

LEW REVISITED - THE HOLY OF HOLILYS

by Mollie E. Priestley T.D.

I can well remember seeing my Grandfather morning after morning, stooped forward with hands clasped behind him, going with measured tread to the small towered building at the far end of the house and disappearing into it, but I can never remember seeing him come out again.

I was filled with curiosity and wanted to know what it was, what he did there and why. All my childish queries to my Nanny, Florrie, were met with stern warnings that this was my Grandfather's and for NO-ONE ELSE and that any attempt by me to try and discover more would be met with serious trouble and punishment I would not like.

I was duly impressed and thought that it must be some very secret mystery that no-one, other than my Grandfather, knew and it filled me with "the fear of God" whom I thought he WAS!

On revisiting "Lew" with my Mother shortly after World War II, I spotted the mystery building and rushed off to satisfy my long pent-up curiosity, to my Mother's consternation and shouts to me to know what I was doing and my return shouts of "I MUST Mummy".

With difficulty I pulled open the aged, creaking door and was greeted with the damp, musty smell of a long-disused, small, dingy stone-flagged room and there saw the most ancient W.C. - the type surrounded by a wooden enclosure with a "pull up" plug to hand - and my curiosity was satisfied !!!

I went out roaring with laughter - much to my Mother's bewilderment, and then had to explain what it was all about! She had a very lively sense of humour and we had a good laugh over it all.

I wonder if it is still there and, if so, it must be a worthy object for a visit by Lucinda Lambton, the TV presenter making a programme about ancient loos she has visited - perhaps a future TV programme?