empty but as I turned to leave across the small landing, I saw the door to the Needlework room was opening. I was convinced the place was haunted and decided to leave the building as fast as I could. It was then that I realised I still had to close the large grain barn which had been in use that evening by 20 young people playing basketball.

Members had been told to leave all lights on, for safety reasons, when they left their activity rooms and I would turn them off when I closed the Centre at 10pm. The barn was about 60 yards away from the main house and to reach it, I had to cross the former kitchen garden, walk through a narrow opening in a brick boundary wall, cross the former bullock yard and then go through a small farm door. This building was very large and of Dutch design. It was in three sections, the part used by the farmer for grain storage had a smooth concrete floor, was in good condition and therefore ideal for the more boisterous activities. Unfortunately, it was lit by just one 25 watt light which was way up in the rafters, at least 30 feet high and therefore to change the bulb was, at that time, beyond our means. The massive timber beams, cut from trees on the estate, spanned the walls at a height of 15 feet, and were full of holes where the rats had gnawed their way into the barn to get at the farmer's grain. Now these lofty perches were occupied by their mortal enemies, feral cats ready to pounce on any rodents who dared to visit the barn. As I made my way across the barn to the opposite wall where the light switch was situated, these cats would glare down at me. As soon as the light went out and as I turned to retrace my steps to the barn door I was sure that their eyes retained the last glimmer of light. These baleful eyes following every step I took were very frightening especially after my experience in the house. It caused me to hurry to find my way, in the darkness, back to the small entrance door in the cold clammy cement plastered walls. I never found the door the first time and my panic would increase as I searched until, with a sigh of relief, I found the right spot. Then there was a further hazard to negotiate, the builders' planks to get across the bullock yard. It was strange that on every occasion something would scurry past my feet, I was sure it was a rat, and then the wind would rattle the horse and cattle chains hanging on the walls of the cart sheds and I still had to pass the deep well outside the Music Room window. Here there were always strange hollow sounds made by the air as it rushed upwards from the depths of the earth. Worse was to follow on that fateful night, for as I turned off the hall lights in the house and made for the main door I could hear my dog whining outside. I opened the door and was startled to see him standing there with his ruff raised, quivering with fear, and though I called him in he would not cross the doorstep. I believe he too had sensed something strange that night because he would never enter the house after 10pm though he would come in at other times. The Caretaker also showed the same reluctance to come into the building late at night. This was even more surprising because he had worked at the farm for many years. I was now convinced that something odd occurred at Shrublands after 10 pm each evening.

On another occasion, I needed secretarial help with typing the Management Committee Minutes which were needed the following day. An adult member, who was a local school teacher and a very competent typist, offered to do this for me but because she was leading one of the activities the only time she could spare would have to be after the Centre was closed.
I brought my typewriter down from my upstairs office to the Newsroom where the fire was still alight. I knew the room would be warm. I set the typewriter on a table beside the fire