In 1939 we had just moved to Marlow and I have many memories

Searchlights at night- The different tones of the Siren of a German **Air Raid** then the **All Clear**.

Sleeping in the cellar in the early part of the war.

Ration Books and Food Rationing. I think that children had better teeth because of the lack of sugar.

We had a Greenhouse with two very well established Grape Vines which my father took special care of and sold the grapes to the Complete Angler. Grapes were not coming from abroad of course.

My mother running a Knitting Group who knitted hats, scarves and gloves for Servicemen.

My sister Sheenah was about eight years old at the beginning of the War and had a rabbit called Topsy which she used to walk along the road on a lead. Topsy had lots of baby rabbits which Sheenah fattened up and sold to Mr Clark the Butcher. Topsy’s days however were numbered and she too went the same way as the others. Next time Sheenah went to the Butcher he told her he was very pleased with the latest rabbit and he showed her Topsy hanging rather dead in the shop window.

I wasn’t so productive and just had a white mouse called Monty named after General Montgomery.

My father’s cars on blocks as with petrol shortage there were no civilian vehicles permitted except for essential services like Doctors. Not sure about Police I think that they had bicycles.

Near the very end of the First World War my father was an Officer and flying in the RAF. In 1939 he had just been appointed Manager of the Marlow Branch of Westminster Bank. He went to sign on but was told by the Sergeant that as an Officer he would have to come back when an Officer would be present.

He was then told that he was in a Reserved Occupation and should not sign on so he spent the War as a civilian and a Bank Manager.

If he had flown I think my story and life might have been very different

At night he donned his Special Policeman's uniform and went on duty in Marlow which I think was very much like a Police version of Dads Army.

One of his colleagues was Mr Clark the Butcher. Meat was rationed but very occasionally we had steak.

Another police colleague was Mr Horlicks of Horlicks of Slough. Horlicks Tablets were for Emergency rations for Serviceman. Sweets were on ration but as a treat Mr Horlicks personally delivered Horlicks tablets for my sister and me.

Going to school with my Gas Mask in a cardboard box and my mother's home made shoulder bag -

A German aeroplane dropping bombs on Marlow but missing the Town and ending up in the river by Bisham Abbey which was then a Recuperation Unit for wounded serviceman who collected and ate the stunned fish.

Seeing a V2 (Unmanned Rocket Bomb) going over Marlow. It landed, exploded and injured a boy called Nigel Platts who was a Wolf Cub with me and his family had a Garage in West Street, Marlow.

In 1943 hearing my father on the phone to his brother in Reading asking if all was well because he had heard that the Germans had bombed Reading when 41 people were killed. The bombed area was rebuilt which is why buildings in Friar Street by Marks and Spencer are set back from the rest.

In about 1944 in the evenings watching 100's of our aeroplanes going over on raids to Germany and a friend of my mother saying that her husband wasn't coming home because his aeroplane wasn't in the formation when they returned in the morning (he was missing).

Early in the War having two London Schoolteachers billeted on us, their School had been transferred to Marlow.

Then an RAF Officer Ian Perman who had been a British spy in Japan before the War. He was stationed at Medmenham which officially was an RAF Photographic Intelligence Unit.

His French wife, who was a spy of some sort suddenly appearing having escaped from Occupied France and she reported that some German's had space for Hand Grenades in the sides of their Jack Boots.

At the end of the European War having a New Zealand RAF Officer (Bill Griffiths) was waiting to be sent home and with us for some months. He had been a POW for several years in Stalag Luft 3 (The Wooden Horse Camp). His stories of bribing German Camp guards for information and maps with Red X chocolate and goodies. My mother telling Bill after seeing him walk up and down our small garden that there were lovely walks by the river nearby and him saying after 4 years a POW he had forgotten that he could go out of the front gate.

Me a 9 year old and cycling to High Wycombe standing outside Wycombe Abbey School which had been requisitioned by The American Army and saying "Have you got any Gum chum" to American servicemen. (My parents never knew I did that!)