

# Menace Has Left Paradise Cottage



Waterfall Cottages.

## THE 7-YEAR

### STREAM IS GENTLE AND GOOD

**"Evening News" Reporter**

THE laughter of the little stream scurrying past the little windows has a tinkling sound now, and the people who live in Waterfall Cottages, at Patricbourne, near Canterbury, know that they have no further cause for fear.

But the story of these cottages, nestling in a paradise of trees and flowers, has a thread of fear running through it, a thread which appears every seven years—and this is the seventh year.

The explanation is in the gurgling stream which curves its two arms among the ferns, making an island of the cottages

#### Near Paradise

The first door I knocked at was opened by a little grey-haired lady carrying a gardening trowel, and followed by two cats. Her name was Miss Tunbridge and the cottage has been her home for more than 40 years.

Just now, during the long, sun-drenched days when the cats sleep in the shade and lambs come to the stream to drink, life in the cottage is as near paradise as one could hope for.

But Miss Tunbridge remembers other nights when she went to the door a hundred times in an evening to gaze on the swirling black waters.

For the stream, so carefree and cheerful now, has risen in anger and struck fear into the hearts of the dwellers in Waterfall Cottages.

#### Noise Grows Softer

"It rises once every seven years," Miss Tunbridge told me today. "Nobody knows why, but the legend says it comes as a herald of pestilence or disaster."

"The last time the stream rose it came into the cottages and flooded my sitting-room, while, in France, Hitler defeated the French, and our boys came tramping back from Dunkirk."

"But everything is going to be all right this time. Every morning when I wake the noise of the stream grows softer. It is gentle and good now."

