

WASC 2087

WAI 553

Letter from Mr. S. Osborne

- journey to India 1940

to join father working

at Kirkee High

Explosives Factory

Image of Senior Staff,

Kirkee

India

The influence of RGPF factory design and manufacturing practice was of particular significance in what was then the Empire.

In the event of problems being encountered Waltham Abbey advice was sought and if necessary staff were sent out to advise on the spot. This transfer of technical expertise also involved the posting of staff to overseas factories for more extended periods to supervise and train local personnel. India had important governmental explosives factories and Factory staff were posted to two of these.

In 1904 a cordite factory was opened at Arunvankadu, Nilgiris, S. India. The Annual Report of the Factory for 1903-1904 stated that in 1904 seven men were transferred from Waltham Abbey to Arunvankadu. Members of succeeding generations of the Berry family worked at Waltham Abbey and included in the number posted was one, Edward. In the Berry family photograph Edward is fifth from the left back row. Also at the Factory was his brother Samuel, fourth from the left and their father, centre front had worked there before them.

As always war brought sudden urgent demand pressures and in 1939 supervisory staff were urgently sent from the Factory to the Government High Explosives Factory at Kirkee, Poona. Four have been identified in the photograph taken on the occasion of the departure of the Superintendent Mr. R. Huddart.

The ladies in the second photograph were staff wives who were engaged in welfare work for troops stationed locally and those resting from service on the Burma Front.

A crucial aspect of explosives was the ability to withstand potentially damaging conditions of transport and storage. It was this aspect which afforded a prime example of Waltham Abbey personnel travelling overseas to advise, again to India. A measure of the importance attached to this aspect was the sending to India in 1906 of two of the most senior personnel of the Factory – Col. Sir Frederick Nathan Superintendent and Dr. Robert Robertson Senior Scientist to investigate and advise on cordite storage problems following explosion incidents. An exhaustive study was made and the conclusions and recommendations on tests etc. became a fundamental reference point for explosives storage worldwide.

Col. Nathan, Superintendent of the Factory from 1900, was a pre eminent figure in the explosives industry. He was an excellent administrator and energetically drove forward the quest for the highest standards of manufacturing practice and research. In 1909 he left Government employ to become Works Manager at the great Nobels explosives factory at Ardeer. He made a significant contribution to the national explosives effort in WW1, designing and overseeing construction of a vital TNT and propellant plant at Pembrey and later performing a similar function for the Royal Naval Cordite Factory at Holton Heath. He was knighted for his services to the nation.

Dr. R. Robertson had a worldwide reputation as an explosives expert. After working in the laboratory of the City Analyst of Glasgow he joined the Factory and became Senior Scientist in charge of the main Laboratory, which was named after him. After his visit to India Robertson in 1907 was appointed Superintendent of the Government Chemical Research Department at Woolwich. WW1 brought a sudden major expansion of the work of the Department and Robertson worked tirelessly to ensure that it fulfilled all the demands placed on it. In 1921 he became Government Chemist. Having retired in 1936 he continued with private research. On the outbreak of war in 1939 he volunteered his services and performed valuable explosives committee work. Like Nathan Robertson was knighted for his services to the nation.

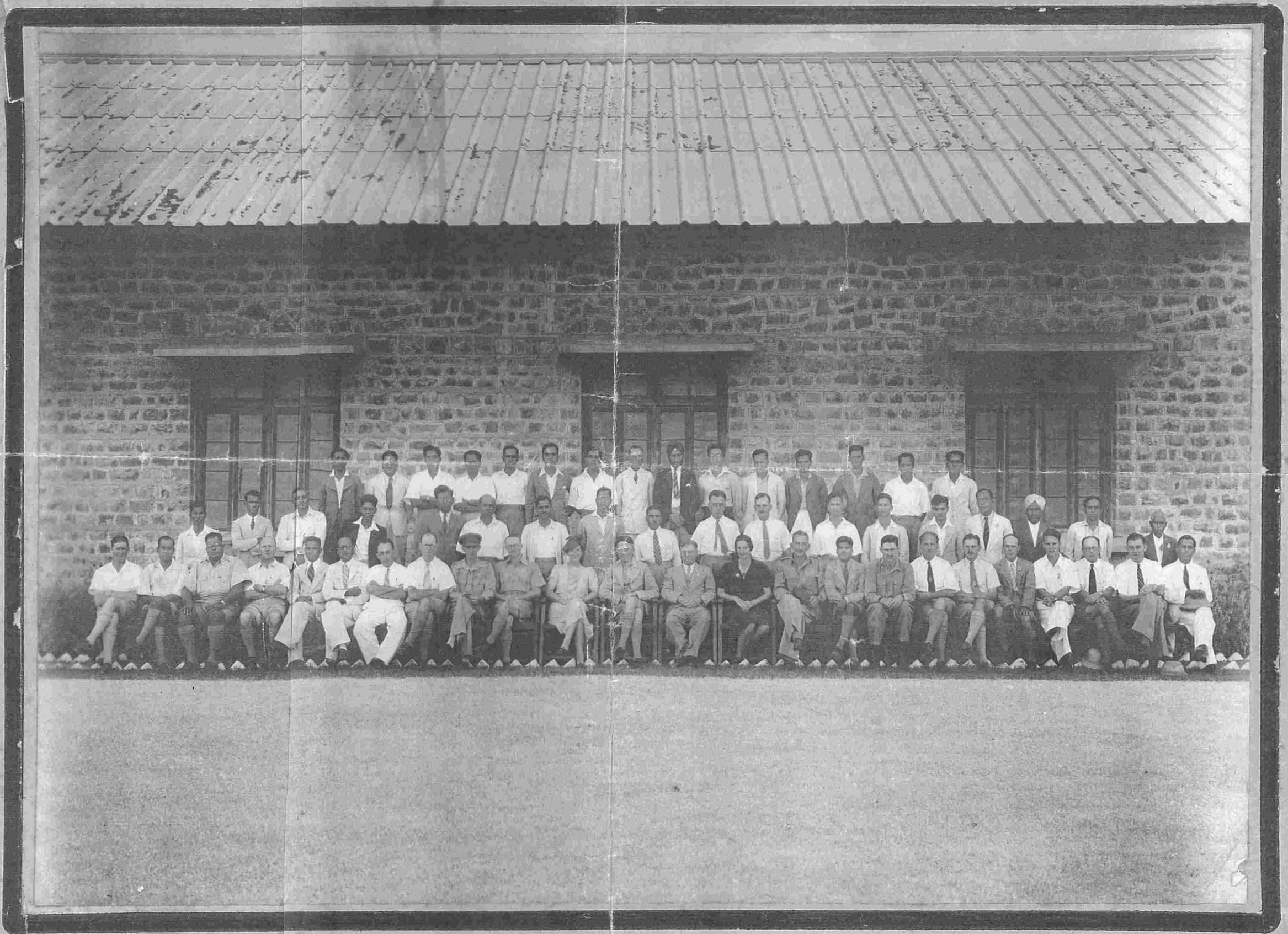
LES TUCKER

22-04-2010

FAREWELL TO THE SUPERINTENDENT R. HUDDART Esq., & MRS. HUDDART

By

THE SENIOR STAFF
HIGH EXPLOSIVES FACTORY, KIRKEE.



Sitting:—

(left to right) Mr. J. A. J. Maynard; Mr. K. C. Chakravarthy; Mr. K. Gopalan; Mr. W. N. Rudd, D. M. Arolkar Esq.; N. E. Parthasarathi Esq.; Dr. J. M. Stepanek; Dr. E. A. H. Roberts; Major B. Hoogewerf; T. A. R. Southern Esq.; Mrs. Wootton; C. C. M. Broughton Esq.; R. Huddart Esq.; Mrs. Huddart; Major C. E. Wootton; Dr. G. S. Kasbekar; R. H. Brett Esq.; Dr. H. Kampf; T. A. W. Flanagan Esq.; Mr. N. H. A. Beach; Mr. W. G. Raby; Mr. P. Cassels; Mr. E. J. Farrow; Mr. K. K. Menon.

Standing 1st Row:— (left to right) Messrs. R. Ramanathan; P. D. J. Solomon; P. Parasuram; B. J. Hegde; M. G. Hassan; K. Dasgupta; G. C. Paul; P. K. Seshan; K. A. Mohanvelu; W. F. Mansfield; J. M. Mead; K. G. Mehendaley; V. G. Mehendaley; N. B. Tendolkar; M. Balan; V. Subbarayaloo; M. K. Menon; C. J. Mudaliar.

Standing 2nd Row:— (left to right) Messrs. G. Subramania Iyer; A. K. Lakshminarayanan; A. Sounderaj; K. V. Venkatarangan; L. D. Pitkar; P. S. Savkur; N. N. Chatterjee; A. Dazely; Jodh Singh; L. Rajah; K. S. Ratanswamy; V. Rama Iyer; M. Ranganathan; M. Narasimham; V. A. Chandrasekharan.





MR & MRS A. W. OSBORNE
"OSMAN"
81 MADEIRA ROAD
HOLLAND-ON-SEA
ESSEX CO15 5NE
(01255) 813021

MY DAD W.F. MAUSFIELD WASC 2087

W.G. RABY

J.M. MEAD

WORKED AT THE WALTHAM ABBEY

GUNPOWDER MILLS IN

1939, THEY WENT OUT TO

WORK IN KIRKEE (NR POONA)

HIGH EXPLOSIVE FACTORY

SOMETIME IN 1940.

THE PHOTO OF THE WOMEN
ARE THE WIVES OF THE
H.E FACTORY MEN WHO WERE
IN THE INDIAN RED CROSS
AND W.VS HELPING ~~TO~~ OUR
TROOPS STATIONED LOCALLY
AND ALSO THOSE RESTING
FROM THE BURMA FRONT.

MR & MRS A. W. OSBORNE
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HOPE THESE COPIES ARE OF
INTEREST. I EXPECT YOU HAVE
RECORDS. I WOULD BE INTERESTED
TO KNOW IF ANY MORE IN THIS
PICTURE CAME FROM WALTHAM
ABBNEY.



HO104

Waldorf

Made in U.K.

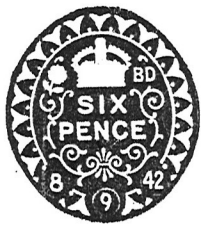
but it may be of
interest.

yours Sincerely
Sydney Colman.

Dear Mrs Millington.
My story was
written for my children.
I will type it up
soon.

The copy John
Hector is sending you
is not readable in
places -

MR & MRS A. W. OSBORNE
"OSMAN"
81 MADEIRA ROAD
HOLLAND-ON-SEA
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Agreement made the *14th* day of *September*
One thousand nine hundred and forty-two BETWEEN WILLIAM
FREDERICK MANSFIELD of 62 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon,
Hertfordshire
of the first part and THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA IN
COUNCIL (hereinafter referred to as "the Government") of the second
part

WHEREAS the Government have engaged the party of the first
part to serve His Majesty in India in the capacity for the term and at
the pay hereinafter mentioned

NOW THESE PRESENTS WITNESS and the parties hereto
respectively agree as follows:—

1A. THAT he the party of the first part shall enter the Service
on the date of his embarkation for India as an Assistant Foreman (C.E.)
High explosives Factory

1B. THAT he shall as soon as he may be directed by the officers
of the Government proceed to India. The grant of passages for himself
and his family to and from India shall be regulated by the provisions set
out in the Schedule hereto.

2. THAT he shall on arrival in India forthwith proceed to his
station and report himself to the officers of the Government there and
shall submit himself to the orders of the Government and of the officers
and authorities under whom he shall be placed and shall remain in the
Service for a term (hereinafter referred to as "the said term") from the
date mentioned in Clause 1A hereof to a date three months after a notice
in writing has been given by either party PROVIDED that such notice
shall not be given so long as war conditions of outturn are deemed by
the Government to exist in the Factories AND PROVIDED that his
services are not otherwise determined under Clauses 7 and 8 hereof On
receiving his sailing orders he will if he so desires be granted an advance
of the amount not exceeding one calendar month's pay and on arrival in
India he may be granted a further advance the total sum so advanced in
this country and in India not to exceed two months' pay and to be recovered
in equal instalments from his pay for the first twelve calendar months of
his service in India.

3. THAT he shall employ himself carefully and diligently and
generally to the complete satisfaction of the Government under the orders and
instructions of the officers under whom he shall from time to time be placed
as an Assistant Foreman aforesaid in which capacity he shall discharge all
duties appertaining to that office and also all such duties as are discharged
by persons holding similar situations in India and do all things which
may be required of him or which are necessary to be done in his capacity
as aforesaid and that he shall whenever required proceed to any other
part of India and there perform such or the like duties and that he shall
do his best to instruct in his art those who may be placed under him or may
be working with him.

4. THAT he shall devote his whole time to the duties of the
Service and shall not engage directly or indirectly in any trade business or
occupation on his own account or otherwise and that he shall not (except
in the case of accident or sickness certified by the medical officer appointed
by the Government) absent himself from his said duties without having
first obtained permission from the Government or their authorised officers.

5. THAT he shall when required take upon himself the responsible
charge of Government money and stores and shall truly and faithfully
account for and pay over or deliver to the proper person all money goods
and stores which shall at any time come to his hands or be under his
charge on account of the Government.

Popular in the 20's
Popular Characters
Popular in the 20's, 30's, 40's
Popular at war
Lilian and John
The Hectors
Grandma Lilian's Fairy Garden

JOHN HECTOR
Popular Memories

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01255 815586

Dear Clare Milingo

Please find enclosed a full copy of the story Mrs Osborne had written and a n enlarged photo of the workforce in INDIA.. It is a remarkable story of her journey with her Mother who had decided to follow her husband who had Volunteered to go to the Indian Factory It is hoped that the Director will want is written can take any extracts that he would consider recording in the Mill archives and perhaps a copy of his comments can be sent to Mrs Osborne . We retired and some like me are disabled are very pl;eased to have this couple with us that both are so helpful to so Many people housebound and all the Church groups benefit by their generosity as Chairman of our local C B Fellowship team and they are both able to keep in touch with us all.

With my best wishes to you and all that are

Engaged with the work at the MILL
JOHN HECTOR

FATHER WAS MR W Mansfield

Mr and Mrs OSBORNE
81 MADERA ROAD
Hollaand On Sea
ESSEX C O 15 5NE

TELEPHONE
01255 813 021

I was born on 20th October 1933 to Winifred Doris
AND WILLIAM FREDRICK ^{GESGRAVE} MANSFIELD. IN HERTFORD COUNTY
HOSPITAL. MY MUM AND DAD OWNED A GREENGROCERS SHOP
62 STANSTEAD ROAD HODDESDON. HERTFORDSHIRE. THEY ALSO
OWNED 56 STANSTEAD ROAD HODDESDON WHICH THEY RENTED
OUT. THEY HAD THIS HOUSE WHEN THEY MARRIED IN 1930
BUT DECIDED TO BUY THE GREENGROCERS.

I remember being in the SHOP helping my Mum. They
both worked very hard to earn a living. My Dad used to
get up at 4.30am to travel to SPITALFIELD MARKET TO BUY
FRESH VEGETABLES, FRUIT AND FLOWERS. (THE FLOWERS MY MUM USED
TO MAKE INTO WREATHS, CROSSES OR BOUQUETS <sup>DAD SUPPLIED ALL THE BIRD HOUSES
AND HAILESBURY COLLEGE</sup>)

I went to RYE PARK INFANTS SCHOOL WHEN I WAS 5 WITH MY
FRIENDS JILL BRACEY, ANNE RODGERS AND JOHN BAILEY. MUM COULD
NEVER TAKE ME SO I WAS COLLECTED BY ONE OF MY FRIENDS
MUMS. I LIKED SCHOOL. WE HAD 3/4 PINT OF MILK EVERY DAY.
OUR HEAD MISTRESS WAS MISS FUNNELL. WE ALL WENT HOME TO
LUNCH AT 12 O'CLOCK AND CAME BACK AT 1.30. HOME AGAIN
AT 4pm.

ON SATURDAYS I WENT TO MRS PARRY'S DANCING CLASSES IN
LORD STREET. TAKEN BY ONE OF MY FRIENDS MUMS. THEN
I WAS MET BY MY NANNY ^{ROBINSON} AND TAKEN HOME TO HER
HOUSE IN WESTFIELD ROAD, BUT FIRST WE ALWAYS WENT DOWN
TO THE BREWERY ROAD FISH AND CHIP SHOP FOR OUR DINNER.
MY NANNY USED TO SPOIL ME. HER NAME WAS ^{TRUSSARDI (LONDON) NEXT} SARAH EDITH
AND MY GRANDDAD DIED MANY YEARS BEFORE I WAS BORN
BUT SHE MARRIED AGAIN TO JACK ROBINSON AN EX
POLICEMAN (IRISH) SO SHE WAS NANNY ROBINSON. THIS
WAS MY DAD'S MUM. WE HAD TEA ON THE LAWN AT HER
LOVELY BIG HOUSE IN SUMMER I REMEMBER LYING ON THE
WARM GRASS. WE SEEMED TO HAVE LONG LONG SUMMERS
SHE WOULD WALK ME HOME AT 6.30pm WHEN MY
MUM AND DAD HAD CLOSED THE SHOP.

band he could play Saxophone. Violin. Trumpet. Drums and piano. We had a butchers shop next door and he joined Aggie Sanders. Ray, Leslie, to make up the Rhythmic Jazz. This brought in a bit more money. It was very fashionable to go dancing for the evening and my Dads Band was well known in the area.

Mum and Dad were poor but happy. My Dad had a hedgehog in an cage at the bottom of the garden and I was given a wild baby rabbit that lived in the bottom of the cage.

In those days ^{RAG} men would meet the children from school and for a couple of pennies they would give you a baby chick. I ran all the way home from school one day with two chicks. My uncle had swapped these for 2 cockerels for fatten for Christmas. (I cant remember eating these) as they grew they used to peck anyone that fed them.

In 1938 the works at WRE STARTED TO GATHER AND Men had to do a useful job or join up. My Dad tried to join the army but could not pass the medical. As a child he fell from a bike and injured his ~~hand~~ hand. This was not attended to. So it set at an odd angle. He was then sent to ~~work~~ work with an ABBEY powder mills to make Gun Powder etc. Bombs High explosives

AT school we had to line up and practise marching smartly two by two to an air raid shelter. or Dug out This was like a cave dug out under our playground. We were led by Daphne carrying holding a lantern. We thought this was good fun. At Home Mum still ran the Shop while Dad went to work on his bike He did quite a lot of night shifts.

We did not have room for a SHELTER so we

their shelter was big and killed out better than most we had bunks, a cooker and food. He was a builder when the war started in 1939 and the bombs dropped we slept in the shelter every night.

I learnt to knit and sew in the shelter.

I made an apron and a red knitted dress for my doll. Uncle Cecil was a fire watcher and kept us informed as to what was happening above ground.

I recall 4 bombs dropping along Huddersdon High Street knocking down quite a few buildings. We also had a land mine dropped by parachute up in the Pullards at the back of Boundary Park. It made a big hole that is still there. It fills with water in the winter.

In 1940 my dad was sent to India to work at a High Explosive factory in Kirkee nr Poona.

This changed all our lives. The shop was shut up and rented out. Mum and I went to live with my other Nanny and Grandad Smith my mums parents at Denham nr Hertford. 6 Tower Street. A small cottage, only lit by gas and for a bath it was a tub in front of the fire. The loo was in the yard. I had to sleep with Mum and it was so cold. We had a stone water bottle and a candle to light us to bed, and to the loo. At night you hoped the wind did not blow otherwise out went the candle. It was scary.

In the scullery my Nan had a copper that she lit a fire underneath to boil up the water for the washing or a bath. She had a gas stove but did a lot of the cooking on the range in the living room.

My Grandad William (Bill) was a master bricklayer and also the biggest poacher in the whole of Hertfordshire. He used to go out at 4.30am in the summer

†

Jumped to catch a fly. My Nanna must have been a good cook she made use of all he caught even Sparrow AND BLACK birds for pies. Pidgeons He didnt speak a lot only seemed to grunt. I went to the village school only 3 classes but I made friends PAM Bennet AND TREWE ^{used to be an artist} Chambrine ~~the women~~ Mum Nan and I went to Bengoe Trinity church every Sunday morning and I went to Sunday school every SUNDAY AFTERNOON I belonged to a YOUTH CLUB. Life was fun

~~the~~ My Mum (before she was married) worked for the 'HERTFORDSHIRE MERCURY' so when we lived with my nan SHE GOT her old job back as a reader for this paper I used to meet her from work I would WALK down Port Hill a very steep hill from Bengoe to HERTFORD. in the winter we had no lights in the streets as it WAS 'BLACKOUT' no lights must shine incase an enemy plane was flying overhead. Petrol was rationed so not many people had cars and those that did drive had a hood fixed to the car light so they did not shine upwards

We did hear from my Dad as he sailed to India. I remember getting a Postcard from ~~Stamline~~ the fold coast of Africa and a fountain pen.

In November of 1942 everything changed again. Mum decided to join Dad in India and take me. I was not told anything about this until the night before as we had to keep it a "secret from the enemy." I did manage to say goodbye to my friends. 'careless talk cost lives'

On a cold November Day in 1942 Mum and I went by taxi to HERTFORD NORTH STATION. I had a new Navy kilt on and a red Jumper. IT WAS VERY exciting I had never been on a train before.

We caught a train to Scotland. IT WAS a long journey we travelled all day. We met a lot of other people going our way AND WE STAYED IN A Big hotel over night.

The next DAY we went to LEVEN to board "The City of Baroda" Some Seamen with us called the SHIP A 'TUB' but I thought it WAS HUGE.

Mum and I SHARED A cabin with MRS WATTEI AND Rosalie who WAS only 15 months old. We slept in Bunks another new experience. We had meals all together in a big dining room and we could actually choose what we wanted to eat.

We set sail and joined a lot more ships this WAS called Sailing in convoy, in case enemy Submarines were about. Lots of people were seasick but Mum and I were O.K.

We were at sea about 2 weeks when we got into a terrible storm the life boats were smashed the railing went overboard and the food just flew through the air if you could catch it you were lucky. The convoy was not around any more we all had to fend for ourselves. After a week of this we were told to call in to HALIFAX Nova Scotia. So one

morning at about 7AM we sailed into a beautiful scene. Snow had fallen. There were little long cabins Fir trees and little twinkling lights I thought it must be fairy land.

When we docked the people of HALIFAX were so kind to us children the weather was colder than we

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and snow suits. I went to a house and met Mary Honey Kennedy she was my age. We made an igloo and played with her fantastic dolls. As the ship was to be in port for 3 weeks for repair I went to school with MARY, for a couple of days.

We were in HALIFAX FOR CHRISTMAS. We were given toys and chocolate the like of which we had never seen before. On Christmas morning the whole of the 'City of Canada' went to church at St John's. The world was still magic and will never be forgotten. Very soon we had to leave our new friends and out of HALIFAX we sailed only to run straight into the same storm again.

The same thing happened. No lifeboats left, no deck rails. The games chests overboard so this time we had to go into New York for repair. We sailed up Cape Cod Canal past the Nantucket Light ship and the next morning I was hauled from my bed to see the ship pass under Brooklyn Bridge and the Statue of Liberty. We Berthed at W 10 Berth, next door to the 'Anchors' which was giant size to us.

My education was continued in New York. I was taken up the Empire State building then the tallest in the world (but not now) also to Radio City and the sights of New York. ~~Also Radio City~~

All too soon we were off again. This time we sailed into calmer seas. Life on board was very 'laid back'. Deck games were played we even had a canvas swimming pool.

One sad thing did happen the ship's doctor killed himself he was 40 and his lady friend had married someone else. The children thought he was old!!

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CHILDREN not invited but of course we all had a look. IT WAS exciting to see the ^{crew's} canvas body splash into ^{the} water. We then sailed on to TRINIDAD. More education for me. I WAS shown coffee cocoa. Bananas oranges etc were grown. I liked TRINIDAD but after only a week we sailed again.

This time to WALVIS BAY ^{west Africa}. This was all sand the roads everything. This I WAS TOLD WAS neutral, which I discovered meant that Germans (the enemy) and BRITISH ships could use it. We stayed there about 10 days. Our Sailors were given the job of painting the life boats. We left on 31st March.

During the storms our cabin had got flooded so Mum and I were moved to the sick bay lovely comfy beds a room to ourselves.

On the night of the 2nd April I had a bath and Mum tucked me up while she went to play whist in the lounge. at about 9pm a sound like a roaring express train ran through the boat we had been hit by two torpedoes. The boats lights went out and she listed to one side. Mum came to get me but the door of our cabin was jammed. Her friend Captain Burke came and broke the door down. I was too frightened to cry only acted like a zombie. I went on deck in pyjamas and coat and was put into a life boat. As we were lowered into the water we swung into the gaping hole in the side of the ship. We were in danger of being sucked in ~~and~~ but we had a good crew. Capt Burke swung down the rope and Mum cut the line with her fruit knife. (The man who was suppose to do this was crying.) Someone landed on Mum's finger and

the SHIP.

Fourteen people were drowned that night a little girl of 3½ Pamela Strachy included. one of my friends. when we got away and stable we had to check our rations alas none had been put in after the painting of the boats. Mum had some chocolate in her pocket but we only had a small amount of water. This was rationed to a couple of mouthfuls a day for everyone and a square of chocolate. I couldn't care less about this I was totally seasick. Water was coming over the side of the boat and I was wet up to the waist. The waves were very high. By morning we found ourselves alone on a very big ocean. Some sung to keep us going. 'Eternal Father.' Red Sails in the Sunset. Mr Ennot, a gentleman from Ceylon, was very ill so Mum wrapped him up in a sail that was spare. The men all rowed but we could not see land. The women bailed the water out of the boat.

Life went on like this for two days then on the 5th April a destroyer Type ship came out of the mist. Was it the enemy? No she was called the 'Cape Warwick' a converted fishing boat. We had to climb a cargo net to get on board and I was holed up by my arms. This ship had picked up all but two lifeboats. It was very crowded. We slept on the floor and had large Ration biscuits soaked in gruy because they had no food left to feed us. I was given a pair of mud white shorts to wear because I was so wet. We sailed about looking for other survivors and after 5 days arrived in Cape Town South Africa.

In Cape Town we were taken to the Soldiers, Sailors
 or Amian Association - I was given a dress, underwear
 and a woollen Bonnet!! Mum was fully dressed as well
 but had knicker that buttoned below the knees & very
 old fashioned. we were then taken just outside Cape town
 to Muzendary. we stayed at a lovely Hotel. The
 children had a large black lady to look after us. The
 teachers were 'out of this world' for us children, cyclops & such.
 The locals really made a big fuss of us. I was
 taken to a local shop and given a couple of pretty
 dresses, underwear and a pair of suede shoes, all I ever
 wanted. I was also given a large mens watch for being
 brave. Mum was presented with a gold watch for her
 bravery in the life boat. by the lady in charge.

We spent 3 idyllic weeks here mostly on the
 beach and then Mum went to a meeting where she was
 offered a passage on another boat to Durban but she
 was so shocked she said 'no I'll stay in Africa for
 the rest of the war' The people that did accept a
 passage were blown up and none saved.

after this Mum got her nerves together and agreed to
 go on the next boat 'The Danchanga' from Durban.

We got the train from Cape Town station with
 some other passengers and it took us 3 days to
 get to Durban. I had a good education I saw
 the small villages the pygmies. The Orange River
 and Bloemfontein the Diamond Mines. The Orange Free State

We arrived in Durban to board ship Mum and I
 had a lovely room with real beds but we dare not
 undress incase we were torpedoed again. As we sailed from
 Durban I remember the kids in white on the deck singing to us.
 we went to ~~the~~ Beaton Coleridge. Mum again
 would stay but the authorities would not let us
 stay without a man. So off again to Madras

Mum did not take her clothes ~~off~~ on the Inchangea in case we were torpedoed again.

We ~~boarded~~ boarded a train with Mrs White and Rosie. We had a 3 day journey by train and the weather was very hot so we drank pots of water. ~~By~~ By the time we reached Kibee we both had dysentery. Mum worse than me. Dad met us at the station it was great seeing him again after 3 years. He had grey hair from worry. He had been told we had been torpedoed but no more. So until we arrived in India he thought we were dead.

We went home to a tall bungalow quite stark. This was to be home for the next 3 years. Concrete floors. no flush toilets only 'Thunder Boxes' emptied by a 'Sweeper' lady twice a day and a cut out square in the floor to have a shower. Mum told Dad she wanted to go back to England but when she felt better things settled down.

We had a cook (a man) and two ladies to do the work but the cook left after a few weeks as he couldn't cook. We then had a very smart fellow. His cooking was lovely but the police called to tell us he was registered Syphilis carrier so he had to go. Then we had a lovely family agent the cook. Nona to clean and daughter Angelina 14 to wash and iron.

I was sent into prep school at St Mary's school which was Bathic. The bus collected the white children every day. We took our dinner in aluminium tiffin cans. The nuns were strict but fair but we had to learn to be Bathic. After a year with lots of days off because of ~~roots~~ ^{roots} (Mr Gander's followers used to sit in the road) stone throwing at the school bus my parents sent me to boarding school. The Western habits were chosen and I went

I became a 'Kummita'

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This was exciting for me an only child. Lots of friends. I was put into the 'Smuggery' Mrs Thomas was our matron. We had a big dormitory but no running water. On Sundays we had to gargle, and ~~go~~ line up for opening medicine if we 'hadn't been hair wash day was Saturday. After we had changed our sheets and tied our laundry up in a neat bundle, we had a lovely time. Pam McCarthy knew all the latest songs that she taught us. I did not know she had a famous band leader father! ^{until later} we had little concerts on a Saturday night. Saturday morning we sat in the Banyan tree reading our books. ^{while our hair dried} Mrs Thomas was a lovely lady. She once caught us stuffing toilet paper in our ~~to~~ vests to make us have books. She threatened us with expulsion but I expect she really had a good laugh. The Smuggery was away from the main school we were all about 9-10 years.

When we had been there a year we were then transferred to our Big School dormitories. Ashlin, Hillenden, Kennel and Hady Street. The later was nice. The Dr's surgery was just outside. Dr Elkins, and a large Black African nurse called Nurse McIntosh. Mrs Elkins was the housekeeper and arranged the meals I can't remember much about these except to love Eury Sunny. I also did like the good like porridge for breakfast. Butter was difficult to get so for our elevenses we had butter and jam mixed together then very thick spread. ~~Pascal~~ ^{Pascal} was a club hand at this he made it go a long long way. He was the head waiter.

we had a full day breakfast 7.30 make beds. School 8.30 AM. Elevenses milk and a slice of bread ^{10.30} lunch at 12.30, School then prep. games or a walk run or rat then change into a nice dress for Dinner at night

On the voyage home we went through the Suez Canal Egypt at that time it had not been widened so as the boat went along the water seemed to be sucked under the boat. At the Suez and Port Said the Egyptian men in little boats come along with to sell goods they were called "Bum boats" My dad taught me a swivel jacket and handling from these boats. They used to send the goods up the side of the ship and then shout "Send down de money"

We arrived at Liverpool docks in August 1946 and caught a train to Parkington. My Aunt Mary and Uncle Cecil were there to meet us. We were frozen cold as we had thin blood coming from a warm country.

We had no where to live so Nancy Robinson took us in. I slept in the landing. Mum and Dad soon got jobs and the people who rented Mum and Dad's first house let us use the garage to live in. This was a large garage so my dad had it converted into a kitchen and lounge and we all slept at Aunt Mary and Uncle Cecil's. 2 years later we paid a large sum of money for the tenants to move out and we at last had a home again. I was too old for the grammar school exams and only knew Ropes and Curves as piece and Indian History so I went to a Board School. With my poor accent this was awful so I was transferred to a middle school left at 16 and did 2 years at Pilgrims College at Pilgrims Green.

I got a job in London at an oil firm internal and eventually did 8 years as the Managing Director of Farming Machinery Secretary. Married Betty in 1956 and had a boy and a girl but that is another story.

Whilst in the Suez Canal, on a walk we used to meet Mahatma Gandhi so we invited him to tea in our 'Dorm' it was an unforgettable experience. He told us about his desires for India and we 10 year olds told him our ambitions. It proved to be a talking point many years later. Boarding school was the happiest 4 years of my life and I was very sorry to leave but it was exciting to be going home to England. We went to Bombay on the 'Ocean Green' the train and stayed for 3 days in a hotel waiting for our liner. The 'Britannia' bound White Star. We took the time to look around Bombay. We walked through the gateway to India.

At last we were on board this large liner to come home. Legend has it that if you throw your tumpet over board you will always return. Unfortunately I never did return. Perhaps one day my children or grandchildren may return. I do hope so. India is a lovely country, Panchgani is very much like Wales. It has table land and is beautiful. Panchgani means 5 hills and that is what it is.