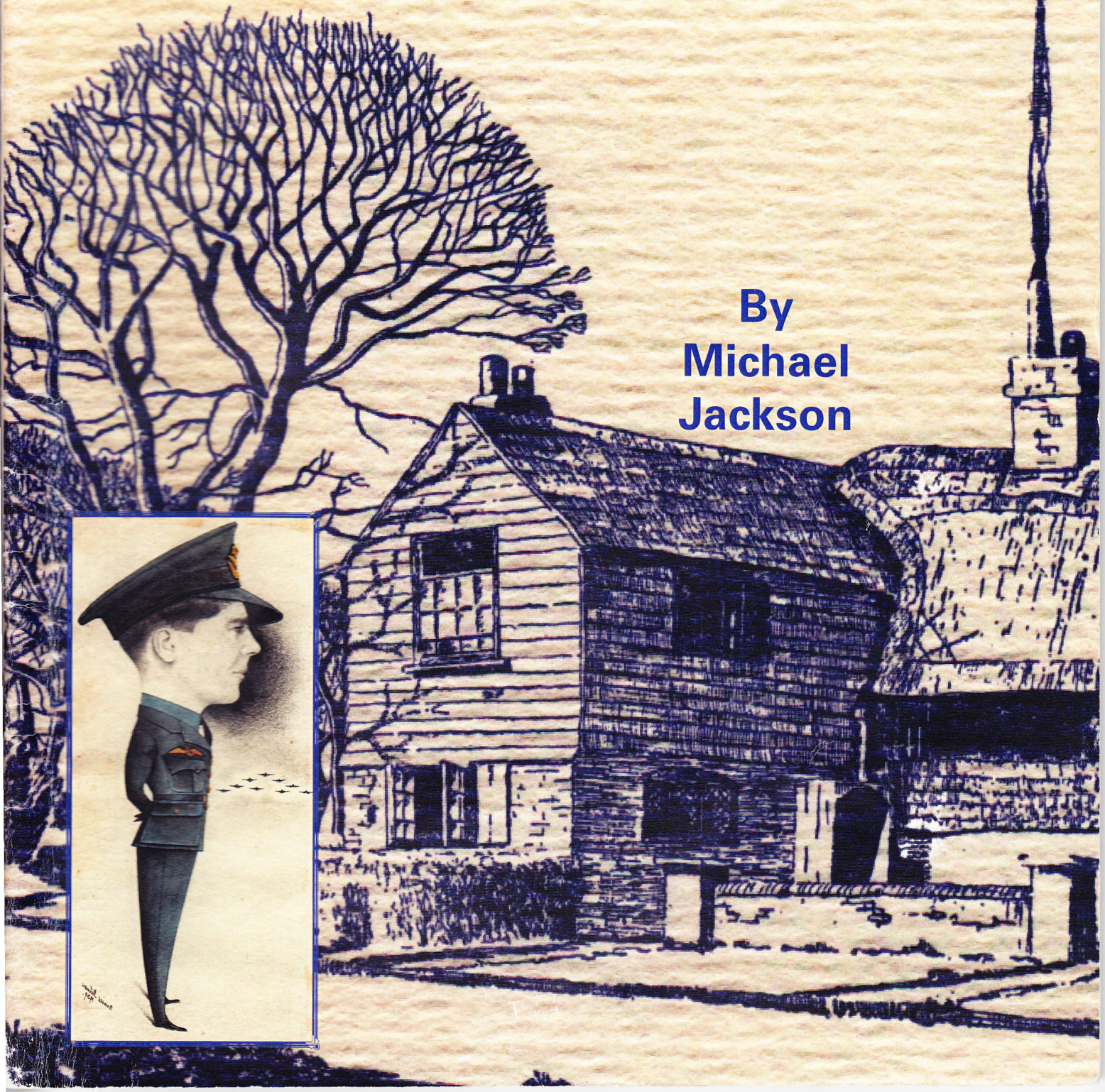
The Two Sawyers

A personal history of the Two Sawyers Country Club and the Jackson Family



By Michael Jackson

THE TWO SAWYERS

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE TWO SAWYERS COUNTRY CLUB AND THE JACKSON FAMILY

By

MICHAEL JACKSON

'My writing is like fine wine;
the more you read the
more you get from it.
Reading it once is like
taking a dog to the theatre.'
VS Naipaul

Preface

I offer no apology to those people who read this journal and find it boring and badly written. However, if even a handful of people enjoy it then the effort will have been worth while. As far as I am concerned it has achieved something – it has reactivated my brain; made me think; and shown me what a wonderful life I have led in spite of ill health in the last ten years. I attribute this entirely to having been so well looked after by my wonderful wife, Virginia. Without her, life would be meaningless. I constantly think what a poor quality of life she now has to lead – no holidays, no week-ends off – but I do console myself that this is better than being a lonely widow. I am at least someone to talk to even though I often don't hear what she is saying. We count ourselves so lucky to have had two loving children, a grandchild, a dear little house with a lovely garden; and, whilst not rich, we have enough money to fulfil our modest needs. We have a number of good friends but are fully aware that the Christmas list gets shorter every year. And so read this journal - I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed writing it.

Michael Jackson
November 2001

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CHAPTER ONE
THE TWO SAWYERS

I have been asked many times to record the history of *The Two Sawyers Country Club* but before embarking on this project I feel it necessary to record the family circumstances that led us to embark on the daunting task of going into what was then called the 'licensing trade'.

My parents, David James Jackson and Margaret Cathcart-Smith, were married in April 5th 1917 soon after my father's return from Mesopotamia where he served as a doctor in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He was demobbed a few weeks later and almost immediately bought a medical practice in Catford, London. His sister joined him as a junior partner but the alliance did not really succeed so the partnership was dissolved after two years and my father continued to run the practice on his own earning himself the reputation of being an excellent doctor and a gifted diagnostician.

In 1924, he bought a large house in Bromley in which he had a consulting room and a dispensary – a large house was necessary as he now had four sons, the last one, Markham, being born in 1925 and the other three being at prep schools. Holidays were spent in a large rented house right on the sea at Winchelsea Beach, East Sussex. My mother, Peggy loved Winchelsea so much, that in 1929 she bought a plot of land on which she built a four bed-roomed bungalow.

Winchelsea Beach was a very strange place in those days; there were very few houses and there was no electricity, gas or mains water. It was water from the roof and a privy in the garden. There was a general store called Pellets Stores which seemed to stock everything, Halfords Farm which sold eggs and milk and a local pub called The Ship Inn which was right on the sea front and attracted an extremely Bohemian class of customer – actors, artists, authors, film characters and sculptors including Jacob Epstein, Gracie Fields and James Robertson Justice. They lived in caravans, old buses and converted railway carriages. Most of them had their own outside privy and they were the sort who didn't miss running water. The one thing they all had in common was that morally they all behaved like alley cats. One of them, Edward Mole, was the most lecherous of them all. He was reputed to know the Christian name of every ewe on Romney Marsh. He also had a reputation for being one of the meanest men who ever lived. Unfortunately, The Ship Inn was washed away in a great storm in 1929 and was replaced half a mile away by a temporary pre-fab that was completely characterless. This building was built in three weeks as a temporary pub and yet still survives to this day seventy years later.

My mother enjoyed the company of these strange inhabitants who practically lived at our house. There were a great many scroungers amongst them and they enjoyed the free drinks and meals that my mother used to provide. My father rarely came down to Winchelsea as he totally disapproved of the way of life and was really only happy when he was working or gambling. His idea of fun was to charter a plane on a Friday night after his surgery had closed and fly from Croydon to Le Touquet. Here he would play Chemin de Fer all night and return home on Sunday evening. He also enjoyed greyhound racing and used to attend meetings at Catford and Wimbledon.

He bought a greyhound for my mother called Maradyke Girl, followed by another for my brother Pat called Kope Kara, then one for me called Bunkaway and finally one for my brother David called Bad Night. Needless to say they rarely won and cost a fortune to keep. He was now burning the candle at both ends and something had to give. In 1930 he had a nervous breakdown and in no time became an alcoholic, drinking a minimum of two bottles of spirits a day.

My mother employed a locum to look after the practice and my father was dispatched to a drying out clinic in Suffolk where he remained for about six weeks. On discharge, he was warned that he must give up drinking completely. This he promised to do. He was soon running a successful practice again but after two years he suffered another breakdown and was off once more to the clinic in Woodbridge.

After a few weeks there, the head of the clinic phoned my mother and requested her to collect him as he was a bad influence on the other patients having been caught sharing his whisky which he had somehow managed to hide in the garden. The staff was mystified as to where he hid the drink and where he had bought it. They told my mother that he was a hopeless and incurable alcoholic and that they had done everything possible to cure him but without success. My mother realised that strong action must now be taken. She collected my father and dispatched him to a clinic in Southern Ireland, run by a religious order of monks, with instructions that he was to stay there indefinitely until cured.

She obtained a judicial separation and a power of attorney. She sold the practice and the house in Bromley, put the furniture into store and moved down to the cottage at Winchelsea. Knowing little about family financial matters it was with dismay that she learned how much money he had spent and worse still how little was left in the kitty. She still had three sons at public school and one at prep school and she knew that she would now have to earn a living. What she really wanted to do was to run a pub or small hotel – this she would do well as she had an outstanding personality, was a wonderful cook and was not afraid of hard work.

Unfortunately, she was also a poor judge of character and a hopeless business-woman. She befriended a smooth, good looking young man called John Blower, aged 28, who had studied law but failed his finals. He talked her into believing that he was a gift from heaven and would be pleased to help her to find a hotel and assist with the negotiations. Before long, they found a hotel in Hawkhurst. It was a lovely place with a reputation for its comfort and good food. Before she knew what was happening she found herself its potential owner, had exchanged contracts and paid a deposit of what would in today's money be £37,000, which was 5 per cent of the selling price of £750,000. The remainder was to be paid on completion. She confessed later that she had vaguely wondered where all the money was coming from but was assured by John, her 'advisor', that she would have no trouble in persuading the bank to lend her the money. She believed this until a week before completion when she backed out of the project incurring the fury of the seller, a kindly woman called Mrs Crosthwaite. She lost her deposit, of course, but escaped almost certain bankruptcy.

Her next business venture was in May 1938 when she rented an old barn that had been a country theatre and ran it as a country club and restaurant. It was an immediate

success but not exactly loved by the owners of the local pub just up the road who made complaints to the police at the slightest provocation. In October of that same year the club was raided and my mother was charged with serving alcohol to non-members, namely two policemen from the CID. The case was heard in Rye in mid-November and she was found guilty and heavily fined. The stock of drinks, which had been seized on the night of the raid, was confiscated and the club was struck off the register. As we had let the Winchelsea cottage we now had to rent a house in Fairlight. Christmas 1938 was not a very happy occasion and the kitty had become dangerously low. There appeared to be no prospects ahead, until things suddenly changed.

In mid-January the following year, my brother David and I were out on a bicycle ride and were going through Pett village when we came across a semi-derelict cottage whose thatch had seen better days. The cottage was called *The Two Sawyers.* What really caught our eye was the 'To Let' notice attached to it. We went to the local shop where we were told that the cottage was owned by a rather eccentric Scottish farmer called McCutcheon. We paid him a visit and asked him if he would show us round the house. He looked bemused at this request coming from two schoolboys but agreed to show us around straight away. We went all over the house and were pleasantly surprised in spite of its dilapidated condition and saw it as a possibility. We arranged another meeting for that same afternoon and hurried home to tell mama what we had found. We went to Pett together and this time the three of us gave it a more thorough inspection. We then had a chat with Mr McCutcheon and told him of our plans but emphasised that everything depended on the amount of rent he would be charging. He then gave us a brief history of *The Two Sawyers* describing how it had once been part of a large estate owned by a family called Lucas Shadwell.

The story goes that one Sunday morning at the turn of the century, the Lucas Shadwells were on their way back from church when they witnessed what they considered to be a drunken brawl taking place on the green in front of The Royal Oak public house. Being both pious and petty minded they were so angry that they imposed a covenant on all their properties forbidding the sale of any form of alcohol. This resulted in the closure of *The Two Sawyers.* It became a farm and The Royal Oak became a 'temperance inn' selling confectionery and serving teas. Pett was now a 'dry' village.

The Lucas Shadwells then started to build an enormous castle-like edifice known as Fairlight Hall. The building was never completed because the money ran out and in 1918 the Estate was sold off in pieces. However, the covenant still stood and Pett remained a village without a pub. This situation lasted until the late 1970s when The Royal Oak was bought by Battle Rural District Council who had spotted a flaw in the drinks covenant and sold on the pub at a great profit as a Free House. The Council, however, retained the lease and still does to this day.

We realised that a Full Licence for *The Two Sawyers* was not possible because of the covenant but that we could get round this with a Club Licence since a Club was deemed to be distributing rather than selling liquor to members only and by a Club Committee.

McCutcheon obviously liked us and was interested in our plans to renovate the house and in a very short time came up with a proposal. If we were prepared to carry out our plans we could have it for a rental of eighteen shillings a week with immediate possession. We accepted the offer with delight and confirmed the deal in writing. We took possession a couple of days later when we sat down to discuss all the essential things we had to do to open *The Two Sawyers* as a club.

We obtained a Club Licence straight away having submitted to the Court the names of the statutory 25 founder members out of which we selected seven to form a Committee and a further four to form a Wine Committee whose immediate responsibility would be to order the beer, wines and spirits. Phil Bayer very kindly offered to be the Club Secretary. We then went ahead making the house habitable. As there was no mains water, we immediately installed a water tank in the roof, which would be supplied by a pipe from a 40 foot well in the garden. All water had to be pumped by hand for fear that an electric pump would use more water than was available.

Our next priority was to build a bar and an indoor lavatory. We were greatly assisted in all building work by Bardens, a small but excellent building firm in Pett. The kitchen had to be completely refitted and a second-hand Aga cooker installed. We also converted what the farm called the Dairy into a small bathroom. After 10 weeks of hard work and greatly helped by our many friends, we were ready to go.

And so, on 6th April 1939, *The Two Sawyers Country Club* was born.

Business was not exactly brilliant but we got by and kept the wolf from the door. I then had to make a decision about my own future, as the business would not carry my mother and myself. There was continual talk about the inevitability of war so I joined the Royal Air Force and was accepted as a pilot. I started my flying training on the 26th June – seven weeks before war broke out. I was stationed outside Coventry and due to the kindness of Phil Bayer who lived a couple of miles from the aerodrome, I managed to get down to Pett at weekends to help my mother. During the week she was assisted by a faithful maid who had been with the family for seven years and who stayed with us throughout the war.

Business at The Sawyers continued to survive but was very quiet in the early war years as Pett was designated a defence area which ruled that no one was allowed in Pett except in uniform. There were, however, many periods when the place was packed with soldiers and in 1942 *The Two Sawyers* became an officers' mess. During this time, my mother worked very hard and made friends with many of the officers (several of them visited her after the war). This hard work took her mind off the fact that three of her sons were now pilots in the RAF – the fourth son, Markham, was exempted from joining up as he was declared unfit for service following a serious lung operation. On leaving school, he got a temporary job in Herstmonceux and managed to get home most weekends to assist our mother with running the Club.

In May 1944, my mother was paid a visit by Farmer McCutcheon who said that he had decided to sell up and return to the peace and quiet of Scotland and away from what was called Doodle Bug Alley. He gave her first refusal on *The Two Sawyers*

and offered the house and 26 acres of land for £2,000. My mother accepted this offer with delight and she became the proud new owner of *The Two Sawyers* on May 20th 1944.

Soon after buying The Sawyers, the roof of the building was badly damaged by a doodlebug which exploded nearby. Fortunately no one was hurt. During this time, I was still flying aeroplanes in various parts of the world and soon after the Armistice returned to England and was demobbed in October 1945. I returned to *The Two Sawyers* to help run the Club and at the same time to decide on my future. The RAF had offered me a permanent commission but I turned it down - six years of continuous flying was enough for me. And so I took over the running of the Club while my mother took over the catering which she did magnificently considering there was strict rationing in force. I was to remain there for 38 years!

The period following the Armistice and into the 1950s proved to be one of austerity and shortages. Food rationing became even more severe than during the war itself and now included bread rationing. Petrol was rationed to three gallons a month, beer was in very short supply and many pubs could only open for three days a week. Wine was unobtainable and at The Two Sawyers our allocation of spirits was four bottles a month. The amount was based on how much we had bought in the six months before the war – the exact period when we had just opened and the Club had not really got going. However, I soon got to know the 'grey market' enabling us to stay open six days a week.

Food rationing became stricter monthly and there was a time when the meat ration was under a shilling a week. We grew a lot of our own vegetables and even fattened up a couple of pigs. Unfortunately we became so devoted to them that we hadn't the heart to eat them so we sold them at Rye Market. Also living less than a mile from the sea, fish was fairly available and was never rationed – this would have been too difficult to administer. We had to endure all this for nearly ten years but somehow we survived.

There were many ways that I managed to buy stock for the bar including replying to an advertisement in *The Telegraph* offering rum for sale on condition that you bought a minimum of 12 bottles together with a dozen bottles of port. The seller had a Bond Street address so I took a chance and there duly arrived the two cases. To our surprise both the rum and the port were of excellent quality and were consumed in less than a month – rum or port was better than nothing at all! I also attended an auction sale at a house in Winchelsea, which in addition to selling their lovely furniture was also selling off the remains of what had obviously been a fine cellar. Just before the sale started, the auctioneer announced that due to the farcical English licensing laws he could only sell alcohol to people holding a licence. Apart from myself, the only other person eligible to bid was the manager of the Queen's Hotel who I knew well. Between us we agreed not to bid against each other, resulting in him buying a quantity of rare Old Brandy and me buying 52 bottles of Vintage Moet et Chandon champagne for £5! Much of it was in good condition – some had passed its sell by date. The latter we served with Guinness to make Black Velvets at £1 a bottle. Anyway, we sold the lot in a fortnight and made a handsome profit!

The Sawyers soon became famous for its excellent food, which was still in my mother's capable hands.

CHAPTER TWO
A NEW LIFE

There then came an event that was going to change my life forever. Soon after the start of the New Year in 1959, I received a phone call from one of our Rye golfer members called Bob Mitchell asking if he could reserve two bedrooms for the following weekend for himself and his friend called Virginia Hilliard and her six-year-old daughter, Nicola. He was going to be playing in a golf match in Rye on the Saturday. I vaguely recalled Virginia, who had been to the Sawyers a few months previously. The only things I remembered about her were that she had some connection with Portugal and that she was very pretty.

They duly arrived in time for dinner on the Friday and after breakfast the next morning Bob informed me that he would leave Jinny and Nicola behind but would call for them in the afternoon and take them back to have tea in Rye. I asked him if he would like me to take them to Rye as I needed a bit of exercise and this would save him an extra journey. He thought this an excellent idea. All went according to plan and we three spent a happy couple of hours chatting on Rye Golf Course. During our conversation I mentioned to Jinny that I had just finished reading an extremely amusing book called 'We Kept A Pub'. Unfortunately, it was out on loan to a friend but I said that I would send it to her as soon as it was returned as it made hilarious reading.

I duly sent her the book a day or two later and on the Friday following our previous meeting she phoned to say thank you for a lovely weekend and for the book. In a moment of inspiration I told her that I was going to be in London on the following Tuesday and asked her if she would like to have lunch with me. To my joy she agreed and on the following Tuesday I collected her from her flat in Barkston Gardens. It was a lovely sunny January day so we decided to drive out to Henley. There we went for a long walk along the towpath during which she told me about herself. She had been born and educated in Oporto, Portugal and didn't come to England until 1947 where she completed her schooling at a school near Oxford. She then enrolled at Princess Christian in Windsor on a two-year nursery-nursing course.

When she was 19 she married Peter Hilliard and in the February of the following year she gave birth to a daughter whom she christened Nicola. It was not a happy marriage. Four years later, Peter walked out on her without warning, leaving her homeless and with very little money. A difficult few years lay ahead for her.

Having told her a bit about my past in the RAF and at *The Two Sawyers* we proceeded to have lunch at The Little Angel, which was owned and extremely well run by an ex-RAF friend of mine, Rupert Bucknall. We had to make a rapid return to London as we had to collect Nicola from school. I went back to Barkston Gardens with them but had to leave at 7.00 as Jinny had to get ready for her night shift at Cromwell Road where she had a job with BEA. Before leaving I invited them both down to Pett for

the weekend adding that I would collect them from Hastings station on the Friday evening. It was a lovely weekend and when we were saying goodbye, Jinny agreed to come down again the following weekend. But that was to prove to be a very different weekend. On February 14th I asked her to be my wife and we became engaged to be married. We fixed the wedding for April - seven weeks ahead.

There were many things to do before the wedding. Jinny had to give notice to her friend Pat Henson, the owner of the flat where she lived, and also to Nicola's school and her employers. She also had the unenviable task of breaking the news to Bob Mitchell. He was not at all pleased at the news – in fact as expected he was extremely angry. He did his best to make Virginia change her mind or at least to postpone things for a bit but to no avail.

Before parting he made what turned out to be a rather inaccurate forecast – he told Jinny that he would see her BEA boss and ask him to hold her job open since she would be needing it before the year was out. This 'temporary' absence has continued for 41 years!

We then had to find a school for Nicola. I asked various friends for advice and learned that there was a very good school in Rye called The Collegiate, run by a formidable woman called Mrs Wells. We all three went to see her and were impressed by what we saw. To our dismay, Mrs Wells told us that the school had no available places. We pleaded with her and she changed her mind when she had a chat with Nicola, whom she obviously liked, and Nicola was enrolled there and then to start the following term. I think we made a wise decision as she did well and received a good grounding before leaving aged 11 for St Mary's.

We were married in Battle on April 8th. My brother Markham was our best man and we had an excellent reception at *The Two Sawyers* organised by my mother. We left for a week's honeymoon in Wales with plans to visit Portugal in the October where I would meet my mother-in-law in Oporto. I didn't tell Jinny where we were staying on the first night of our honeymoon because I wanted to surprise her. We were to stay at a lovely pub near Woodley airport that I used to visit when doing my 15 days reserve training after the war. It was always quiet so I didn't bother to book. Imagine my consternation when we arrived to find that the pub had been pulled down and was now part of the new runway at Woodley. We found a hotel at Wargrave and spent the evening at The Little Angel where we slightly overdid the champagne, thanks to the generosity of Rupert Bucknall. The next day we drove to Carnarvon where for much of the time we played golf on a little 9 hole course which we very much enjoyed.

The week went too quickly. We stopped off on the way home to collect Nicola, whom we had left with friends. We then settled down together for a new life at the Sawyers. It was lovely for me having not only a wonderful wife but also a seven-year-old daughter who I quickly grew to love – and we have remained good friends to this day, 41 years later.

There followed a few weeks of hard work during which time we hardly had a day off. Jinny soon realised what a lot of work was involved in running a place even as small

as *The Two Sawyers*. In mid-June we decided to have a weekend off and went to stay in a tiny hotel outside Le Touquet in France run by friends who we had christened Uncle Georges and his Princesse. They had previously run a restaurant in Boulogne, which my friends and I used to visit frequently – the cooking was superb. They had decided that it was time to start taking things a bit more easily so had bought a place in Condette with the rather grand sounding name of Hotel du Golf. It wasn't a hotel and there was no golf! The day after arriving was very hot and we spent the whole day relaxing on the beach. On our way back to the hotel Jinny complained of feeling unwell. We attributed it to too much sun but the following morning she felt much worse so we packed up and hurried back to Pett.

Once home I called the doctor, the redoubtable Frankie Kelleher, who arrived that evening. I don't think diagnosing was ever his strong point – he was a great believer in pills of all shapes and colours which he now began to dispense in large quantities. He had no idea what was the matter with Jinny and after his daily visit always pronounced the now famous words "She is getting progressively worse". One morning after a visit he took me aside and put the fear of God into me by announcing that in his opinion she was suffering from Addison's disease, which we later learned was a rare form of cancer. She was whipped off to St Helen's Hospital where after three weeks and a series of tests a verdict was given – she was pregnant. Our son was born on March 8th and christened Simon. (Rumour had it that our mad Irish doctor never learned where babies came from!).

There followed ten years of really hard work, particularly for Virginia who had now taken over the catering which she managed superbly. She did this in addition to looking after the children. The only thing she couldn't do was drive a car. In spite of assurances from me that she would drive after a course of instruction she refused to believe me so I had to recourse to a bit of bribery telling her that I would give her £100 if she wasn't driving by Christmas. After a few lessons from me she was already driving well, so I passed her over to a qualified instructor who would not only teach her how to drive but more importantly how to pass the test. Of course she passed first time and so in 1967 she threw away her 'L' plates.

CHAPTER THREE
MY INTEREST IN WINE

It was in the '60s that I started to become interested in wine. I particularly wanted to stock a red house wine that was both drinkable and reasonably priced. I happened to be in a wine shop in Bexhill and talking to the owner John Tucknott about this and he told me that he had just taken delivery of some red wine, which he thought might be what I was after. In order to keep the price down we agreed it should be in a perfectly plain bottle – no label, no neckband – and to qualify for a full discount I needed to take 50 cases (600 bottles) with cash on delivery. I had no idea whether or not it would sell but agreed to take 50 cases to see what would happen. It was an immediate success and a repeat order for a further 50 cases was given after 4 weeks. Thus was born the famous Sawyers Plonk.

In the first year we sold 7,000 bottles and it continued to sell well for some years. Unfortunately, we eventually had to stop selling it as a new law had come in which decreed that all wines had to be labelled stating country of origin, size of bottle and degrees of alcohol. Things were never quite the same – Sawyers Plonk with a label, no thank you! We also tried to launch a white Sawyers Plonk but it never really took off as no two deliveries were quite the same. We also imported a few 50 gallon barrels of white wine from the Loire in France which we bottled ourselves in the Forge (now a brewery) but had to give it up as we simply did not have the time. We also had a success with Amontillado sherry which we bought direct from Williams & Humbert who designed a label especially for us with a picture of The Two Sawyers. Once again we had to buy it in 50 case lots in order to make it price competitive.

I now started to compose an excellent wine list of approximately 100 different wines. We specialised in good claret which included all the first growths, and fine burgundies such as Romaneé Conti, La Tâche and Clos d' Vougeot, and white wines which included such gems as White Haut Brion and Château d'Yquem. The greatest compliment we had to our wine list was from a guest who was brought to dinner by a member who declared that quality wise our list matched the wine list of The Savoy Hotel in London. He should know, as he was director in charge of The Savoy's wine department. I also had a spot of luck when I managed to buy part of the stock of a vineyard owned by Ernie Marples who at the time was Minister of Transport and partly responsible for the breathalyser. The wines I bought included many bottles of 1945 and 1947 Burgundy – possibly the two greatest vintages of the century.

CHAPTER FOUR
REBUILDING

I would now like to record the improvements we made to *The Two Sawyers* from the end of the war until we left in 1983. In 1946 the well, which was only 40 foot deep, became insufficient for our needs. We employed a local villager to dig a large storage tank, which was to hold 4,000 gallons and was filled with water from the gutters. This water was then pumped to a tank in the roof with a semi rotary pump. There was an enormous amount of work to be done to the house both inside and out and the following winter was one of the worst since records began. For three months there was deep snow and ice and constant freezing conditions. As there was little fuel there was practically no heating and this resulted in burst water pipes causing havoc to furnishings and bringing down ceilings. We used to collect timber from the woods just sufficient to keep a small fire going in the Club. At the beginning of 1948 we bought the butchers shop adjoining the Club which we promptly pulled down thus giving us the room for our proposed expansion programme.

In 1950 we carried out our first major building project. Another bar was built together with ladies and gents loos. Above this, we built two bedrooms and a bathroom. A few weeks later we went on to mains water. In 1954 we removed the thatch from the roof, and replaced it with old Sussex tiles. At the same time we replaced all the roof rafters since the old ones were mostly eaten through by worm. The thatch, four feet thick and completely rotten, was dumped in the field opposite and ceremoniously burnt. The fire lasted for eight days.

In 1958 we built a large extension to the kitchen and converted the adjoining 'office' into a new dining room to seat sixteen. On the other side of the kitchen was a small bedroom which we had extended and made into a breakfast room for the use of the family. In 1957 we bought the Forge next door together with a small orchard which became part of the enlarged car park. In 1961 we went on to mains drainage which had just been constructed and ran through the length of our garden.

In that same year we pulled down a number of old tin sheds that had formerly been used to house farm machinery and in their place built four lock-up garages, followed by a further two a year later. On the back of the house we built three more double bedrooms and a bathroom thus giving us nine bedrooms (seven with hot and cold basins) and four bathrooms. The following year we built a utility room and storeroom for food with fridges and deep freezers. Out of this room was the entrance to the cellar where we stored several hundred bottles of wine. In 1964 we installed oil-fired central heating (later converted to gas). In 1972 we converted an outside brick building into a cottage containing one double bedroom, bathroom, sitting room and kitchen. This proved to be the end of all major building works to *The Two Sawyers*.

CHAPTER FIVE
MY PARENTS

My parents, who were married in 1917, came from rather different backgrounds. My father was brought up in a strictly protestant family in Portadown, Northern Ireland. He was the second boy in the family of four boys and one girl. My grandparents were emphatic that their children should receive the best education they could afford. This resulted in the eldest boy, Herbert, going to Queen's University Belfast and then into the church to become a priest. He was followed to Queen's by my father and his sister, my Auntie Meta, where they both read medicine, gaining their MDs and becoming general practitioners. Four years later they went into partnership together but things didn't work out and the arrangement was short lived. Auntie Meta was a thoroughly unpleasant woman and it was not surprising that she remained a spinster until the age of 60 when she ensnared some unfortunate man into marriage. She was made my godmother as a thank you for saving my life. When I was born I was blue in the face and was more or less given up for dead as I was unable to breathe. Luckily, Meta was in the house at the time and was quickly summoned. She made an instant diagnosis that my airline was totally blocked and as luck would have it she had a pipette in her bag, which she inserted into my throat and then sucked out the blockage. My father told me some years later that if she hadn't made such a quick diagnosis I would have died.

After leaving Queen's University my father got his first job at Chester Infirmary. The Great War had just started and it was at the hospital that he met my mother who was a nurse. It was not long before it became a love match but wedding bells had to wait as he was called up, joined the RAMC and was posted to Mesopotamia where he remained for two years. A week after his return to England they were married by special licence and had their first child nine months later.

My mother was born in Chester and was number four in a family of six. Her parents were comfortably off - on her birth certificate her father's occupation was given as 'landowner'. He had a very strange upbringing – neither he nor his brothers and sisters went to school. They were all educated by governesses and tutors. At the age of 18 he and his brothers were expected to help run the large estates owned by their father and were forbidden to go out into the world to earn a living. Eventually, both boys ran away and my grandfather got a commission in the army while his younger brother fulfilled an ambition and became an apprentice cabinet maker which by all accounts he did brilliantly, becoming well known for his skill in making furniture and opening an up-market antique shop in Chester.

My grandfather stayed in the army for a few years until he left to manage the vast number of properties he had inherited. At this time he was a wealthy man but a lot of his property consisted of streets and streets of small back-to-back houses for which he received as rent the princely sum of two shillings and sixpence per week. His first set back was when he was ordered by Chester Corporation Council to fit running water and wcs in every house. This he did, but was very angry to discover that many of his tenants used the wcs to store coal. It was shortly after this that much of his property (most of it in the City centre) was subjected to a compulsory purchase order by the Council. He received a pittance, particularly for the valuable land in the vicinity of the Cathedral and the covered market. He was extremely annoyed when the Council sold one of the prime sites to Odeon Cinemas.

He remained a bachelor until he was 45 when he married and went on to have five children – two boys and three girls. He had his last child, a girl, when he was 65. The daughters all lived to great ages. My mother was the first one to die, following a particularly bad road accident, at the age of 80. Her sisters lived to 91, 98 and 104. The two boys did less well. The youngest, Wilbraham, was only 19 when he was killed in a tank battle in France. His brother Sydney managed to reach 73 but it was a miracle that he reached that age. After leaving school he decided that he wanted to be a doctor and started the long slog at Trinity Cambridge where he remained for four years before taking his finals. He was a very good looking young boy, adored by the girls and excellent at all games but he was bone idle. He left Cambridge without a degree of any sort but he was still keen to become a doctor. He went to Bart's Hospital where he stayed for three years before being conscripted and joining the Navy as a surgeon probationer.

For a lot of his time he led a hazardous life in Atlantic convoys and in 1917 he was torpedoed in mid ocean and spent five days in an open boat with a dozen of the ship's crew most of whom died of exposure. For his gallantry he was awarded the Albert Medal which after the VC was the highest award in the Navy – it was later superseded by the George Cross which he was awarded some years later. On leaving the Navy he went back to Bart's in pursuit of his medical degree and after three years took his finals and failed. Somehow he learned that Durham University awarded a lesser medical degree so off he went for another three years and managed to scrape through his finals. He left with the lowest degree with which he could lawfully practice medicine – the Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries (LSA) – one degree above a chemist. He became a GP in the East End of London and later joined a practice near Blandford where he lived for many years. Any success he enjoyed as a doctor was

entirely due to his charm rather than to his medical skills. His patients adored him, particularly the women. He looked forward to retiring so that he could pursue the two things that he loved more than anything in the world – shooting and fishing. But his luck ran out when soon after retiring he was diagnosed with cancer and died shortly after. He had taken 13 years to qualify which must be a record.

CHAPTER SIX
MY BROTHERS

Many people have asked me what happened to my brothers during and after the War. I will therefore give a brief thumbnail sketch of their lives. Pat was the eldest and he was sent to Epsom College because it was considered the best school for aspiring doctors. However, he soon realised that medicine was not for him. His sole ambition was to fly aeroplanes. In 1937 he joined the RAF and started his flying training at Hatfield. A few weeks later, he was badly injured as a passenger in a car accident and was invalided out of the RAF. The good side of the accident was that he was awarded £500 compensation from the car driver's insurance company, which he proceeded to blow in the South of France. With war looming, he returned to the UK where he passed his medical and was reinstated into the RAF and began his flying training again. After finishing his training he joined Coastal Command and was posted to Wick in northern Scotland. His job was pretty scary – guarding allied shipping in the North Sea, searching for U-boats and attacking targets in German-held Norway.

After two years at Wick it was time for a change of scenery and Pat was posted to the Middle East, still in Coastal Command. After a year or so he was transferred to Transport Command and remained there until the end of the war. We met by chance twice – the first time was in a teashop in Cairo where he was having tea with a young lady who was to become his wife; the second time was one Sunday morning in the bar of the Officers' Club in Johannesburg where he was nursing a hangover.

After he was demobbed, he joined BOAC and before long was taking part in the Berlin Airlift which he found to be extremely dangerous. His real love, however, was the Middle East so he joined Saudi Arabian Airways and was stationed at Jeddah. There then followed a long period in Khartoum with Sudan Airways. From there he moved further East joining Malaysian Airways and Borneo Airways where he remained until retiring in 1981. He went to live in southern Spain where he still lives today, aged 83, with his second wife, Lucy, who came from Borneo.

David was born in 1922 and from a very early age had two ambitions – to be a doctor and to be very rich. However, both these ambitions had to wait. After leaving school the war was at its height so like his two elder brothers he joined the RAF and was sent to Canada to do his flying training on single-engine aircraft indicating a future in Fighter Command. But not a bit of it – after getting his Wings he was asked what aircraft he wanted to graduate to. He replied that he wanted to fly Sunderlands, which were massive four-engine flying boats. He was told that his request was impossible for two reasons – one, that he had no experience of multi-engine aircraft and two, there were very few Sunderland squadrons (about 8) and these were mostly flown by

the Australians. David had other ideas on this and refused to accept their decision and the outcome was that he became a Sunderland pilot! How he achieved this I will never know. He was posted to Bathurst in West Africa where his main job was to guard convoys in the deep Atlantic and to drop mines on enemy U Boats. The trips used to take up to eight hours and he claimed that on these trips he became a proficient darts player!

In 1947 he was demobbed and enrolled as a medical student at Bart's Hospital. He qualified with an MD in 1952 and went into general practice in Wandsworth working for the NHS. It soon became obvious that he had inherited his father's skill as an excellent diagnostician. However, he hadn't forgotten his other ambition, namely to make money so as well as working for the NHS he slowly started to build up a lucrative private practice which mostly involved looking after neurotics, many from the stage and screen. He soon had surgeries in Harley Street and Beauchamp Place and, as well as his London house in St Peter's Square, he also had a house in Kent and a couple of holiday villas in Lanzarote.

In 1976 he didn't exactly endear himself to his family when at my mother's funeral he demanded that the Will be read out. Fortunately, our solicitor was at the funeral and he told David to sit down and shut up. The rift between us had now been made – there was to be no reconciliation and that was the last I saw him, apart from a chance meeting at a mutual friend's wedding. Where medicine had been his life it was now money, money, money. I hear reports about him from time to time on the grapevine. I believe that he retired from general practice when he was 75 but that he still holds a lucrative job in the Immigration Department at Heathrow Airport examining immigrants suspected of smuggling drugs inside their bodies – a job which I would very much dislike, but we always did have different likes and dislikes.

My brother Markham was born in 1925 and went to school at Epsom College. His education was severely interrupted when he was 13 by a severe illness. He was diagnosed as having a Hydatid cyst on one of his lungs, which required immediate surgery. The operation was carried out in the Brompton Hospital in London. It was a dangerous procedure and he was lucky to survive. (He had a repeat operation when he was 26 – this time the cyst was on his liver). After a year's absence, he returned to Epsom where he caught up with the syllabus and passed all his exams with high grades.

On leaving school he was unable to join the RAF because of his medical history so to fill in time he got a job in Hearts of Oak Insurance Company which had taken over Herstmonceux Castle. However, his ambitions centered around aeroplanes so in 1944 he joined BOAC as a trainee, learning mainly about the passenger and cargo handling and reservations systems used in airlines and until 1947 he worked in passenger units, checking in and seeing off passengers. In June 1947 he was posted to the BOAC unit in Lydda, now Tel Aviv, until BOAC pulled out of the town prior to the formation of the State of Israel. After a period in Cairo he was seconded to West African Airways in Kano, Nigeria. It is worth recording an incident that occurred there which came as a great surprise. For some reason he was browsing through the local hospital library when he happened to open a book called Williamson's Diseases of the Chest in which was recorded the history of a patient's operation for the removal of a Hydatid cyst.

He read it with increasing interest and surprise as he realised that he was reading his own case history! A strange thing to discover in a small town in the middle of Africa!

Due to a drastic staff reduction he was made redundant and returned to London. In 1949 he was offered a job with Gellatly Hankey in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. This was an old Scottish company dealing in the import of all sorts of goods and it had an airport unit which Markham ran. In 1952 he was recruited by Sudan Airways and lived in Khartoum where he remained for two years when his post was Sudanised. So he returned to London and joined Airwork. In 1956 he married Dorothea who was one of his staff and she has proved to be a wonderful wife. In 1960 he was approached by an old friend and joined him in an air broking company which turned out to be a great success. In 1964 he decided to go out on his own and form his own company to enable him to break into the Atlantic charter market. Soon the business became so successful that he bought two Britannia aircraft and with two partners bought a travel agency in Barnes. He also bought a second house in Bosham and a sailing boat, which gave him and his son Giles endless pleasure.

At the end of the 80s the bottom fell out of the market, due mostly to the enormous increase in the price of fuel and Markham slowly ran the business down until all that remained was his secretary and himself. During the last few years he has acted as a general consultant and this stops him from getting bored and pays for the cornflakes. I am glad to say that he and I have always remained good friends. He is always cheerful and is the world's greatest optimist.

I am often asked what happened to my father and when did I last see him. In early 1938 he left his monastic life in Southern Ireland where they had taught him to control his drinking rather than give it up altogether. He joined Cunard as a ship's doctor where he remained until war broke out. He then became a police surgeon until he died aged 80. As for when I last saw him, this was in 1941 in bizarre circumstances. On one of my boozy trips to London with Geoff Wyatt we were introduced to a sleazy drinking club in Wardour Street called The Ladder Club. Its clientele consisted mostly of tarts and was run by a fat Jewish gentleman, called Harry, who was obviously a pimp. The bar had the advantage of opening at 3.00pm when the pubs shut. We had been there a couple of times before and in spite of its sleaziness it was a friendly place and we got to know Harry and the girls quite well.

At about 4 o'clock one afternoon, I took along a mate and went upstairs to the bar where there were only two customers – a large bosomed blonde 'London Lady', as they liked to be called, and an elderly gentleman – yes, it was my father! He showed no surprise at seeing his son in such a place and did not try to explain himself. It turned out that he was Harry's medical advisor and was deeply loved and respected by the girls. I stayed there talking to him for about an hour when he excused himself saying that he had another patient to visit. And that was the last I ever saw of him although Markham used to see him from time to time at his police station at Bromley Common.

CHAPTER SEVEN
MY WAR YEARS

And so we come to the fourth brother, who is of course me. I had intended to exclude myself from this history but my wife Virginia has always expressed a wish to know more about my wartime activities and so I bow to her wishes.

In June 1939 I started my flying training at Ansty which was a civil flying school near Coventry where I flew Tiger Moths and was lucky to have a friend called Phil Bayer living nearby. I was particularly lucky as he was the owner of a car, a beautiful drop head MG Midget, and Phil insisted on driving me to Pett every weekend. He was a really good friend and volunteered to be The Two Sawyers Club Secretary, an offer we accepted with gratitude.

From Ansty I went to Uxbridge on a two weeks 'square bashing' course and was commissioned as an Acting Pilot Officer. I was then posted to Kinloss in northern Scotland arriving there the day before war was declared on September 2nd 1939. I received my training on Harvard aircraft and the only interruption was caused by the freezing weather in December and January when little flying could take place. I had an excellent instructor and was lucky enough to pass out with the highest flying category 'Exceptional'. As a result of this high category I was selected to go on a Flying Instructor's course at the Central Flying School at Upavon, which was north of Salisbury. I did not do particularly well on this course due to my inexperience but I managed to pass and was posted to Cranwell as a flying instructor. Cranwell was the RAF equivalent of Sandhurst and was full of bull and tradition. I remember that in the mornings we had to march to our flights to a brass band and had to be on best behaviour in the Officers' Mess. The aircraft we instructed on were years out of date bi-planes such as the Avro Tutor and the Hawker Hart and it was a relief to be posted to Sealand outside Chester which was equipped with modern aircraft – the Miles Master. The pupils were of a very high quality, many of them being from the Oxford and Cambridge University Air Squadron and many were destined to become heroes in Fighter Command.

It was at Sealand that I first met Geoff Wyatt who was to remain a life long friend. He was my Flight Commander and about four years older than me. He was the holder of the DFC for his bravery in Blenheims in France. He used to maintain that he was not brave at all – so much so that whenever he saw a German aircraft he hid under his seat! I could write a book about our escapades in the flesh-pots of Chester where we had our headquarters in the bar at The Blossoms Hotel which we visited nightly. The bar was run by a couple of elderly ladies (at least 40!) and they looked after us as if we were their children. We also made frequent visits to London where our HQ was either The Piccadilly Hotel or Oddeninos. Looking back on those times it is a mystery how we could have afforded this life-style as the only money we had was our pay.

There were usually about six of us and the first thing we did on entering a bar was to put an RAF hat on the bar together with about five shillings a head and let the barman help himself. I will never forget an incident in The Piccadilly Hotel bar where we carried out the normal drill, putting the hat on the bar as usual. I then noticed that at a table by the bar sat a solitary middle-aged lady looking sad so I introduced myself and explained about the 'hat on the bar' routine. She told me that indeed she was sad as it was her only son's birthday and he was in the Army overseas. We all made a fuss of her and just before she left she asked if I would very much mind if she made a contribution to our kitty. I said by all means if you insist and in to the hat she put a beautiful crisp white £5 note which was not far short of a week's pay. It was a great time to be in London if you had wings – being constantly offered drinks by total strangers and free taxi rides. We were even given a large 3-bedded room at The Regent Palace Hotel for which we were charged £1. When we asked if that included breakfast, they said of course it did! This worked out at six shillings and eight pence a head!

In mid 1941, Geoff Wyatt was posted to Rhodesia to take command of a training school near Bulawayo. I was to follow a few weeks later to join Fighter Command and was posted to 130 Squadron at Portreath flying Spitfires. Our main job was to fly at great height to give top cover to Fortresses on bombing missions to Brest in France. It would have been much less dangerous a job if we had been fitted with long-range fuel tanks as our constant worry was getting home without running out of petrol and being forced to land in the sea which normally proved fatal. It was 129 miles to the French coast and a very long 129 back again. The Spitfires were operating at their maximum range and on many an occasion we would land with only a gallon or two to spare. It was a relief when I received a posting to the Middle East to join the Desert Airforce.

In November 1942 I boarded an Armed Merchant Cruiser, the Carnarvon Castle at Glasgow, and we set sail for Egypt. However, we called in at Freetown and it was there that we heard the tannoy requesting Spitfire pilots to report to the officer in charge of flying. He said that he wanted two experienced Spitfire pilots to go down to Tokoradi in the Gold Coast to test fly the newly assembled Spitfires that had been brought there in pieces by boat. Our job would be to test fly these aircraft when assembled and fly them right across Central Africa to Khartoum and then north to Cairo. It was about 4,000 miles and would take four to five days. We really enjoyed our stay at Takoradi which boasted a nine hole golf course and a modern hospital with European nurses. We were to fly in convoy and be led by a twin-engined Baltimore which was the only aircraft in the convoy to have Radio Telephone (R/T) and connection with the ground.

On the second day of our trip to Cairo I was alarmed to find my oil pressure was dangerously low. On our briefing before the flight we were told what action to take if something went wrong – we were to fly up to the convoy leader and waggle our wings thus indicating that we wanted to land as soon as possible. So this is what I did and together with the convoy I was led to the nearest landing strip about 20 minutes flying time away. The convoy leader waggled his wings when he was certain that I could see the aerodrome which consisted of a few buildings and a brick runway and he went

on his way leaving behind a very apprehensive Jackson who didn't even know what country he was in!

Fortunately my French was good enough to discover that I was in a place called Fort Lamy near Lake Chad in French Equatorial Africa which was administered by the Free French. It was all like a scene from Beau Geste! I managed to explain my reason for being there, although my French did not run to such words as 'oil pressure'. Anyway, they were soon in R/T communication with the aerodrome from which I had taken off and so began the long wait for assistance.

When I had finished explaining my problems I was assured that all would be well and was then shown to my room which was a small chalet in the garden of the Officers' Mess consisting of a bedroom and small verandah. It was one of several similar chalets scattered round the large garden which led down to a wide and fast flowing river. I was informed that dinner would be served at 7.30 and what a fine meal it proved to be – typically good French food at its best and all washed down with drinkable plonk. It was then that I learned that the officers were a Free French garrison, the majority of whom under General Le Clerc were on a two thousand mile trek up North where they hoped to join up with the allies and continue the fight with the 'sals Bosh'. At the end of the meal I was told by a couple of the Frenchmen that they were going to have a drink at a club in a nearby town called 'le Club Cercle' and would be pleased to take me along. I visualised that it would be a sleazy bordello but how very wrong I was.

On entering the club, I could hardly believe my eyes – it was similar to a better class London night-club and was well furnished with an attractive bar which contained amongst other things eight different blends of whisky! It also had a small dance floor and radiogram. However, the biggest surprise were the ladies present – attractive, smart and well dressed – I learned that they were the wives of the officers who were on the long trek North. The whole scene was like something from an American movie! At about midnight, my new friends drove me back to my room and I then realised that I was not very sober and with the mixture consumed was feeling extremely sick. I went outside and went on to have a look at the river. I am a bit hazy as to what happened next – vertigo or an attempt to be sick – all I knew was that I had rolled down the bank and into the river! After a short swim I clambered out and managed to scale the steep slope and find my way back to my room.

The following morning, I recounted my tale of woe to the Frenchies who burst out laughing pointing out that I was extremely lucky to be eating breakfast as the river I had fallen into was one of the most highly crocodile infested waters in Africa. I never found out whether this was true or not!

A couple of days later a maintenance team from Kano arrived by jeep and I was delighted to learn that the trouble was confined to a faulty oil pressure gauge. The following day a twin-engine aircraft circled the landing strip and I took off to join the convoy and duly arrived in Cairo three days later without further incident.

I joined 92 Squadron near Bengazi and two days later was flying behind Neville Duke who was one of our brightest pupils at Sealand. We were vectored by Control on to

three enemy aircraft in our area and after a few minutes we spotted three Italian Machi 202s. Neville immediately dived on these aircraft and in no time had shot down two of them – both Italian pilots managed to parachute to safety, and the third one was off like a scalded cat! There followed two months of action in which the squadron destroyed a further dozen or so enemy aircraft and we finally landed near Tunis and the war in the Middle East was over.

We then witnessed the amazing sight of tens of thousands of Germans and Italians queuing up to become POWs. Amongst them we spotted a well dressed and much medalled Italian general driving a small Fiat in the direction of the POW cage. I put out my arm to stop him and politely suggested that he looked as if he could do with a bit of exercise and should walk the rest of the way. He was not amused but nevertheless he got out of his car, which we promptly pinched and drove off in the opposite direction.

We now started preparing for the next phase of the war, which proved to be the invasion of Sicily – of course at the time we didn't know it was to be Sicily. It was then that my life was about to change. I woke up one morning feeling lousy – I was looking yellow and my urine was just like syrup. The medicos took one look at me and pronounced that I had a bad attack of hepatitis – two days later I also got sand-fly fever. I was hospitalised for about 10 days and was told that there would be no flying for at least three weeks. I was flown back to Cairo to convalesce and got thoroughly bored doing nothing, particularly as any form of alcohol was strictly forbidden.

After a medical examination I was put on light duties only. For something better to do I applied to go back to Takoradi and bring back a Spitfire. This I did without further hitch and on arriving back in Cairo I was immediately dispatched back to Takoradi. On the second day after arriving I woke up feeling very ill and was sent to Takoradi hospital where I was told that I had malaria. I was in hospital for about 10 days after which I was again flown back to Cairo in a Beaufort. A few days later I was posted to South Africa and became Chief Flying Instructor at a small flying school called Benoni, near Johannesburg. There I flew Tiger Moths and really enjoyed my two years in South Africa.

Then came the Armistice in Europe and I received a posting to England to join a Fighter Squadron and get ready to go to Burma. We sailed for the UK from Capetown and when we were just off St Helena we received the news about the atom bomb which led to the end of the Japanese war. Soon after arriving in England I was demobbed at Catterick, collected my demob suit, and set off for Pett.

Looking back at my six years in the RAF I concluded that I had been a good flying instructor reaching A1 category (the highest) but was not a good fighter pilot. I think the latter was caused by my deafness.

It was after leaving the desert that I admitted to myself something that I had suspected for months, namely that I was becoming increasingly deaf. It became more and more obvious when flying Spitfires that I was not hearing the R/T correctly and was misunderstanding the instructions of the Flight Controller on the R/T. I found it harder and harder to unscrabble his words and many times used to guess at the parts

that I could not unravel and hope for the best. I did not want to report my deafness to the medicos as there would only be one answer. I would be grounded – forever. I simply brushed my deafness aside and hoped that something miraculous would occur. The decision took place soon after my malaria when I had to undergo a cursory medical examination and was grounded for a further three weeks. The doctors still did not spot my deafness and soon after this last medical I was summoned to Headquarters Middle East in Cairo where they told me that there was a shortage of experienced flying instructors in South Africa and in view of my recent illness suggested I started instructing again. By accepting this offer I was able to continue to fly and to keep my deafness a secret since none of the aircraft I was to fly was equipped with R/T. Three days later I was on my way by Flying Boat to Johannesburg and my Fighter Command experience came to an end.

I will close with a little ditty that I had framed and hung in my office in South Africa. It read:

'What did you do in the war, Daddy?
How did you help us to win?
Circuits and bumps and turns laddie
And how to get out of a spin.'

CHAPTER EIGHT
BACHELOR DAYS

I would like to record a few amusing incidents which took place in my bachelor days. One I remember well involved my good friends Ivan Lillicrap, a dentist, and Ivor Holloway, a gynaecologist. We were spending a day or three in our favourite little pub called Hotel du Golfe which was in a village outside Le Touquet and admirably run by a fat jolly Frenchman who we had got to know well when he ran a restaurant in Boulogne and who we christened Uncle Georges. We decided to visit Paris for one night so off we drove arriving at lunch-time, parked the car and booked into a strictly one star hotel. We had an excellent lunch before visiting the well-known tourist attractions – the Eiffel Tower, Champs Elise, Sacre Coeur etc etc. It was at 6 o'clock that we decided it was opening time and so started a serious pub crawl. We had a rule that we took it in turns to hold the kitty and on this occasion the burden fell on me. We spent the next five hours visiting a great number of bars before starting the walk back to our hotel.

However, an inebriated Ivan decided it was too early to go to bed and before long accosted a big blonde bosomy lady to whom he started to express his undying love in his far from fluent French! She told him to leave her alone; he was far too drunk and in any case he probably could not afford her. His pride was now considerably hurt – that he, a famous English dental surgeon, could not afford a French tart, but on going through his pockets he remembered that he had indeed no money – it was all in the kitty which I held. I couldn't let down an old friend so I handed him a small bundle of French notes which he triumphantly waved in front of her. She slapped his face and stormed off leaving behind a very puzzled Ivan. A few minutes later I suggested

to him that perhaps he hadn't offered her enough money pointing out that the money he received from the kitty amounted to about three shillings! Our next problem was the hotel – none of us had any idea where it was nor did we know its name. At about 2 am we came across it quite by chance and the following morning headed back to Uncle Georges and out of trouble. We were very surprised that Ivan hadn't thanked us for rescuing him but he admitted later that he didn't remember anything about it!

In 1949, I was visiting Sweden with an old friend called Ling Beloe. We were staying in Stockholm at the Grand Hotel and whilst there were recommended a restaurant a mile or two out of town. We were fully aware of the strict Swedish drink and drive laws – if stopped by the police and found to have consumed even one drink the penalty was automatic – jail! I managed to persuade Ling to come and we had a wonderful meal but no alcohol. We started to drive back at about 11pm and after a few minutes we realised we were lost. There were very few people about at this late hour who we could ask the way when suddenly we saw a middle-aged man walking in the direction we were going. We stopped and Ling shouted to the man and asked him the way to the Grand Hotel. We were met with silence so I wrote on a piece of paper 'Grand Hotel'. He immediately nodded his head and conveyed to us in sign language that he should accompany us and got into the front seat. He pointed straight ahead but after about 5 miles we were getting further from the town rather than nearer. About this time he signalled to us to take the next turning to the right and after 3 miles with a beam on his face he signalled STOP and out of the car went the chap and he disappeared into the darkness. Three things then dawned on us. One, the man was a deaf mute; 2 he was extremely drunk and 3, we had just given the man a lift home!

We eventually found our way back to the hotel. I had thoroughly enjoyed my evening – Ling wasn't so sure – he regarded the whole thing as a waste of good drinking time!

One night in early spring 1950, I was having a drink in the bar of The Two Sawyers with Ivor Holloway, my friend the gynaecologist, when he suddenly asked me why I had not completed my education – or in other words why I hadn't ever been to Southern Ireland where he had been born and bred. He then said he would shortly be visiting his parents in Dublin and suggested I joined him in a quick tour round Ireland. Unlike England, there was no rationing in Ireland and the promise of a T- Bone steak in Davy Byrnes proved irresistible.

A month later we took the ferry to Dun Laoghaire where we picked up a small car and proceeded to Ivor's parents' house where we were to stay for two nights. Ivor's parents were delightful, particularly his father who I was surprised to learn was a teetotaller. However, he had no objection to us having the odd glass. I gathered he was also deeply religious as upstairs outside my allocated bedroom was a four-foot square table on which stood about 50 china effigies of saints, varying in height from 9 to 12 inches. The following day we did the grand tour of Dublin finishing up with a late lunch sampling the promised T-bone steak at Davy Byrnes. We spent the rest of the day drinking with various friends of Ivor's and did not get back to Holloway Senior's house until after 11 o'clock and none too sober. Everyone had gone to bed so we took off our shoes and crept up the stairs to our rooms and said goodnight. I had just got into bed when I was startled to hear an appalling crash. I leaped out of bed to investigate and to my horror found that Ivor had stumbled into the table

holding the saints which were now all on the floor, many of them headless or armless or both. I was very apprehensive about Holloway Senior's reaction in the morning but as it turned out he took the calamity very calmly.

We then got ready to start the grand tour of the Emerald Isle and I was saying goodbye to Holloway Senior when in a quiet voice he told me not to worry about the previous night's accident and that I was not to blame since he should have supplied more light! I was relieved when Ivor told his father that I had had nothing to do with it. Our next port of call was a small town about 50 miles south of Dublin called Tullow, where we were to stay for a couple of nights with an old friend of Ivor's called Dr Jerry Marr. As well as being a GP, he also owned the local chemist as well as a shoe factory nearby. He was a big burly Irishman and seasoned drinker, with a wonderful sense of humour. We had an enjoyable and alcoholic evening and he suggested we all meet at 11 the following morning at a bar called Holy Pat's, named after the landlord. There we were joined by a friend of Jerry's and the first round of drinks was ordered – 4 bottles of Guinness were opened by Holy Pat and the empty bottles were stacked on the counter of the other bar (which was empty) to be counted and paid for when we left.

The drinking continued until 4pm when Jerry suggested that we should head for home as we were a bit late for 2 o'clock lunch. Jerry then asked Holy Pat how much we owed and his reply was seventy two times seven pence – 18 bottles of Guinness each. Jerry's long-suffering wife never mentioned the hour – punctuality was not in the Jerry Marr family. As we sat down to lunch at 5.00 pm the telephone rang. It was someone enquiring about what time Jerry was going to open the Chemist shop as he had been waiting for about 4 hours. Jerry apologised and said that opening the shop had quite slipped his mind! He then suggested that a bottle of wine would go down well with lunch so got up from the table and came back with a bottle which he then started to pour into 4 glasses. I had to call a stop as I had had more than enough but I had also noted that the 'wine' being poured was in fact Jameson Whiskey!

We were reluctant to leave the following morning but agreed that if we didn't leave now we never would. We set off in the direction of Cork and after about 60 miles in a particularly desolate spot Ivor stopped the car and suggested a walk would do us good. He also said that he wanted to show me a sight of particular interest. After about half an hour's walk we suddenly came across an old ruin which had obviously been a church. When I asked him what was so particular about this ruin he told me that it was the most well attended Protestant church in Southern Ireland!

Our next stop was Blarney Castle where resided the well-known Blarney Stone, which is said to confer the gift of persuasive talk to all who kiss it. This was too good to miss until I realised that the Stone was not only in the battlements 80 feet up but on the **outside** of the castle and about three feet down the wall. In order to kiss the Stone you had to lean over the wall with someone holding your legs to stop you toppling to the ground. I would have been happier if the 'someone' was not Ivor but there was nobody else to call on. It was with great trepidation that I kissed the Stone and a huge relief to return to the car! Our next stop was Cappequin which was the drying out clinic my father had been in before the war. It was a monastery run by monks and

was still being run as an alcoholic clinic. We were reluctant to go inside as one look at us and they would have taken us in forever.

We spent the next two days in the extreme south west of Ireland visiting such lovely places as Killarny and Glengariff which had a subtropical climate due to the nearness of the Gulf Stream and where tropical plants and bananas flourished outside. Ivor suggested we spend our last two days in the Galway area. He knew of a small and cheap hotel on Achille Island which was no longer an island as it was now joined to the mainland by a magnificent bridge built by Ivor's grandfather. From Ivor's description it was a cross between Hammersmith Bridge and the Eiffel Bridge in Oporto. He got more and more excited as we got nearer and when we finally arrived the bridge was not quite so magnificent as he had thought – it was more like the bridge over the Rother in Rye!

The small harbour on the far side of the island was indeed remarkable in that the water was completely blood red – it was a whaling station and the water was red from the whale blood. The following day we visited the mountains of Connemara which was a wild and savage area and mainly uninhabited. It was therefore a great surprise to come across a small wooden building on which was a sign saying Hastings Bar! We had to find out more about this so went inside to find it had a mud floor and a small bar on which was sitting a couple of mangy chickens. There soon arrived a very old woman who seemed pleased to serve us with a couple of Guinnesses. We obviously had to ask her – why the Hastings Bar? Her reply was roughly why not! We then told her that we were from Hastings and she said she had never heard of it nor had she heard of the Battle of Hastings. The only time she had heard the word Hastings was Sir Patrick Hastings who was a famous lawyer in England. We asked her to come outside and Ivor took a photo of her in front of the Hastings Bar sign. I asked her if she would like us to send her a copy of the snap and she said she would. On asking her name she said it was Mrs Jackson! Unfortunately we could not send her a print as Ivor discovered there was no film in the camera!

We left the following day and stopped for a last bit of shopping which included buying a whole leg of ham, a sight not seen in England for many years. Unfortunately I was stopped by an Irish Customs Officer who asked what was that in my bag. When I told him it was ham he informed me that it was forbidden to take food out of the country. I took a chance and suggested that if he provided a knife we could cut it into two – half for me and half for his wife. I thought he was going to bust a blood vessel when he shouted at me. What sort of Irishman do you think I am stealing the food from a starving Englishman; get on your way! This ended a memorable trip to Ireland.

CHAPTER NINE
TRAGEDY

In February 1971, a great tragedy occurred. My mother was on her way to collect Simon from his prep school when her car was in collision with another car. She suffered multiple injuries to her head and limbs, and was in hospital for many weeks but never fully recovered from her injuries. She moved to London and bought a house in Barnes, which was next door to my brother Markham and his wife Dorothea

who, with the help of a wonderful housekeeper, looked after her until she died in May 1976.

My mother was a great woman and it should never be forgotten that it was she who was responsible for getting *The Two Sawyers* going with her personality, hard work and enthusiasm. However, she failed in one way – she would always take credit for any praise going and was jealous of anybody else's achievements. This was particularly the case with Virginia – my mother disliked people giving her praise and resented anything that Virginia did better. This can be illustrated by a little story. One evening I was telling someone in the bar that the dinner that Virginia had just cooked for a party in the old dining room was being heaped with praise. I was interrupted by my mother who said that 'they thought the gravy was delicious'. (She had made the gravy!). So sad, as Virginia always admitted that she had learned all her cooking skills from her. With my mother gone, the catering was now in the sole hands of Virginia who eventually took over the kitchen. Her skills were acknowledged far and wide.

CHAPTER TEN
STAFF

Looking back at our time at The Two Sawyers we realise how our lives were completely governed by staff. I remember the mid 1950s when we got so busy that I put an advertisement in The Lady for a cook and received nearly 100 applications – a complete embarrassment of riches. Five years later I advertised again for a cook and received two applications both of which were useless. However, we still remember the faithful ones. At the top of my list was 'faithful May'; we had her when she was just 16 when we lived in Bromley and she was with us until she married a soldier nine years later. She was followed by Betty Foster (and her three-year-old little boy we christened Butch) who was with us for six years before returning to the father of her son. She was a wonderful worker and an excellent cook. She was followed by Jill Pitman who was a bonny lass, an excellent all rounder, who used to drive around in a Baby Austin. She stayed for three years and had to leave to look after her sick mother. She was followed by another treasure called Elizabeth who arrived on a little Vespa. She stayed for three years and left to get married to one of our members.

Next came Eileen Nelson, a formidable woman whom nobody much liked but who was a splendid cook. She stayed with us for about two years but unfortunately it turned out that she was an alcoholic and whilst cooking in the evenings she would disappear up to her room every half an hour and by 10 o'clock she would be drunk. We tolerated her for as long as we could but eventually we could stand it no longer and gave her notice. We were lucky that we found an immediate replacement who we called 'Our Shirl'. Shirley was about 18 and a really hard worker and under my mother's guidance became an excellent cook. She stayed with us for three years when she left to see the world. We advertised for a cook in the local newspaper but only had one reply – from Eileen Nelson again! We were so desperate for help that we went to see her in the Old Town. This time she admitted that she had a drink problem but assured us that she had received treatment and had her drinking under control. So back she came. This was a time when The Sawyers was very busy and

she managed excellently. Unfortunately it was too good to last and she started drinking again. This time she walked out before she was thrown out. We replaced her with a girl from the catering school who was very good at decorating a salmon but that was about all she could do. We then employed a mother and her daughter, taking them on trust without interview. What a mistake that was! We knew immediately that they were not what we wanted and the morning after their arrival we gave them a week's notice. We also employed a woman called Mrs Powell for general duties who thought it degrading to have to wait on members in the dining room and refused to take up early morning tea! Another ghastly girl we employed as a waitress lasted three weeks – she kept failing to turn up in the evenings. We learned that she used to visit her boyfriend in the Isle of Wight and she said she could not get back in time. His address was HM Prison, Parkhurst. Finally, Jinny took over the cooking and continued until we retired.

On the housekeeping side we had two jewels – Mrs Owers, who kept the bars clean and polished and was with us for 30 years. I cannot recall her missing a day (including Christmas) for all that time. The other Old Faithful was Kathleen Webb who kept the rest of the house spotless. She was also with us for about 30 years. She left The Sawyers when we retired and still lives in the village, aged 92. She had a wonderful husband called Cecil who we employed as a part-time gardener. He used to come to the Club every night. Sadly he died of cancer in the mid seventies.

We had many people to help me in the bar; some of them I regret to say had their fingers in the till. One person I must pick out for all round excellence was Betty Dymott who ran the bar when we were on holiday. It was lovely to return home and find everything in apple pie order particularly the money side. I had known her since the end of the war when she was a little girl. It was her father who did the first alterations to The Sawyers. We had dozens of temporary staff – far too many to record - some who were excellent and others who were useless.

CHAPTER ELEVEN
SELLING THE TWO SAWYERS

In 1981 we decided that we had had enough. Nicola and Simon both had good jobs and lived in London so we decided to get ready to retire. But first we had the formidable task of getting a full licence which would make *The Two Sawyers* a Free House and a much more valuable proposition. After many anxious weeks and in spite of opposition from The Royal Oak we were finally granted a full licence after which we put *The Two Sawyers* on the market in September 1982.

On the very first day it was advertised, we were visited by a rather unpleasant little man who arrived in a large Rolls Royce and who, after a quick look round, announced that *The Two Sawyers* was just the place he had been looking for. He then made an offer well in advance of our asking price - £20,000 more - on condition that we took *The Sawyers* off the market and exchanged contracts in a month's time. Although we disliked the man we would have been foolish to turn down his offer. So we accepted and fixed a date for exchange of contracts (October 15th 1982).

He made three further visits, first in the Rolls and twice more in his helicopter. A fortnight before the exchange was due he asked for an extension as he had urgent business in the States and wanted to handle the exchange personally. The big day arrived and our solicitors received his cheque for the 10 per cent deposit but there was no sign of the buyer. The following morning our solicitor presented the cheque and of course it was returned 'Refer to Drawer'. This was the last we ever heard of him. No explanation or apology was ever given.

In some ways we were pleased that we didn't sell to him but by taking the place off the market we now had to start again from scratch. A month later we had another firm offer from a man who owned a large pub called The Colehole next to The Savoy Hotel in London. He was a nice enough chap and made three visits to *The Two Saywers* on the last of which he made an offer for the full asking price with exchange of contracts scheduled for 1st February. But once again we were let down a few days before the agreed date when he phoned to say that he had changed his mind. Again, no explanation. (We later heard that his wife had walked out on him). So The Sawyers was back on the market again.

There followed four tedious months during which time we showed round about a dozen prospective buyers but felt that most of them were just being inquisitive. Some we wouldn't even consider, others said it was too small or too expensive; some made what we considered to be stupid offers. Finally, in June 1983, we were visited by a couple called Darnell. We took an instant liking to them, particularly as they obviously adored the place. This time we decided not to be rushed. After about three weeks they told us that they wanted to buy *The Two Sawyers* and made an offer which we accepted. The whole transaction went without a hitch - there was no haggling, no cross words and complete mutual trust. And so on September 14th 1983 *The Two Sawyers Free House* was sold to its new owners, David and Evelyn Darnell, thus ending the life of *The Two Sawyers Country Club*. The Darnells remain good friends to this day.

CHAPTER TWELVE
A NEW HOME

But fate hadn't quite finished with us. We had to decide where we were going to live, so we negotiated to buy a house in Rectory Park in Pett, which was owned by one of the Club members and we agreed to exchange contracts on August 30th. Just over two weeks before we were due to leave The Sawyers I happened to see the owner of our proposed new house chatting in the village and remarked to her that we were looking forward to moving. She replied in a completely matter-of-fact way that she had decided that she liked Pett after all and had taken the house off the market. We were dumbfounded and dismayed. Two weeks to go and nowhere to live.

A few hours later in the bar I was relating my woes to anyone willing to listen when a friend who had a house in the village asked me if I had heard that a little bungalow at the top of Chick Hill had been put back on the market as the prospective buyer had suddenly died. I thought I should have a look in spite of it not being what we had in

mind. I met the owner and he showed me round. It was a nice little house and had a very good atmosphere but what really bowled me over were the lovely garden and the wonderful views of Romney Marsh and Rye Bay.

I returned home and told Jinny that I would like her to see the house for herself. She went to view it and reached the same conclusion – much too small but the garden and view were wonderful. That night after the bar was shut we talked about our predicament and discussed the pros and cons of the house we had seen that afternoon. The more we talked, the more we liked it and anyway we didn't have much alternative as we had to find somewhere to live. At nine o'clock the next morning we visited the house and told the owner that we would buy it at the asking price. We wanted to make sure that we were not gazumped and gave him a large cheque as a deposit with the agreement that we would complete on September 14th 1983, the day we were due to leave The Sawyers. The house was called Windsong and we grew to love it. We have lived here for seventeen years and it is now double its original size. It took twenty hours from first viewing the house to purchasing it – the wisest decision we ever made.

On our last night at the Sawyers, we slept in the Bridal Suite and were up at 6.00 the following morning to give the place a last polish in spite of people coming and going. We had finished by 9.30 and were waiting for the removal men to arrive to take our furniture and belongings to our new house when to our dismay it started to pour with rain and continued to do so for the rest of the day. Before long our carefully polished floors were deep in mud and water. In spite of this hiccough the move went like a military exercise - as our furniture left by one door the Darnells arrived through another.

The Darnells greatly assisted us by loaning us two large lock-up garages. This kind gesture helped us a lot since it meant we had only to take essentials to Windsong. We left at midday – half an hour later the bar was open for business by the new owners who announced to our amazement that they would be open for dinners that evening at 7.00 pm. The removal men were excellent and put all our furniture in their respective rooms, and after a drink left us to ourselves to sort things out. Jinny had a good idea where things were to go and I marvelled at the packing and labelling – not a thing was broken. At 7.00 pm the beds were made, chairs arranged in the sitting room, TV working and a bottle of whisky dying to be opened. We congratulated each other on our achievement and spent the rest of the evening planning our big shopping expedition for the following day.

The first things we bought were an electric cooker, a washing machine, refrigerator and deep freeze (delivered and wired up two days later). Having made our purchases, we suddenly realised that we didn't have to rush home to open the bar and serve lunches. So we treated ourselves to a good leisurely lunch in the garden of the Bistro in the Old Town and called in at the Sawyers on our way home to collect a load of food from the lock-up garages. We spent the next two weeks doing the various things we felt needed doing including measuring up to see if there was any way we would be able to build on to the house. By now we both loved our new house but admitted that it really was too small for us. On the spur of the moment before getting depressed at the thought that in the fairly near future we might have to do the whole exercise all

over again, we decided to get right away. So three days later we were on the French roads to a small village called Coveta Fuma not far from Alicante. We spent a couple of weeks there in a rented flat, swam every day and completely unwound. We of course spent hours discussing how it was going to be possible to extend Windsong. We had plenty of length available but the width was insufficient as it was taken up by the house itself, the car-port and a brick built shed. With our limited space even the shed was essential.

We had been home from Spain for about three days when I received a phone call from Doris our next door neighbour. She informed me that apart from her house and front garden she also owned a small piece of land. This was an extension of her front garden which was bisected by the drive to our property. It was adjoining our garden and divided by a hedge and a row of trees. The land was of no use to her so she wanted to know if we might be interested in buying it. I had to hide my excitement as this was exactly what we wanted. I told her that I would have to discuss it with my wife and would inspect the piece of land which was fast becoming a rubbish dump.

We visited Doris and told her that the land was indeed of no use to anyone else and asked her how much money she had in mind. She said she didn't really know but phoned later to say £1,200. I really felt a bit of a cad offering her £1,000 cash there and then – but she appeared more than satisfied when I gave her the cheque. She was soon off to replace her brandy stock which I gathered had run a bit short.

This additional land would enable us to widen our drive and build a 35-foot garage which would incorporate a reasonably sized workshop or storage room. By scrapping the car-port we could increase the size of the sitting room by 8 feet and add a large sized bedroom, entrance hall and shower room with w.c. We employed a young architect who worked out the exact measurements and presented the findings to the authorities for planning permission, which was granted. The bulldozer started work at the beginning of February 1984. Clearing the site and building the brick garage took about six weeks and work started on the house itself at the end of April and was to take about three to four months. Ken Scotcher who had done all our building work at the Sawyers proceeded at his own pace and finished the job in early August. A few days after he had finished he had a serious mental breakdown and was in Bexhill hospital for a number of weeks. This was to be the end of his working life so any future work would have to be done by another builder.

The house was a great success except that the kitchen was too small. We decided to extend it by eight feet and incorporate a back door into the garden. We also fitted out the kitchen with units of French oak and separated the kitchen from the dining area with a large kitchen unit with plenty of drawers. The room exceeded all expectations. Soon after the kitchen was completed we built on a south facing sun room, 18 foot by 10 foot, with entry into the house via French windows in the sitting room and by a glass sliding door in from the front garden. We had no idea at the time what a wonderful asset the sun room would be – we spend practically all our daytime in it. Even in the winter there are very few days that we don't use it.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN
FRIENDS

We made so many friends whilst at The Two Sawyers that I cannot begin to record them all, and of course so many of them have joined the angels. However, there are some I must mention. Only one of the original founder members remains – Michael Strickland, who has been a friend for 65 years and is still very much alive. We have had many happy times with him and his wife Thelma particularly in Lanzarote which he introduced us to in 1988. In spite of his brusque manner underneath it all he is one of the kindest chaps you will ever hope to meet and would go to any lengths to help a friend in trouble. Recently he has been unwell and like me is unable to spend his winter holiday in Lanzarote. He has been told by his doctor that he must not fly again. His alcoholic intake has also dropped; he was always a great believer in the motto – there are only two ways to justify drinking: to prevent a thirst or to cure a thirst and prevention is better than cure! I have often wondered if Mike and Thelma would have set up home in Pett if there had been no Two Sawyers.

Next I must mention Ivan Lillicrap who has been such a good friend for about 50 years. I will refrain from recording some of our 'pre-married' exploits as they have already been written about in another part of this journal so let's just say we had many good times together. Besides his friendship I will always be thankful for his skill as a dentist. He looked after my dental problems on my return from South Africa where dentists behaved like butchers – you had only to open your mouth and bang went another tooth. It's amazing that in spite of this dreadful treatment and since going to Ivan I have not lost a single tooth since 1945 in Khartoum. It was very sad when his wife, Joan, died 5 years ago and I am filled with admiration at the way he has coped with every day living on his own. His latest achievement has been to try and master the art of using a computer and I am very jealous of this feat as I have difficulty in mastering a pocket calculator which I sometimes use for checking my Tesco bill and I don't always get that right!

There is one way I managed to repay him a little. Many years ago I was sitting in his chair in his surgery with mouth open when I mentioned to him that I had heard of a pleasant little house on Friar's Hill about a mile up from the Sawyers that would shortly be coming on the market and suggested he inspected it before it got into the Agent's hands. This he did and within days he bought if at a very reasonable price and has lived there to this day.

Desmond Hugh Willerby South, known to all as Southey, first came to the Two Sawyers in 1944 and was to become one of the most loyal friends we ever had. After a couple of visits my mother offered him the gypsy caravan which we had in the garden and for the next 20 years he hardly missed a weekend. Southey was an analytical chemist and worked for a firm in Slough on gasket research. Every Friday evening he used to travel from Slough to Pett on the train and bus. He had never learned to drive and in any case could never have got the petrol. In 1950 he appeared on a motorbike plus 'L' plates and he and his girl friend Annie used to drive for miles on the bike until the great day when he passed his driving test and bought a motor car. He still spent every weekend in Pett until to everybody's amazement he announced

that he had married Annie and bought a house in Chalfont St Giles. They continued to visit Pett and would travel miles on Saturday nights trying different restaurants. They both had enormous appetites and were complete gluttons. Both he and Annie were grossly over weight and soon the warning came. Southey had a small stroke which was serious enough for him to go on a strict diet to reduce his 20 stone weight. This was the end of their gargantuan meals. He died in 1990 and a number of us attended his funeral at Chalfont St Giles. He was sadly missed.

A friend of his, Graham Pearch, also used to come to The Sawyers on the bus from Hastings where he lived with his aged parents. He eventually passed his driving test and became the proud owner of a Volvo. His two great loves were drinking beer and watching rugger and he was a pillar of the Hastings and Bexhill Rugby Club. In the mid seventies he came to live at The Two Sawyers in what was known as the dairy which we had just had converted into a flat containing a double bedroom, sitting room, bathroom and kitchen. I have never known a person who was so idle and impractical. As an example, he once called me over to his cottage as he was having trouble with his electrics. There I found him trying to hold up the main trip switch with a piece of string! I told him he was creating a serious fire hazard and all I got was a blank look and a sickly grin!

However, he was a good friend and we used to meet him in France at St Jean de Luz which he loved as much as we did. He used to drive there alone and to our amazement used to get there without incident. On one occasion he crossed the border into Spain to fill up with petrol as it was a good deal cheaper there than in France. He went to the nearest garage and to his dismay found it was a self service station. This involved *work* and he was not used to that! Anyway, he managed to fill the tank and re-crossed the bridge into France when the beloved Volvo stopped and refused to restart. He called a mechanic at a nearby garage and the trouble was diagnosed immediately. The tank was full of diesel!

It was in June 1983 that he returned from France where he had been on holiday and complained that he was feeling unwell. Jinny phoned a doctor who came out to see him and told him to stay in bed and call him if he got any worse. In the evening he was considerably worse so Jinny phoned for an ambulance and he was taken to hospital. A few hours later he died. At the post mortem it was announced that his death was caused by meningitis.

He had been accompanied on his latest French trip by Jack Norris, who first came to The Two Sawyers as an army lieutenant in 1944. Jack renewed our acquaintance in 1946 when he suddenly turned up with his wife Nan and seven-year-old son Paul. He was in the hotel business and was manager of The Golden Lion Hotel in Stirling. Whenever he had a few days off he used to come and stay at The Sawyers. He had an absolute passion for house painting. He must have painted the whole of The Two Sawyers about three times!

Jack had a fund of stories about life in the hotel business. One of his first undertakings after leaving his hotel management course in the early '30s was when he was part of a team selected to furnish from scratch a very large hotel that had just been built in London. He had little idea what he had let himself in for. Everything

was on a massive scale – acres of carpet, thousands of chairs, tables and beds, more than five hundred bedrooms to be furnished and tons of more mundane things such as soap tablets and loo paper. The china had to be of top quality which involved frequent trips abroad. The emphasis had to be on quality as the hotel was built to be one of the premier hotels in Europe – The Dorchester on Park Lane.

When he had completed this job he wanted something a bit less strenuous so he took over the management of The Golden Lion at Stirling where he remained until he was called up to join the Army. He returned to The Golden Lion in late 1946 and built up a great reputation which unfortunately came to an abrupt end when the hotel had a disastrous fire and was forced to close. He then took over The Majestic Hotel at Lytham St Annes where he stayed for about six years. Whilst there he had as a hotel guest Winston Churchill. Jack remembered his idiosyncrasies from pre-war – such as how he insisted on a two bedded room; he used to work, go to bed, then after a short time more work and then back to the other bed! On arrival Jack handed a lunch menu to Winston who took a cursory look at it and announced that he wanted Irish stew! Consternation – nobody knew how to make it so Jack pulled Nan away from the beach and got her to cook it!

He also remembered that Winston Churchill loved Brie cheese and managed to get one sent over from France by a fellow hotel manager. Brie was totally unobtainable in England just after the war so Churchill was delighted, even more so when Jack said he remembered his love of this cheese from before the war.

Jack's ambition was always to manage a hotel in the south of England so he took over the management of The Richmond Hill Hotel. This allowed him to make more frequent visits to The Sawyers and it was in the bar of The Sawyers that he met Angus Shields who offered him the management of The Queen's Hotel in Hastings. Jack of course accepted the offer. I don't think he ever had a hope of making a go of it. Soon after moving in he gave me a conducted tour round the building and I confess I was horrified by what I saw. The basement, which included the kitchens, was depressing almost beyond belief and impossible to keep clean. It was hardly surprising that he couldn't retain kitchen staff. The guest rooms were tatty and the carpets worn. The heating system was totally inadequate and together with the water system needed completely renewing. When I gave Jack my verdict he didn't agree and considered that with careful economies he would in time make money. I was to prove right and after about five years slog the hotel was sold.

It was a blessing in disguise as Jack was offered a much nicer hotel – The Cooden Beach which was modern, bright and cheerful and served reasonably good food. He was delighted with the change and bought a flat nearby in Bexhill on the second floor overlooking the sea. Soon after moving in, disaster struck. Without warning he had a massive stroke which left him partly paralysed as well as affecting his brain. He was taken to Bexhill Hospital where he spent the rest of his life. He was unable to stay at his new flat as amongst other things he was unable to climb the stairs. He expressed one last wish which was to visit a pub and have a pint of beer. Nan arranged with a local taxi driver to take him to The Lamb Inn at Hooe where he had his pint. He died shortly after; death couldn't come soon enough as he was miserable in hospital.

On our way back from the Crematorium, having paid our last respects to Graham, we had to pull up into the side of the road to allow free passage for an ambulance with siren shrieking coming from the direction of Pett. Little did we know that inside the ambulance was one of our greatest friends, Norman Hall, on his last journey.

Norman was introduced to The Sawyers in 1958 by Michael Cutler, an extremely extrovert GP from Hastings. From then onwards Norman and his wife, Zanne and two daughters, Rosamund and Anthea, used to spend weekends with us at the Two Sawyers. One evening Norman asked me casually if I would keep an eye open for a week-end cottage as he didn't like living all the time in a flat in London as the children were now ten and eight. A few weeks later the elderly man who lived opposite the Two Sawyers died. He was a bachelor so I learned that the house would be on the market shortly. It was a beautiful house – far too good for a weekend cottage. Nevertheless, I informed Norman who fell in love with it, contacted the agents and made an offer. Unfortunately, before he died the owner decreed that it had to be sold by auction. Norman went to the auction sale and to our joy bought it. The house was called Fairlight End. They used to come down as often as possible at weekends and before long decided to live down here permanently and buy a small flat in London.

Norman was an Irishman and a nicer chap you would never meet. He was also a great party giver and there weren't many days that he was not to be found propping up the Two Sawyers bar. He knew a tremendous amount about wine and was a great help to me when I was starting my Fine Wine list. It was very amusing when he insisted on helping me to bottle the wines I imported in large barrels from The Loire. The drill was to fill the bottles from a tap in the barrel up to the neck of the bottle and if the bottle was a bit too full to empty the surplus into a large jug which when full went back into the barrel. Norman did his job to perfection except that when the jug was full he didn't tip it back in the barrel but down his throat! By the time we had emptied the barrel Norman was a bit unsteady on his feet!

Unfortunately his social drinking was slowly turning into compulsive drinking – drinking before breakfast and continuing all day. He was now beginning to ignore the 'drinking and driving' law and one early evening outside Brighton he was breathalysed and of course the blood test was positive. Even when in this position he never lost his sense of humour. In the police station where he had been taken the station sergeant handed him half the blood sample which had been taken earlier by the Police Doctor. Norman took careful aim and threw his sample across the room and it landed in the waste paper basket! Norman looked at the sergeant and with a twinkle in his eye said 'Not a bad shot for a drunk eh?'.

He lost his licence for two years and on doctor's orders was told to give up drinking or die. He went teetotal for about 18 months and then without notice went back to the alcohol but now he was no longer the amusing chap of old but had become argumentative and belligerent. He had a furious argument with me one night and it was following this that he died two days later. It was such a sad ending to a really full life and we all missed him when he died. His wife Zanne is still living in Fairlight End and is looked after by her daughter Anthea who lives there with her husband.

Vyvyan Coates was a great local character known by everybody as the 'Major'. He was a typical retired army blimp bachelor who lived at The Castle Hotel in Hastings. He was always to be seen in the Castle Bar in the mornings with his bottle of Beaujolais in front of him. Unfortunately he was profoundly deaf and refused to wear a hearing aid. He used to come to the Sawyers every evening by taxi and was greatly liked though trying to have a conversation with a person as deaf as he was proved very tedious.

I remember one evening when he was going to have dinner at the Sawyers and I asked him if he would like some home made pate before the pheasant he had ordered. There was no reply so I repeated the request this time more loudly and he replied out of the blue – 'Why should I want to go to Westfield?' I was never very sure of some of his credentials; for instance he claimed to have been to school at Winchester so I introduced him to two Wykemist members and he would have nothing to do with them and ordered them to leave him alone. Also I wasn't all that surprised at a story that appeared in the Daily Express. The Major had been discharged from bankruptcy that day – it was 48 years since he went bankrupt and told the court he had forgotten all about it and so never got round to applying for his discharge!

He was also a terrible 'wine bore' but knew nothing about wine except that it is usually red or white. A lovely story – Virginia and I were invited to dinner with him at the Castle Hotel to sample a couple of bottles of Mouton Rothschild that someone had given him. There were two other guests at the dinner table beside ourselves so we all sat down and the Major commanded the head-waiter to bring him The Wine. The wine was duly brought and poured out to the five of us and what remained of the wine was left on a small table just by our table. What we knew and the Major didn't was that the bottle just poured out was in fact Beaujolais. There then followed a eulogy on Mouton Rothschild – the wonderful colour, the nose, the exquisite flavour – a unique wine; that is, until he reached for the bottle on the side table. I thought he was going to explode when he read the word Beaujolais on the lable. He shouted at the head-waiter to 'take this filthy stuff away'"! The Mouton Rothschild was duly brought in and the Major sulked for the rest of the evening about the inefficiency of the staff. He also made it known that he had noticed something wrong with the wine when he first tasted it!

The last two years of his life were very sad. He had to leave the Castle Hotel when it was demolished to build a Tesco store and he found it very hard to find a hotel that would take care of a deaf old eccentric and demanding person such as himself. I think he moved to one of the awful hotels near Warrior Square until he died in 1976.

In 1950, a very attractive nearby house was bought by Levi and Phyllis Cohen for use as a weekend cottage. Levi was obviously an extremely astute business man – he was a pearl dealer and chairman at one time of the World Diamond Federation. They used to come down from London every weekend and usually came to The Two Sawyers on Saturday mornings and we became great friends. The reason for including him in this scribble is because of two or three amusing incidents. He came to me for advice once about Champagne for the pending wedding of his daughter Janet at the New

Synagogue which was to be followed by a reception for 500 at The Savoy Hotel. He asked me if I could give him any idea as to what brand of Champagne to serve and how many bottles he would need. He was very pleased at the figure I gave – considerably lower than the estimate of The Savoy. I also warned him that champagne had a habit of disappearing at weddings, so he employed a reliable man purely to issue the champagne and to count the empty bottles at the end. Levi was very grateful for this advice and reckoned I had saved him a lot of money.

I was invited to the wedding and was very impressed with the Jewish wedding service. Levi told me of an amusing incident that had happened to him during the week. He was attending a business meeting with a lot of high powered city gents but soon after arriving he realised that he had forgotten to bring some very important documents and he asked for the meeting to be delayed until he got a taxi to collect them. One of the men at the meeting, a millionaire called Simon Vos, took Levi to the window and pointed out his Rolls Royce, complete with chauffeur, and told Levi to ask the chauffeur to drive him to pick up the documents. Half an hour later, Levi returned to the meeting where his friend asked him why he had not taken his car. Levi replied that he had indeed taken the Rolls but then he realised that the car he had 'borrowed' belonged to someone else – he never did find out who!

Levi was brought up in Birkenhead and was the son of a poor Russian immigrant who earned his living as a tailor. Levi's mother was a true matriarch and was determined that her sons Levi and Henry should succeed in the world. She managed to save enough money to send the two boys to Liverpool University where Levi learned business studies and Henry read medicine. Henry did brilliantly well and became a professor at 34. He masterminded the administration of the National Health Service and was noted for his almost magical ability to diagnose disease and became president of the British Medical Association. He was knighted in 1952 and became professor of medicine at Liverpool University. He was made a peer in 1956 and became Lord Cohen of Birkenhead. Levi told the story that when he was at Liverpool University his mother used to give him a shilling every morning for his lunch. He spent it on a twopenny bun and a tenpenny cigar which he smoked in the park. His future love of luxury started on that park bench!

He never learned to drive a car and at weekends always used the train while his wife Phyllis drove down in the Jaguar. On the rare occasions he travelled by car he sat in the back like royalty. An amusing story was when his Jaguar was stolen in London. The thief was caught and sent for trial. Levi to his disgust was subpoenaed to give evidence. He was questioned by a KC which ran rather like this: 'Mr Cohen, are you the owner of a black Jaguar BJK 1525?' Levi: 'I own a Jaguar but have no idea what its registration is'. Counsel: 'Would you tell the court how you get in and out of the car – do you press down the handle or do you press a button?' Levi: 'I do neither. My chauffeur does it for me'.

Levi considered his brother Henry to be a wine snob and that all his chat about dates of wine etc was a lot of rubbish, so with my help he decided he would test Henry's knowledge of oenology. I lent him an empty Mouton Rothschild 1955 bottle which we filled with Sawyers plonk. Levi put the bottle on the sideboard of his dining room and at an angle where it was just possible to see the label. He poured out the wine

carefully and then asked Henry if he could identify it. Henry went through the ritual of tasting, swirled the wine round the glass and smelled it before announcing his finding – that it was Mouton Rothschild but he couldn't be certain what the vintage was! Levi congratulated him and never did tell him of the hoax.

We see quite a lot of Peter and Pat Cox, who we have known since the war days. They live almost next door in a house with a fantastic view over Rye Bay. They seem to be perpetually surrounded by their 18 grandchildren! We also see Jean Hickman who lives in the village and still plays a lot of golf at Rye regardless of the weather. I attended her wedding in 1952 when she married Mike who sadly died six years ago.

A frequent visitor to our house is Pauline Brown. She is a keen gardener and a wonderful knitter and is very fond of Jinny's cream teas! Unfortunately, she lost her husband Peter in 1997.

When reading through the above I am so sad at the number of husbands and wives who have died in the last few years and I am amazed that my three brothers and I are still alive (in spite of the War). The average age of the four of us on 12th February 2001 was 80 – between us we have lived for 320 years!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
MY WIFE AND FAMILY

And finally a few words about our two children, whom my wife and I adore and of whom we are extremely proud.

After leaving The Collegiate School in Rye, Nicola went to St Mary's School which I think she endured rather than enjoyed! Anyway, she did very well academically and left with excellent A levels and an entrance to Hull University. During the year between school and university she went to work as a librarian and peripatetic housemother in the Pestalozzi Village which housed children and young people from all over the world including Palestine, Tibet, Thailand, Vietnam, India and Nigeria. Having passed her driving test first time, she went to Hull in 1971 and left with an honours degree in Sociology and Social Anthropology. From there she went to the North London Polytechnic to do a postgraduate diploma in Librarianship. Her first job was at The Tavistock Institute in Hampstead and from there she went to the Centre for Policy on Ageing. She has been in her current position as Head of Library and Information Services at the National Children's Bureau for 13 years. In 1989 she had a baby son, William, whom she has brought up in her house in Hackney. William is his grandmother's pride and joy and I confess I quite like him too!

When just 4-years-old, Simon was in the first intake at the Hydney House pre-prep school and was well taught by Miss Reynolds who found him a joy to teach. From there he proceeded to the upper school until he was nine when with no warning the school closed due to a compulsory purchase order of the land by the District Council who planned to build a new secondary school. And so Simon went to Claremont

where he was taught very well, particularly by Roger Westwood, and succeeded in winning a scholarship to King's School Canterbury when he was just12. He went to Kings in 1972 but from the very beginning he never really liked it. However, he left there in 1976 which was much sooner than anyone expected as at just 16 he was awarded a scholarship to Corpus Christi Cambridge.

Due to his young age he was not to go to Cambridge until the following year and he was lucky enough to meet the father of his school friend, Simon Brook, who our Simon called Eric. Eric's father was Neville Brook and he asked Simon if he would like a temporary job in Dubai on the building of a massive dry dock that was being constructed by a consortium of engineers. Simon spent about six months in Dubai where by all accounts he had a thoroughly enjoyable time. In 1977 he passed his driving test and went up to Cambridge. After a year, he received notoriety by carrying out the unique feat of visiting every pub in Cambridge, about 150 in all, and writing an often scathing report about each (see appendix 1). His survey was published in the Varsity Handbook in 1978 and attracted a lot of publicity in the national press, including The Guardian. A number of publicans banned him from their pubs – this did not exactly break his heart! What the press never learned was that he carried out his survey when he was still only 17.

Immediately after leaving Cambridge in 1980 with a BA degree in engineering, Simon announced that he was giving up engineering and was going into merchant banking. He started his career at Grindleys, followed by some years with Morgan Grenfell. From there he went to Chase Manhattan which sent him to Kazakhstan which he found a fascinating experience. Next came a stint with Credit Suisse. At the moment he is with a Japanese bank called Sumitomo and spends a lot of his time in Spain, Greece and the Baltic States.

In 1992 he met an American girl, called Annie McMahon, who worked at Chase and it was not long before Annie moved into his house in Shepherd's Bush. Both Jinny and I liked her immensely. We were saddened that they never mentioned the word 'marriage', until on Christmas morning 1998 they stunned us by announcing that they had got married on July 5th that year whilst on holiday in Alaska. It was the best Christmas present we could have had. They continue to live in Shepherd's Bush with their large ginger cat, Morris.

And at last I come to my wife, Virginia. I find it hard to put into words what a wonderful wife she has been. There seems to be nothing in which she doesn't excel. When she came to live at The Two Sawyers 41 years ago she could just about boil an egg, but under the guidance of my mother she started to learn about cooking and she is now regarded as having no equal. Whatever she does she does well. One of her outstanding feats was the way she handled the packing up when we left the Sawyers. It wasn't just the packing either; it was deciding what to take and what to leave behind. It was amazing what had accumulated there since we first arrived all those years ago. She also organised the move to Windsong, where we now live, and had a happy knack of knowing exactly where everything should go. Windsong is now not only a lovely little house but has a beautiful garden full of flowers and shrubs that she has planted.

In spite of all this work, she has always been a wonderful mum to our two children and a loving granny to her grandson, William. She has also looked after me in my various illnesses over the last seven years for which I can't put into words my gratitude. And then there is her modesty and generosity. Apart from her talents as a cook and home-maker she is an excellent knitter and needlewoman, a wonderful gardener, a very proficient car driver and is outstandingly generous. She never forgets to send a birthday card and goes berserk at Christmas when she dishes out presents not only to her nearest family but also to nephews and nieces, cousins, some of whom she doesn't see from one year to the next, and also to many of her local friends. I could easily criticise her for being too generous but refrain from doing so because it gives her so much pleasure.

She has also been very good to elderly friends and family. She first demonstrated this when her ex father-in-law, Bill Hilliard, came to live in St Leonards with his wife. Unfortunately she died not long after arriving and Bill was left on his own. Jinny visited him regularly, took him out in the car to tea, did his shopping and generally tended to all his needs. He was subject to moods of deep depression as a result of his horrifying experiences in the trenches in the 1914-18 War and had to have regular shock treatment at Hellingly, but due to Jinny's love and attention just about maintained his sanity.

She was also wonderful with my mother. After Peggy's horrendous car accident, she visited her more or less every day at the hospital and always regretted that we were not able to have her back at *The Two Sawyers*. There was just too much to do. She also cared lovingly for my aunts, Etta and Catherine, who were living in a care home in St Leonards called Castlemaine. She often collected them and brought them back to The Sawyers for tea. Etta lived to be 95, Catherine to 104. For some years we used to visit Jinny's Auntie Cecil who lived in a village outside Canterbury. We saw her once a fortnight and always took her out to a pub for lunch which she loved. After lunch, Jinny would spend an hour or two straightening out her garden. Her gratitude was overwhelming.

There is so much more that I would like to write about Jinny but suffice it to say that I consider myself to be the luckiest man in the world to have married her and I will love her forever.

Michael Jackson
Pett, November 2001

Appendix 1

Here are a few examples of Simon's criticisms of the Cambridge pubs that he had published in the Varsity Handbook

The Pickerel – Foul place serving foul beer.

The Fountain – Rumoured to be getting some decent beer in soon to replace the disgusting Tartan. Even if it does, it's not worth going into.

Prince of Wales – The beer is good but the pub is not – on balance, don't bother.

The Rose – Grotty little place. Why does Whitbread charge so much money for their freezing cold filth?

The Globe – So far I don't think I have said anything nice about a Whitbread pub. This place provides absolutely no reason for me to relent.

Horse & Groom – The beer is foul, the bar dirty and the landlord unpleasant. Otherwise it is OK.

Pri*nce Regent* – Very unfriendly place serving nasty beer.

Harvest Home – Quite the strangest pub I have ever been in. Run by a little old lady called Mabel. The bar is her living room and she keeps the beer in the kitchen. It is only in the last few months that she has started to keep Bitter. It used to be only Mild. However, the beer is superb and I assure you that you will never find another place like it.

Rose & Crown – When will Whitbreads stop messing up villages with their plastic bars, humourless landlords and grotty gunk which passes for beer? Come back Watneys - all is forgiven.

The Elm Tree – Excellent pub, not usually crowded, with a French landlady and well worth a visit.

Coach & Horses – To my mind this is the best pub in Cambridge with nowhere else getting near it. The bar is comfortable, the service courteous and prompt and the beer is about the best I have ever tasted.

Tickell Arms – Enough people will describe this place to you without me going into details. All I will say is that you shouldn't be fooled by the show that is put on. Tickell is a very shrewd man, knows exactly what he is doing and has made a mint doing it.

SAUTERNES

Château d'Yquem 1959 CB
Sauternes. 1er Grand Cru Classé
4 labels soiled, 3 torn , 1 capsule damaged
626 7 bts. £630 per lot: £700-1000

MIXED WINES

Château d'Yquem 1960 CB
Label badly stained (1)
Château d'Yquem 1965 CB Label badly stained (1)
Château Rieussec 1969 CB
1 capsule torn, 1 vintage hand-written in biro over original printed date (4)
Château Terrefort Quancard 1971 CB
Labels stained, 1 capsule damaged (2)
Château Phélan Ségur [1971] UK
Label badly soiled (1)
Château Genestat 1970 OB Schröder & Schÿler *Médoc*
Label stained and damaged (1)
Clos Vougeot 1953 OB Doudet Naudin
Label badly soiled & torn (1)
Château Corton Grancey 1959 DB Louis Latour
Label torn & soiled (1)
627 Above 1 doz. bts. £125 per lot: £140-180

RED BURGUNDY

La Tâche 1974 DRC
2 labels torn, 1 capsule torn (4)
Romanée Saint Vivant 1974 DRC labels dusty (2)
628 Above 6 bts. £120 per lot: £135-160

VINTAGE PORT

Taylor 1935 UK
Wax capsules, 2 embossed, 2 damaged, 1 has sign of cork-weevil with an IECWS label u. hs, 1 IECWS label good ullage. 2 manuscripted labels u. 1bn/vts
629 6 bts. £550 per lot: £500-650

Cockburn 1935 UK
Wax embossed 'Cockburn's 1935 Vintage Port'. Good ullage (1 hf. bt.)
Graham 1955 UK
Wax capsules damaged, 1 badly torn (3)
630 Above 3 bts. & 1 hf. bt. £120 per lot: £140-180

LYING IN LONDON, S.E.11

CLARET

Château Margaux 1952 CB
Label faded, 1955 hand-written in top left-hand corner in pen, 1952 printed on the label and on cork (1)
Château Lafite 1955 CB
u. hs, 1 label faded and stained (2)
Château Mouton Rothschild 1955 CB
Labels badly soiled and stained, 1 torn
u. 1ts, 1vts, 2m/ls (4)
Château La Mission Haut Brion 1959 CB
Labels glue stained, 1 faded (5)
631 Above 1 doz. bts. £680 per lot: £800-1000

Clos Fourtet 1955 CB label dusty (1)
Château Cos d'Estournel 1960 CB u. 3vts, 1ts, 2 capsules damaged, 2 labels soiled (6)
Château Montrose 1967 CB
u. 2vts, labels slightly stained (4) £85
632 Above 11 bts. per lot: £95-125

Château Haut Brion 1958 CB Label faded (1)
Château Latour 1960 CB
Labels stained 2 badly, 2 torn, u. 2bn/ts (6)
Château Mouton Rothschild 1960 CB
u. bn/vts, label soiled and torn (1)
Château Mouton Rothschild 1967 CB
u. bn, labels soiled (2) £200
633 Above 10 bts. per lot: £220-260

Château Léoville Poyferré 1959 CB
u. 3vts, 4ts, 1 label torn (8 hf. bts.)
Château Calon Ségur 1959 CB
u. 2vts, 4ts, labels lightly stained (2)
Château Montrose 1959 CB
u. ts, label stained (1 mag.)
Château La Mission Haut Brion 1959 CB (1 mag.)
634 Above 2 mags., 2 bts., & 8 hf. bts. bts. £290 per lot: £340-420

Château Margaux 1969 CB
Margaux. 1er Cru Classé
635 2 doz. bts. (owc) £108 per dozen: £120-150

Château Cheval Blanc 1969 CB
St. Emilion. 1er Cru Classé (A)
636 2 doz. bts. (owc) £108 per dozen: £120-150

Château Lafite 1971 CB
Pauillac. 1er Cru Classé
owc-labels slightly torn and soiled, new lid
637 1 doz. bts. £360 per dozen: £400-500

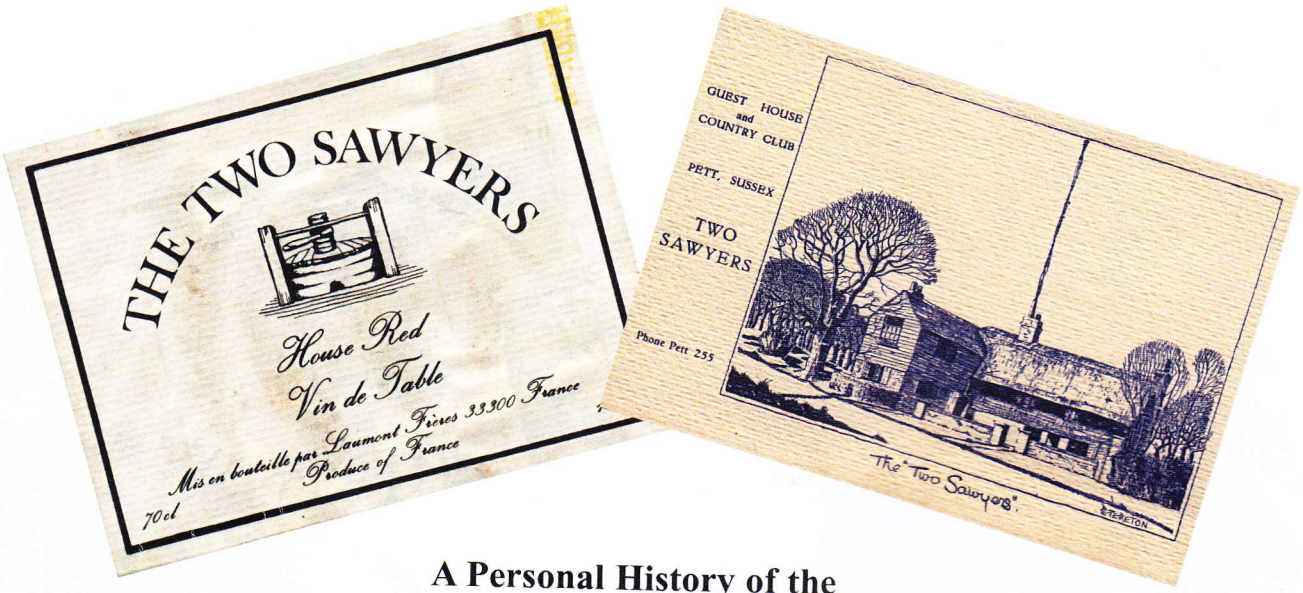
VINTAGE PORT

Graham 1955 UK
Wax capsules embossed, unlabelled (2)
Taylor 1955 UK
Wax capsules embossed, 1 damaged. 400
Henekey's labels, 2 stained (3)
638 Above 5 mags. £390 per lot: £440-550

Taylor 1955 UK
Wax capsules, damaged. 8 Henekey's typed labels
639 1 doz. bts. per dozen: £550-650
£442 550

Dow 1955 OB
Wax capsules and labelled (2)
Croft 1963 UK Embossed plastic capsules (6)
Graham 1963 UK
Embossed wax capsules, 2 damaged (3) 300
640 Above 11 bts. per lot: £320-380
£275

Dow 1963
Green wax capsules, some damaged. 340
641 3 doz. bts. 1020 340
642 3 doz. bts. 1020 340
643 2 doz. & 11 bts. 990 per dozen: £320-380
£285



A Personal History of the Two Sawyers Country Club and the Jackson Family

December 2001