was on the left, there was a big gate there. And I used to deliver the church magazine down there and a landmine landed on his ...[?].

Nicholls: a quick question, did Sir Guy Mallaby-Deeley live in Slaters Oak?

Slaters Oak, that's right. As I remember, walking back from school in those days a couple of horses which had been knocked down or killed, it was right outside – oh no, that was Indian Farm, that was Indian Farm. And I also remember ...

Yvonne: sorry, what was Indian Farm, where Guy Mallaby-Deeley lived?

No, that was Slaters Oak, by Slaters Oak. I also remember a car accident by Slaters Oak. We heard this car whizzing along, we were on the cricket ground, and it turned over and made it into the ditch and the driver was trapped underneath and it took some time to release him.

Then on course, the cricket ground, leading up to the war, on the ground itself was a searchlight unit [more likely an anti-aircraft gun – the searchlights were on the eastern side of Effingham Common Road] so this all had to be brought back to its natural state and converted back into a cricket ground, and we had the help of our prisoners-of-war to do this, cutting down all the long grass and landscaping it and getting it back into some playable condition. Dr Sutton, who was the President of the club, got a friend of him [sic – his] who was a very good artist and came down and painted a picture of the workers cutting the grass with scythes and we still have the picture. I believe the original is either in the cricket club pavilion or my nephew or somebody may have it. I just don't know where it is at the moment. We'll stop there.

Yvonne: do you have a copy of it?

I've got a copy, yes.

I started work, I left Clark's College in Guildford. My sister worked in the typing pool at Horsley Towers for the Central Electricity Board and she gave me a little hand in getting a job there. And the offices were all wooden huts joined together by a central passageway and I was at the end hut under the south-east England region of the electricity distribution area; the other areas were Scotland, Wales, north-east England, south-east England, which covered the whole area, and it was all the transmission. All the top bosses were there. They lived in, in the main, they lived in huts, wooden huts, and the ladies who lived there lived in the main building, they had accommodation there. And when it came to meal times we used to have a – we'd buy tickets which were sixpence at the time and we used to walk over to the main building, had a dining hall there. We had waiter service, I remember one waiter called Fritz – where he was from ...

he certainly wasn't Welsh – and the dining room had a minstrels' gallery. And we had a snooker room, I used to stay behind after work and play snooker with an older man who was in the office, Scotty his name was, he was a commercial artist actually not an engineer at all, a commercial artist, very nice chap, we used to stay behind and play snooker. And we had a marvellous Christmas party there with a big Christmas tree in the main entrance hall. We had a lovely lounge there with a radiogram, where we used to play records and all the girls used to come in, we'd have a bit of dancing. They had a club with a bar. Whether it was licensed I can't remember, I didn't drink at the time. But I remember the first ice cream coming there after the war, when war finished. There was a local shop, sweet shop – I'm just trying to think of the name of them – and word went around our offices that ice cream would come in, first ice cream, so I hopped on my bike went down to the shop and brought back ice cream into the office. The first ice cream they'd had since before the war!

My actual desk was situated by a window, I was looking out on allotments, and come mushroom time, or something like that, I could just open the window nip out and get a few mushrooms, you know? At the Horsley Towers there was also a rifle range where they had .22 rifle shooting which we thoroughly enjoyed, they had a big lake where there were pike fish and we had a sports hall where we had table tennis and we had a tennis court. It was like a holiday camp, in fact! I believe it was previously owned by Sopwith the aircraft chap. Before that [actually after Sopwith], I think it was a girls' school, afterwards.

And there were cloisters where all the records, all the cable records, were kept for the London area, they were in big metal filing cabinets and when somebody rang up from Head Office in London who wanted a certain section of the cablework in London which had an identifying number, a route number, I had to nip over to the cloisters with a key, unlock everything and fetch this file out with this particular route of cables and get prints off – because we had a printing room – on a drum, where verdigris was taken off, and I used to send a copy up to the Head Office so they could detect where the fault was in the cable, which they had to pinpoint, which they used the cable records for. It was all very security at the time.

It was a flint stone gothic-type building with turrets, cloisters and I remember, as a youth there of 14, chasing all the girls round the corridors – we had a lot of fun there! We had fête days, we had a fête in the grounds. I'll stop there.

Effingham Cricket Club: yes, I was a member, for some time, I was the match secretary. And the President was a Bill [William George] Sheppard, who was a builder who lived in Surrey Gardens [at Far End]. He was the only member of the Club who had a car at the time, that was a Rover. The members I can remember of the Cricket Club were mainly consisted of railway people. A few names I'll mention: Harry Trish, Ben Barnes.

Right, I will start from here with the Cricket Club. As I've probably previously said, the ground was prepared and re-landscaped after the searchlight unit was positioned on it during the war, and there was no pavilion. And the first thing we had was a wooden shed-type building with a pull-down ... pull-down front flap where we had lemonade being sold and we had a copper tea urn where ... [from] which tea was obtained. The tea urn had to be filled up from a tap in Adrian Estler's land at the back where he kept a cow and I can remember occasions when there was a ... Nobby Penfold and Tommy Hall were carrying this copper urn to fill it up with water and were chased by Estler's cow which was all very funny at the time! So we had no pavilion, just this hut where teas and lemonade were served. We had a marquee where we had the actual teas, the trestle tables laid out. So that was that side of it.

Toilets were non-existent, had to be taken ... [behind the bushes?] and that was that. I think we did have a corrugated iron arrangement with some sort of bucket or pan, I don't know, I forget that. Estler went through a period where he had a bit of a dispute with our President Dr Sutton over something or other and he allowed his horse to trample all over the wicket and we arrived one day to find there were hoof prints all over the ground and there was a bit of a kerfuffle about that. Him and Dr Sutton didn't seem to get on well.

Adrian Estler was a character. He was very forthright in what he said, he didn't mince his words, he didn't take to fools kindly, he wore a straw panama hat and when he went to bat, he had this straw panama hat, open necked shirt, loose sleeves undone, no socks, no pads and scruffy work boots and he used to go in at number eleven. He did make a few runs at times and he also knew the rules of cricket. He was a very good umpire and we had a bit of a row with one of the teams because he no-balled a bowler from the square leg position. How he could see from that position I don't know! But that caused a bit of a kerfuffle with the opposing team. Estler also was very keen on making home-made damson wine and he used to invite some of us round to his kitchen, he had a big oak wooden table, got out a great big hunk of cheese, set the glasses down, got the bottles out which were incidentally still fermenting in some cases, he would pour out the wine and half the bottle would turn white so we could only drink the top half and then he used to carve up the cheese and that was that.

And he had of course this Roll Royce van, which was a ... looked a broken-down old thing, with a bolted door and we used to have to climb over this door to get in it. He had all his tree-cutting material and tools in the back because he was a tree surgeon and, yes, so he had this van. And when there was a local derby, East Horsley for instance, we went in style in his horse and trap, and we were covered in horse hairs by the time we got there. But no, Estler was well known in the village. He was married, at least I think he *was* married. I did meet his wife once because we used to go carol singing round his house ... [? – indistinct] when he was married. So I don't know what happened to his marriage. Yes, he was of German origin. [His grandfather Paul was German born.] His education, it was a public school education in Oundle – Oundle College, I think it was – and he was very keen on cricket as I say. He always used to call me “Waller”. “How you doing there Waller – what are you doing today?” And if I was in the garden he always used to stop in his horse and cart and have a chat, you know, so he was a well known character.

Yvonne: [indistinct question, evidently about batting]

I used to open [the batting] sometimes then I used to go down the list a bit, I batted all positions. I used to play wicket keeper as well at times and I got a nasty bang on the leg doing it.

And I remember the time at the cricket ground when we had loads of spectators. All the cars used to line up down the drive and Harry Trish, our secretary, used to go round with a collection box and he used to get quite a bit of money, and I remember an American getting out of his car while we were playing, coming over while we were batting and saying “Hey you guys, can I take a photograph of you guys?” I also remember we had an all day match with a team from London called Ivydeane. We had twelve a side and they had a coloured player, a tall chap – and I remember this – and I didn't realise he was as old as he was; but he was getting on a bit, and he was in the out field one day and a high ball was hit and he went to catch it and it caught him straight in the mouth, he missed it, and they had to cart him off to hospital. It knocked his teeth out. I understood he was round about seventy at the time, so he wasn't a young chap. I remember that incident.

And of course we always helped after the game to roll the wicket with a big concrete roller, it was heavy, and we had a big Dennis mower, which was a devil to start at times, which was kept in a tool shed at the ground and we used to stay behind after a game. We used to get the regular helpers, used to get the players, all not just interested in playing and going home afterwards. So we relied on the regulars to help keep the ground in trim. And there was always work to be done, during the week and half-times [sic – half-terms?], and practice days were Tuesdays, we had nets down there and we did have a practice wicket, a concrete-based practice wicket down there. And then of course our President later was Dr Sutton and he managed to raise all sorts of funds from various people. He'd get them to become vice-president and donate some money and we got enough money to build a cedar wood pavilion which we all helped to build and we had the concrete foundation and when we got to the last bit at the end it overlapped the foundation by a few inches so we had to adjust that! Anyway it was all built and we had a celebration and an opening night and from then on we had a bar whereas previously we had to go down to the Lord Howard for an after-game drink and a game of darts. We'll stop there for a moment.

Back to 1939, and then it was the start of the phoney war as they say, there was no action. And I can remember the station – Effingham station – having a gong which consisted of a train buffer and they used to bang this gong, this buffer, as a practice air raid siren; and how about that? And then the LDV was formed, Local Defence Volunteers, which consisted mainly of railwaymen; they wore arm bands and they used to parade and do a practice on Effingham Common to the left of our cottages and us kids used to take the mickey out of them. And later on of course they got uniforms and rifles but they were first-off Local Defence Volunteers, and they consisted mainly of railwaymen.

I remember the railwayman who worked in the booking office, he was a Jack Gange(y) [? – spelling uncertain] his name was, he was the first chap I remember as being working at the booking office, and Mr Ponsford who was our next door neighbour at No 2 Station Cottages [he means that in relation to No 2 Mr Ponsford was the next door neighbour, living at No 1], he was also a signalman; he worked in shifts with my father. He was a brilliant gardener. You could get to his house from the platform by walking up a path and a few steps under the booking office, the part where they used to have all the bicycles at the time and luggage and what-not, and I could walk up there if I came off a train and not show a ticket because I used to walk up into his garden! And Mr Ponsford, he was a very nice chap I remember, he had a dog called Trip [sic – Gyp]. So that was the part I remember at the station and the booking office.

Yvonne: can you describe the house to me?

The house had two upstairs bedrooms; no gas lights and we had to use candles for lighting. Downstairs there was a living room with a range, a cast iron range [on] which we had to use coal for fire and the oven, where we used to roast our roast dinner. We used to roast chestnuts, baked apples, by the range. And then we had, we'd go out of the living room to the front door, there was a passageway with a larder under the

stairs where we used to keep cheese and we also kept mice – we used to put traps! Then there was the front room which we used to use for special occasions. We had a grand piano, two easy chairs and an open fire. We used to have some beautiful log fires, we used to collect logs from the Common and the chimney used to get sooted up. We used to have to sweep the chimney every so often, and the soot came down whenever we were doing it. Then at some later stage the house had had a bedroom built on at the end, so we had a downstairs bedroom as well. And then we had a scullery with a sink and a concrete boiler and there was a high ceiling and ... [indistinct] I think my father made a clothes line which was operated on a trellis system or a pulley, we pulled it up when he didn't want it, it was a high ceiling. And we had a geyser and I think we had a gas cooker and a meter where we had to put money in.

Our baths used to have to be taken in the kitchen in a galvanised bath. The water used to be boiled on the gas stove and there was a coal store just outside, just outside the back door, turn to the right was an outside toilet with an Elsan closet. I used to get trapped in there at times because if anybody came to the back door, tradesman or whoever it was, I was trapped in there in the toilet, I'd just have to wait until they'd finished! My father made a shed out of railway sleepers and we had chickens at the bottom of the garden, wire-fenced off. We grew potatoes, we had vegetables: leeks, Brussels sprouts, and some roses and a damson tree. Damsons were prolific! We had a damson tree outside the downstairs bedroom, we used to get a lot of damsons, and also damsons grew on the hedge at the bottom of the garden.

Now at the bottom of the garden, there was a house, two semi-detached, at the bottom; the first one [was where] the Blackwells lived. Mr [Alfred Abraham] Blackwell was a plate layer on the railway.

Nicholls: not Betty Blackwell?

Yes, Betty [Elizabeth Teresa] Blackwell lived there; she had a sister Daisy [Ada Margaret] Blackwell, another sister Josie [Patricia Josephine] Blackwell and Margaret [Anne] Blackwell – that's four sisters, isn't it, yes? [There was also a fifth, the eldest, Lillian Mary.] And next door to them was the Fullers – Wally [Walter Ernest] Fuller. He was a well-known character, liked his ale and he was always off down the pub leaving his wife and the kids at home. And Wally Fuller always did a bit of umpiring as well. He was well-known down The Lord Howard because he was always down there.

And then the next house down was the Station Master's house and at that time it was Mr Jack [actually Charles George] Warland, he was the station master, he had a son called Jack which [sic] I used to mess about with, we were in the Boy Scouts together. He had steps down from his house, you could walk straight on to the platform. Then beyond the Warlands' house, which was a detached one, on its own, they had the railway sheds. Now the railway sheds, just after the war, Mr Warland got several of us kids if we were interested to scrape all the blackout off the windows of the carriages. We had razor blades fitted into holders, because during the war the blinds used to be pulled down in the carriages but they weren't wide enough to cover the full window so they were blacked out all round the edges and afterwards it all had to be scraped off, so us kids were working in these railway carriages, scraping all this blackout paint off the windows and earning a few bob at the same time.

Yvonne: so how many of you were there living in your house?

In my house apart from my mother and father I had a sister Mary, who was the eldest, I had a brother [Maurice] who was five years younger and then myself who was another five years younger. The three Ms ... [indistinct]

Yvonne: shall we stop here?

Before we go any further, for some reason or other, my father, a signalman, was transferred to Hampton Court railway level crossing signal box and he had to cycle there from Effingham, which must have been 15 miles or something, it was quite a long way, he used to cycle, especially at night and the war was on and the guns were going off and there was flak and shrapnel flying about and my mother used to get a bit worried. Anyway that was the period when he worked at the level crossing in Hampton Court and then he came back to work at the station again. And there were times when his shift take-over [ie substitute] didn't turn up and he was called out at all odd times to fill in, which was damned annoying. I think he got a Christmas Day off once every three years or something because you used to have to work late turns, early turns and middle turns, and he very rarely got the full day off at Christmas and he finished up with a very low pension incidentally. So we'll leave it there.

During the war years at Station Cottages, I also remember the Walls ice cream man – it must have been after the war because ice cream wasn't available during the war, was it? let me think – it must have been before the war, it must have been before the war. The Walls ice cream man with his three wheel trike used to stop opposite our house, just to the right of the house on the other side of the road, on a Sunday and my mother used to make a jug of tea for him. He wanted some bluebells, I remember, and we went collecting bluebells for him and he gave us a penny. We're going on a bit, during the war years, a bomb landed where the station is and where the main line divides – one line goes to Waterloo, the other goes to London Bridge

– between them there was, well there still is, a sub-station and I think they tried to hit this sub-station when they bombed it. The bomb landed, I didn't hear it during that night but when I woke up there was a great lump of plaster came off the ceiling and landed on my bed. I didn't hear that, they missed the sub-station.

Then of course there were the doodlebugs. And I can remember, yes I can remember a jeep coming over the hill there, over the railway, this doodlebug coming over, all these Yanks [or Canadians?] piling out of the jeep, diving into the ditch using obscene language. And I could hear from the bedroom window. I heard this doodlebug come over and then its engine cut off; we all waited and I think it landed at Hatchford, or somewhere down that area.

Then there were times when people used to – Service people, especially Wrens or the odd soldier or whatever – used to catch the last train down from Waterloo and the train finished at Effingham, 'cos it didn't go any further and it used to go into the sidings, so they used to knock on our door, could they put up for the night? We used to put up one or two at night time, you know. I also remember somebody drunk getting off train, lying down in the middle of the road on the far side of the bridge. We saw it from the window of the house. I was up in the bedroom and we had to go out there and turf him off because if a car had come over, or something, it would have run him over. He was right in the middle of the road, drunk as a Lord.

Yvonne: were the Wrens on their way to Portsmouth, were they going to Guildford and Portsmouth?

They probably were, they probably were, yes, yes. Then we had opposite our house, something else I will mention, there was an Army camp, a hut which they had over there. The Army were there and we were invited to a Christmas celebration, I remember that, and we had the anthracite stove in the middle with the chimney going up through the roof, it was all very warm and friendly.

Yvonne: the British Army or Canadian?

Yes, the British Army this was, I think they were stationed up with the search light unit on the cricket ... [indistinct – pitch?] and one of them gave us a couple of sausage rolls ... [?]

Nicholls: do you remember the search light gun unit that was up here by Yew Tree Cottages? Do you have any memory of that?

No. I have no memory of that, no. I really remember more that end ... I do remember the Army camp up Beech Avenue, the Canadians on the left hand side, 'cos us kids used to go up there and mingle with them and we used to have dinner with them and they used to give us mince and tatties in their jerry cans and they used to use their pen knives. Also on Effingham station there were the odd times when the Nestlé's slot machines were filled up with chocolate and I remember us – they emptied one of them and gave all us kids the chocolate, you know? Yes, the Canadians were very generous, very generous.

Yvonne: when the ice cream man came, who was he selling his ice cream to, ... [people?] getting off the train?

No, no, the locals, there were people walking about, you may get people coming off the train, yes that's true, because at weekends we used to get hikers coming down from London, especially Bank Holidays ... [?] so that was ... When people sometimes used to walk down to the cricket ground as well, there were people walking about and if it was Sunday they may have been going to church or coming back again. He obviously found it worth while to park his bike there.

Nicholls: do you remember the priest Father Loader?

That name rings a bell, Catholic priest, yes I didn't know him really because ... [? (naming someone)] my friend, was a Catholic ...

Nicholls: that's right ... the Common ...

Yes, he was Catholic, and I did at one time go to the Catholic church and have a service there, with him I think it was ... I was ... thinking of becoming a Catholic, but I didn't, so I didn't pursue that any further ... although the name Loader rings a bell, yes.

Nicholls: Father Loader, yes.

Yes, of course with regard to church, I spent a lot of time in the Memorial Hall with the Boy Scouts and various other sporting activities like table tennis.

Yvonne: did you ever camp on the Common with the Boy Scouts?

No, I'll tell you what we did do, we built a log cabin round the back of the Memorial Hall.

Yvonne: oh, all right ...

I don't know where we got all the logs from, but we did that. We had that for a time and we used to have some of our meetings in the field at the back of the Memorial Hall. And I was also a member of the Covenanters which was a group on Sunday afternoons ... I'm trying to think of the name chap's name who ran it.

Nicholls: so what was this group?

The Covenanters, it was like a, how can I put it, there was – like a Sunday School class, if you like, we all got a badge, you know, and we were part of this group the Covenanters.

Nicholls: who was it run by?

I'm trying to think of the name. It was run by a chap who lived in Lovelace Close, I can't remember his name. Our Scoutmaster, who lived in ... [?] Road, was a Mr Ingram ... [?]. It was a Mr Ingram but he ... [?] Before him, I can't remember *his* name, it might come to me ...

Now, there was a house where Miss Poupart lived. As you come to the crossroads at Effingham Junction, do a left turn there and go down the road a bit and there's a house on the right hand side and Miss Poupart lived there, was a well-known character, she used to keep the key to the Hall and we used to go there to get the key from her, open up and play table tennis – put the gas fire on, had a gas fire on, gas was cheaper, have the gas fire on, warm it up and play table tennis, and the grand piano ... [?] She used to have whist drives in her house, where we used to go, and she [his mother?] she used to take me along when I was a kid. And she was associated, her family was associated with the name Poupart, which is Poupart's Junction near Clapham Junction on the railway. There's a sign on a signal box, Poupart's Junction, she had some connection with that ... [several indistinct phrases here] ... she was quite a nice person and she did a lot for the village ... [more indistinct phrases amidst excessive background noise]

[No] 2 Station Cottages, when we first moved there, there were 3 of us, my brother, my sister and myself; three in a bed. And on a summer's night, we used to lie in bed and listen to the nightingales singing in the woods opposite – a beautiful sound! And I can remember that, I haven't heard a nightingale since, I don't think.

Now, another thing is, on the – just on the down side of the railway bridge, on the up-line side towards Waterloo, was a shop on the left hand side called The Halt. It was owned by the Searle family and there was also a Post Office and sweet shop, where we used to get our Mars bars and chocolates and PC Wood who was a local Bobby used to cycle on his bike from Effingham village and that was his point duty position, by the telephone kiosk outside the shop at certain times of the day, and us kids always knew when he was going to be there, and so that's all I can say about that.

Transcript of the 2nd DVD

Railway Cottages, Effingham Junction, revised June 2011 from the original taped interview held at The Sir Douglas Haig Hotel on September 15th 2010. Themes: living at the Junction, village childhood, schooldays, war years, cricket club and Horsley Towers.

My name is Michael Waller. I was born 1930 in the village of West Horsley:



Figure 1 Michael as a young boy.

Our house named Cantara was semi-detached with all mod cons. Cantara, the house my father named after his First World War army base in the Middle East and where I was born in 1930, West Horsley:



Figure 2 Michael's birthplace Cantara in West Horsley.

To eke out the family budget, lodgers were taken in, including two policemen. I was the baby in a family of three, having a sister Mary and brother Maurice; each [sic] six and five years older respectively. For promotional reasons my father, a Southern Railways signalman at East Horsley station, ... :



Figure 3 Michael's father Jesse Waller.

... accepted a vacancy at Effingham Junction including railway accommodation; namely No 2 Station Cottages, an early 1900s semi-detached house with no mod cons and to where we moved in 1934.

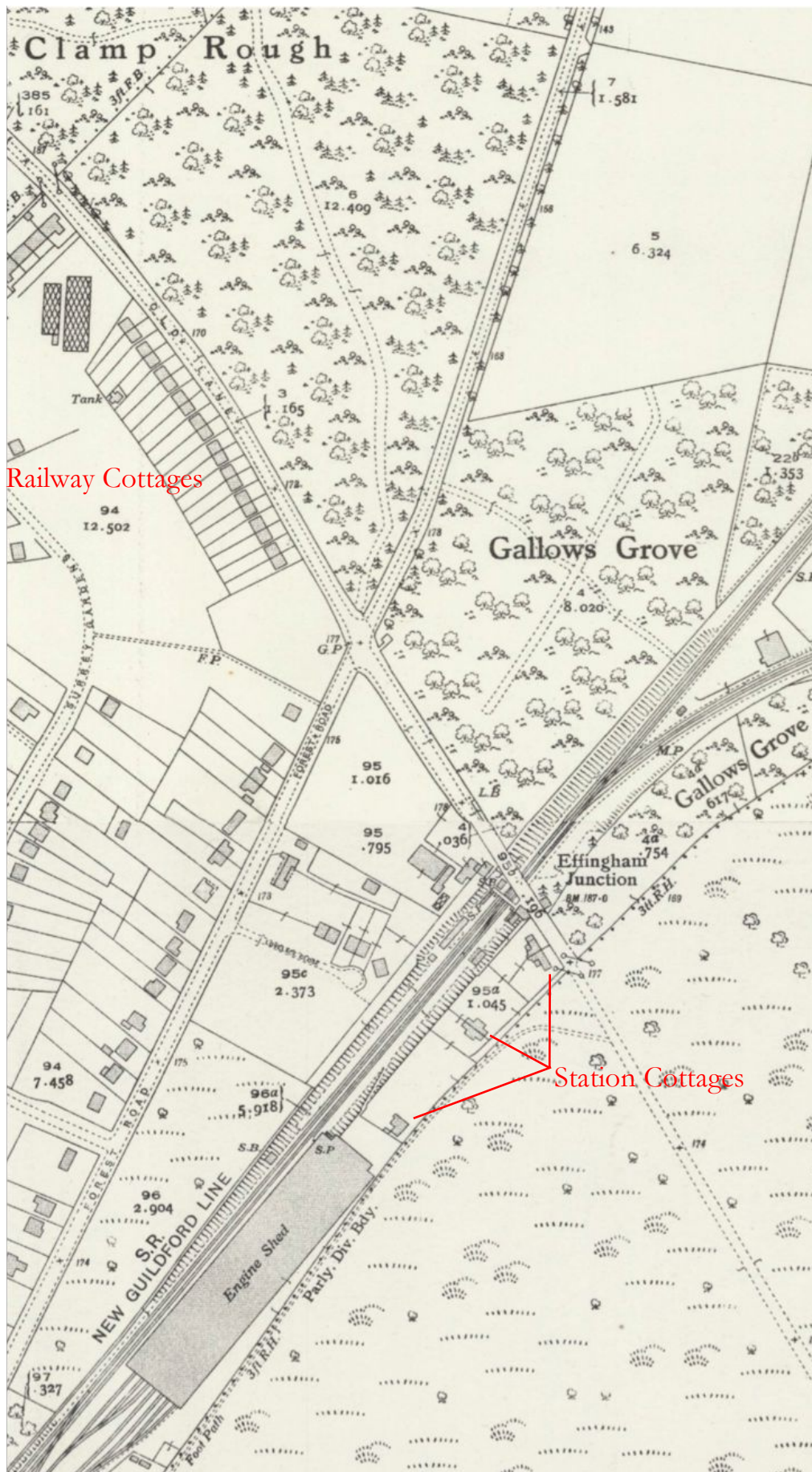


Figure 4 Effingham Junction on the 25" 1934 OS Map.

Looking back at the Common, which was gated in the 1920s, Railway [sic – Station] Cottages are seen on the right hand side, and this is a view from Effingham Junction Station towards the Common:



Figure 5 Looking south towards to the Common, with Nos 1 and 2 Station Cottages on the right.

The wagon was used to carry timber to a Cobham sawmill.

My first girl friend Margaret Blackwell:



Figure 6 Michael with first girl friend Margaret Blackwell.

She lived at No 3 Railway [sic –Station] Cottages and whose garden backed on to ours.

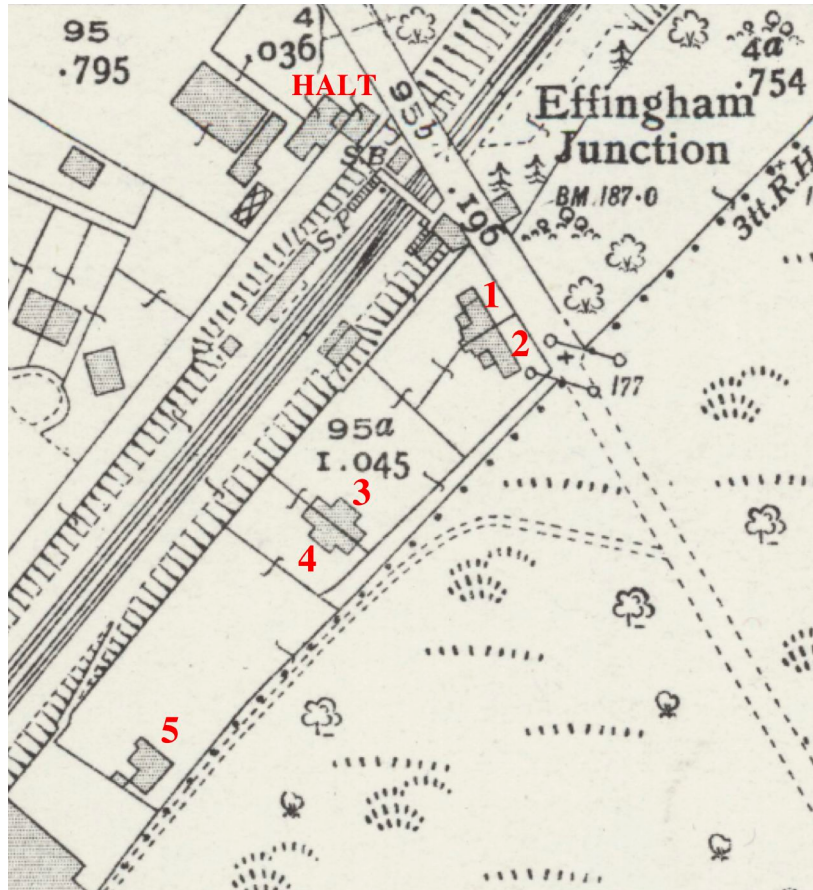


Figure 7 Detail from Figure 4 showing (i) the numbering 1-5 of Station Cottages and (ii) The Halt.

The accommodation at Station Cottages comprised three bedrooms, two upstairs and one downstairs which was a lean-to side addition, a scullery, two living rooms and an outside toilet.



Figure 8 The same view as in Figure 5 but at a later date; the DVD displays this image without comment.

The main four rooms were approximately the same size, 12 by 10 [feet]. The scullery had a higher sloping ceiling, a built-in corner concrete solid-fuel-burning copper, one porcelain sink with cold water tap, a wooden latched and bolted back door, one gas light and gas stove plus a slot meter. The concrete copper was later dismantled because it proved more efficient to boil water in saucepans on the gas stove. Baths were taken in a long galvanised bath in the scullery once a week. The luxury of an Ascot instant hot water gas geyser was a later acquisition at the sink for general washing and shaving purposes. My father contrived a pulley clothes hanger drier for the mangled washing. Carpets were hung on the outside clothes line and beaten for dust and dirt removal.

The living room contained a cast iron range with mantelpiece over, which comprised an oven and grate. There was a built-in shelving and cupboard unit at one side and room for a sideboard at the other. There were two easy and one occasional chair, a dining table and chairs and a central gas light. Incidentally, electricity didn't arrive until the mid-Fifties. The range emitted much heat once it got going, warming up the room, and the toasting fork was frequently used. The range was later replaced by an open tiled fireplace and a wooden partition formed the inside wall and concealed the stairs which gave way to a curtained-off stair access leading to a small top landing with facing cupboard and bedroom doors either side. A rear vertical sash window admitted light to the stairwell and afforded a south facing view to the garden.

The living room door led to a small vestibule with an outside front door plus a larder under the stairs complete with mice. Then passing through another door into the front or best room, [there] was a cast iron open fireplace, three easy chairs with well-worn springs, one occasional table, a central gas light and an upright piano. The chimney had to be swept prior to having some roaring log fires especially at Christmas. At other times in the winter, an oil stove heated up a rather chilly room. A gas fire was installed later which meant no more inviting log fires.

The downstairs bedroom had a high sloping roof with an inbuilt ventilator brick at its apex allowing external sounds to echo through, especially trains coming and going, plus early morning calls from one of our very vocal cockerels. The bedroom also had a small cast iron open grate fire with a birds-and-cherries motif surround.

The outside toilet adjacent to the back door could be an inconvenience by being trapped in there while visitors or stray tradesmen stood chatting and [the toilet's user] having to wait before emerging. Inside the toilet was a wooden bench seat with hinged front flap for bucket access. Strips of newspaper [and] magazines hung from a nail in the wall.

The household chores, being very arduous, were so much hard work I marvel how my mother was able to cope. But she kept the house, everything well organised and spotless and also with her excellent cooking she made it from a house into a comfortable home.

Pastimes, and we used to play bagatelle, darts, cards and in the street we played hopscotch and spun tops. In the summer we walked to Wisley and bathed in the lake and also fished in the river at Cobham and Ripley. I remember posters advertising an appeal to raise funds for the building of the new Guildford Cathedral. Knitting needles were used for rolling and folding newspapers for firelighters and rug making was also an occupation.

The front, side and rear garden tended by my father contained flowers, fruit and vegetables. Damsons from our tree made excellent home-made jam as did crab apples and blackberries from the Common. Chickens were kept, Rhode Island Reds, giving us eggs and I remember at one time, I purchased a dozen day-old chicks from Watanabé's chicken farm [Watanabé, Suma Poultry Farm] at Hatchford where we went potato picking in the autumn. These chicks, White Sussex, turned out to be all cockerels, so, no eggs but some delicious roast dinners!

My father constructed a sturdy wooden shed from railway sleepers to house our bikes and garden tools. In the bedrooms, candles and night lights were necessary for illumination and in the winter the rooms could be freezing with frost forming on the inside of the window glass. Hot water bottles and heated bricks inside a sock preheated the beds. When we first moved in, the three of us shared a double bed and I remember summer nights, laying awake listening to nightingales singing from the woods opposite through the open window.

Leatherhead and Guildford by train were our shopping and cinema towns. My mother shopped at the Co-op in Leatherhead. I often cycled to the Savoy cinema in Cobham and remember seeing *The Great Dictator* with Charlie Chaplin. Our annual holiday, one week, was taken in Exmouth, Devon and [I] remember getting excited as the time drew near. The journey by steam train took about a day, changing at Exeter onto the branch line, then *eureka* – my first glimpse of the sea! One year there, my father was stung by a jellyfish, causing him severe leg swelling and making it unable for him to travel which meant we had another whole week in Exmouth. What joy for us, but not for him. Enjoying myself at the seaside in Exmouth:



Figure 9 Michael on holiday at Exmouth, mid/late 1930s.

Back to the Junction. Weekends in the summer, “Stop me and buy one”, Walls' ice cream man took up his stance opposite No 2 at the Common by the then local bus stop. He used to pay my mother 6d a time for jugs of tea.

Us children practically lived on the Common, playing in the bracken, climbing trees, primrosing and bluebelling in the woods, having picnics. Our favourite was hunting for empty ‘R White’ lemonade bottles, yielding a penny refund each for sweet money. I remember a duck/moorhen pond on the Common where eggs were nested and frogspawn [was] collected in jam jars.

On the other [opposite northern] side of the bridge to No 2, the Searle family ran a sweet shop and post office called The Halt [see Figure 7]. It had a tiled step-down approach, the shop being of a frame and panel construction with display windows either side of the glass entrance door. On entering the shop, the doorbell sounded summoning counter service from the rear, which entailed a walk through a linked passageway, making for a delay if nobody else was in the shop being served. The Halt had a hall at the back where Mrs Searle used to rent out the hall for old-time dances and various social functions.

I remember we were playing on the Common one day when we came across boxes of chocolates, Black Magic, Cadbury's, all sorts of confectionery, sweets, lemonade bottles etc. It turned out that The Halt had been burgled. The local Bobby PC Woods [sic – Wood] with his bike used to stand on point duty outside The Halt by the telephone kiosk, but he missed that one!

Some of our shop favourites there were Lyons' fruit pies in a square box, Mars Bars, Sherbet Dips and fizzy drinks Corona and Tizer, and lemonade powder which made excellent, still home-made lemonade. I remember my father giving us pennies to go up to the shop and buy a Mars Bar which was a real treat.

Turning left at the crossroads by The Lord Howard into Forest Road towards Horsley, first on the left was Stonely's garage where our wireless accumulators were taken to be charged. Next came Flack's paper stationery shop which was later Marshall's fishmongers. A well-known local lady Miss Poupart lived on the right hand side of a detached house. [She was] a tall quietly spoken person, rather old-fashioned who retained guardianship of the Memorial Hall door key, required by us when we went to play table tennis there. Her name is linked to Poupart's Junction which is on a name plate on a signal box just outside Clapham Junction. She hosted whist drives and various other social gatherings at her house. She also had two lodgers by the name of Musselwhite, very smart gentlemen in Hombergs, suits and spats. They were regularly seen out walking together.

Further along the road on the right hand side, there is the Roland Lubbock Memorial Hall, the hub of social activities at the Junction. This is a photograph of the Ladies' Bible Class, the Covenanters, outside the Memorial Hall:



Figure 10 Ladies' Bible Class, the Covenanters, outside the Memorial Hall, East Horsley.

In the front row, holding the shield, is Miss Jenkins the organist. At the back of her is Sister Clarke and to Sister Clarke's right is my sister.

Another photograph with Miss Jenkins and Sister Clarke in the front row. My sister is fourth from the right in the back row:



Figure 11 Another photograph of the Covenanters.

Proceeding along Forest Road, past the Memorial Hall, we come to the railway bridge and on the right hand side a turning off which was known as The Slip [The Drift], a short cut to East Horsley where I often cycled along to visit my aunt who lived in West Horsley.

Yvonne Arnaud, well-known actress and concert pianist, lived with her husband in a large detached house with green tiles, between Effingham and Bookham Commons. A private road to the property which included a pig farm led under the branch line railway bridge terminating in double gates. We used to collect acorns for the pigs. The Yvonne Arnaud theatre in Guildford:



Figure 12 The Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford.



Figure 13 Yvonne Arnaud.

An actor by the name of Desmond Tester lived in Surrey Gardens and appeared in two films which are still repeated on television today, namely *The Four Feathers* and *The Drum*, which are still shown on TV repeats with his name in the credits.

Another character by the name of [Edward] Dignon used to fantasise about his imaginary acting days and the stars he said he knew [he was described as a stage and film artist in the 1939 National Register]. He walked with a stoop with his hands behind his back, religiously there and back on Sundays to attend mass at the Catholic Church in the village.

A professional acting teacher Miss Winifred Oughton lived in Hathaway Cottage, Surrey Gardens. She took an interest in local amateur dramatics and ran rehearsals for the local society which later became known as Foresters.

Another actor who used to catch the last train down from Waterloo and have a taxi waiting for him at the Junction – he was often a bit worse the wear from drink – his name was Andreas Melandrinis [sic – Andrea Malandrinis]. He used to have bit parts in films like waiters or innkeepers something like that. He was probably Greek [he was actually born in Liverpool; however, his father Basil was Greek].

A cinder path between No 2 and the Common provided a short cut to Horsley, emerging at the south side of the railway bridge in Forest Road. Names living along there at the time, were, Blackwell, Fuller, Warland (Stationmaster) next to the railway sheds, then Carr followed by a bungalow named Omewego where the Tyrrells lived [Harry Tyrrell's family actually lived next door to Omewego at a house named Thanks, whilst Omewego was occupied by another gardener Harry Turner]. Mr Tyrrell, a keen gardener, designed and landscaped a very attractive ornamental garden.

Before the path bends right, on the left hand side was Garnett's farm. Mr Garnett delivered his milk carrying two stainless steel hinged-lid milk canisters from which he ladled milk into customers' jugs. This was before Curtis and Co-op [sic – Curtis & Co?] started to deliver milk. In his peaked cap and leather gaiters, hob-nailed boots and smoking a pipe he struck a very familiar rustic figure. He owned a rather unfriendly dog chained to its kennel which was given a wide berth when visiting.

The railway houses [ie Railway Cottages] along the Ockham Road, numbered 1 to 20, with woodland opposite where we sometimes played; some names recalled living along there were Thornton, Mitchell, Goddard, Smith, Trish, Barnes, Pettitt, Osborne, Weston, Jackson, Gould. A bungalow and field at the end was owned by Miller. His wife Mrs Miller ran a sweet shop at Old Lane; names recalled along there were Phillips, Hemus, Stocks, Gorman and Meach. We played in Barnsthorns [sic – Barnsthorn] woods at the back of Old Lane.

Our neighbours at No 1 were Mr and Mrs Jim Ponsford. Jim was also a signaller and they had two daughters Vera and Enid. I was often in their garden and used to carve my initials in his young pumpkins and marrows which expanded on growing. Jim took pride in his garden which was indeed a picture and he used to take his dog Gyp for regular walks on the Common. Pottering about in his shed with him, I sometimes received a friendly rebuke of "Get out of the tent!" when I got in his way.

On the Common local to Heathway lived a recluse by the name of Miss Bretherton who lived in an old overgrown cottage. She also owned a house opposite which was rather derelict and where she kept cats in cages. Rumour had it that she was a one-time actress, but apart from that nobody else seemed to know much about her.

There used to be various tradesmen and con-men knocking at our front door. As well as the rag-and-bone man, there was the onion man and I remember these onions strung from the handlebars of his bike.

Schooldays: at the age of five, I began school at the St Lawrence Primary school in the village. My mother transported me there and back, sitting on the carrier of her bicycle. Sometimes I used to walk home which was about one and a half to two miles without seeing a passing car. And on reaching Indian Farm, if I saw a white Austin van in the distance, I knew there was a possible chance of a lift for the rest of the way from Bowman's baker on his delivery rounds.

Stewart Adams was the headmaster and his wife the governess, other teachers there being Miss Dixon, Miss Parker and Miss [sic – Mrs] Hardement. There were four classrooms, two in the original building and two in a newer section, one of which was upstairs. One day, I remember Miss Parker took me to lunch at the Crossroads Café and [I] remember having mince and potatoes which evidently didn't agree with my young constitution and later that afternoon during lessons I had to be excused and go to the outside toilet across the playground on a freezing cold day; I remember there was snow on the ground. I seemed to be out there for ages shivering and eventually had to be rescued by Miss Parker.

Miss [Mrs] Hardement, a very pleasant buxom teacher, in addition to teaching general subjects also played the piano and liked to have us gather round for a traditional sing-song. On a Friday she concluded the week and the class by reading us stories by Enid Blyton.

Anthracy stoves heated the classrooms in winter and emitted a warm red glow. Taking turns to fetch the school milk in crates from Curtis' Dairy, bottles were then placed around the stoves to warm the milk. Some of us preferred the ice which formed into the cream by the frost.

A visit to the local blacksmith, watching horses being shod and hearing the clang of hammer on anvil became a regular attraction. And the local tuck shop was Love's on the corner opposite the Church.

Scripture classes saw some canvas scrolls being rolled out depicting religious scenes, one of which I remember was The Last Supper. The local bus used to park and wait outside The Sir Douglas Haig before making its return journey to the Junction then on to Guildford.

Stewart Adams occasionally included practical demonstrations especially in arithmetic, using weights and measures and scales, weighing out cuts of meat, thereby making the subject more interesting, and in Geography he said he had visited every county in England. He often asked me to fetch his cucumbers from Mizen's Nursery down the road. In spring we were taken for nature walks and behind Curtis' farm was a field where we played cricket.

The school grounds also included a field which now has a school extension built on it. This was fenced off by iron railings and gated and closed in winter. Spring made it accessible to the smell of newly mown



Figure 14 Michael in his schooldays.

grass beckoning the welcome onset of warmer days and where lessons were sometimes taken in a group sitting on the grass in the sunshine.

Stewart Adams was a very charismatic person of medium stature with slightly florid features. [He] often wore a brown plus-four suit, horn-rimmed spectacles, a trilby hat tilted at a jaunty angle and brogue shoes and smoked cigarettes. I noticed his fingers were quite nicotine stained. Sir Barnes Wallis of bouncing bomb fame also lived in Effingham and was an acquaintance of his. On Empire Day I remember we enjoyed a half day's holiday.

About the age of ten I was transferred to the more modern Central School. Initially, Stewart Adams temporarily took charge until Mr Hewitt was appointed headmaster. The school grounds there comprised two playing fields, asphalt playgrounds and allotments. An indoor swimming pool at The Lodge nearby was made available to the school. An austerity wartime Christmas party was organised at the school including a dinner of sausage and mash. Generally, school dinners were very good and my mother became one of the volunteer helpers in the kitchen. In the war years the school had to be shared with a London school known as the Strand which meant for some time we had lessons in the morning only.

The war years. When Chamberlain announced "We are at war with Germany" on Sept 3rd 1939, my mother cried because the memory of the First World War, in which my father served, was still fresh in her memory. As a nine year old at the time, the seriousness of the War and what went on in it, we didn't really know much about because we were too busy growing up.

The Ponsfords next door took in two girl evacuees, Sheila Brown and Rita Simmon(d)s, neither of whom had ever been to the countryside before, so the first question they asked was "Are there any snakes here?" This photograph shows my sister at the back, Sheila Brown on the left, myself and Rita Simmon(d)s:

However, they soon integrated with us country bumpkins enjoying ourselves on the Common. Double British Summer Time in force at that time meant longer, lighter evenings for staying out and playing, but seven o'clock bedtime was strictly adhered to by my mother's call. I recall laying awake in bed in the downstairs bedroom and enviously hearing the others still playing on the Common and allowed out to continue.

At the start of the phoney war, air raid practice warnings were sounded by banging a suspended railway buffer acting as a gong. Prior to the Home Guard, LDV armbands were worn – Local Defence Volunteers – and they mostly consisted of railwaymen. Parades were held on the Common: this was before being issued with rifles and uniforms and broomsticks or similar were used, causing us children much amusement.

Returning home on the train from Leatherhead one evening in the blackout, the train stopped before the station to allow the main Waterloo line train priority. Thinking it was at the station, I opened the carriage door, stepped out and finished up at the bottom of the railway bank, followed by a voice "What are you doing down there?" from Ben Barnes the guard. I clambered back up and he pulled me into the guard's van. "You won't be doing that again in hurry" he said and I thought "Don't bank on it!"



Figure 15 Michael in his schooldays.



Figure 16 Michael with his sister (at rear) and evacuees.

In the Forties, my father was temporarily transferred to Hampton Court level crossing signal box and this involved a long bicycle ride there and back; possibly a round trip of fifteen miles or so and, with air raids on the go at the time, my mother became quite concerned for his safety, especially at night. Eventually he returned to the Junction and living so close to the station could be a bit too convenient at times especially when last minute call-outs made it necessary for him to stand in for an absent shift who didn't turn up.

This is a photograph of Effingham Junction signal box:



Figure 17 Effingham Junction signal box; Jesse Waller is standing right-most above the steps.

You can just see the railway sheds on the left hand side. My father is standing at the back with his cap on, on the right-hand side.

On Sundays my mother plated up my father's roast dinner if he happened to be on duty and she tied it up with a tea cloth with a knot at the top which made it handy for me to take it over to him and deliver it to him at the signal box, walking along the platform which caused much banter from the porters.

My father served 48 years with the Southern Railway and retired with a nervous condition affecting his hands, caused by years of lever pulling.

Going back to the War, a bomb missed the local sub-station and landed nearby during the night and, not hearing a thing, I woke up next morning covered in plaster and dust from the ceiling. A field in Garnett's farm sustained a large bomb crater caused by a land mine. The doodlebugs were something else. Canadians in a Jeep came over the bridge one day just as one of these things cut out its engine and with much screeching of brakes and cursing they all dived into the ditch. This was followed by an explosion somewhere near Ockham. One also landed on a house [Little Thatch] in Windy Ridge [off Effingham Common Road] and rumours had it that the occupant was in the bottom of the garden and survived [a mother with her baby]; and another [rumour] was that one person was killed [this was Joseph George Mathison, who died inside the house].

During the Blitz, walking up to the railway bridge and looking towards London, the sky was a complete red glow with searchlights scanning the skies. One became familiar with the throbbing drone of enemy aircraft during an air raid, so it was quite comforting at times that sometimes the noise turned out to be a train. The anti-aircraft gun on the cricket ground caused quite a vibration and noise when in action. Quite often service personnel stranded off the last train from London knocked on our door requiring a night's lodging. Some we obliged, some were too inebriated. One who was blind drunk lay down in the middle of the road on the brow of the hill quite oblivious to any possible oncoming vehicle but he was visible from our bedroom window. We managed to go out there and pull him to one side and a taxi was arranged; he evidently lived in Bookham.

The British Army unit occupied a purpose-built hut on the Common opposite No 2. They all became very friendly and invited us to their Christmas party. The hut was gaily decorated, paper chains etc and heated by a cast iron solid fuel burning stove. Electricity was provided by a diesel generator. A good time was had by all.

Canadians were camped off Beech Avenue in the village and I remember having a dinner of mince and tatties from a jerry can with them. They also gave us their pen knives.

A 'Molotov bread basket' landed on the Common dispersing its contents of unexploded incendiary bombs. They were each about three and a half inches [in] diameter by about eighteen inches long with fins. Two of us went looking for these and piled them up and word of this reached the school about which we had already been warned. However, at the main assembly in front of the whole school we were well and truly chastised both by the headmaster and the local police.

The WVS ran a canteen for Canadians at the Memorial Hall and [I] can remember some delicious meat pies which we were able to acquire. The social life of the Junction revolved around the Memorial Hall: Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, church services and Sunday School and Women's Institute. A concert party was formed and shows were laid on for the Canadians. They also put on film shows which we were able to attend. This [Figure 18, overleaf] is a wartime photograph of the girl Covenanters at the Memorial Hall. The first four girls from the left in the front are evacuees. This one here [points (a)], June Crane, I remember having a youthful crush on. My sister is there [points (b)].

This [Figure 19, overleaf] is a photograph of the Ewell Women's Institute at the Memorial Hall. My mother is there [points (a)] and Miss Poupart is there [points (b)].

During the War my brother volunteered for the services, in fact the Navy, and he was signed up to the Fleet Air Arm onto the aircraft carrier *HMS Implacable*.

Lord [sic – Sir] and Lady Waterhouse lived at Orchard [sic – Norwood] Farm, a large Tudor style mansion in a landscaped garden with an outside swimming pool. The estate comprised farm land and orchards. One day there were horses in the field and my friend who was keen on horses, who even looked the part dressed in riding breeches, carrying a rope around and he harnessed one of these horses and he rode down across the field. He unwillingly coaxed me onto one, gave it a whack on the rump, I went charging across the field, the horse pulled up sharply and I went flying over its head. Not being one for [being] taken for a ride or falling for a fast one, I thought "never again". Lord [sic – Sir] Waterhouse, a chartered accountant, had a business in London which is now Price Waterhouse Coopers. He made a bungalow available for evacuee accommodation under the auspices of an appointed governess who insisted on being formally addressed. She called us all by our surnames and she liked to be called Madam(e) – rather officious. Anyway, we had some good times there playing in the fields, barns and haystacks. We collected loads of Cox's Orange apples [Pippins], stored them for Christmas, and Lady Waterhouse laid on a Christmas party for the evacuees and their friends, and I remember we all sat at a long table loaded with

goodies in the big house and a good time was had by all. The year was probably 1940. Hit tune of the day was "I've got spurs that jingle jangle jingle" and the current film screened was *The Petrified Forest*.



Figure 18 Girl Covenanters at the Memorial Hall; (a) evacuee June Crane, (b) Michael's sister Mary.



Figure 19 Ewell Women's Institute at the Memorial Hall;
(a) Michael's mother Helen, (b) (detail, at right) Miss Poupart.

When my brother was demobbed after the War, he purchased a double-barrelled twelve-bore shot gun and several of us used to go over the Common with a dog and some ferrets and shooting rabbits and pheasants and I remember we had to cross the railway line and step over two live rails to get to a field where some rabbits were.

Also after the War we were allowed to earn some extra pocket money in the railway sheds by scraping the black-out paint off of [sic] the carriage windows.

Music was important to me and still is, and during the War I was given several gramophones. And I remember two portables and a cabinet one and the first one was one with a horn, similar to the one that HMV advertised with, with the dog in front, Nipper. The spring had broken and I used to persevere, turning the turntable with my finger in order to get the right speed.

Another pastime was making crystal sets, and I remember lying in bed with headphones on twiddling the cat's whisker to get a loud spot on the crystal and picking up Lord Haw Haw – William Joyce, “Germany calling”. And of course during the War it was part of the ‘swing era’ with the big bands: Glenn Miller, Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Benny Goodman; I was into all that stuff. For me it was a very interesting musical period.

Effingham Cricket Club:



Figure 20 Cricketers playing a match on Effingham Common in the 1950s.

I remember the club pre-War, walking to the ground on a sunny Sunday afternoon straight from Sunday School and seeing a marquee with teas laid out on trestle tables inside. Also for some reason, the pitch was transferred temporarily to a field further along the main road at the bottom of the hill on the right-hand side and [I] remember a double-winged aircraft made a forced landing there. An anti-aircraft Ack-Ack unit took over the ground during the War and afterwards working parties, including Italian prisoners-of-war labour, worked to reinstate the ground, cutting back undergrowth etc. This is a photograph of a painting done by an artist friend of our President Dr Sutton showing a working party clearing the undergrowth; in the background you can see two trees, that's where the Mallaby-Deeleys lived.

I was associated with the club both as a playing member and match Secretary for some twenty-five years. Our first President I remember was Bill [William George] Sheppard a builder who lived in Surrey Gardens and we all envied him at the time, because he was the only member who owned a car, a Rover. Committee meetings were sometimes held in The Plough inn at Effingham village run by Jimmy Hanley and



Figure 21 Clearing undergrowth on Effingham Common.

his wife, actor and film star and seen on the television series *Jim's Inn*. One of our meetings there was terminated after a visit from Diana Dors and her boyfriend Tommy Yeadye.

The ground originally had no pavilion, just a refreshment hut with a hinged pull-down counter and a shed to house the Dennis motor mower which at times was very reluctant to start. Water for tea was boiled in a copper – tea urn – on a paraffin stove. The urn had to be filled from an outside tap situated in Adrian Estler's field nearby, and where his rather hostile cow grazed. [Once] after cautiously filling the urn the two carriers Tommy Hall and Nobby Penfold returned somewhat quicker than they went, chased by the cow.

This is a 1950s photo of the club:



Figure 22 Effingham Cricket Club members in the early 1950s.

Back row left to right: Harry Trish (Secretary), John Irvine, Reg Carey, Fred Donnison, Adrian Estler, "A N Other", Peter Topper, Maurice Waller. Front row right to left: Nobby Penfold, Tommy Hall, myself, Peter Drew, Michael Topper.

A late 1950s photo [sic – but actually no earlier than 1962 when the pavilion seen here was built]:



Figure 23 Effingham Cricket Club members in the 1960s.

Back row left to right: Hamish Brown, Arthur Penfold, myself, Adrian Estler, Conall Hall, Ross Tester. Front row right to left: Alan Hull, Nobby Penfold, Tommy Hall, John Hawkey.

This photograph taken in about 1963 is when newer members started to come into the club and take over:



Figure 24 Effingham Cricket Club members in the early 1960s.

Back row left to right: Ross Tester, “A N Other”, Frank Sparling, Peter Collett, Maurice Waller, Philip Dixon, myself, Ken Osborne. Front row right to left: Ken Moore, Chris Williams, Brian Saddleton, Alan Brown and Keith Jones.

Apart from mowing the wicket and the outfield, a roller had to be pulled and pushed which was a heavy cast iron roller filled with concrete – very hard going. Elsan closets were housed in two rusting corrugated iron sheds for the WCs; very uninviting and unhygienic. Behind the bushes became the more popular option.

Adrian Estler, a larger-than-life character and member, lived alone on land adjacent to the club. A tall imposing tree surgeon who didn’t mince his words, he was of German origin and was public school educated at Oundle College. He was also part of the local hunt scene. He had his own personal cricketing dress code. Generally batting at number ten or eleven, and sometimes he scored the odd run. He wore a panama hat, open-necked shirt with long flapping unbuttoned sleeves, no socks or pads and his boots had seen better days. The bat resembled a matchstick in his hands, but he possessed a profound knowledge of the rules of cricket causing some disquiet at times about his umpiring decisions, but certainly no argument. Latterly, his brother Mervyn, a quieter more reserved gentleman, came to live with Adrian. Home-made damson wine was one of his specialities and when invited into his farmhouse kitchen for a tasting along with hunks of bread and cheese, the bottles when opened were still fermenting.

His Rolls Royce van, complete with starting handle, carried his tools of trade, and the bolted doors often jammed. At one local away match, we arrived in style in his horse and trap. He did at one time I remember have a very attractive wife who I met one Christmas while carol singing there. Adrian and Dr Sutton did not always see eye to eye on certain issues and to show his displeasure at something about which Dr Sutton instigated, he allowed his horse to trample over the wicket, causing damaging hoof prints.

There were some Sunday home games which attracted quite a few spectators with cars lined up along the approach road. The collection box became a useful fund raiser. One American tourist walked over to the wicket wanting to take photos while play was in progress.

Dr Sutton started a pavilion fund, getting donations from many sources, which eventually financed the acquisition of a cedar wood sectional pavilion, complete with changing room, kitchen, bar and toilets. This was erected by members and opened in the mid-Sixties [actually early-Sixties]. Our independence by acquiring a licence to sell alcohol deprived The Lord Howard of our once [ie former] after-match custom. This photograph of the cricket club pavilion was taken in September 2010:



Figure 25 Effingham Cricket Club's pavilion in 2010.

It's looking rather sorry for itself, needing a lot of maintenance. If Dr Sutton had been alive today, I don't think he would be very enamoured with the present situation.

My brother was actively very much involved with the club for fifty years, involving much hard work:



Figure 26 Michael's brother Maurice Waller.

He and Dr Sutton were in legal negotiations with the Lord of the Manor in securing the future tenure of the club. My brother latterly formed the club into a company. His wife, my sister-in-law, was also involved for fifty years making the teas and the catering arrangements:



Tea break: Pam Waller, who has been making the tea at Effingham Cricket Club for 50 years, is retiring

Photo No: 20190/10 by Peter Gardner

AFTER a distinguished half-century and an estimated 25,000 cups of tea Pam Waller has made her final brew at Effingham Cricket Club.

Pam has been Saturday tea lady at the club for 50 years but now she has decided to retire from her duties.

The club, based in Effingham Common Lane, said a fond farewell and a large thank you to one of its longest serving and respected members on Saturday.

Pam has also ensured the pavilion

has been kept in a tidy state throughout her time, a task not often appreciated by cricket teams.

The club said she will be well-known among the area's cricketing fraternity for her dignified and cheerful persona and the calming influence she had over even the most competitive of individuals.

Colts chairman Ray Pritchard said: "Pam has been an outstanding ambassador and the club will not be the same without her. I am sure that

I echo the sentiments of everyone in the club in wishing Pam all the best for the future and thanking her for all that she has done."

Pam poured her first cups of tea in the forties when the clubhouse was a shed and the most popular beverage was cherryade. She has seen the shed turn into a pavilion built by her late husband Maurice, and she saw her sons Alan and Trevor play alongside their father throughout the sixties and seventies.

Figure 27 Maurice Waller's wife Pamela.

This is a plaque I did to commemorate my brother's fifty years association with Effingham Cricket Club:



Figure 28 Michael's plaque paying tribute to his brother Maurice.

It is hanging up behind the bar in the pavilion.

Horsley Towers:



Figure 29 Horsley Towers when in use as the Headquarters of the Central Electricity Board.

Horsley Towers was originally owned by Sopwith the aviator. It later became a girls' school and during the War years it was the headquarters of the Central Electricity Board. So it merits inclusion for its close links with the Effinghams [ie the village and the Junction] by employing staff from there including myself, brother and sister; and where time was enjoyed using its sporting and leisure facilities out of working hours and so a lot of time was spent there.

This is a replica cottage to the one I lived in at Effingham Junction which managed to get a reprieve:



Figure 30 Cottage near East Horsley station, resembling 2 Station Cottages in Effingham.

One half was demolished. It's situated at Station Approach, East Horsley.

This is a last and final photograph I took of Station Cottages in 1966:



Figure 31 Michaels's mother Helen and wife Kathy outside 2, Station Cottages in 1966.

I flew the nest in 1968 on getting married, having lived at No 2 for 34 happy years. I consider myself extremely privileged and fortunate to have lived and being raised in a God-fearing secure family environment at Effingham Junction. My father died in 1972, my mother carried on living there for a further twelve years or so prior to moving into sheltered accommodation in Bookham. My brother took me back there for a nostalgic visit prior to it being demolished and it was then empty and rather dilapidated. It proved to be a rather sad experience.

Following this is a video taken in 2003 of a car ride from Forest Road, East Horsley through to Effingham village. It is noted that The Lord Howard public house is no longer there and has been replaced by a block of flats.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Figures 4, 7: adapted by Christopher John Hogger from the Ordnance Survey maps supplied online by the National Library of Scotland (<https://maps.nls.uk/os/>)

All other figures: donated by Michael Stanley Waller