

# Wherwell

25p

Anthology X

No

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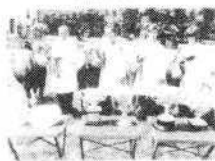
Wherwell

In Anthology



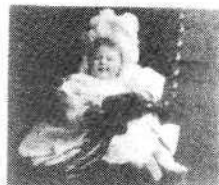
Wherwell

Anthology 1



Wherwell

Anthology 2



Wherwell



Wherwell

Anthology 3



Wherwell

Anthology 4

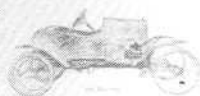


No 532

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Wherwell

Anthology 5



Wherwell Driving Field

Sports & Fete Programme

August 29th 1983

Wherwell Field

No 533

5p

Wherwell

Anthology 6



Wherwell Driving Field

Sports & Fete Programme

August 29th 1983

Wherwell Field

Wherwell

Anthology 7



Wherwell Driving Field

Sports & Fete Programme

August 29th 1983

Wherwell Field

## Wherwell Playing Field Sports & Fete Programme

AUGUST 29th 1983

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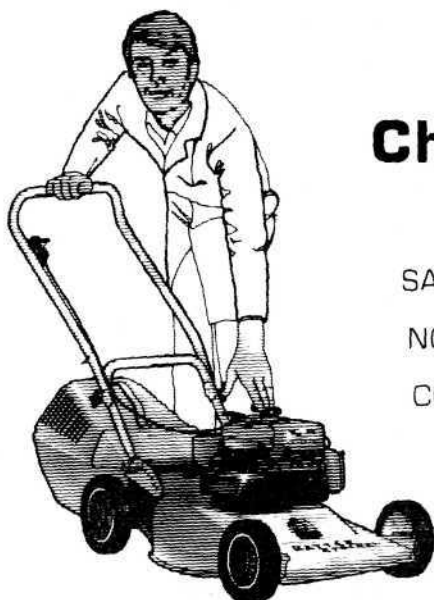
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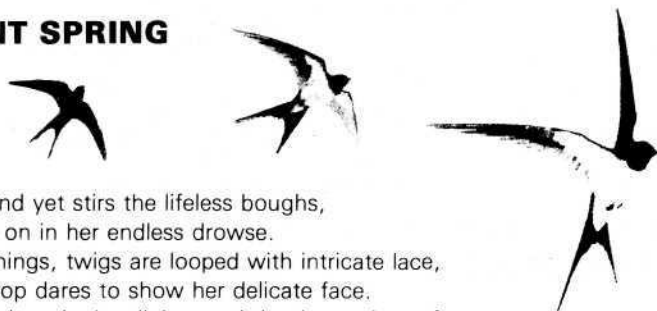
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## ANTHOLOGY X

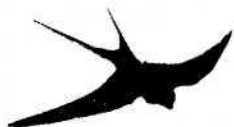
This being the tenth Anthology I decided to include a selection from the varied and interesting articles of previous years – a delightful poem from Jeffrey Rowles, "Reluctant Spring"; Lady Brecknock's recollections, "Wherwell Over The Years"; Sally Chetwyn's nostalgic and beautifully illustrated poem, "We wandered into Wherwell; Wherwell Football Club's, "Best Year to Date"; the late Jeanne Nolder's interesting article on "Local Birdlife"; Lawrie McMenemy opening the Wherwell Sports Area, and last but not least, "Pretty Wherwell", a poignant poem from the First World War by A.J. Parker.

THOMAS HUTTON

### RELUCTANT SPRING



The chill east wind yet stirs the lifeless boughs,  
Spring slumbers on in her endless drowse.  
In the early mornings, twigs are looped with intricate lace,  
Only the snowdrop dares to show her delicate face.  
Tho' even now, there is the slightest stirring beneath my feet,  
Far under the frosted surface there is the faintest beat,  
A secret message is being transmitted from below,  
Like a beacon, it sends forth its pulsing glow.  
A message that knows no bounds, travels mighty oceans and distant lands,  
Who could guess, the extent of nature's secret plans.  
Sweeping African skies so vast and blue without a care,  
The tiny feathered creature, the swallow, dwells there.  
A sudden flash goes through it's tiny, vibrant heart.  
It knows not why, but flies a restless pounding start –  
Drawn by a giant magnet to the north,  
One more circuit, perhaps two, then sets forth.  
Come tempest, rain or hail, the little bird struggles on,  
In fear that the reason for the journey will be gone.  
Oh! what happiness it gives, joy and delight,  
To hear the first chatter and have the first sight.  
The swallow has returned again, tho' a little late,  
To greet a friend, reluctant spring is at last awake.



Jeffrey Rowles.





## WHEREVER 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.

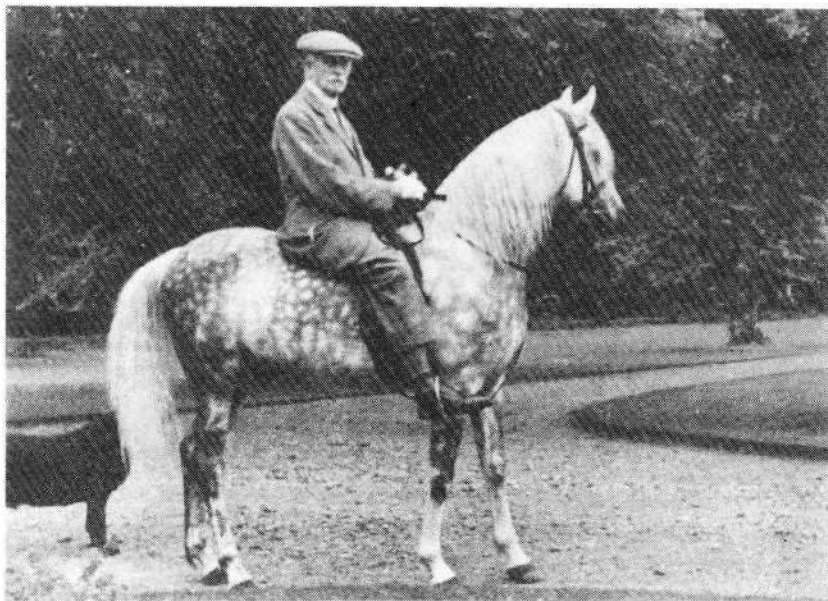
When I was a child Wherwell was a charming, peaceful, rural village, no telephones—no radios—no televisions, and *very* few motor cars, in fact if one went through the village it was an event, not a nuisance. Haycarts drawn by horses went their peaceful way from field to stack (often with me on top) 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.

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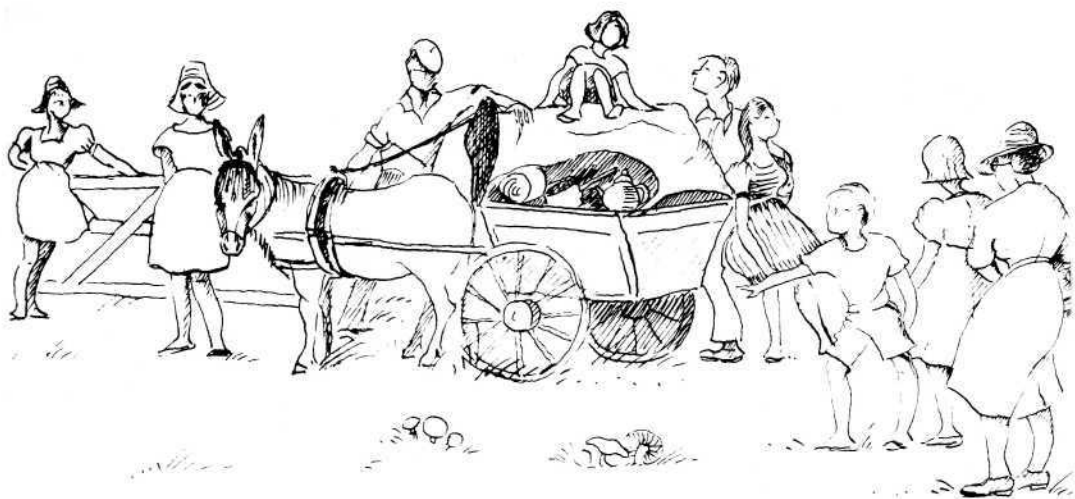
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## WE WANDERED INTO WHERWELL

It's long ago and far away  
 When we set out one summer day  
 To walk two hundred miles or so  
 O'er hills and dales and vales below.  
 We had a donkey bought a trap  
 And with a large scale ord'nance map  
 From Hampstead tramped ten miles a day  
 Camped on farms our beds of hay.  
 With blankets tents and cooking stove  
 All the way to Lulworth Cove.  
 Thorough bush and thorough briar  
 Dallying at our heart's desire.  
 Fifty years have passed since then  
 A happy band we numbered ten  
 Mother Father us children too  
 And our four friends and donkey Sue.







We came to Wherwell round the bend  
 "This," said Mum, "Is journey's end  
 Of all the places we have been  
 This is the prettiest we have seen"  
 In went Mum to the village shop  
 (Which as well as bacon served the hop)  
 She asked about the places here  
 Was not deterred when told "It's rare  
 To find a place for sale here"  
 "No hurry now, but don't forget  
 If there's a cot for sale or let"  
 And quite undaunted put her name  
 Upon a card, — and back it came!  
 Not at once but one year later  
 Which quite astonished my dear Pater!  
 So once again they came to see  
 The Shop, the Bridge, the Old Pound Tree.  
 The cottage thatched, two up, two down  
 In easy reach of London Town.  
 "We'll buy it now, It's old, 'tis rough  
 But tend with love, for there's the stuff  
 That dreams are made of"

Sally Chetwyn



Sally Chetwyn

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## **WHERWELL FOOTBALL CLUB 1978-1979**

Winners of:—

The Senior League  
 The President's Cup  
 Five-a-Side, A League  
 Five-a-Side Cup  
 Five-a-Side, B League Runner's up

Andover Sunday League 'Secretary of The Year', 'Basil' Browning, (Secretary Wherwell Football Club).

The above listed achievements of Wherwell Football Club, speak for themselves! After three successful years winning promotion each season, we won the Senior League in our first year! All supporters and committee members who saw the club through the lean years, prior to our recent triumph, must now feel proud to belong to this great club.

**PROGRAMME OF SPORTS TO BE HELD ON THE SUMMER  
BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY,**

**Field Opens 1.45 p.m.**

1.	Men, 14 and over: 100 metres	2.00
2.	Boys and Girls, 5,6,7: 60 metres	2.03
3.	Toddlers, 1,2,3,4: 25 metres	2.06
4.	<b>INTER VILLAGE SUPER STARS</b>	2.10
5.	Ladies 15 and over: 25 metres Egg and Spoon	2.15
6.	Boys and Girls, 11,12,13,14: 60 metres Sack Race	2.20
7.	Boys and Girls, 5,6,7: 60 metres Sack Race	2.25
8.	Helicopter Arrives	2.30
9.	<b>CLOWN NIMMO OF CIRCUS DE RESZKE</b>	2.35
10.	Boys and Girls, 8,9,10: 60 metres 3 legged	2.50
11.	Boys and Girls, 11,12,13,14: 200 metres	2.55
12.	<b>INTER VILLAGE SUPER STARS</b>	3.00
13.	Men, 15 and over: Sack Race, 100 metres	3.03
14.	Ladies, 15 and over: Flower pot Race, 25 metres	3.06
15.	Boys and Girls up to 15: Pick-a-back 60 metres	3.12
16.	Toddlers Boys and Girls, 1 to 4: 25 metres	3.16
17.	Boys and Girls, 5,6,7: 3 legged 60 metres	3.20
18.	<b>INTER VILLAGE SUPER STARS</b>	3.25
19.	Boys and Girls, 8,9,10: 100 metres	3.35
20.	<b>VOMMI DE RESZKE'S DOGS</b>	3.40
21.	<b>INTER VILLAGE SUPER STARS</b>	4.00
22.	Men 15 and over: 200 metres	4.08
23.	Ladies 15 and over: Sack Race, 60 metres	4.12
24.	Boys and Girls, 5,6,7: Obstacle Race, 100 metres	4.18
25.	Boys and Girls, 8,9,10: Obstacle Race, 100 metres	4.24
26.	Boys and Girls, 11,12,13,14: Obstacle Race, 100 m	4.30
27.	Boys and Girls, 8,9,10: Sack Race, 60 metres	4.36
28.	<b>INTER VILLAGE SUPER STARS</b>	4.40
29.	Men, 15 and over: Obstacle Race, 100 metres	4.56
30.	Ladies, 15 and over: Obstacle Race, 100 metres	5.02
31.	Men over 40: 100 metres	5.08

32.	Ladies over 40: 60 metres	5.14
33.	Boys and Girls up to 15: (Handicap) 100 metres	5.20
34.	Boys and Girls, 11,12,13,14: 3 legged, 100 metres	5.25
35.	<b>INTER VILLAGE SUPER STARS</b>	5.30
36.	<b>TUG OF WAR. Chilbolton-v-Wherwell</b>	5.40

# **GRAND DRAW**

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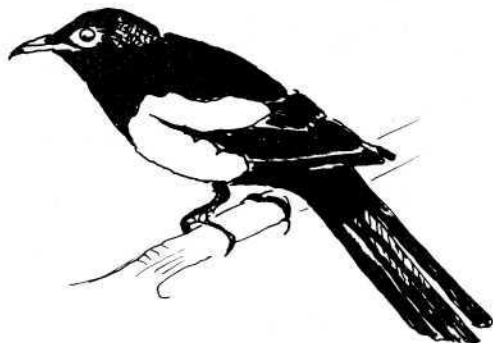
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## LOCAL BIRDLIFE



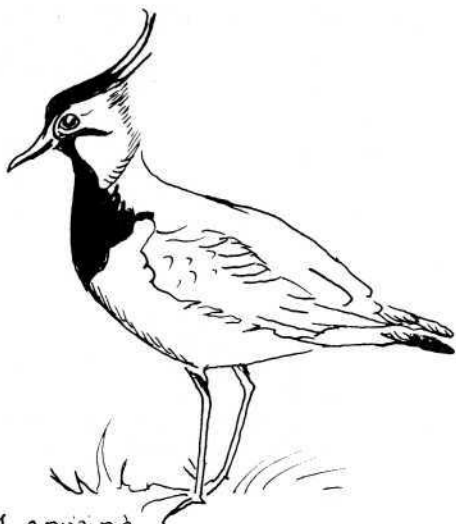
Magpie

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.

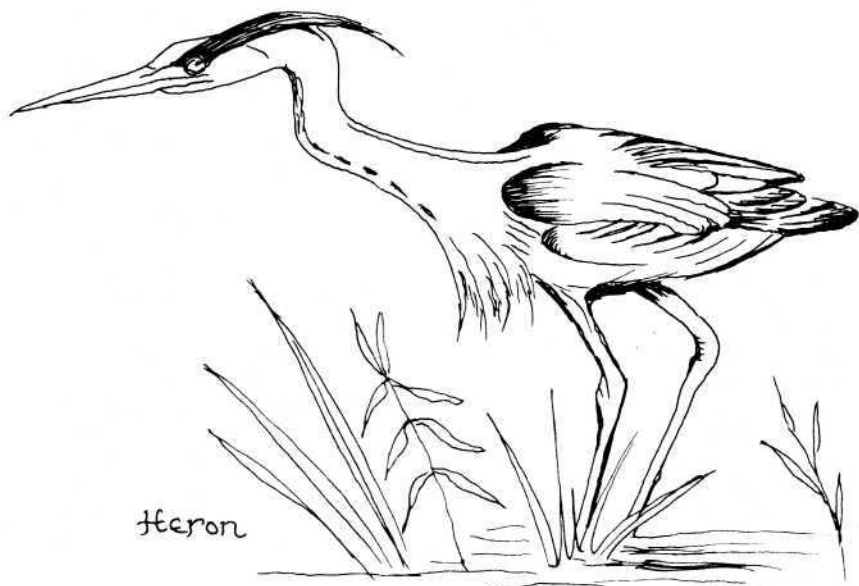
Early in Spring flocks of long-tailed tits, with undulating flight, move along the railway embankment looking for nesting sites, often accompanied by other members of the tit family. Some stay in our garden and we are always pleased to see them and coal tit among them; the rest move on towards the Forest. 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

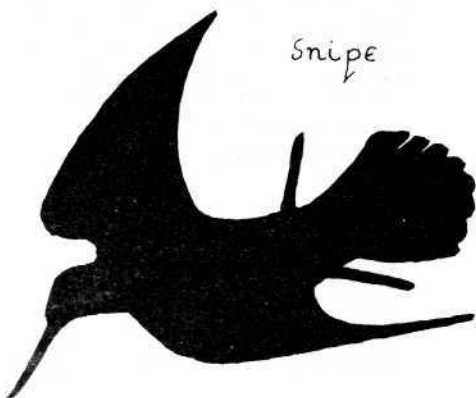


Lapwing

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.

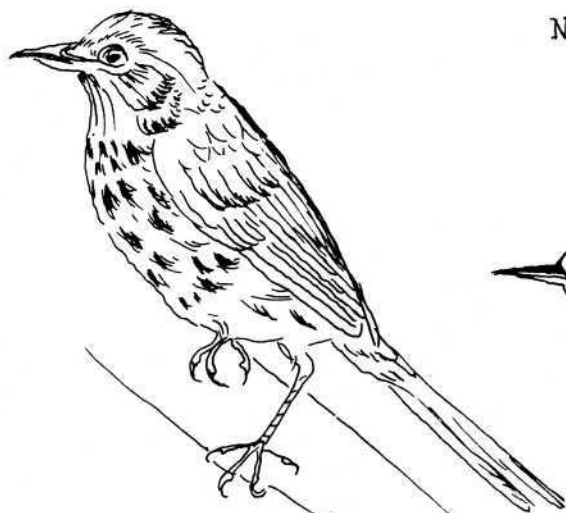
We are never without birds. Blackbirds, starlings, robins, jenny wrens and many more brighten our winters. On the coldest January day there will be a song thrush filling the air with a repetition of musical phrases which make us feel that Spring is nearly here again. We admire the beauty of the bullfinches 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.

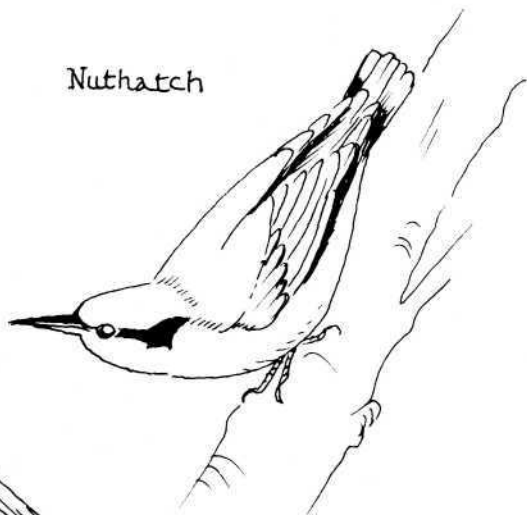
I have only mentioned about half of the birds that can be seen and heard in and around Wherwell, but I think it will give some idea of their abundance.

Mrs. J. Nolder.





Thrush



Nuthatch

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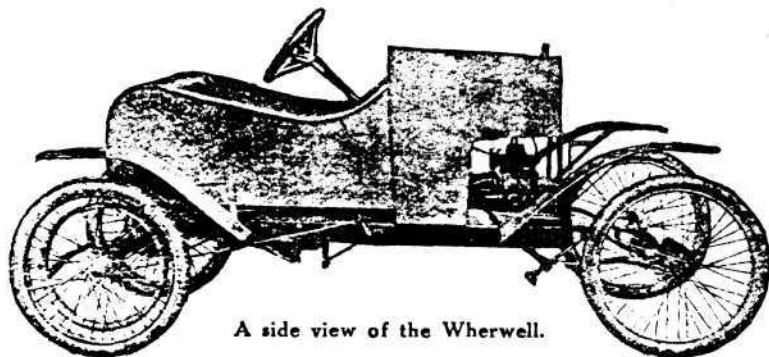
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A side view of the Wherwell.

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working in conjunction with a drip feed, fitted in such a position as to be seen by the driver. Full advantage is taken of the oncoming air, as there is no dummy radiator, whilst the sides of the bonnet are also left open. Four speeds and a reverse are provided by a simple form of friction transmission, the final drive being by chain.

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*(Courtesy Andover Advertiser)*

Mr. Lawrie McMenemy at the opening of the Brecknock Sports Area.

## **OPENING OF THE BRECKNOCK SPORTS AREA**

The evening of the 10th February, 1981 was a memorable one for the Wherwell Playing Field Committee. It marked the opening of "The Brecknock Sports Area" by Laurie McMenemy, manager of Southampton Football Club.

The hard surface, floodlit playing area was the result of years of hard work from dedicated committee members and is a facility without equal for any village of similar size. It is named after Marjorie, Countess of Brecknock, D.B.E., who, with typical generosity, gave the land, and who braved a bitterly cold night to be present at the opening.

The photograph on the cover of this anthology shows Laurie McMenemy shaking hands with Ian Ransom, mascot of Wherwell Football Club before the 'kick off' for the "Ernie Rowles five-a-side Invitation Trophy". The trophy was named after Mr. Rowles for the tremendous contribution that he made to the scheme and he had the added bonus of seeing it won by the Wherwell 1st Team.

The opening was attended by many well known personalities from the 'Football World' including Ted Bates, Laurie's predecessor at 'The Dell', Nigel Bird, assistant secretary to Ted Croker, The Football Association, Lancaster Gate, London and Jack Barter, President, Hampshire Football Association. All attended a celebration supper held in the village hall, where, after the meal, Laurie McMenemy presented the trophies.

Finance for the area, which is now in constant use for football and tennis, was raised by the Playing Field Committee. The major part of which, came from the Football Ground Improvement Trust.

Wherwell can be justifiably proud of its Sports Area.

17811

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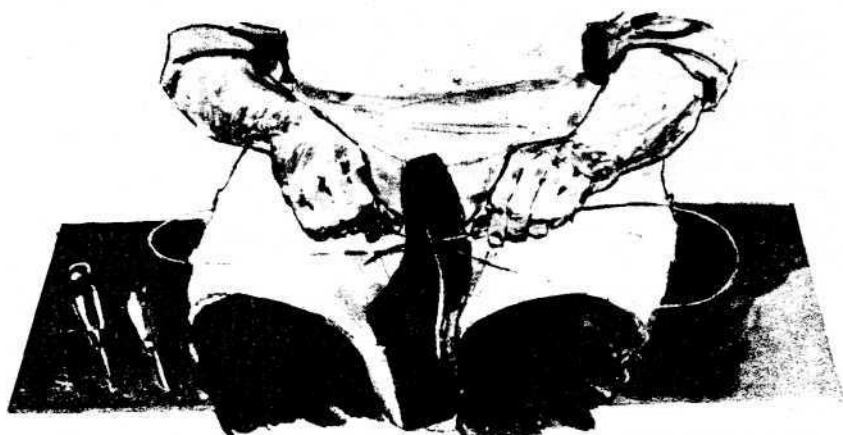


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## PRETTY WHERWELL

(A mental picture—seen somewhere in France—  
by Pte. A. J. Parker, 031635).  
(1914-1918 World War)

A. J. Parker left school at twelve years of age to work at the Priory, eventually becoming chauffeur to the Lady of the Manor.

In fancy I walk through the firs on the Mount,  
And gaze on the elms too many to count,  
The beeches that border the drive through the Park,  
And hear overhead the song of the lark.

Below there's Will Smith raking weeds from the rack,  
While hoping he'll not find a trout on its back;  
Just watch with what care his footway he feels  
Over the weir, dropping pots for the eels.

And elsewhere, over the top of the hill,  
How lovely is nestling the old water mill;  
And I ask our friend Carter, whose feeding the trout,  
If that big one I knew is still swimming about.

In the tail of my eye I can just see the spire  
Of the ivied old church where I helped in the choir;  
And I thought of the people below in the nave,  
And wondered how many more sleep in the grave.

A magnificent sight on a sweet summer's day  
Is the Test, which is winding its silvery way;  
I think of the wild duck which nest in the sedge,  
And see Freddy Young at the gap in the hedge.

And gently, the hill two motors descend,  
And slacken their pace at the hairpin bend;  
At the foot of the hill comes a man on a bike,  
And all get a welcome from genial Fred Pyke.

I see woods in the distance with oak and with larch,  
And Spratt's team of horses come under "first arch",  
And woodman Will Monk works with saw in his hand,  
And Sandom's just left with a cart full of sand.

The tower of the Priory above the trees shows,  
And there's Freeland's below with its masses of rose,  
The island in front where coots make their nest,  
The "Seven Stars" in the distance, where labourers rest.

Was ever a place so peacefully blest —  
From turmoil so free, so brimful of rest?  
Serene and delightful; no poet could tell  
Half the charms of my home, native Wherwell.

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