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[051 Albury Home Front - Albury at War](#)

Memories from Win Browne, Jenny Fairhurst, Margaret Elston, Mary Instone Gallop, Derek Keen, Doris Tebenham and Kim Taylor.

Introduced by Retta Casbard.

Produced by Trevor Brook

There is a set of 50 slides for this talk.

56 minutes.

ALBURY HOME FRONT

It is hoped that this evening will stir nostalgic memories for older members, that those who were children will be reminded of what they only remember in brief flashes, and that it will help others to appreciate what life was like in Albury some fifty years ago.

Sunday, 3rd. September, 1939, dawned gloriously sunny and warm, like most mornings for the past month of that long hot summer, it was however to prove quite unlike any other--- for by 11.15am Britain was at war with Germany.

The impact of war changed the British way of life profoundly, men between the ages of 18 and 41 were called up for the armed forces, unless their employment was considered of national importance, a figure that was to be raised to 51 two years later, when women were also included in conscription. There followed, "direction" of labour into factories and the munitions industry, while those who were over military age or in reserved occupations were encouraged to join various civil defence organizations.

Civil defence was principally comprised of the Air Raid Precautions (A.R.P.) services, police forces and fire brigades. The birth of the A.R.P. can be dated from 1935, when Stanley Baldwin's National Government approved the expenditure of £100,000 to promote serious planning and

an embryo Home Office A.R.P. Dept. was established. A.R.P. Wardens had first been mooted in 1937 following the realization by the Government of the danger of air raids in any war, an official booklet had been published in the previous year setting out their directions as follows; "Street wardens will be required to act as guides and helpers to the general public in the area to which they are allotted. It is particularly important that they should help to allay panic and give assistance to any families or persons in their districts, particularly those who may have been driven out of their homes, etc.. They should help to direct people in the streets to the nearest shelter. Report to

the police or the local intelligence centre the fall of bombs, dangerous fires, presence of gas, blocking of roads, damaged mains and any other information that may be required to enable a particular situation to be dealt with. They must be trained to give accurate reports and assess the situations". In addition, they were to become responsible for the distribution and testing of civilian gas masks and for the enforcement, in conjunction with the police, of lighting regulations.

Mrs. Win Browne recalls details of the Albury A.R.P., "Captain Thomas was head of the local A.R.P. and Alfred Hughes, landlord of the William IV at Little London, his deputy. They issued gas masks and organized the care of them, for toddlers there were rather less frightening masks, which had large ears and were painted in red and blue, soon nicknamed the "Mickey Mouse". Babies too young for this mask (under the age of two) had a special 'gas helmet', which was not unlike a miniature iron lung in appearance. Once inside, the child was fed a supply of filtered air by means of a small bellows operated by the mother. Mothers with small babies were taught how to use the gas masks for them, we had our lessons in Farley Green Church. At one point Captain Thomas asked for a survey of the baths in the district in case of gas attacks -----there were very few baths indeed at that time".

"My daughter Jenny Fairhurst was only a child but has the following recollections":- "I hated the gas masks we had to carry everywhere and did my best to mislay mine. We children had to crawl under a mass of tables in the corner of the infants class room at Albury School, Margie Nursey, Pauline Cumper, Shirley Harrison and the rest all crammed under wearing those awful/^{rubber} smelling gas masks, we had to sit for 20 minutes pretending a killer gas was wafting around outside. I thought it a waste of time and energy, of course I didn't appreciate the dreadful purpose behind our gas mask practice".

Police forces added many wartime functions to their normal duties. They were responsible for the operation of sirens for the air raid warnings, the enforcement of lighting restrictions and for the regulation of vehicles at the site of bomb attacks. Much of the enforcement of Defence Regulations fell to them, and they also participated in exercises and the preparation of plans to meet the invasion. It had been recognised before the war that these extensions would require greater strength and steps were taken to create an Auxiliary Police Reserve - Special Constables. A Defence of the Realm Memorandum for Special Constables of Albury Parish, illustrates some of the duties they would be expected to carry out in the event of invasion; "In the event of a hostile landing being effected upon our Southern or S.E. Shores, it is probable that orders will be received from the police for the immediate removal of Stock and Vehicles from the Parish. Any Stock or Vehicles not removed being either destroyed or rendered unfit for use before departure. Stock and Vehicles will be removed in a N.W. direction, the ultimate destination being Windsor Great Park, or some other locality in the neighbouring counties to be notified by the Military Authorities. Important duties will, in such case devolve upon Special Constables with regard to the following matters e.g. Collecting Places, Slaughter of Animals etc.."

The Home Office, following the Munich Crisis in 1938, strongly encouraged the Local Authorities in the recruitment of men and women for the Auxiliary Fire Service and through the Fire Brigades Division, it authorised grants and supplied equipment on loan for this purpose. The existence of the Brigades and their distinction from the Auxiliary Fire Service (A.F.S.) was brought to an end between May and August 1941, when all the existing forces were combined into one National Fire Service (N.F.S.).

Mrs. Win Browne remembers ^m "In 1938, four men went to Guildford

and trained with the A.F.S., they were Sonny Knapp, Harold Thomas, Harry Spragg and Jack Browne, who took them to Guildford in his van. At his cottage in Little London a manual pump with many feet of hose, a stirrup pump, pail and spade were allocated for emergencies. The men were later issued with tin hats, service gas masks, axe, wellington boots and dungarees. Early in 1940 a fire service was started, George and Charlie King, Cliff Crossman, Jim Hatcher and Jack Tubbs were some of the personnel".

"The following is an extract from a recorded talk with George King-" :- "Bakers were exempt---then as an extra bonus my brother and I joined the Albury Volunteer Fire Brigade, we used to spend four nights a week on Albury Heath, at the White House, thats where we had the equipment and of course the other lads in the village joined the Home Gaurd, so we had Albury Heath well protected. We did have actually some fire bombs on Farley Green-- I wasn't on that night but my brother Charlie was, these incendiary bombs dropped on the house and lodged in the gutters and round the chimneys, we had to get up there and scramble them out. It was an auxiliary pump we used to tow behind a car".

Because the call-up had taken men away from the countryside, farmers required help from other sources. The Women's Land Army had been set up with considerable foresight in June, 1939, so that should war come, the volunteer women would be ready to work on the farms. Almost 90,000 women between the ages of 18 and 40 served as "Land Girls" during the war years, at first regarded a little warily by farmers, they proved themselves keen to learn and hard working---Mrs. Margaret Elston was one of the volunteers, "I feel this is really under false pretences, as I was a Land Girl in Shere, rather than Albury, though Cotterells Farm, which then reached from Hound House to Parklands was bordered by Albury at the West and most of Ponds Farm land, where I did my training is in Albury.

Those of us who had volunteered for the Land Army had a month's training and I stayed at Ponds Farm which was run by Major Rayne, an

ex District Commissioner for Somalia, who lived there with his wife and formidable sister-in-law, Margery Perham. Two of his sons were in the R.A.F. and said they could always recognise the pond when they flew over the farm at night. The third, Wilfrid, was in the Army and drowned off the African Coast.

We were under the Dairy Manager, a very fierce lady called Pat Edwards who lived in the little one-roomed granary in the yard. Charlie Salter and Bob Richardson were the farm workers. Monica Warren and I and a pair of twins whose names I have forgotten were the trainees. We learned to milk the Ayrshire cows with their horrible sharp horns - they were particularly fierce when newly calved. We mucked-out and worked in the dairy where the milk was cooled and bottled, starting work at 5 o'clock every morning. In the evenings I often rode Major Rayne's pony, Barbara, and got lost one evening when looking for a crashed plane in the Hurtwood. I found myself in Smithwood Common instead of Shere and got home in pitch darkness. All the signposts had been removed of course. We girls soon learned to avoid being on our own with Major Rayne and in fact he eventually went off with one of his Land Girls!"

One of the most remarkable achievements of the first days of the war was "Operation Pied Piper" - the great evacuation of nearly one and a half million children, mothers and babies from the danger zones to towns and villages in the safer countryside. Albury was one of the reception areas, over 100 children were received in the Parish. Like many Ministerial schemes, perfect on paper, it took little or no account of the human elements. No compulsion was put on mothers and children to leave their homes, but if necessary the Government would make billeting of evacuees compulsory - a payment of 8/6d per week was made for their keep. Women played a major part in the great evacuation - largely through the work of the Women's Voluntary Services (W.V.S.), which had been established in 1938. Miss Helen Lloyd was the W.V.S. centre organizer for the Guildford Rural District

Council - for evacuation. She had joined the W.V.S. when it was formed and was appointed Centre Organiser/for the immediate welfare of the evacuees and the billeting of them, an unenviable task when a measure of coercion was often necessary. The following are but a few recollections of that time by local residents - Mrs. Instone-Gallop - "In 1939, the arrival of children evacuated with teachers from London School and billeted by W.V.S. in the village. Cooks Place taken over for their lessons and daily hot lunches provided by rota of helpers organized by Mrs. Cleverly and Mrs. Wise. Brook Lodge was taken over by Sudetan-German refugees. One or two families staying on in the area after the war. Mrs. Henderson gave one room for sale of lemonade etc. and a tiny lending library where visitors to camp and children could sit".

Mr. & Mrs. Tysoe had evacuees billeted with them and she recalls:- "We were asked to take in evacuees to help the children from the London areas. We had two at first, a little boy and girl, we had not had them very long when a thousand pound bomb dropped just a little way up the field from us, but luckily it dropped in the sandy part of the edge of the wood, so apart from blowing out several of our windows we were all unhurt. That very week-end after, the children's parents came down to see them and when they heard what had happened, I had to pack up their things straight away and they took them back home to London, they said it was safer where they lived up there.

We had no more children then for sometime, then we were asked if we would take in an eleven year old boy. Apparently no one could manage him, he had six different billets before us, so we said we would try and see if we could do something for him. He was a typical boy full of beans and up to all sorts of tricks, but we both got on very well with him and he liked us both, which was a great help. His name was Michael - and at bedtime my husband who was a very good singer and Michael always had a singing session which I enjoyed

listening to. We had him for about two years, he went to school in Albury for a time and then to a school in Guildford, where he won a scholarship, so he left us after that. He went by bus each day to Guildford and I gave him his bus fare each morning, but sometimes he spent some of it on sweets and then had to walk part of the way home as his fare money was short, I told him he was very naughty but he still did it, that was the only time he disobeyed me. He went back home, which was at Earlsfield, until he took up his scholarship".

Mr. Derek Keen and his brother Ronald were evacuated to Albury from Southfields, the London Borough of Wandsworth - they were aged 4½ and 9½ years respectively. "We came to Guildford by train along with many others, my brother and I were put into a car with two other children, myself having to sit on the lap of Miss King-Church, the driver being Miss Lloyd. We were billeted with Mr. & Mrs. Gadd in Water Lane and were there throughout the war years. A year later another evacuee came to stay at Mr. & Mrs. Gadd's house, a girl called Valerie Gaiten, aged 10, she came from Wembley, she only stayed for about 2 years and then went home. I can remember her reading lots of stories to me when I was very ill with pneumonia, I missed her very much.

We all looked forward to Fridays, this was when Mrs. Gadd bought our weekly sweet rations (a ¼ lb. each), they were put into three separate tins with our names on, sometimes there would be an odd sweet over after counting them equally between us, usually an odd job would earn the extra sweet.

Italian prisoners of war came to help with the Tank-Trap dug across the South of England, we used to go and watch them and help eat their baked beans-on-bread - which they cooked on site (delicious at the time). Canadian troops were camped on Newlands Corner, where we spent many an hour, the real attraction at the camp was free chocolate and spearmint gum.

Mr. Gadd apart from working 5½ days a week at Farnham, was in the Home Guard. I can remember him coming home from work around 6.45pm.

having his tea, changing into uniform for a nights guard at the Reading to Redhill railway line, returning about 5.0am. the following morning, then setting off for work at 6.0am. // My brother and I went to school at Cooks Place along with all of the other evacuees, there were three teachers in all. The headmistress was named Miss Jones, who also came from Southfields and was headteacher of a school called St.Michaels, which I had just started at before my evacuation.

During our time at Mr.&Mrs.Gadds we had two very close explosions- one being a 1000lb. bomb and the other a doodlebug, on each occasion my brother and I collected shrapnel as souvenirs. On German nightly bombing raids, alerted by the siren at Chilworth, my brother and I were bundled into a single bed situated in a cupboard under the stairs, sleeping head to toe either end, not very comfortable with my brother's feet sticking in my face. We stayed there/ ^{until} the 'all-clear' siren sounded - this could be anything up to 8 hours.

Convoys of troops came through the village regularly and on some occasions we would throw them apples taken from Mr.Coe's orchard, which was situated by the road opposite Water Lane. The thought of stealing did not occur to us at the particular time.

I can remember the sky being full of planes towing gliders - I learnt later that this was part of the 'D-Day' invasion.

Apart from being homesick from time to time, we were happy with Mr.&Mrs.Gadd who were very good to us. After the war we stayed on in Albury with them, my brother returning to Southfields at the age of 16 years, I remained and later married a girl from Albury--and have lived here ever since".

Mrs.Doris Tebenham recalls "Farley Green Club was founded early in the war to give evacuees (mothers and babies) a place to meet. Captain Leach at Farley House provided the use of a room in which to meet. There was little activity in London and many mothers with their children soon returned to their homes. Farley Green Club continued and

some of the children were here for the duration, enjoying life in the countryside.

Captain Sykes who owned Edgeley egg farm allowed (prior to the war) a few caravans on the site, when the bombing started many came down from London for a weekend or even longer, some living in the empty chicken houses, eventually the egg farm was sold and became a large caravan site".

There followed a period known as the "phoney war", because of the lack of action on both sides. Over large cities hung huge balloons, shaped like silver larvae, affording protection against low flying and dive bombing attacks, likewise the Civil Defence Organizations were alerted and in position for enemy air attacks that didn't materialize. By Christmas many of the evacuees had drifted back to their homes in "at risk" towns and cities. There was a prevailing sense of frustration and anti-climax, but it was to end abruptly when Germany invaded the Low Countries in May, 1940. The British Expeditionary Force was successfully evacuated from Dunkirk between 29th. May and the 3rd, June. Winston Churchill probably expressed it best when he spoke of Dunkirk in the House of Commons on the 4th. June, "Wars are not won by evacuations. But there was a victory inside this deliverance, which should be noted". Once again there are recollections of that period-- Mrs. Win Browne, "Many trains passed along the line from the coast bringing troops from the evacuation of Dunkirk, some stopping en-route. People from Little London and Brook took fruit, biscuits and water and gave ^{to} the men, who threw postcards from the windows of the trains, which were picked up and posted for them, these were the official cards signed by them to inform their relatives that they had returned safely-- one man among them was from Farley Green, his card was delivered to his home".

The following is an extract from Helen Lloyd's diary; Friday, May 31st, 1940, Mrs. Leach telephoned to say that shifts of people were wanted at Guildford Station to meet the troop trains bringing back

soldiers from Flanders and that people who spoke French would be helpful as Belgian and French troops were among the number. A quick rota was arranged, Bridget and Mrs. O'Donovan taking over first shift, I went down after lunch and stayed an hour. During this time only two trains came in but during the morning they came at intervals of a quarter of an hour, sometimes, two trains at once.

It was a thrilling moment when the trains came in. We grabbed postcards, pencils, fruit, chocolate buns and ran down the train. There were men leaning out and waving from every carriage. Their faces were dirty, unshaven and drawn with fatigue. Some looked half dazed, but most of them were laughing and eager to talk. One heard snatches of conversation - "it was terrible over there", "England has never looked so good as it did today". I had quite a long talk with a corporal, an oldish man who had fought in the last war. He told me how the destroyer couldn't put in to the quay. How when the men lined up on shore they were bombed and then shelled, had to take cover and could only get away at night, they had to wade out breast deep, get into small boats and then transfer to the destroyers. There were tears in the man's eyes as he spoke.

The Local Defence Volunteers (L.D.V.), (later to be known as the Home Guard) was established on May 14th. 1940, to supplement units of the army. Percy Harris MP. had written to the Times as early as September 5th. 1939, urging the mustering of a force of amateur soldiers to defend prepared/their country in the event of an invasion. "I believe" he said "there are a great number of men over military age and men who are prevented because they are scheduled in reserved occupations, who would like to train in the use of a rifle as well as to do part-time service". Here was the first suggestion for the band of men who were to be constituted in May as the L.D.V.. The background against which it came into being was desperate enough, it was apparent that the whole structure of the Allied defence on the Continent was collapsing rapidly. With the fall of France and the extensive bombing of our

towns and cities came the very real threat of invasion. Albury had a large company of Home Guard, they used the Cricket Pavilion, on Albury Heath, as their Headquarters. Mrs. Instone-Gallop's recollections provide graphic illustration of the general state of anxiety at that time----- "When in 1940 there was an invasion scare, the Home Guard were very active. After a spy warning one evening, the local bus was halted and the driver - to his stupifaction - ordered to 'dismount', despite his being well known to both Home Guard and passengers. Some of the troops were ordered to search the bus and unfortunately one bayonet went through the roof.

This was the same period when an elderly deaf artist, Mr. Metcalfe, who lived on Albury Heath, was walking slowly home. The Home Guard Sergeant shouted 'Halt' but Mr. Metcalfe walked on homeward. 'Halt' cried the Sergeant twice more 'or we fire', at that, one of the guard ran up to Mr. Metcalfe, yelling 'Stop! we nearly shot you.' 'Dear dear,' said the old man and went on his way! "

That summer heralded the launch of day and night air-attacks against mainland Britain in preparation for the German invasion. The Battle of Britain was fought roughly between July 10th. and the end of October, it was a defensive rather than an offensive action, but contained examples of great valour! Mrs. Win Browne recalls---"There was a lot of action overhead in the day-time during the Battle of Britain, the evenings got dark about 9.30pm.. An enemy plane came over and dropped two bombs, which fell at Brook, presumably aiming for the searchlight post, they fell into the field behind Holt's shop and the farm, making two large craters, but no one was injured. A stick of small bombs were dropped between the railway bridge at Shere Heath and the cross-roads to Little London --- a Molotov basket fell in Albury Park, above South Lodge, the incendiaries spread down over the cottages in Little London, they were dealt with by the Home Guard and firemen.

My daughter Jenny has recollections of the period too-----

"I have a very distinct memory of watching the searchlight beam from the huge light at Brook Huts as it swept across the sky looking for enemy aircraft. I also remember hearing the whine of the empty shell cases during the Battle of Britain which fell in and around the garden. Somewhere about this time Daddy took my sister and I to see a German bomber which had crashed near Cranleigh, but all I remember is a very strong smell and some green shiny stuff, which I suppose was fuel from the crashed plane." // Germany finally abandoned plans for any invasion in 1940 and ordered a halt to the assembly of the invasion fleet.

But the Blitz was yet to come! It started with the first mass raid on London, September 7th.1940 and continued through the winter and spring of 1940-41, it changed the face of Britain and cost the lives of 40,000 people. On occasions the enemy jettisoned his bombs before reaching his apparent objective, possibly due to contact with fighter aircraft or because his aircraft had been damaged by gun fire----- so of course villages such as Albury were bombed also. EXtracts from Helen Lloyds diary describe one such incident in April,1941, when three bombs were dropped on Weston Yard and vicinity :- Wednesday, April 9th.1941, as I write this an aeroplane passes over very low, there is a swishing noise, Joan tapped at my door and asked me to come upstairs and see the fire. From the attic window I saw the sky a brilliant yellow, two bright lights burnt like stars above the allotments and an acrid smell of smoke drifted into the window."Its the German aeroplane in flames said one of the servants".I was determined not to miss the excitement so I dressed - trousers over my nightgown, a jumper and two leather coats- I ran into the garden, I was afraid of waking the Norris's so went through the field. The gate into the yard stuck and I had to climb over it. I saw a group of figures walking down the hill and then a woman ran out shouting "There's a German aeroplane blazing in the field, its terrible, terrible."

I turned and found myself in a group of people, two of them shawled in blankets, one being supported. It was Nurse, "a bomb came through the house" I was told. I took Nurse by the arm and told her she must come to us. She was very upset. I brought her in through the drawing-room, rather difficult threading through tables and chairs without a light. I tried to put Nurse into my bed but she wouldn't, I sat her by the fire but she only stayed for a minute or two. Then a party in the smoking-room, whisky and hot sweet tea (see Red Cross manual)! In the middle the front door bell rang--Mrs. Maurice Botting, "You mustn't let Nurse go back to her cottage, we have found the fin of a bomb 18 inches long under the bed". With difficulty we kept Nurse in the house while her husband went back to the cottage. He returned with a few garments, the cash box and her nursing bag. Again the front door bell, the policeman, we were not to allow Nurse to return and also the Norris' must leave their house. The policeman and I went to fetch them, he a very bulky form in a swinging cape and tin hat. His bulls eye lantern a definite help in threading our way through the drawing room furniture. Found the Norris' dressed with the children wrapped in blankets. We brought them across and put little Michael and David in our Michael's bed. Then went back with the Norris' and helped them collect more possessions. Tuesday, April 15th., two of the bombs had been exploded today but the one in our field is still there so the Norris' are still with us. Wednesday, April 16th. When I got home I found the 'Danger-Unexploded Bomb' notice still up. A party of eight soldiers had been digging all day and had failed to get it out. Captain Thomas rang up after dinner and said that the bomb would definitely be moved tomorrow. That it weighed 1200 lbs. and while there was only a chance in a million that it would go off, he advised no one to sleep in a room overlooking the field. Thursday April 17th. Mother rang up later in the morning to say that the bomb had been taken out of our field after considerable difficulty. Then I received Colonel Estridges congratulations on our escape. He said that if any of

the three bombs had gone off, it would have exploded the others and Weston Yard and probably our own house would have gone flat".

The nurse referred to was Nurse Triscott - the District Nurse.

A Heinkel aircraft dropped the bombs, it was shot down by a night fighter aircraft and crashed at Shepherds Hanger, Busbridge, at 11.55pm.

Three of the crew were killed, the fourth injured, he was taken prisoner.

The child sitting on the bomb is Mrs. Nicholas' daughter, Christine.

Win Browne tells of two other incidents, the first on the night of 16th.- 17th. April 1941. "A German bomber passed over in flames one night and crashed near Cranleigh Village, the crew who died were buried in the local cemetery. A story was told at the time, that a posy of flowers were placed on the grave from a British airman's mother". That aircraft was a Junkers, it was shot down and dived into the ground at Thorn's Flush, Cranleigh, at 1.35am. The four crew members were killed and the aircraft virtually destroyed, but there are parts of it in the Tangmere Military Aviation Museum Collection. It was also the crashed aircraft that Jenny and her sister were taken to see.

The second incident occurred in Bramley and Guildford on the 16th. December, 1942 - Mrs. Win Browne; "On a dark December afternoon, a lone German plane dropped bombs on to the railway line at Bramley, where a train was travelling on its way to Cranleigh and Horsham, the bombs did not hit the train, and the plane then returned to machine - gun it, some passengers were killed and several injured. With several other people I was going to the Royal Surrey County Hospital, in ⁿFarham Road, it was visiting afternoon - when the plane came down over County School with guns firing, we all laid down on the pavement while the bullets (tracers) hit the lamp and wall beside us - I think windows were broken, but none of us were injured. I rushed on up to the hospital and into the ward where my husband was a patient, visitors were however soon asked to leave as the injured were being brought in, it was wonderful to note the efficient and caring way all the staff coped".

We also have a child's recollections of this incident, in a letter written to her aunt - Sally Caton was that child ---

"The Owls Nest"

"Dear Nora,

I hope Elizabeth likes the book, and the one Daddy sent her. We break up on the 22nd. December and I am glad that we are at last. I hope you will have a happy Christmas.

I got such a shock the other day at school and if we had gone out for a walk we would have been caught but it was a wet day so we had to stay in. There was such a bang we all thought it was thunder but it was a bomb very near to us - but it was much more near to Little Gosden - it was opposite to them.

It was the Braithwaites' (owners of the bombed house). I have to go over.....I made a fuss this morning, I asked Mummy if she would come over with me to see it and she said she would so we went over. Well you should see the sight - the trees look so funny - the curtains were hanging in the hedges and trees. The Jones's window panes were broken. The common (Gosden) looks really dreadful. Well you ought to come and see it.

Wishing you a happy CHristmas.

With lots of love from

Sally M. "

Unfortunately it hasn't been possible to trace a record of the aircraft involved, but there is information about the damage inflicted on Bramley, in addition to the train being machine-gunned in the station, a house was damaged by a bomb, in all three people were killed and twenty injured.

Another major issue on the Home Front was food, rationing had been introduced on the 8th. January, 1940, following a National Registration and the issuing of ration books. As a matter of record, the first items rationed were; butter and margarine - 6ozs. per week; cooking fat 2 ozs.; bacon or ham 4 ozs.; tea 2 ozs.; sugar at 12ozs. sounds generous, but probably it was the ration for a period of more than one week. Quantities varied from time to time and more commodities were added to the list of goods rationed over the years. Despite all the upheaval however, shopkeepers and suppliers managed somehow to give a reliable service to their customers (though it did require new skill). Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholas had first hand experience of the difficulties - "We had to contend with the black - out and rationing at Pratt's Stores, which Chris, my husband managed after his Dad retired. I drove the van for my husband on the delivery rounds, our route covered the Silent Pool, Newlands Corner, Farley Green, St. Martha's, Guildford Lane Cottages, Roseacre Gardens, Chilworth, Blackheath and Womersley, 76 calls in all, twice daily. On Fridays I also drove the nephew of Jack Miles, the butcher, on his delivery round. We somehow managed to make our deliveries during air-raids and bad weather alike. The store ran two vans and in those days our staff consisted of the baker, Mr. Hollingdale, Bob Boyce, Mrs. Carter, Edna Brooks, Mary Doyle, Chris and myself. My husband also served as a member of the Home Guard from May 1940 to December 1944".

In this extract from his talk, Mr. George King tells us about supply and demand in the bakery business, "There was bread rationing but we were fortunate that we managed to get by, everybody had everything they wanted in the bread line. But not so with cakes - sugar, fat and

fruit was all rationed, we sort of had to make one weekend special when we had enough stuff for everybody like".

There was a sizeable military presence in the area from the on-set, but it built up substantially in the period just prior to the Normandy Landings on D Day, June 6th.1944. Mrs.Instone Gallop remembers "A searchlight unit was set up by the Army at Brook and troops enjoyed hospitality at neighbouring houses. Some nights they were rather busy and the Sergeant^e was heard to say "What with the bombs and Mrs.Nursey's plums, we were on the run all night"!!

When the Canadians arrived before the 2nd.Front,they camped at Newlands Corner and both Farley Green and Albury were asked to hold Dances for their troops. "Treetops" Holiday Camp organized several dances. Lasting friendships and one marriage resulted".

Mrs.Win Browne - "There were a great many troops in and around the village, in the Warren etc., and transport lorries on Farley Heath. The troops did machine-gun practice in the sandpits and assembled the big guns on Albury Heath.

One night during military manœuvres, a cannister was dropped, which burst, a very strong sickly smell of peardrops penetrated in the cottages in Little London, causing eyes and noses to run with water and to irritate badly -- many people wore their gas masks. No lasting harm was done, the Army came around some weeks later to enquire!

Albury Park Mansion was home to the Duke of Elba and the Spanish Embassy, but in the woodland surrounding it, in 1944, there were a large number of Canadians, their lorries were all backed against the park railings and they lived in them. They were there for sometime, leaving just before the D.Day landings. Prior to that there was a large review of Canadian troops from all over West Surrey by Field Marshall Montgomery, on Albury Heath. My daughter Jenny recalls the event with a small child's frankness, "One day the whole of Albury School was mustered at the top of New Road hill to wave our Union Jacks at

a V.I.P., who was coming to review the Canadian troops stationed in Albury Park. I was so excited as I thought I would at last see King George VI in the flesh. The little man in the large black beret sitting in the back of the Rolls Royce was such a disappointment to me that I could hardly wave my flag. He even spoke to us as we stood beside the road, but I cannot remember what he said. I was too young to know that this was Field Marshall Montgomery of Alamein and I was looking at history in the making.

Those same Canadian troops were our great friends, they hung over the Park railings as we walked home from school, giving us chewing gum and candy - and talking in that strange accent".

Field Marshall Montgomery was known for his more or less impromptu morale boosting reviews of troops, the review on Albury Heath was obviously one such event. Mrs. Doris Tebenham has other memories of the same period, "Numerous tanks came into the area and parked on Farley Heath hidden under camouflage nets. Prior to D. Day a Battalion marched from Reading Station and camped on Farley Heath. They brewed tea in my parents copper, before leaving they gave my mother a tin of treacle and 3lbs. of dusty tea".

By the beginning of 1944 intelligence reports, backed by photographic reconnaissance, confirmed that the Germans were preparing to launch a new type of weapon or weapons, against the United Kingdom. The conventional bomber, it seems was about to be augmented, or indeed replaced, by the long-range missile. The British reaction to this was a heavy and sustained bombing offensive against suspected launching sites and their railheads. This delayed the start of the offensive, but could not prevent it and following the Allied invasion of Normandy, on the 6th. June, the first V1's fell on England during the night of 12th.-13th. June.

Flying Bombs, better known as "doodle-bugs", were novel but deadly weapons that brought much suffering and considerable damage to the South-East of England. But from the defence point of view,

they were, for all practical purposes, no more than very fast unmanned aircraft and therefore unable to take evasive action.

The noise is what everyone remembers, the distant hum, growing to a deafening rattle, which either diminished as the missile disappeared into the distance, or the abrupt silence, to be followed by an explosion. When the engine stopped it seemed like everything stopped, as if the world stood still and held its breathe- it was actually about 12 seconds. Jenny Fairhurst recalls "I saw my first doodle-bug flying across Albury Heath with flames belching from its tail end and thought it looked both ugly and funny, until mother yelled at us to get down-down-and we hurled ourselves from our bikes and lay face down on the grass. The engine suddenly stopped and after what seemed an age - a terrific bang - it had crashed quite close.

Later our two evacuees from Wimbledon-Richard and Keith used to crouch under the stairs with my sister Susan and I chanting - "Keep going 'erbert" and willing the beastly buzz bomb to crash anywhere but on us. We had an air-raid shelter my father had dug out in the garden, but it was much cosier and drier under the stairs".

Mr.W.D.Day, Clerk of Albury Estate, wrote the following account of another incident ---"July, 21st. 1944 - 12.30am. German Flying Bomb fell in Weston Wood. Windows broken in practically every house in the village. Extensive damage to roofs and ceilings- Guildford Rural District Council commenced first-aid repairs to bomb damaged houses, contractors R.Halford & Co. carried out the work. Albury Church windows- leaded lights displaced and ceiling sucked inwards from roof structure. The blast from the bomb had the effect of causing a vacuum and sucking window glass, ceilings, etc. inwards. No one appears to have been injured". Mr. George King recalls what was probably the same incident, "Yes we had a doodle-bug **dropped** just over Weston Woods, one dinner time, and we heard the doodle-bug come in, heard it cut-out and waited and waited and waited and all of a sudden up it went. All the slates

came off the roof, broke the windows and you'd never believe the amount of dust, we came out and looked out around the gate and up the village, it looked as if somebody had had a bonfire, all the dust laying about and all the slates tumbling off the roof, Parfree's windows went, I believe Jack Miles' went, ours went, everybody with a bit of glass".

The second "secret weapon" the V2 or long-range rocket, came via the stratosphere and arrived on its target without warning, it brought a dimension to air warfare that no air-force could match - it was a weapon that could not be countered, except by destroying or capturing its launching sites. Unlike the doodle-bugs, which were seen frequently day and night, several falling in the surrounding areas, there are no reports of V2's falling in the immediate vicinity.

Other aspects of village life in war-time were more agreeable - Mrs. Win Browne tells us, "At one point in the war three of us went down to the squash court in Albury Park to unpack "Bundles for Britain" which were sent from Australia, Canada and America. The huge bundles contained wonderful gifts - blankets, shoes and boots, toilet requirements and a special "Shelter Bag" which held everything needed after a bad night in the shelter, toothpaste, comb, brush, soap, flannel etc., these were allocated with clothes to the bombed areas.

The women of Albury were also very busy organizing Charity Sales and War Savings Campaigns, one such event was the "Wings for Victory Week" in May, 1943- when the sum of £4,065 was raised.

A rota of women went weekly to Newlands Corner, to what is now the Hotel, to run the canteen for the Canadian soldiers.

In 1943 a weekly "Rural Pie Scheme" was mooted and from 1944 onwards it operated in the village. The pies were sold in the Village Hall by the members of the W.I., in Little London by Mrs. Marchant and in Farley Green by Mrs. Killick. Each member of a family were allowed one pie, they were very popular and helped a great deal with the rations.

They continued to be sold for sometime after the war ended".

After a day or two of banner headlines in the newspapers, Tuesday, 8th. May, 1945 was celebrated as V.E. Day and the war with Germany was over. Towns and villages were decked with flags and everybody was in a holiday mood, at night the sky glowed red with many bonfires and bright searchlights waved and flickered in an abandoned enjoyment. Mrs. Doris Tebenham remembers events at Farley Green, "Victory over Europe was celebrated with sports on the Green and dancing in the evening. ^{Billy} Betty Martin, "Little Brown House" (now High ^old) and Sonny Roberts, ^a "Elm View", rigged up a loud-speaker in the back of a van, the "Inkspots" blared forth with "Cocktails for Two" and other popular tunes of the day".

There was still conflict in the Pacific, but victory in Europe brought with it a wonderful sense of relief and enthusiasm for the future Lord Woolton said, in August 1942, "When the story of this war is written, it will be a family story - the story of the work and devotion of ordinary men and women everywhere" - an appropriate epitaph for the 1939 - 45 war.