

# **'Limberhurst'**

*by Phyllis Stow (née Mizon)*  
**2011**

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My father Archer Mizon was born in Great Wratting in 1895 and his family moved to Limberhurst Farm, Horseheath about 1900. My Dad was named after Fred Archer, a Newmarket Jockey, who won the Derby in the 1890's. Dad was known as Archie. Dad told us that they went hungry and used to eat raw hens eggs at times. He went to work at a young age and was employed to pick up stones in the fields.

Dad volunteered for the First World War with his friends. They went to enrol in Horseheath, but he was the only one accepted ! When he came home on leave he would throw his kit bag out of the train at the railway siding behind Limberhurst Farm to save carrying it from Haverhill. He was wounded twice and I have a photo of his head wound. On going back to the front he was wounded again and invalided out. He couldn't go back to farm work.

I was born 1928 in Edmonton, London and in the 1930's my sister and I would be put on a coach at King's Cross in the charge of the driver. He would take us as far as Withersfield where my Dad's sister Margaret Hazelwood met us. We spent many holidays at Exhibition Farm. I can remember a favourite walk across the fields through the woods past the gamekeeper's cottage picking cob nuts at times and coming out near Limberhurst Farm. On more than one occasion we visited our Grandparents at Limberhurst Farm. We had to cross a rickety bridge over flooded ground. By the road there was a spring of fresh water, which we could drink.

My father's sister Ethel and her husband Albert Vale moved into a new group of houses at Brick Bridge, Horseheath – now called Alington Terrace. We had a great time playing with cousins. We used to cross a field to the railway line and play there. The adults didn't know anything about that.

We also visited Uncle Earnest and Ethel (his wife) where we had afternoon tea. My Dad was one of twelve living children.

I spent two years, 1940 – 42, living in Withersfield and Haverhill with family when the London bombing got too bad. At that time I had a bicycle and used to travel around the area visiting relatives.

In about 1960 my parents moved to a cottage opposite The White Horse in Withersfield. Dad was retired early due to failing health.

I now have to live on my memories of childhood, bluebells, cowslips, harvest etc. on the farm.

Phyliss Stow, 2011