

No.

0206

15p

Wherwell

Anthology II



Wherwell Playing Field Sports & Fete Programme

August 25th, 1975

Field Opens 2 p.m.

Admission Free

Car Park 15p

Martin Loveridge

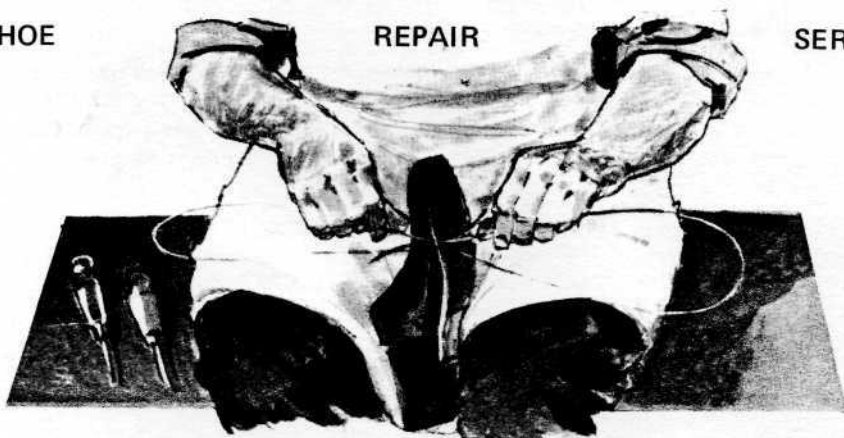
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WHEREWELL OVER THE YEARS

My recollections of Wherwell go back a long way as my grandmother, Lady Lovelace, rented the Priory from 1899 (the year before I was born) until her death in 1907, after which my parents took over the lease and when Mr. Iremonger sold the property in 1913 my great uncle bought it and gave it to my mother.

One of the people I remember from the earliest days was Mr. A. J. Parker who was first the groom and then the chauffeur here until his death in the early fifties. I can see him now, standing up in the back of a dog cart and later driving my father's first car with my grandmother (covered in veils) sitting in the back holding the old bulb horn so that she could blow it herself round corners! He was a great writer and a good many of his articles have been published at various times. I have a collection of letters he wrote me when he was serving with the R.A.S.C. in France during the 1914-18 war which are most interesting.

When my parents first took over the Priory there was no electricity, water was pumped up by hand to a tank at the top of the house and the drains went straight into the river, which indeed they continued to do until 1959! By degrees electricity, central heating and a mechanical water pump were installed in the house, but the village did not get electricity until 1934/35 or mains water until 1954 followed by sewerage in 1959/62.

When I was a child Wherwell was a charming, peaceful, rural village, no telephones—no radios—no televisions, and *very* few motor cars, in fact if one went through the village it was an event, not a nuisance. Haycarts drawn by horses went their peaceful way from field to stack (often with me on top) and Mr. Baker, the carrier, was the principal means of transport to Andover, although in those days Wherwell had a railway which ran from Hurstbourne, via Longparish and Wherwell, to Fullerton and from there you changed to go on to Andover. The Wherwell line was closed between the wars and as we all know the Andover/Southampton ("Sprat and Winkle") line was closed in 1964, so that, in spite of buses, communications are not as good as they were!

Football and cricket (especially cricket) were the main centres of interest and all the youth of the village were intent on becoming proficient at these games. Football was played in the park and cricket on the Low Meadow at Fullerton until 1955, when my mother gave the village its present sports field.

Another memory is a very fine elm tree on the village "pound" (or green) most of which, sad to say, was blown down in a great gale in 1929. The remaining stump had to be cut down in 1956 as it was unsafe and unfortunately fell on the War Memorial which suffered considerable damage but has been restored. The tree was replaced by a flowering cherry.



Mr. A. J. Parker with Col. and Mrs. Jenkins on tour in Europe.



Col. A. E. Jenkins.

1929 was also the year when the new County School was opened in fine new buildings on the Longparish road and the old Church School, which was situated on the Old Hill, was closed. Two years later the Church School at Chilbolton was also closed and the children were transferred to Wherwell which is still their school.

In 1943 Mr. Lewis, the last vicar of Wherwell, retired and the parishes of Wherwell and Chilbolton were merged with the then incumbent at Chilbolton, Canon Marsh, looking after both parishes.

During the war there was an unfortunate fire at the Priory and my father and mother were obliged to move out. They were first given wonderful hospitality by Colonel and Mrs. Stevenson at the Mill House and later moved to the Manor Farm. It was while they were there that my father died in 1945. My mother moved back to the Priory a year or two later, and in 1957 replaced the derelict old tin hut, which had served as Village Hall for many years, by a new building in memory of my father.

My mother died in 1959 and the village mourned her. I am lucky enough to have inherited not only this lovely property but also the goodwill of all the village which she left behind her.

Wherwell is still one of the most attractive rural villages in the country in spite of motor cars, aeroplanes, helicopters, television and all the other disturbances of modern civilisation. It has changed very little in character or appearance and has now been declared a "Conservation Area", so let us hope that it retain its charm for many years to come.

Marjorie, Countess of Brecknock, D.B.E.

SUMMER

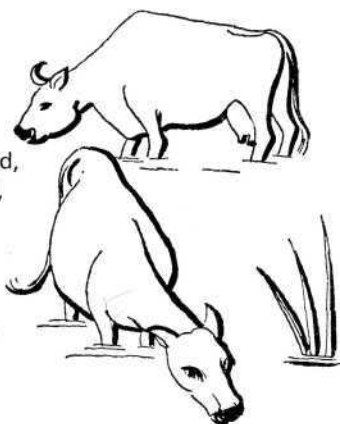
Summer days, these high summer days I love,
Pastel blue touched with white, the sky above,
Sloping thatch and crooked wall, the village scene,
Tall trees beyond dressed in different shades of green.

Screaming Swifts swoop low in joyess play,
Warm the air and heavy with scent of earth and hay,
The call of the cuckoo is heard from o'r the meadows,
Where clear deep streams glide beneath the willows.

In drowsy contentment at the waters edge the cattle stand,
As if in wonderous amazement at the beauty of this land,
Wild roses in full bloom still wet with morning dew,
Shaded pools with sunbeams dancing through.

The ascending lark pours out its happy song,
Buzzing bees and gay painted butterflies dance along.
Days like these help to make life so worth while,
To go your way with a kind word and smile.

J. Rowles.



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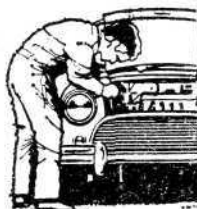
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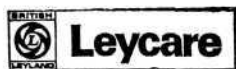
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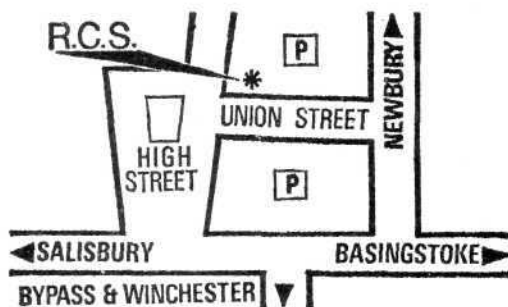
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VILLAGE CRAFTS

"Shoddy workmanship", "slap-dash methods", are only too familiar to most people today, yet village craftsmen were certainly not guilty of this. Unfortunately, there are few left and the skills of one generation it seems are no longer passed onto the next.

Like most villages, Wherwell, had a rich supply of craftsmen with years of experience and a priceless sense of pride to their credit. There was a miller, baker, roper, and basket-maker, shoe-maker and blacksmith, carpenter, wheelwright, thatcher and a dairyman in the village working together as a team. Of which, it is reputed, Wherwell, was particularly noted for its rope and basket making, the latter, being practised until fairly recently.

July was the month for harvesting the sedge from the banks of the River Test where it grows profusely. It was then tied in large bundles and hung in an airy barn or shed away from direct light to preserve the soft shades of green and brown, to be made into mats and baskets during the long winter evenings.

The River Test, was also essential to the miller, providing the energy necessary in the process of grinding corn into flour to supply the local bakeries. Lardy Cake, was the speciality of Wherwell's last village baker, but freshly baked bread could always be purchased from the bakery situated behind the existing village shop.

Hurdle making is now a dying art, yet Mr. Henry Carter, remembers when it was a thriving and well-paid trade for a young lad who could earn as much as 12s. 6d. a week!

The village forge still exists and was in use until fairly recently. However, gone are the days when the "smithy" had sufficient work to employ two men to meet the demands for shoeing the horses and the making and repair of farm implements. The forge, in recent years has been used for ornamental, wrought ironwork, which gave the smithy an opportunity to show skill in design and craftsmanship.

In 1920, the first of three "Wherwell" cars were built, by a Mr. Thompson. "Wherwell," a two-seater sports driven by a chain on to the back axle was sold for £25. It had pneumatic tyres and the Coventry Victor, air-cooled engine had the amazing horse power of seven! The third car licenced in January 1921, with the number HO 5157 was believed to have been purchased by a farmer from a nearby village. One of the other two went to Mr. Spratt the builder who rented the workshop to the Thompsons and the other reputedly to a baker in Romsey for use as a roundman's van.

Further Education classes and Woman's Organisations have revived the art of the Corn Dolly. A symbol, not only of the growing crops but of the living and the spirits of the dead, the original corn dollies were woven from the last sheaf to be reaped.

The farm worker, up since dawn during the harvest period would enjoy his midday break sitting against a shock of corn, and no doubt handled the straws which surrounded him, plaiting button holes, favours for the children, decorations for the harvest horses and last but not least, love tokens for his sweetheart.

Most people have a basic desire to be creative and this is why I believe and hope there will always be some who will find the time to continue some of these crafts even if it is in an adapted form. Recently, for example, a group of villagers replaced the rather worn Church kneelers, varying tapestry designs were adopted and some particularly creative work was achieved by Mr. Perce Thomas.

Thus, general interest is being aroused regarding the old crafts and surely they should be preserved, for, who knows we may need them yet!

Miss D. White.

THE SPELLING OF WHERWELL

The spelling of WHERWELL is now undisputed, but it is well known that in mediaeval times the spelling of proper names, whether of places or persons, was very capricious. Clerks were in general not highly educated and presumably they wrote down what they thought they heard. The following, and perhaps others, may be found in various mediaeval documents:

Warewell
Warewelle
Werewell
Wherewell
Whorwell (in King Edred's will)
Wharwell, and even

Hwerewell, which suggests that in this case the clerk may have been a Scotsman, who was trying to train a south-country colleague, or perhaps his master, to give due weight to his aspirates.

Wharwell is an interesting variant, when one remembers that it is the almost invariable practice in modern English usage, to pronounce "er" as "ar" in proper names when it comes in the middle of the word, e.g. Derby, Berkshire —though not now in Wherwell.

Spelling is one thing: pronunciation is another, and we are dealing only with the present day. Having lived in Hampshire only 25 years I would not attempt to lay down the law on the subject, but even in that time I have observed that the simple answer, Wherwell, has become more and more generally accepted. But there are a number of variants which one has heard put forward, rather tentatively, from time to time. Of these the most favoured seem to be Horrell and Hurrell, but W(h)irrell, W(h)orrell and W(h)urrell all have their supporters. If I had to give a vote it would be for Hurrell, on the strength of a reprimand given to me by a former Lord Chancellor, who belonged to an old local family, when I pronounced the name as it is spelt.

A. Tuke.

WHERWELL PLAYING FIELD

PROGRAMME OF SPORTS TO BE HELD ON THE SUMMER

BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUGUST 25th, 1975.

FIELD OPENS 2 p.m.

OPEN PENALTY KING COMPETITION

(Entries by Monday, August 19th)

	p.m.
Men — 14 and over. 100 metres	2.10
Boys & Girls, 5, 6, 7. 60 metres	2.15
Toddlers' Race, Boys & Girls, 1, 2, 3, 4	2.20
Boys & Girls, 8, 9, 10, Sack Race. 60 metres	2.25
Ladies — 14 and over, Egg and Spoon. 25 metres	2.30
Boys & Girls, 11, 12, 13, 14, Sack Race. 100 metres	2.35
Boys & Girls, 5, 6, 7, Wheelbarrow. 25 metres	2.40
Boys & Girls, 8, 9, 10, 3-legged Race. 60 metres	2.45
Boys & Girls, 11, 12, 13, 14. 200 metres	2.50
Men — 14 and over, Sack Race. 100 metres	2.55
Ladies — 14 and over Flower Pot. 25 metres	3.00
Boys & Girls up to 15, Pick-a-Back. 60 metres	3.05
Toddlers, Boys & Girls, 1, 2, 3, 4. 25 metres	3.10
Boys & Girls, 5, 6, 7, Sack Race. 60 metres	3.15
Boys & Girls, 8, 9, 10. 100 metres	3.20
Boys & Girls, 11, 12, 13, 14, 3-legged Race. 100 metres	3.25
Men — 14 and over. 200 metres	3.30

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OF YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS NEXT YEAR

WHEREWELL PENALTY KING COMPETITION
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MARJORIE, COUNTESS OF BRECKNOCK CHALLENGE CUP

The competition will take place at the Wherwell Playing Fields on Monday, 25th August, at 2.00 p.m., and will be open to all ages.

All entrants will be divided into sections (amount of sections depending on entries).

Each competitor will take six penalty kicks, top competitor in each section to qualify for final later the same day. In case of ties sudden death play off will decide both in heats and finals. Block or individual entries will be accepted, but must be on official entry forms, together with competition entrance fee of 10p per person and named below.

All entries to : — MR. E. W. ROWLES, 7 Beech Grove, Wherwell, Andover, Hants. SP11 7JE.

LAST YEARS WINNER: R. LING, WALLOP.

Ladies — 14 and over, Sack Race. 60 metres	4.30
Boys & Girls, 5, 6, 7, Obstacle Race. 200 metres	4.35
Boys & Girls, 8, 9, 10, Obstacle Race. 200 metres	4.40
Boys & Girls, 11, 12, 13, 14, Obstacle Race. 200 metres	4.45
Men & Ladies, 14 and over, Obstacle Race. 200 metres	4.50
Penalty King Finals	Approx. 5.00
It's a Knock-out: Wherwell Cricket Club v. Wherwell Football Club	5.25

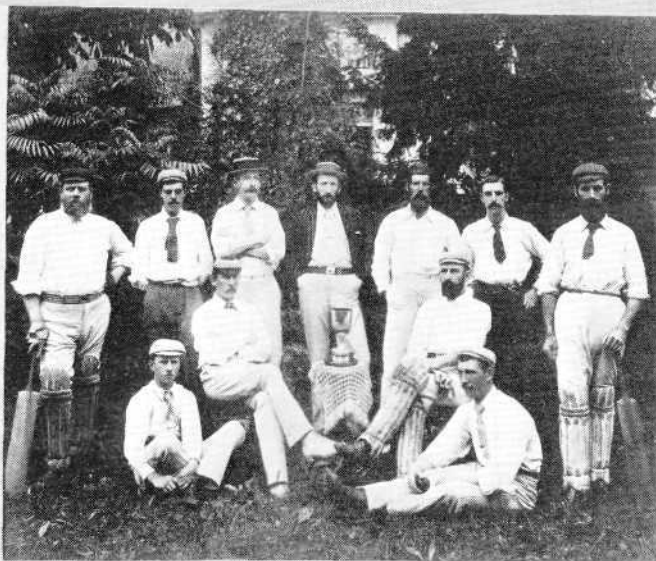
GRAND DRAW

Sideshow : Skittles : Tombola : Hoopla : Trampolines, etc.

PETS CORNER

WHERWELL CRICKET CLUB CUP TEAM,

1892-93-94.



A. BAKER, T. SHARPE, HON. N. P. SCOTT, H. DUFFY, T. SMITH, W. B. BAKER, W. SMITH,
S. E. PAIN, GOSLIN, J. A. TOWSE, HON. B. BAKER, H. BAKER, H. BAKER.

WHERWELL CRICKET CLUB

The photograph above of Wherwell Cricket Club is not one of the present team. This you have no doubt realized, although it has been suggested that two of the bearded gentlemen in the picture could possibly have shaved off their beards and are now playing under different names i.e. Sid Rowles and Alan Rowles! Surely this could not be true??!

Since 1954 Sid Rowles has been Captain for nine seasons and Vice-Captain for eight seasons. He certainly 'knows' and loves 'his cricket'. Sid of course deserves a special mention for all the hard work he puts into the playing field and must take most of the credit for the following quote which was taken from an article in a local paper: "North Hants season ends at Wherwell—The last of the 1974-75 season's North Hants F.A. Cup Finals was played at Wherwell—surely one of the most attractive and best kept village sports grounds in the Country." WELL done Sid and all those concerned!

Alan Rowles has been Hon. Secretary of Wherwell C.C. for fourteen years. Another 'Rowles' who 'loves his cricket'.

The man of course who 'knows' and remembers so much about Wherwell C.C. is Fred Goddard. Fred has been Chairman for twenty-five years and been involved with the club for over fifty years.

Hon. Treasurer Mike James has served seven years so has a long career ahead if he is to match the others.

The present opening bowlers Bill Pickett and Bryan Horne have both, in past seasons, taken over 100 wickets. Let's hope they will do it again in 1975 for Captain C. Hitchings and Vice-Captain W. Barter.



THE SIMPLE THINGS

Who will take a bicycle from the top and round the bend,
One in twelve to the Pound Tree, coast to Village end?
Who will take a bonnet tying ribbons round their curls
Ride upon a haycart, with the other 'hiring' girls?
Who will take a bucket, kneel and bending low
Scoop the cold clear water from the foaming flow?
Who will fetch a faggot to make a blazing fire
Who will tend the children, and nothing more desire?
Who will take a candle to light them up the stair,
Flickering flame revealing spiders lurking there.
Who will take their lover's hand, and ask no more than this
Light, warmth, — a Country Life, — perchance a carefree kiss?
For what we have gained in happiness from all that progress brings?
Time. — Time to worry and war with — But none for the simple things.

Sally Chetwyn.

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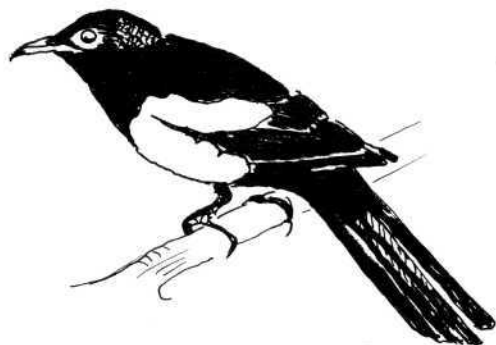
VOLVO

BASINGSTOKE 3661

FIAT **LANCIA**

BASINGSTOKE 3896

LOCAL BIRDLIFE



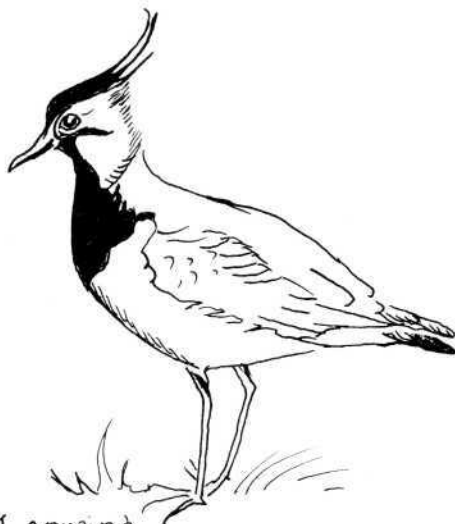
Magpie

Those of us who live in Wherwell and are interested in ornithology are indeed fortunate. Behind the village to the North on the high ground lies arable and pasture land, also Harewood Forest, a beautiful area of mixed woodland with public footpaths winding through it. The land slopes steeply down towards the houses in the valley and there is a deep cutting where the railway formerly ran. On the South the river Test runs through water meadows. The area therefore provides habitats for a great variety of birds. In fact, we have

seen more than eighty different species in or near our own garden. Some of these are resident, remaining throughout the year, others are temporary visitors.

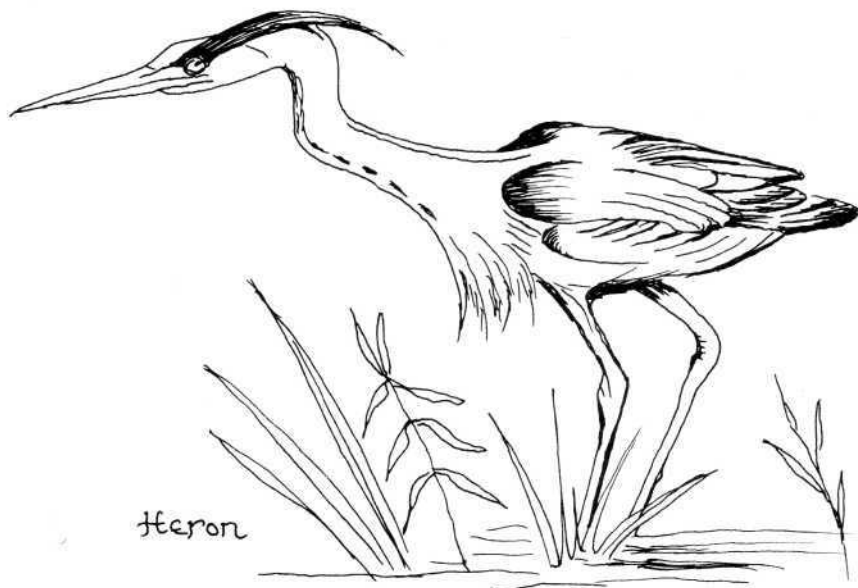
Early in Spring flocks of long-tailed tits, with undulating flight, move along the railway embankment looking for nesting sites, often accompanied by other members of the tit family. Some stay in our garden and we are always pleased to see them and the coal tit among them; the rest move on towards the Forest. Tiny gold crests come and flutter in and out of the evergreen trees and shrubs uttering their high pitched zi-zi-zi. In the fields high above the valley lapwings make their nests and on their way to the water meadows to forage for food they will give an aerobatic display in which their wings make a loud "lapping" sound. At the same time they cry "pee-wit". Redshanks often nest near them and they wheel in the sky making various loud and at times rather raucous calls.

A little later the sound of the chiff-chaff is heard and the willow-warbler with his wistful song of descending notes. In the village we all vie with each other to be the first to hear the cuckoo, — a sure sign that Spring is well on the way. The female bird utters a "water-bubbling" trill, not unlike the tone of the nightingale. How eagerly, too, we listen for these beautiful songsters who fill the Forest with their melodious notes, rich in range and volume. Most years they arrive in our garden punctually on 27th April, giving us a few short bursts of song. Sometimes one or two pairs decide to nest on our bank in the hawthorns; then we are treated to almost continuous singing by day

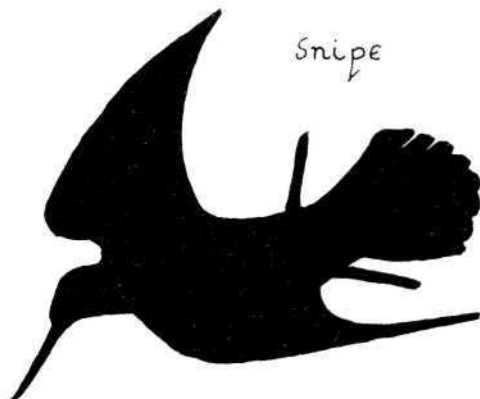


Lapwing

and night for about three weeks. Blackcaps, whitethroats and flycatchers all make a home in the Forest and in our gardens. At the end of April the swallows, swifts and house martins fly back from Africa and fill the sky with movement. The martins build as many nests under the eaves of houses as their "landlords" will allow. Some people welcome them but others cannot endure the noise they make near the bedroom window so early in the morning and the inevitable mess they deposit down the walls from their droppings, which are not allowed to foul the inside of their nests. Mud is used as building material and there is plenty of this by the river.



Across the valley over the water meadows the heron flies, his wings moving gracefully up and down as if in slow motion; or we may see him standing like a sentinel on the bank of the river waiting for an unsuspecting fish to come within his reach. Overhead a kestrel hovers, or occasionally a buzzard wheels with similar intent, only this time for an unwary mouse in the grass below. Wagtails, pied, grey and yellow swoop and dip just above the fast flowing water, catching flies. A swan majestically sails by, carrying for safety her family of baby cygnets on her back, seemingly unaware of the comic antics of the mallards "upending" and the coots, moorhens and dabchicks diving under the water and popping up again some distance away. Occasionally a kingfisher flashes past, a streak of brilliant iridescent blue, or we may see a snipe



daintily paddling and dipping his beak into the water for titbits. More often we hear him in the sky when he makes a display flight and two of his outer tail feathers protrude to cause a drumming sound, not unlike the bleating of a goat. Small birds abound in the reeds and willows including sedge warblers and reed buntings. Some of us have also seen a water-rail, but he is a shy bird and quickly rushes into cover.



In the large trees that line the road through the village there are green and barred woodpeckers whose drumming can be clearly heard. Both birds visit our garden and the former spends his time licking up ants with his long, sticky tongue. As he flies away he gives his loud ringing call which is like ironic laughter. At the eastern end of the High Street there is a large rookery in the trees on the Mount and the birds from there often find a thermal over the valley, great clouds of them soaring ever higher in sweeping circles. In all the gardens there are greenfinches, chaffinches and a few yellow-hammers making splashes of colour.

When autumn is here, brightly hued goldfinches are much in evidence feeding on thistle and other seeds; linnets come as well. Nuthatches are busy gleaning in the Forest, wedging their nuts into cracks in the trees before

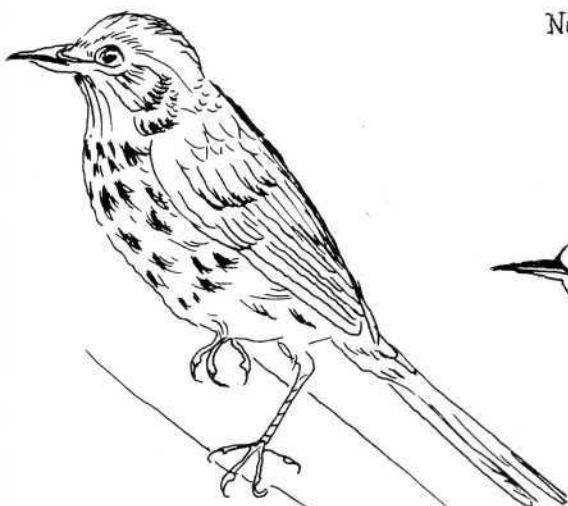
splitting them open. Skeins of geese fly over the valley in V formation to winter feeding grounds. Still later we are visited by greater black-backed gulls who come each year to us from the coast in search of food.

We are never without birds. Blackbirds, starlings, robins, jenny wrens and many more brighten our winters. On the coldest January day there will be a song thrush filling the air with a repetition of musical phrases which make us feel that Spring is nearly here again. We admire the beauty of the bullfinches but watch with dismay as they wilfully strip every flower bud from our fruit trees and ornamental shrubs.

Among our rarer visitors, various people living in Wherwell have reported seeing a golden oriole, hoopoe, nutcracker, bittern, waxwing and red-backed shrike. A family of these nested in our garden a few years ago.

I have only mentioned about half of the birds that can be seen and heard in and around Wherwell, but I think it will give some idea of their abundance.

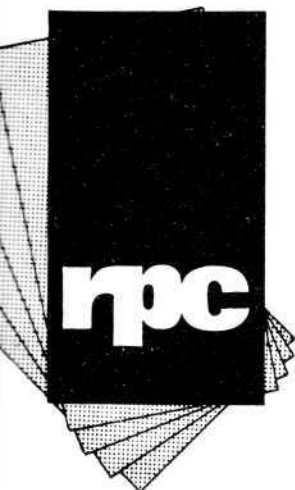
Mrs. J. Nolder.



Thrush



Nuthatch



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OUR RIVER, THE TEST

Many British rivers are affected by various forms of pollution. Not so our own local river which rises near Ashe and flows for some thirty miles through Whitchurch and Wherwell on its way to Southampton Water.

Why is the Test such a notable river?

For many reasons, one because its spring fed water is of the purest quality, due to there being no obnoxious effluents draining into it from commercial establishments upon its banks.

Another thing, because it is fed by the pure spring waters which come from the chalk hills to the north of our county. Thus we have brown trout of the highest quality, both for sport and for the table, this is all due to the varied amount of natural food present, from which our trout can find ample supplies of food. The water is well stocked with caddis, nymphs and shrimps, also the rain draining from the meadows carries various small creatures into the river as tasty tit-bits for the fish.

A busy man is the riverkeeper, there is usually one or more employed at each fishery.

Routine jobs at the river include giving advice to anglers, weed-cutting, silt-raking, tree cutting, rearing and feeding young trout, banktrimming, repairing foot-bridges and stiles, adjusting hatches and a host of other duties, plus chasing poachers, also of course falling into his beloved(?) water, yes, I've 'ad sum.

You know — or ought to know — there are some big trout in the Test? No, there really are, (or were).

In the Wherwell Estate Office, in a glass case, is an 8½lb. trout caught by the late Major Baring. There is another, about 9lb. in Wherwell's Old Mill

stream, and yet another of 8lb. downstream at Marsh Court.

Another attraction to the Test is the number of carriers which deviate from its course, some for several miles, then finally returning to the main river again.

Thus there is far more available fishing because these carriers are usually well stocked with both brown and rainbow trout.

Pike are present in most parts of our river, despite wiring, trapping and netting, they do eat the weaker of the trout. You will never get rid of them on any one section, simply because they drop downstream when full of eggs or milt as the case may be, around January. Then later the young pike tend to make their way upstream. I think that Nature has its own reason why this is so.

Not all is serene and peaceful.

I can recall going to my water one August morning, and finding two lads just starting to fish, I asked: "Have you got permits, please?"

Whereupon one lad ran for his life, me after him.

We had gone nearly a mile before I got hold of him.

He produced a permit for that very day.

"Then why did you run away?" I gasped.

"Because my mate aint got one," he replied.

Slowly and silently we retraced our steps.

Somewhere in a nearby alder tree a woodpecker gave a most loud and raucous laugh.

Ben Pond.

CONCLUSION

Another glimpse into our beautiful village comes to a close.

Reading the articles submitted for this anthology one can feel the love and concern the writers have for 'their' village. As a relative newcomer to the community (seven years), one does feel privileged to be a member and to live in this peaceful and idyllic setting.

There is so much latent talent in Wherwell that it is quite impossible to do justice to it in this small publication. On behalf of The Playing Field Committee I would like to thank the contributors for the excellent material provided:

Marjorie, Countess of Brecknock, for her 'gem' of an article on 'Wherwell over the Years'; Mrs. Jean Nolder who shows her deep love of nature in 'Local Birdlife'. Miss Diane White whose concern for 'Village Crafts' is obvious; Mr. Ben Pond on 'his beloved river'; Mr. Jeffery Rowles who puts his feelings into prose in his poem 'Summer' and of course to 'Sally Chetwyn' for again illustrating the book so beautifully and for her nostalgic poem 'The Simple Things'.

The article on the pronunciation of Wherwell was taken from 'The History of St. Peter and Holy Cross', compiled by Mr. Anthony Tuke shortly before he died on 12th June, 1975. Mr. Tuke was a much respected and popular figure and his death a sad loss to the village.

To the traders, who, by placing their advertisements, covered the cost of printing. We sincerely hope they benefit for giving us their kind support.

T. Y. R-H.

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