**Miss Lily Head’s job**

*These are Miss Lily Head’s own words (1905-1997) transcribed from a Dictaphone by Susan Monson. They give an insight into life in the early 1900’s*

After I left school I didn’t go out to work for my first job because my father worked for Mr Finnegan the auctioneer, who was a single man, and me and my mother used to clean his house. And my mum used to do quite a bit of cooking of meals, not there but at home and it was taken to him. And after that I went to domestic, to start with in Marlborough.

In the end I went away and what I used to do was work with the boys in School House (Marlborough College) for quite a while - it was what The Priory used to be. I started as under-house maid and then I worked up till I was in charge of all the other staff. When the boys had ‘flu and that, we had to nurse them, the matron and me between us.

Now everything goes to the ‘San’. And if they hurt themselves, like when they cut themselves or anything, unless it was bad enough to take them in to the doctor or into the San doctor, you did it there, because if the matron went out she always said to me “Now watch it when they come in from games, you’ll bet somebody will have something wrong with them. We used to have to be capable of tying it up, washing it, cleaning it, putting on things – you know. Oh yes, it was quite a big job really, some of it because you know boys are so stupid. One jumped on a bottle one day coming home, his foot went in what we called the shrubbery, because you know they loved playing in all the rubbish – the more rubbish boys can get hold of the better pleased they are. We were 20-25, so you can imagine it was quite a lot of boys together.

They didn’t used to go into College, they used to have them from 11 – 13 and they didn’t go into College until that age. These outhouses all had the young boys and The Priory was one of the youngest of all. Of course, they used to be homesick and all sorts when they came at first. It used to be quite a problem getting them to mix with one other that was young, to get them to have a friend and not to be too homesick if we could help it because they weren’t mollycoddled like they are today.

Of course, they used to be very smart. We had a boy to keep shoes clean and Saturdays they all had to have pin-striped trousers, black jackets, white shirts and all the ties done up properly. And Prize Day at Marlborough College – well it was out of this world to see them all. They all had buttonholes. All the buttonholes came and we had to see that they were pinned on right, quite a big affair.

Lady Brooke’s grandson (*was there)* and Captain Stanning. One Sunday at the chapel they asked me if I would like to go there. I could hardly recognise him (*the grandson)* till he got closer. You could see what a difference it made to see a College boy in his proper suit.