From... ROSEMARY PATRICIA BUTCHER (nee SCOTT)
of "The Gardens, Franchise, Burwash, Sussex.

I dont know exactly WHERE I was born. My birth certificate states my mother EVELYN ANN SCOTT registered me on the 23rd November 1937. It was signed by JOHN WICKENS (Depudy Registrar of Births and Deaths) district BATTLE, Sub district TICEHURST.

The first home I remember is 'The Gardens, Franchise, a flat over the stables and garages where my father GEORGE THOMAS SCOTT had his workshop. The flat was spacious and had plenty of room for a small child to run around. One thing I didn't like was the long, steep, dark staircase that led down to the toilet, it terrified me. My brother (7 years my senior) George was given a toy wooden aeroplane that someone had kindly made for him, knowing that aeroplanes should fly I launched it out of an upstairs window where it crashed into the garden in many peeces. I dont remember being punished for that.

Later I started school at Burwash. The first day they put me on a Rocking Horse and by all accounts refused to get off. We walked to school by way of a farm that came out into Spring Lane, sometimes across the golf course, both routes coming out opposite the Village Hall, then along the High Street and down to school. There ~~was~~ were Violets under the hedge down that road.

Childhood was wonderful, picking Primroses in the wood, Snowdrops in a dell nearby, gathering wild strawberries from the railway banks, fishing or paddling in a stream, throwing things up into a massive Sweet

Chestnut tree to get the best ones, scrumping apples, dunking stale crusts of bread into the churn of Molasses meant for the cattle and drinking milk straight from the 'cooler' at Renwicks farm (our nearest neighbours).

Mum worked in the big house and Dad was chauffeur/gardener/handyman etc. He looked after some huge, noisy machine housed in its own shed between the big house and our flat, whether for water or electricity I cant recall but I was frightened of that monster. My Godmother, Mrs Hutchinson lived down Spring Lane and my Godfather Harry Pickles lived at the top at his farm just before going past the lodge bungalow and down the long Scots Pine lined drive to 'Franchise'. One time, when I was very small my Mother heard a plane or Doodlebug going over, she threw me into a ditch full of leaves and lay on top of me. One of our planes DID come down at the bottom of the drive, hitting one of the fir trees. Mum always put a little wooden cross on that tree until we moved away. (The PLAQUE is now situated at the TOP of the drive)

My Mother was very close to the 'NEWTON' family. Brother George's best friend was Harry I believe. Mrs Newton and her big family were lovely, always open house, warmth and a welcome 'cuppa' but like us I dont think they had much money. Mum did her stint in the hopfields as did the folks from London who came down and camped in the fields for the season. The same with potatoe picking (back-breaking work) We children were given some pennies for picking

up a big bucket of the tiny ones (CHATS)

George was always playing truant, he went fishing with his mates, he was classed as 'THICK' or 'STUPID' but now we realise he suffered from DYSLEXIA (my younge brother does too) At that time it was unknown so he got little education. I only truanted once and when I got home my Mother knew as the Truantcy Officer had called that very day, I never chanced it again!

My Dad was a (DR) Banado's boy and Mum was 'in service' at a young age, she worked for Rudyard Kipling for a while as a lowly scullery maid. I dont know how they met, I wish I'de asked more questions. They got married when George was on the way, they always worked on private estates, Dad as handyman/whatever (he could MEND ANYTHING) and Mum in the big house. They lived a good, hard-working life, when they retired they were able to buy a house in Ickfield, my younger brother Peter still lives there.

Recently, on a small coach party of 16 I visited Burwash, instead of having lunch at 'The Bear' I went exploring the Village, at first it just seemed a street of private houses, no shops that I remember. I walked one side until I saw the bench with Rudyard Kipling sitting on it, his book of 'Just So stories' by his side. oh how I wished I had a companion to take a photo of me sitting with him! I bought some lovely apples from outside a house and carried on down to the school. I ventured through the gateway as far as I dared, sounds of the kitchen coming from a window. Walked back up

The hill to the Church. Its just as I thought but wasn't there some metal (probably iron) grave markers on the front grass? perhaps plague victims?
I read lots of literature and put some money in the box and brought some home. I took a photo of the FONT where I may well have been Christened. Walked round the outside and saw the childrens playground, I didn't go down to the gate as I may have had trouble getting back up.

I loved the fact you still have the Avenue line of trees along the High Street and was thrilled at the idea that each one could be 'adopted' (I'd like to adopt one myself if thats at all possible) There used to be a Drapers shop along the street, before the Butchers and another one just along on the corner, on to another one which is now Londis, further along my Mum had a friend she would visit, as a child I found it odd to step DOWN into the front room, there was a general store just before the flower shop which at Christmas allowed customers upstairs to the 'loft'; a small box of silver foil wrapped orange fruit was a very rare treat indeed. The new Catholic Church is where we started our journey home, either going along the top to the golf course or down across fields etc. I remembered the Garage and the Village Hall.

I strolled back to 'The Bear', too late to have a main course but had pudding and coffee. A lovely nostalgic day out.

I hope someone reads this, its just a glimse of your Village some 80 years ago as remembered fondly as a child.

I'm not at all sure as to whom to send this to.

My details are

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But my clever daughter and the computer found you.