



P. C. Phillimore.

Joined the Police Force on 4th March 1915 and retired on 13th January 1947.

Although many were his victims, they had little else to fear. When this man walked or rode the streets of Stratton you could sleep peacefully in your bed.

It's hard to believe now, that once, one used to stand in the middle of Ermin Street outside one's houses and kick a ball without any fears of frequent passing cars.

It was during one of these sessions that the village policeman Mr Phillimore came up the road on his bicycle. As the ball rolled down towards him, he dismounted, picked it up and put it in his pocket, mounted his cycle and peddled off up the road looking into space while the possessor of the ball watched open-mouthed.

Mr Phillimore was a kind of legend. A story about the long-distance lorry driver who stopped at the 'White Hart' Crossroads and asked someone, "Is this Stratton St. Phillimore?"

Not many know of his mysterious phantom appearances out of the darkness during the war blackout.

A story of one such appearance was that Mr Jack Parry from the council houses adjacent to Park Street, who worked as a boilerman at St. Margarets Hospital was coming home one Saturday evening from the 'White Hart' Hotel, complete with starboard lurch and attendant vocal accompaniment. Someone advised him to be quiet as Mr Phillimore was up the road. This was like a red rag to a bull. Jack voiced his opinion of Mr Phillimore and added that he would like to meet Mr Phillimore.

He was just crossing the railway bridge between the 'White Hart' and Park Street. Mr Phillimore stepped out of the darkness from one of the recesses of the bridge and said, 'Well, here he is if you want to see him, Mr Parry'. Word had it, that had the 'White Hart' still been open, Jack would have gone back for another pint. The experience had quite a sobering effect on him.