

For a while we lived at **Hillside House**, somewhere in Reepham; it had a raised garden and a huge retaining wall to the street. That's all I can remember as I was very young at the time. My adoptive father **Henry Daniel Savage** was the **local bobby** in the war years 1914-18. He and a police inspector stationed in Reepham represented the law from Bawdeswell to Heydon. Dad did his beat on a bicycle, but I don't think there was much crime to cope with. There was the occasional poacher and, very rarely, an escaped German prisoner on the run, plus a job he detested- that of rounding up gipsies and other travellers for the Armed Forces. The poachers and other villains were, I believe, escorted up to Norwich by train in those days and Dad used to say that he was usually 'touched' for a pint of beer at the Windmill Tavern opposite the prison before his charge disappeared behind the prison doors. Those were the days!

I must mention my father and old **Mr. Pask the tailor**. They knew each other very well and I think Mr. Pask made several of Dad's suits. I remember well the 'poacher's pocket' in the jacker- very important that; it held a 410 folding gun and a brace of rabbits or, dare I say it, pheasants. Dad did a bit of 'game-keeping' alongside his policing duties.

My eldest sister married **Clifford Sendall**, a Reepham lad. His father was a signalman at Reepham Station. Clifford started his working life as a van boy with Wallace Kings the furnishers and furniture removers. Inevitably Clifford was called up and his future wife was working at Chamberlain's in Guildhall Hill, Norwich. Chamberlain's had a ladies fire brigade during the war of which she was a member.