

Memories of Great Holland 1943 – 1953

By Victor Spencer Wilson

I lived in Great Holland between 1943 and 1953. My parents and I resided in one of only two houses in Station Fields that led through Farmer Lott's fields to the Kirby Cross railway station.

Although our postal address was Great Holland locals often made it clear that as far as they were concerned we lived in Kirby Cross.

The pathway that went through the railway station was the boundary between the two villages and because our house, "Meadows", was on the side nearest to Kirby cemetery we therefore lived in Kirby and not Great Holland.

I have never found out who was right. I do remember that, as a boy, I was not welcome on Great Holland Green, where I used to like to play on the swings. Several times I was chased away by gangs of Great Holland boys who called me a "Kirbyite."

Of course, it was no better for me on the Kirby Cross side because when I used to try and play on the small green at the corner of Frinton Road and Hadleigh Road I was chased away by Kirby boys who called me "Hollandite."

In the end my parents confined me barracks and I spent a rather lonely childhood, except when I was at school. I well remember the barrage balloon behind our house in farmer Lott's field.

I also remember seeing Captain Philip May M.C. of Blue House Farm, Kirby, and in full uniform, walking his girl friend though Station fields when he was on leave.

He sadly lost his life in action in the last month of the second world war.

I also remember Mr. and Mrs. Elvish, who delivered groceries and old Mr. Bareham who came to clear our cess pit and do odd gardening jobs.

Ah, memories!

Victor Spencer Wilson