

SOME PHOTOGRAPHS AND MEMORIES OF LIFE ON HARESTOCK FARM FROM TIM MADDRELL



All the information on the following pages came to be collected over a number of years. It became a start/stop kind of a project and it began in 2006 when contact by Tim Maddrell was first made.

As you read through the following pages I hope you will enjoy the unfolding story. Barbara Elsmore



Ballamaddrell and South Barrule Isle of Man

Revisited in 2020 by Simon Maddrell, Tim's elder brother, now 82 and living in the Isle of Man at the family home, Ballamaddrell, which translates as Maddrell's Farm, and where our family has lived since 1511, though we were away from 1896 until 1978, including 1945-1961 in Harestock. The farm is just above Ballabeg, translation Little Settlement or, in a delicious parallel, Littleton - though no Sparsholt or Crawley nearby. I used to play table tennis for L.S.C. 'A' team, Littleton, Sparsholt and Crawley..
Harestock Farm was farmed by my father Hugh, who, before becoming a farmer, played rugby for Cornwall as a wing forward in the 1920s and raced MGs at Brooklands

I am now not sure of the date in 2006 when all this began and at the time, as with many things, I also had no idea where it was going.

I lived in Littleton, just north of Winchester, and my husband David was the Parish Clerk. I was learning the ropes in the use of Publisher and with the help of Brian Middleton and Lloyd Brunt, both well versed in the use of computers, I had begun to produce the *Parish Paper* for the Benefice of Littleton, Crawley and Sparsholt and the *Parish Newsletter* for Littleton and Harestock Parish Council.



The Parish of Littleton and Harestock consists of the village itself, clustered around the church of St Catherine, with the rather haphazard later developments taking place along and behind Main Road. The village of Littleton is separated from the Harestock Estate, built on the site of the former Harestock Farm, by several fields.

Tim Maddrell emailed some photos to the Parish Council that were picked up by David and as they had both been to Peter Symond's School together and knew each other of old, this resulted in a lively exchange of emails that included more photos. I later stepped in as, with my burgeoning knowledge on how to put words and photos together in a Publisher document, I set out to do just that with Tim's photos and memories. Soon his brother Simon joined in.

I went on to discover that the Littleton Local History Group (LLHG) had extensively researched the farm and collected lots of information, some of which was deposited at the Hampshire Record Office (HRO) and some retained by members. I also came across more photos deposited at the HRO by Tim's brother Jeremy.

Juliet Gayton shared some of her valuable and relevant research with me.

Having completed everything in 2011 this story lay forgotten on my computer until now in February 2020 it has rather come to life once again.

Barbara Elsmore

PLEASE NOTE: Any additional comments received in 2020 have been added in blue.

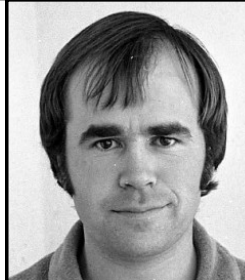
Tim Maddrell who used to live at Harestock Farm in Harestock Road, where the Harestock estate is now, has been in touch with my husband David as they were at school together at Peter Symond's. Tim has been sorting through some old photographs and has kindly sent on the two here. On the right is a picture taken inside Eve's Stores (which used to be on the corner of Deane Down Drive where the old Post Office is now). As far as Tim can make out the notice on the counter reads "WVS—CD The 2nd meeting on what to do about the bomb damage will be held at Littleton Manor by kind permission of Mrs Robertson on Wed next, May 29th at 2.30 pm" (possibly 1946—though Austen Hooker thinks the shelves are too well stocked. 1957 is the next date that matches) Tim said that Helen, who was a landgirl working at Harestock Farm, wrote the notice.



Since noting the above I have now talked to Austen Hooker who has said that Mrs Maddrell was an excellent photographer and when they used to have village exhibits of hobbies some of Mrs Maddrell's photographs were displayed. Austen was very taken with them and when he admired them Mrs Maddrell gave him a couple, one of which was a photo of two hay ricks entitled 'Peter's Ricks' and which was framed and has hung to this day in Austen and Connie's house. I emailed this information to Tim and he said they have exactly the same photo hanging in their late mother's flat in Sidmouth, which is still in the family. Austen also remembered a similar photo to the above and I have now found this as part of the photographs from the 50's exhibition for the Queens Jubilee celebrations.



Above: Inside Eve's Stores Mrs Eve Edwards with her daughter Helen on the left. Helen worked as a land girl at Harestock Farm and, before emigrating to New Zealand, spent a year working at Hookers Nursery. Tim's brother Simon remembers all the "sub-teen local urchins", as he called them, finding Helen a very attractive young lady! A copy of this photograph is in the Hampshire Records Office, placed there by Littleton History Group



Left- Tim Maddrell This picture of Tim was taken in 1970 by Mrs Maddrell while visiting Tim in Zambia. His daughter Becky's step father-in-law is local resident George Fothergill.

This is Harestock Farm on Harestock Road. The entrance to the "new" Harestock Estate, now Priors Dean Road, was behind the garden wall.

The tree on the right is still there to this day and is in Jane and Brian Bellamy's garden (second house in Harestock Road from Priors Dean Road). I often wonder when the magnificent show of fine mauve crocus appear in Spring along Harestock Road if they were there when the farm existed.

Below: The tree today

Photo no 1



Right: This photo shows Steve Norris (who lived at Flowerdown House in Harestock Road), a friend of Tim's, taken in 1958-9 outside the tractor shed shown in the background of the above photo. Amazingly the car is still going strong restored to more original condition.

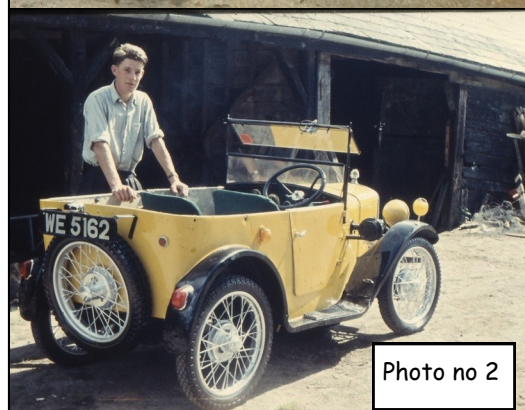


Photo no 2

2020 SM: The room behind where the bike is parked in photo was the 'billiards room' which housed a billiards table I bought in 1950 for £32/10/-, £1,100 in today's money. Earned from working on Dad's farm, earning 5d per hour in the earliest days, but 1/- or even 1/3 per hour later. Took two years to save up for it. I remember working 72 hours in one week at harvest time. Many of the boys in the later photos played each other in a league championship, which I organized. The tree behind the house was a weeping ash, difficult to climb.

Mrs Norris, Steve's mother, bought Flowerdown House, at a guess, in 1950 - our received wisdom was that she paid £1,500 for it.

Right: This photo of rick making at Harestock Farm was taken by Mrs Maddrell possibly in 1950. Mr Maddrell and Helen Edwards are working on top of the rick and Tim's sister Caroline known as Mouse is running towards the camera. You can see the houses in Andover Road North. The ricks in the photograph mentioned on the previous page "Peter's Ricks" were at Hall's Farm where Peter Flint farmed, October 2006

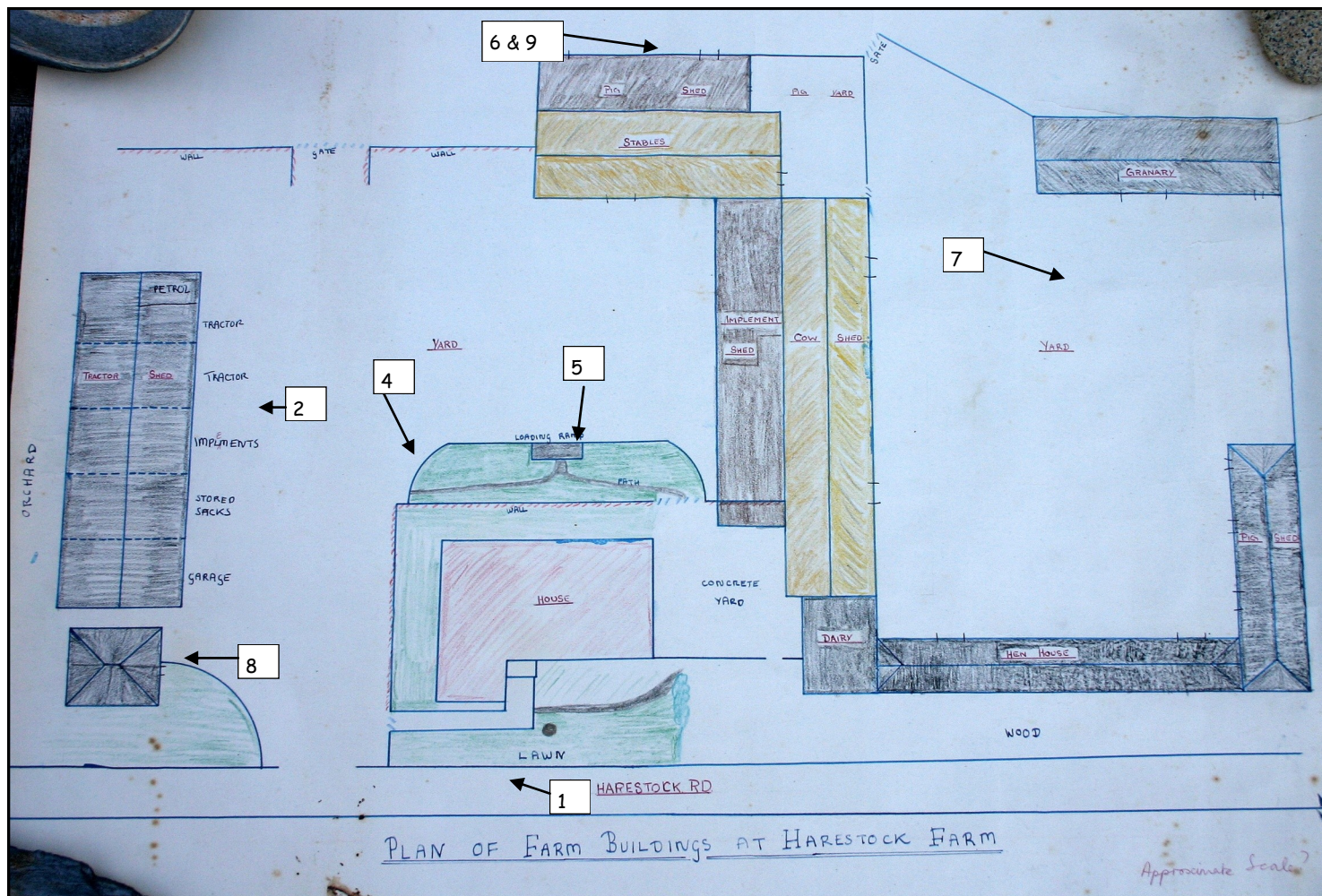


Photo no 3

Now in February 2011 I have finally met Tim as all previous contact had been via emails and he has sent me some wonderful old photographs of Harestock Farm which I will now reproduce here starting with two plans prepared by Tim's sister for a school project—how lucky we are to have a copy of these as this information is likely to have been lost forever.



This fascinating plan shows that Harestock Farm consisted of 116 acres not including the re-claimed land on the other side of the Harestock Road. Note from Tim on reclaimed land: Dad cleared it - great fun burning all the scrub in dozens of bonfires - he invented a gadget that fixed to the back of the tractor which you'd reverse up to a bush, digging in the gadget and simultaneously raising the tow bar yanking the bush out of the ground - worked a treat! 28 acres to the North of Down Farm Lane was also farmed - Note from Tim: aka 'Sewage Farm' field - we used to get in and ride on the sewage farm sprayers as they circulated. A 'drop tank' from one of the Fleet Air planes from Worthy Down fell in a field next to this one - produced a patch upon which not much would grow for years!. Hall's Farm was on the southern corner of the land and the major part of this farm was on the other side of the Andover Road. This is where the photograph mentioned on page 1, entitled 'Peter's Ricks' was taken. Interestingly at the top of the map and running off to the left of the Andover Road is a lane which says to Flowerdown Camp. This lane went through to Chestnut Avenue in Littleton and is the route the school bus used to take when picking up children in the Andover Road and Harestock area then to Littleton and on to Crawley School. Another note from Tim this time on 25 acre field bottom left: Once Dad planted clover here, for the seed, horrible to combine but very, very profitable that one year, bought a second-hand Aston Martin with the proceeds having been restricted to little Ford vans for an awfully long time. The Aston is still going strong but I'd bet none of the Ford vans are! [See P 37 for comment by SM in 2020](#). On the 16 acre field an early building by Conder Engineering was put up by the founders of Conder Messrs Cole & Pinder. Near the farmhouse was an orchard and a pond and an area where raspberries were grown and sold to Crofts in Jewry Street. Dad also farmed a small, 4 acre(?) field in Down Farm Lane (opposite 28 acre field) known as 'Russia' 'cos it was so inhospitable and hard to grow anything much on it. One year we had a good crop of sunflowers from it and I remember having good battles with the other boys pulling out the stalks which make great throwing weapons!



Another very helpful plan this time of the farm buildings themselves. The entrance to the Harestock Estate in Harestock Road at Priors Dean Road is in a very similar position to the entrance to the farmyard (bottom left) The numbered arrows show the angles at which some of the photographs were taken.



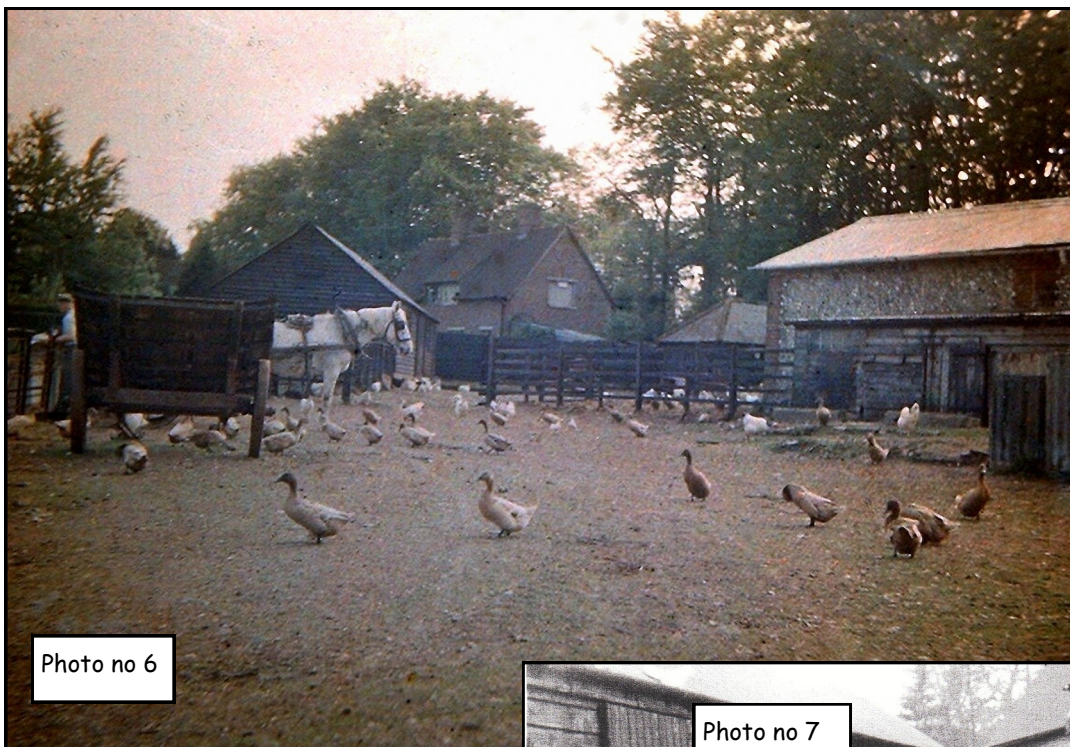
Here is Harestock Farmhouse the angle of the photograph is shown as 4. on the plan above This is the back of the house the front of the house is shown on page 3.



From Left: Simon, Tim, Jem, Mrs Barbara Maddrell, Caroline (Mouse), Mr Hugh Maddrell with Gregory (Greggy) the dog.

This photo would have been taken in summer of 1948

It is unusual to see Mrs Maddrell in front of the camera as most of the photographs would have been taken by her.



Left: Tim sent this photo of the chickens and ducks in the yard.

Below: I was able to send Tim a copy of this photo as it was with all the photos included in the recent History Group publication 'Littleton 1900—2000'

Photo no 6

Below Mr Maddrell with Jem on his shoulders

Below Right: This is Austen's photograph taken by Mrs Maddrell entitled 'Peter's Ricks' situated on the Hall's farm land in Andover Road. According to Austen they were actually sited on what is now the southbound carriageway of the dual carriageway at its most southerly point as the boundary fence actually ran up the centre of what is now the dual carriageway.



Photo no 7





Photo no 8



Photo no 9



Photo no 10



Photo no 11



Above: Simon and Tim

Tim says he had a wonderful childhood growing up on the farm and these lovely photos give us all a little flavour of why this should have been so.

Top left: Jem reads the Eagle as Mouse looks on. Jem rides Tony—Tim thinks the horse came with the farm. Playing cricket on six acre field. (I will check to see if I can find if these beech trees are still there—Note: I cannot find them but there are odd mature beech trees scattered about the estate which must pre-date the houses). Above: Drilling supper 1952 round the table from the left John Cresswell (Littleton), David Small, Michael McGowan (Salters Lane), ? Helen, John Cound, Mr Maddrell, Mouse, Simon, Richard Cound, ???, Tim, Brian Edwards and Jem



Left and Below:
A tractor reversing
contest with the judge
(Mr Maddrell)
surrounded by interested
onlookers



Many of the same faces can be seen above as in
Photo 11—clearly the farm was a huge draw to
many young people in the area



2020 SM: The photo above has at the
front from the left, Brian Edwards,
Graham Westcott, John Cound, Mouse,
Richard Cound in his Peter Symond's
school cap, Michael Newman and Michael
McGowan.

2020 SM: The photo above left has, from
the left, brother Tim, Michael Newman
(later a vet), John Cound (later an
architect), Simon (later FRS and Professor
at Cambridge), Dad and sister Mouse, now
Dr Caroline Hall and ex-student counsellor
at York University.

Left: Taken on top of St Giles Hill no
later than 1950 and included here as it
is such a very fine example of Mrs
Maddrell's photography.

From Left: Mouse, Jem, Simon and Tim

All good things come to an end and in 1959 Mr and Mrs Maddrell sold the farm although they grew and harvested crops up until 1961 when they retired to Devon and the farm was eventually built on by Property Estates Development. The first houses were built along the Harestock Road and into Priors Dean Road. The estate provided many people with their first home and I know of a number of couples who moved up within the estate itself, starting with a terraced house and moving up to a detached house and there were also those, quite a number in fact, who moved out to Littleton. When the estate was built it was outside the city boundary and came under the Winchester Rural District Council and for rating purposes this was a definite advantage as it was cheaper to pay rates in the RDC!

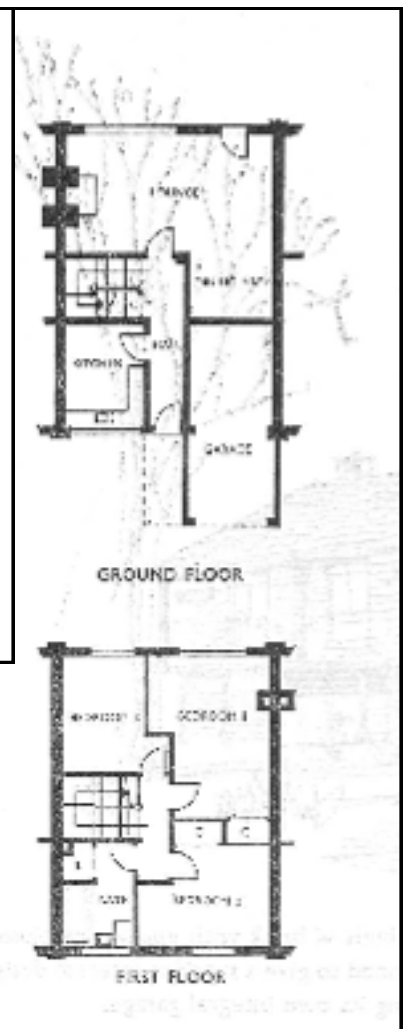
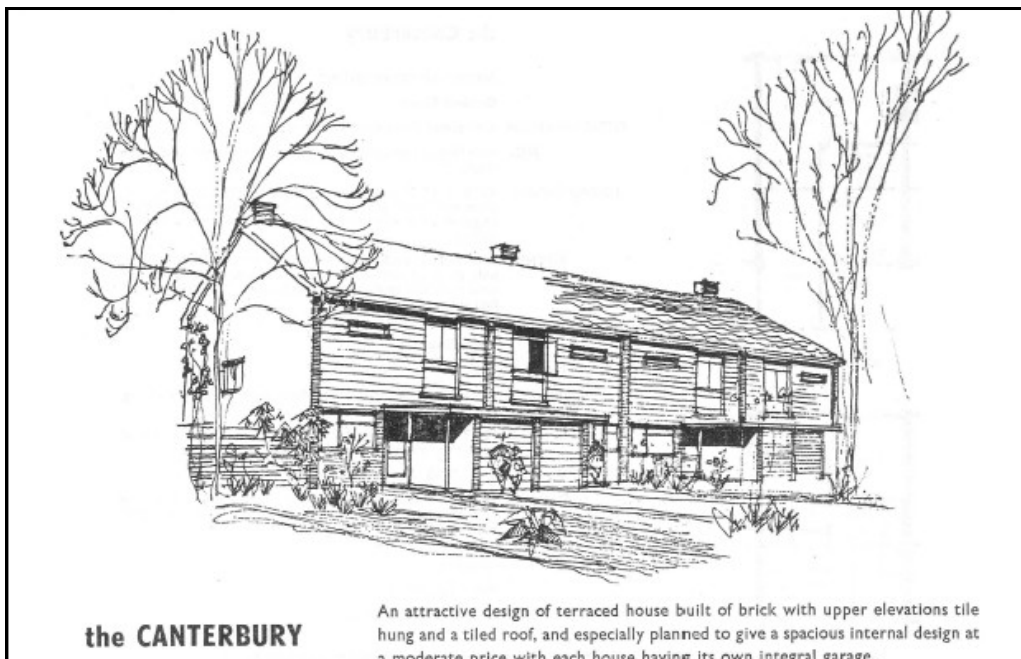
2020 SM: The farm sold for £75,000 (£1.5 million in today's money). I remember paying in at the bank near the top of Winchester High Street, three cheques, for something like £2/10/-, 7/6 and £75,000 and the young girl bank clerk didn't blink an eyelid!



Here are some photos showing the 'For Sale' boards and the houses in Priors Dean Road. The cheapest house here is £3,600. Several phases of the houses must have been completed by this time as the area in the lower photo is looking well established. The trees would have been left from the days of the farm and several are still there now but I think some thinning out has taken place. Above looking towards Harestock Road junction from Priors Dean Road.



Above: The Crocuses growing along Harestock Road and still thriving today are very likely to be the descendents of the ones planted many, many years ago at Harestock Farm



I sent the 'story' so far to Brian Middleton and he sent me the following comments:

'Having moved in 1964 from London to Winchester, we rented a room on the Stockbridge Road prior to buying a new terraced house in the Phase 3 development at Harestock. We were over the moon with the spaciousness and convenience of our new home. At that time few owned cars and in Rockbourne Road there were only two and each of those was garaged at night. Our home was built, as you say, by Property Estates Development and marketed as "The Canterbury" and sold to us for £3300; we have attached the original leaflet that we were given. The estate agent was Alfred Pearson then in the upper High Street with a beautiful Holm Oak tree outside. We still keep all the original contracts and receipts as memories of that happy time.'

The one that got away.....

I have my own memories of Harestock and the first is of moving into Bereweek Avenue when I was ten and of the road just running up the hill and stopping. It is now joined to Priors Dean Road but then we would just look through the row of trees and bushes and across the fields. When we married in 1966 we were lucky enough to rent a cottage in Littleton which I now know, thanks to the LLHG, was likely to be known in the past as 'The Shanty' and was once the village pub. It was situated in Main Road and was part of Sydney House, now Hillside House. My brother used to refer to it as 'three windows in a wall'. I regret not having a photo of it anywhere as it was demolished over 30 years ago. It had an outside loo but an inside bath and sink luckily. I think we paid £5 a week rent and in the winter we spent a lot on various forms of fuel to try to keep it warm. I think it was an uphill struggle as shoes would get a covering of green mould on them if left too long in the wardrobe. I think we must have walked around with a permanent smell of 'must' hanging about us. Probably nobody noticed as others were in the same boat. We were there when our friends Pam and Ron Mariner moved into their super end of terrace house in Priors Dean Road and I thought it was just wonderful. One lunchtime David went into Alfred Pearson and put our names down on a small two bedroom bungalow which had a reserve price of £3,200. We went back to check up on it and the agent told us our pin on the plan of the houses had dropped out and they had sold it to someone else. They probably suspected that we would not come up with the finance. We decided 'blow it' and took ourselves off to Canada where we were amazed to find ourselves living in an apartment on the 16th floor of a 24 storey building with a swimming pool on the top floor and a laundry and gym in the basement. Quite a contrast. After two years we came back again and managed to put a deposit on a small end of terrace, not unlike Ron and Pam's, in Romsey and this time our pin did not drop out! While we were away David's sister Pam and her husband Les had bought a detached bungalow in Ashley Close. Their two children were educated at the Harestock schools and Pam and Les live there to this day. The bungalow has been extended and kept very much up to date and is a lovely home. We were to move from Romsey to Winchester and we bought a split level four bedroom semi-detached house built on Property Estates next development in the Greenhill Road area of Winchester. The adjoining semi has now, disastrously as far as we are concerned, been turned into a six bedroom student let by dividing the sitting room into two and putting a bedroom in the integral garage. I am glad we were able to swap for our present home in Littleton 30 years ago. Otherwise our lives could be somewhat less peaceful than they are now!

March 2011

When I contacted Tim in early February I asked him if he knew of a photograph of a boy on a homemade raft as Austen Hooker wanted to use it in his memoirs. Tim knew of it but did not have a copy. I decided to ask Dick Sydenham of the LLHG to see if he knew of it and he has found it in a file which he has kindly lent me and which I have discovered is a treasure trove of information on Harestock Farm.

Littleton Local History Group File Ref: Harestock Farm 841.5.1

It would appear that late in 1984 Philip Lloyd started to research the history of Harestock Farm and began by talking to his neighbour and County Planning Officer Roger Brown who knew of the architects that had produced the plans for the current Harestock Estate. Philip then wrote to Chapman and Hanson, Chartered Architects and at the same time to a Richard Andrews, the son of a previous owner of the farm. A plan of the new estate was obtained from the architects and some old photos together with some notes were received from Richard Andrews. In February 1988 Philip wrote to several people asking if they could give any information and a reply came back from Stephen Norris whose photo appears on page 5 and he said *'my first job in farming was for Mr Hugh Maddrell of Harestock Farm, which is now, of course, the Harestock estate, I have ploughed and worked the ground under most of the houses!'* (he has replied on headed paper for Wessex Landscape Services and his address is Flowerdown, Old Alresford and following a quick check I find the company is listed there still). Another reply is received from Ian Kingdon who, as well as providing a graphic verbal description of his days of cross-country runs in the area while at Peter Symonds, very helpfully let Philip know the name and address of Simon, by this time Professor, Maddrell and so the first contact was made with a member of the Maddrell family. There is correspondence between Philip and Simon and Mrs Maddrell sent a batch of 16 photographs via Simon or Jeremy that are now held in the Hampshire Records Office. Luckily, for me, there are copies of them on file and fourteen of them I have not seen before. Jeremy also sent a fascinating extract from Mrs Maddrell's diary for June/July 1944. In 1991 Philip wrote to Mrs Helen Dawson (née Eve in the photograph on page 2.) in New Zealand but he did not receive an immediate reply although there is some mention of a telegraphed reply, which I have been unable to locate, received at a later date.

Following on from all the correspondence received Philip continued researching locally into the history of the field system, any other previous owners or tenants and any sale documents that could be found. He located some of the original sales particulars of the newly built houses produced by Alfred Pearson from a fellow member of the LLHG. All the work of the LLHG resulted in an exhibition being staged at the 1995 Littleton and Harestock Show.

There is a final note in the file from Philip to Dick Sydenham made in 1997 saying that research needs to be continued on Harestock Farm *'if you can find anyone to do it likewise Lower Farm in Littleton'* he also states *'Joan Hickman did a great deal but had to give it up'*. I know that the LLHG did publish a booklet on Lower Farm but not until 2005 but it would appear nothing more was done on Harestock Farm until now. I understand Mrs Hickman has now moved from Littleton and I would like to find her if possible and at the same time I will go through this file in more detail and will try to record as much of it as I can on the following pages. When I am a little further on with this I hope to present my findings to Philip Lloyd. [BE 2020—I had no luck in tracing Mrs Hickman](#)



Searching for the photograph on the left is what began, for me, the exciting voyage of discovery that I am currently undertaking. It is of Simon Maddrell and it was taken, I now understand, on the pond at Harestock Farm (possibly around 1945). It was thought to have been taken at what is now the entrance to the Sir John Moore Barracks in the Andover Road. Some lively correspondence occurred in the Hampshire Chronicle, in which Austen Hooker partook under the pseudonym 'a local yokel', when this area was flooded in 2000 and a photograph was taken of one of the army personnel in a kayak at the closed off entrance. As this area (shown as Dibdill on the 1735 map) was known to have been flooded in the 1930s it had been assumed that the photo on the left was taken there at that time and was used as a comparison to the one taken in 2000. We now know this was not the case.

Extract from Ian Kingdon's letter dated 14 March 1988 - which is both amusing and relevant:

I was born in the parish of Hyde in 1933 and my recollections of the Harestock and Weeke area are not those of a native but as a child I used to cycle a lot. The war was a heavily disguised blessing to a child because, of course, there was almost no traffic until the convoys of D Day and so my friends and I would make small expeditions in safety. Memory plays tricks but my recollections of Harestock Lane was that of a gravelled lane with indifferent surface. Salters Lane was little more than a gravelled track and the extension up to Pinsent Camp a grassy lane with rutted wheel tracks. There was a farm in Harestock with access from Harestock Lane and the farmers were the Andrews family and then the Maddrells.

The last house on the left as you left Winchester via Stockbridge Road still stands next to what is now Lewtas Motors. I first visited it in about 1940 and it was occupied by Mr and Mrs Morris. Mr Morris was manager of the slaughterhouse in St Georges Street to which cattle and sheep were driven on the hoof. His son Peter was at St Christopher's Prep School with me. The house backed onto open fields, which I assumed, formed part of Harestock Farm.

I used to run from Peter Symonds School along Stoney Lane and then via Hampton Lane to the golf course. The part of Stoney Lane with the shopping parade was an orchard with a gravel or cinder path through it along the line now followed by the road to its junction with Stockbridge Road. There were lots of hollows and deep puddles and you had to have your running shoes well laced up or it was misery. We must have skipped along there like ballerinas, trying to keep the cinders and gravel out of our running shoes!

I remember that Harestock Farm had landgirls working there during the war. There was a pond and the Andrews had ducks or geese. In about 1944 a (Lancaster?) bomber made a sharp turn over Weeke and a wing fell off. It crashed with loss of life somewhere on Harestock Farm as I recall.

My father told me that the German war propaganda machine claimed to have sunk HMS Flowerdown, the naval radio station. This revelation made me as an eight year old realise that the Germans must be inferior to us because normal grown-ups were unfailingly truthful and dependable people.

Littleton could as well have been Australia, Terra Incognita....it lay beyond the ridge and for some reason our cycle rides left no impression of Littleton although we explored most places.

Ian Kingdon

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Partnership lately subsisting between us the undersigned, Thomas Maton Kingdon, Herbert Maton Kingdon, and Frank Smith, carrying on business as Ironmongers, Whitesmiths, Gasfitters, and Bellhangers, at Basingstoke, in the county of Southampton, and at Winchester, under the style of T. M. Kingdon and Company, has this day been dissolved, by mutual consent, so far as regards the said Frank Smith, who retires from the firm. All debts due to or owing by the said firm will be received and paid by the said Thomas Maton Kingdon and Herbert Maton Kingdon, who will continue the said business under the present style or firm of T. M. Kingdon and Company.—As witness our hands this 28th day of September, 1892.
**T. M. KINGDON.
H. M. KINGDON.
FRANK SMITH.**

T. M. KINGDON & CO.,
Wholesale & Retail Ironmongers,
Agricultural Implement Agents,
BASINGSTOKE & WINCHESTER.
HOT AND COLD WATER AND GAS ENGINEERS.
ELECTRICIANS.
Churches, Mansions and Public Buildings Heated and Lighted.
KITCHENER & STOVE FITTERS, IRON FENCING & HURDLE MANUFACTURERS.
Art Metal Workers. Petroleum and Oil Importers.
Agents for the "DENNIS" Motor Cars.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
TELEPHONE No. 4 Basingstoke.
" " 0497 Winchester.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS POST FREE.

Ian's very well known shop in Winchester High Street—T M Kingdon - had early origins as the notice above in 1892 indicates.

The advertisement comes from the Dorset Year Book of 1907 which was retained in the Post Office in Nether Compton, for many years, when my grandfather was the Sub-Postmaster although my grandmother, as was common under these circumstances, actually ran the PO.

David's family lived next door to the Kingdon family for around ten years in the 1940s-50s.

Mum's Diary

In October 1996 Jeremy Maddrell sent Philip Lloyd an extract from his mother's diary. She had died on 18 August aged 92. Brian Middleton has very kindly transcribed Mrs Maddrell's diary here. Brian went on to add some comments and ask some questions at the time and then Tim added his replies and comments (in red). In 2020 Brian revisited and added more information (in blue).

Mum's diary, June and July 1944

Harestock Farm, Winchester.

(Mr and Mrs Maddrell with their four sons arrived at Harestock Farm in January 1944)

June 6th, Tuesday

The Second Front started at last. It was quite obvious that it had, long before the official News. We woke to streams of gliders going over south, and bombers mostly going south-east. Most of the day they seemed to go over every five minutes or so, in squadrons? of 36. They looked lovely at dusk with the lights on, like jewels in the sky. Very cold N.W. wind, glass dropping, a pity they missed that month of calm sunny weather, but no doubt for some good reason. Violet burbling all the morning about her approaching wedding. I couldn't raise much interest. Hugh's mother sent him £100 "towards first year's expenses". Jeremy did his best to take part in the great day and cut his second front tooth during the afternoon while gnawing the bone out of the joint. Convoys going along our road, obviously going to the Front. The boys went out and wave "good luck", and so did we for a bit. Some Americans threw them out a dartboard. Too cold for Jeremy, so he did his waving through the dining-room window, and was seen and waved back to. Soon, when I said "Wave to the Americans", up went his little hand in a sort of Fascist salute. A lot more gliders over in the evening, going S.E. Plenty of news bulletins all day, and speeches by Eisenhower, King Haaken, Belgium P.M., etc. In morning, and de Gaulle was to address the French later on in the day.

June 9th, Friday

To Winchester to get the rations and change library books. Not much taste for fiction at the moment, reading farm journals such as Locksley's "Inland Farm", and war books such as Hodsen's "Home Front". The weather stays bad, landings must be difficult, and air cover also.

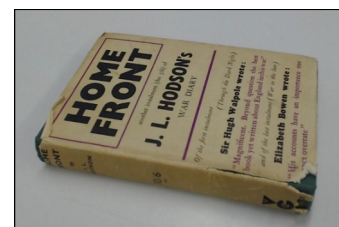
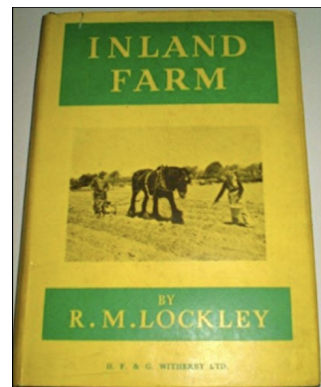
Mum used to get her groceries from Crofts which was just along Jewry Street from the Library in the direction of the High Street

2020 BM: F.G. Croft & Sons, grocers, whose main shop was in Jewry Street (now a Prezzo restaurant) had a branch on the corner of Clausentum Road and St. Faith's Road.
<http://www.cwtarchive.co.uk/archive/TN10/dec07.shtml>

2020 BM: *Inland Farm* is an account of the simple life in Pembrokeshire, working the land during the early days of WW2. The author was a noted naturalist and had lived for several years on Skokholm.

Inland Farm Hardcover- 1943
by R. M. Lockley (Author)

Home Front
James Lansdale Hodson



June 16th, Friday

To Winchester again, my weekly trip. The Germans have started using Pilotless Planes that explode. Wireless programmes may be stopped suddenly. Mostly on London so far. The Germans are exultant, they say the whole of Southern England is covered with a black pall of smoke people fleeing, etc. Well, it isn't and they aren't.

June 17th, Saturday

Eisenhower, Churchill and the King, in that order, have all been over to Normandy. Questions in Parliament as to whether Churchill should thus risk his life. The Pilotless Planes are now reported to be jet-propelled, very fast, 350-400 m.p.h., make a noise first like a buzzing bee, then a 2-stroke motor-bike, then an express train, then the engine stops and down comes 2,000 lb. of explosive! "The nation will go about its business as usual," says Morrison. German news says they are only hitting London now, but we hear that Southampton is having some. The Ransoms to tea, very nice people, Quakers. He is the Technical Officer of the W.A.E.C. (War Agricultural Executive Committee), they have two children, Janet (13) and Jim (11). Wilted Violet was married to-day we gave her that awful bed with the brass knobs!

BM: Ransoms - presumably friends

June 19th, Monday

The boys' shouts of "Goo-Luck" to the troops are not quite so disinterested as they were, as the Americans sometimes throw out dextrose sweets, chewing gum or biscuits. I'm sure they oughtn't to throw away their emergency rations. Hugh has been haymaking today with Jim, Eddy, Cleal, and two volunteers from the harvest camp, a boy of 16 called Tim Gardiner, filling up time till he joins the Navy, and a Dazzling Blonde called Pauline Monckton. Gave them tea, also hot sausage rolls, at lunchtime, and had them in for tea at 5.p.m. We think Pauline might do as landgirl in place of Cleal.

BM: Jim, Eddy, Cleal (probably a surname), Tim Gardiner, Pauline Monckton (the "dazzling blonde") - farm workers
I only remember Jim Roberts the tractor driver who lived in one of the two farm cottages

We used to stand in the road and watch the convoys of US army trucks, I was given my first orange (I think it was my first) which I remember it being enormous, after I pointed at it in the lap of a black soldier (probably the first black person I'd seen too) and asked him what it was. The soldiers were very friendly and gave us all sorts of stuff - chewing gum and a dartboard'

June 20th, Tuesday

Very windy, almost impossible to make hay. Must be awful for landings in Normandy. Bill hasn't gone yet.

BM: Bill - her brother

real name Hilary Chamberlin and 'mentioned in dispatches in the war

2020 BM: Hilary Charles CHAMBERLIN (284660).

<https://www.thegazette.co.uk/London/issue/36107/supplement/3378/data.pdf>

ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS. i2th June 1943:— Alec WICKHAM (281546) with precedence next ' below 2nd Lt. L. C. WHEELER (281545). 26th June 1943:— Vernon Harold HOWARD (284654). George Eric READLE (284655). Bernard Albert Van EICK (284656). Denis Ralph WILMOT (284657). William Charles' BASKERVILLE (284658). Hugh Halcomb BOYCOTT (284659). Hilary Charles CHAMBERLIN (284660).

Is this a promotion to Lieutenant?

June 22nd, Thursday

Hay finished today. Claims officer agreed to £5 for the damage done to Camp field hedge and gate by an army lorry that crashed there. Mr. Donovan, our barrister friend (later M.P. for Winchester and author of Donovan Report on Trades Unions), who goes up to London 3-4 days a week, says the worst of these flying bombs (as they are now called) is the lack of sleep they cause. Had Tom and Pauline in to tea

again. I have written to the Times in answer to a letter by "Factory Worker", boosting the county and public libraries. The Americans are after Cherbourg.

BM: Mr Donovan: Terence Norbert Donovan, Baron Donovan PC (13 June 1898 - 12 December 1971) was a British Labour Party politician, and later a judge. Born in West Ham, London, Donovan came to office in the Labour landslide in the 1945 general election. He was elected as Member of Parliament for Leicester East. When that constituency was abolished for the 1950 general election, he was re-elected for the new Leicester North East constituency. However, Donovan resigned from the House of Commons within weeks of the election, when he was appointed as a High Court judge. He was promoted to the Appeals Court in 1960, when he also became a Privy Counsellor. In 1964 he was appointed as a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, remaining in post until 1971. As a Law lord he was given a life peerage as Baron Donovan, of Winchester in the County of Hampshire. He died within the City of London aged 73.

He and his family lived just up the road from us and his garden backed onto our fields as did the Chief Constable of Hampshire Mr Lemon who lived (almost?) next door to Mr Donovan

BM: Tom and Pauline - presumably friends - this is the first reference to them

Camp field hedge - Andover Road or Harestock Lane?

Damn, Camp field is such a familiar name but I'm suddenly totally unsure which it was. I think it was the one (not quite shown on Mouse's map) running along the back of Flowerdown off the Andover Road

June 23rd, Friday

To Winchester as usual on a Friday. Now reading Duncan's "Journal of a Husbandman". My God, what a fool! and "Women in Wartime", too buttery for me. Bought a blue straw hat, dark but not navy, and smart but not becoming! 37/6d.

BM: Duncan's Journal of a Husbandman -1944

Ronald Duncan was born in Southern Rhodesia in 1914, and came to England as a child. The family lived in London. At the age of seventeen he travelled alone to South Africa in search of his father. In the mid-1930s, he read English at Cambridge with F. R. Leavis. After graduating, Duncan worked briefly in a coal mine. He wrote pamphlets for the Peace Pledge Union, and became interested in the views of Gandhi, whom he visited in India in 1936. This experience prompted him to start a community farm during WW2.

June 24th, Saturday

Darling little John's birthday, he is 3. Parcel from Miss Hook in morning, little truck with bricks, a JELLY and blancmanges, she is a very dear woman, bless her. Letter from J (and card for John), she is buying a house two miles

out of Guildford, very thrilling. Cooked all day for John's party and let him do what he liked, which was throwing stones into the house and emptying wastepaper baskets and tools and nails everywhere. For the party we had the Cake, pink icing and 3 candles, pink iced oatmeal biscuits with S. T. and Js on them, 9 red jellies, (Simon and Timmy had 3½ each) sausage rolls, and lots of glamour. But all John wanted was bread-and-butter and milk.

BM: 'Darling little John' - her 3 year old. This entry talks about his party.

Son John David Maddrell, Johnny was brain damaged at birth (only discovered at post mortem after his death in 1981).

Miss Hook - a friend

June 25th, Sunday

John Graham, a Lancing boy, and his mother turned up in the middle of the afternoon, catching us in squalor, Hugh asleep, me feeding Jemmy. We persuaded them to bring in their picnic tea and have it with us. Charming good looking boy, only child, and his mother rather does the talking for him.

BM: John Graham (and his mother) 'A Lancing boy'- presumably from Lancing College

Yes Mum's brother Christopher Chamberlin taught there, John Graham later became one of Dad's farm pupils and he is shown on top of the rick in 'that' photograph

2020 BM: Teme House began in September 1947, led by Christopher Chamberlin (otherwise known as Monkey), in what had been the Head Master's residence, with 11 volunteers, a few boys who had been in Head's, some from Gibbs' and a group of new boys. Monkey had been Housemaster of Gibbs for 13 years and was known and respected for his advanced views on education and school discipline, and was regarded as very modern at the time.

<https://www.lancingcollege.co.uk/news/temes-70th-anniversary-celebration>

June 26th, Monday

My letter was in the Times to-day, also I had magnificent offers for the Tenax camera, advertised last Saturday for £65, and now I am offered £70 by a Bognor dentist and £75 from someone in Ayr. Hugh thinks the dentist is the best bet, but I prefer the Scotsman.

BM: Tenax camera - judging by the photographs that Tim Maddrell has, his mother must have been a highly competent photographer

She was very good and had a life-long interest in photography, publishing articles and photographs and the Tenax or similar was used to take the photographs

BM: The Tenax I is a 24 x 24 mm fixed lens camera by Zeiss Ikon launched in 1939.

The Tenax I was actually launched after the Tenax II Like the Tenax II, it is a 24x24mm square-format on standard 135 film

camera, with a rapid-advance lever next to the lens. But it is a much simpler camera, with a completely different body, no rangefinder, a simple folding viewfinder on the top plate, and a behind-the-lens Compur shutter to 1/300. Most of them are equipped with a Zeiss Novar 3.5f/3.5 lens. A smaller number have a Carl Zeiss Jena 3.5f/2.8 Tessar. Production began in 1938, and it was nearly halted in 1941. There was limited production during the rest of the war. The 1941 price for this camera was £11 and they sell in 2011 for about £60.

The prices she was offered suggest that such cameras were virtually unobtainable - as presumably was the 35 mm film!

June 27th, Tuesday

....and our wedding day, we've been married for 9 years.

Celebrated it with toast and boiled eggs for tea.

Letter in the Times from Arundell Esdaile, replying to mine, "Mrs Maddrell does well to boost the libraries, etc. but shortage of paper makes shortage of books, plea for more paper to be released to established publishers. Tried to teach Simon to knit, started him with 20 stitches, he soon had 29.

BM: She has been married for nine years so must be say 30+ in 1944. Mum born 27 Dec 1904, Dad 24 Nov 1903

Simon - This is the first reference to Simon clearly learning to knit but not too successfully
Arundell Esdaile: Arundell James Kennedy Esdaile (1880-1956) was a scholar librarian with several claims to distinction: as a well-known Secretary of the British Museum, as a notable bibliographer and outstanding contributor to the literature of librarianship and as a dominant figure in the affairs of the Library Association during the period 1920-1945, more particularly as editor of the Library Association Record and as a President of the Library Association with an unusually long period of service.

June 29th, Thursday

Cherbourg is said to have fallen at last, the Germans have already announced this. Two letters about mine in the Times, one from a parson called Evans who has written a book on the Poems of George Crabbe and. he wants me to ask for it in the Winchester library, and one from a man called Bolton, about the Watford libraries. Hugh says he feels like "Mrs Maddrell's husband", but he cut me right out, recently with the C.P.I. (?)

BM: Evans - a parson

The poems of George Crabbe a literary & historical study by the Rev. J. H. Evans. Published 1933

C.P.I - Unclear what this means - Google revealed Consumer Price Index; Committee for Public Information (US)

June 30th, Friday

Tom Dewey has been accepted as Republican candidate in America. To Winchester, earlier than usual, so had a nice time in the library. Reading "The Ark" now, by Phyllis Kelway, very good, rather reminiscent of the Flora Klickman books I loved so much at one time. It has rained without stopping ever since Monday, so the washing has been very difficult and Violet hasn't been to work. Just as well, since I caught her pinching eggs last week. Think I will sack her. Bought four dear little buster suits, blue check, two 20s and two 22s, for John and Jemmy, 3/11 each, also a woolly suit for Jemmy, 6/6. All this and my recent hat are really from Fluff and Caryl who sent me £3 for myself and John and Jemmy's birthdays. Cleaned the bedrooms in afternoon, and a nice mess they were in. Simon knitting, and Timmy sat on the bed. Hugh came in, and as usual went to sleep.

BM: Tom Dewey: Thomas Edmund Dewey (March 24, 1902 - March 16, 1971) was the 47th Governor (1943-1954). In 1944 and 1946, he was the Republican candidate for President, but lost both times.

The Ark - Phyllis Kelway - The story of a creation of a poultry farm from nothing during the Second World War.

2020 BM: One might surmise that she had a certain 'anxiety' about farming. The three books appear to be primers for farming in rather tough conditions.

John & Jemmy - John, her son aged 3 was mentioned earlier and Jemmy must be another son

Fluff and Caryl - Friends?

Caryl Chamberlin was Mum's younger brother and Fluff was a friend of Mum's later Caryl's husband. They lived and farmed in Ruthin (Fluff was Welsh).

Timmy - A son presumably Timothy Charles Maddrell - sure 'nuff

Flora Klickman's books: Flora Klickmann was born in Brixton, one of six children. As a girl she aspired to be a concert pianist, but suffered from illness in her teens and at the age of 21 began work as a music teacher. She then moved into music journalism and by 1895 had started contributing articles to the Windsor Magazine, one of the best-known story periodicals of the time. In 1904, she became the editor of The Foreign Field, a magazine published by the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society. By this time, she had also begun writing and editing books on crafts and etiquette, aimed at young girls.

Four years later, in 1908, she was appointed editor of the Girl's Own Paper, in succession to its first editor, Charles Peters. This was a highly successful periodical aimed at girls and young women, published by the Religious Tract Society (RTS). The magazine moved from a weekly to monthly format, and she introduced new themes such as careers advice for girls, advice on style and dress, photography competitions and crafts. Long serials became less common, and their place was taken by a larger number of shorter stories, often from distant parts of the world.

In 1912 she suffered a breakdown through overwork and

stress. In 1916 she published the first of a series of books of written sketches of life in her country cottage at Brockweir, near Chepstow, (known in her books as "Rosemary Cottage" - see 'Flower Patch Among the Hills', 'The Trail of the Ragged Robin' etc.), with its idyllic cottage garden. The book, The Flower-Patch Among the Hills, was based on articles which she had originally written for the Girl's Own Paper, and was highly successful. She acquired a succession of cottages in the area over the years. In later years the stories grew to involve her household and the local people, combining nature description, anecdote, autobiography, religion, and humour. In all, seven Flower Patch books were published, over 32 years. Her writing has been described as "humorous, elegant and beautifully observed, revealing a genuine love and concern for the natural world". A keen environmentalist, she wrote of the virtues of gardening without artificial chemicals and the value of natural fertilisers long before they became fashionable, and decried the taking of wild flower bulbs. She also published novels, advice books, children's stories and non-fiction on many topics including gardening, cooking, and needlework techniques, some of which have been republished in recent years. She remained editor of the Girl's Own Paper until 1931, and continued to write Flower Patch books until 1948. Her husband died in 1937. She died in 1958, and was buried in the graveyard of the Moravian Church at Brockweir.

Bibliography

The Flower-Patch Series

The Flower-Patch Among the Hills (1916)

Between the Larch Woods and the Weir (1917)

The Trail Of The Ragged Robin (1921)

Flower-Patch Neighbours (1928)

Visitors At The Flower-Patch (1931)

The Flower-Patch Garden Book (1933)

Weeding the Flower-Patch (1948)

described as "humorous, elegant

July 1st, Saturday

Said Rabbits. The joint was beef with sausage meat. Had no change as usual, so gave the boy £1, hope he will remember, next week. Terrific lot of washing, and no Violet. Suddenly Hugh said the Edwardses were coming to tea! Pouring with rain all the time. Somehow got done, and a cake baked and all the four boys "dolloed up". Mrs Edwards is having a baby in October. Lent her the cot and the baby bath, glad to get them out of the spare room as Pauline the Dazzling Blonde will be inhabiting it soon. Bathing the four boys I put Jem in, in front of John. John was furious, screamed and yelled and hurled a shaving-soap container at Jemmy's head with a triumphant "Dere!" Luckily missed him. Mrs Edwards brought a small pair of Wellingtons for one of the boys. Looking after the Donovans' house for them while they've gone to their son's sports in Devon. My hat, the amount of butter and marge in their frig!

BM: Edwards - friends coming for a meal -

two possible Edwards families either Mrs Eve Edwards of Eve's Stores in Littleton or Mrs Emily Edwards -housekeeper to the Maddrell family.

The Donovans - presumably the family of their friend the solicitor Terence Donovan mentioned previously .

July 2nd, Sunday

The Sunday Dispatch is very optimistic, most cheering reading. Pouring wet all day. Hugh slept all morning. Soaking nappies everywhere. Had breakfast about 10-11, lunch, two wild ducks, at 2, tea at 7! Fed the Donovans here, exercised their dog Sam, took in no less than 5 pints of milk for them. Ran right out of bread, so took a loaf from the Donovans, returning with it in a stealthy way under my mac, hope this thrilled the Shaws and the Roberts. Mrs Donovan turned up for their key at 1.p.m. so had to restore half the loaf!

BM: Shaws & Roberts - other neighbours?

Jim Roberts the tractor driver so perhaps the Shaws lived in the other farm cottage later occupied by Mrs E and her son Brian? (Mrs Emily Edwards). I seem to remember the Eddy mentioned June 19th living in one of the cottages...

July 3rd, Monday

The Russians took Minsk to-day, their summer offensive is ploughing through the Germans. Letter from Joseph Duffy, U.S. private, asking if Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain in Winchester Cathedral, wearing black? Did the washing, then to Winchester with Hugh and Tim. Bought 4 pink sleeping suits for Jem, 3/- each, reduced from 8/3. Got "A Woman is Witness" by Lothar, and "Family from Vienna" by Buckley, from the library. Eggs and cold boiled bacon, and our own lettuces at last, for lunch. Mr. Donovan brought us some raspberries in the evening, and later on brought Core, the Livestock Officer. John will talk one day. 'Yesterday when I was offering him some bread and-butter he said "Na, nin-nin", meaning "No! Drink." When the Donovans came back last night, and Mrs D. came round for the key, Hugh's trousers were soaking from all the rain, so he was sitting doing accounts without any, and so when Mrs D came in, all he could do was to continue to sit - and hope for the best. Mrs Andrews came in and said they were not taking the farm at Newbury after all, as Richard was too ill.

BM: Lothar - "A Woman is Witness" - A Paris diary written in 1941 when the Nazis were in Paris
Eunice Buckley - Family from Vienna Published in 1941

John will talk one day - no he didn't



Mrs Andrews - A farming friend?

July 4th, Tuesday

More gliders over to-day. And two alerts, middle of the afternoon and about 6 p.m. Timmy, who was given two toffees this morning, thinks "the soldiers carry sweets to eat if they hurt themselves." More ducklings hatched, 38 of them, not very many, but fertility was bad. Finished the raspberries in an ice. Wrote to Private Joseph R. Duffy, U.S. Army, to tell him 'yes, Queen Mary did marry Philip of Spain in Winchester cathedral, wearing black.'

July 5th, Wednesday

Letters from Miss Hook, Chris and J. who moves to her new house to-day.

BM: Letters from Miss Hook, Chris and J. who moves to her new house to-day.

Chris = brother, J = younger sister (Joyce Chamberlin) also talked about on June 24th, July 8th

July 6th, Thursday

Letter from Robert Selwyn, Gibb's House (Lancing) thanking me for the farming book I sent them. Churchill has spoken in Parliament about the flying bombs. So far 2,754 bombs have been launched over England, with 2752 people killed, and about 8,000 casualties in hospitals. Children and mothers are being evacuated again.

BM: Robert Selwyn - from Lancing College (Gibbs Housemaster?)

July 8th, Saturday

Went to see J. at her new home near Guildford. Had to change at Woking, all trains very full, travelled 1st class all day, but so, apparently, did everyone else! J. met me at station. Her house is very nice indeed, 3 bedrooms, 2 living rooms, bathroom, 2 lavatories so one up on us but no scullery. Nice long garden. No flying bombs all day. (Heard later there was a 16 hours lull.) Rather a hectic journey back, on bus, then stood for an hour, nearly, on Guildford station, train very late, nearly missed connection at Woking. Had to stand Woking-Basingstoke, then got a seat. No Hugh at Winchester, but finally, after I had started to walk, he turned up. John was still in the play-pen, Jemmy in cot in his day clothes, even lunch not cleared away, but all quite happy. Sat up late, talking.

July 9th, Sunday

Very sleepy all morning, finally went back to bed and slept. Mushroom soup for lunch made by Hugh from our glut of

mushrooms, but they don't taste very much. Tea with the Hugh Simpsons. Robert and Rosalind are now 22 months old. She gave me some Farex for Jem. Earlier in the afternoon, as it was a pouring wet day, Mr. Donovan invited Simon and Timmy to a film-show, Micky Mouse and Charlie Chaplin. They enjoyed it very much. Timmy said very seriously, "Every single thing was funny."

BM: Mr and Mrs Hugh Simpson - Robert and Rosalind 22 months old - their children?
Farex - baby food

July 11th, Tuesday

Three alerts last night, Simon worked out that the sirens went 12 times, and our first experience of a flying bomb. It made a noise like a motor lawn-mower in the sky, seemed to come straight for us, we listened to hear if the engine stopped; and it did! Rushed downstairs, but not a loud bang and no windows broken. Rumoured to have fallen at Martyr Worthy. Picked raspberries at the Donovans and had raspberry shortcake, not very successful, for lunch, and more raspberries for tea. Simon and Timmy slept like logs all the afternoon and Jeremy all morning. Poor little S and T. were so frightened in the night, I've given them treats all day, or tried to, to make up for their terror. Hanbury-Sparrow and his 2nd wife lost a baby girl, aged 18 months, "from enemy action". He is unlucky with his little girls, the other one was run over outside their gate years ago. Reading "The Doomsday Men" by Priestley, "Britain's Brains Trust" by Howard Thomas, and "Whiteoak Chronicles" by de la Roche.

BM: Hanbury-Sparrow - a farmer - this may be Brian Hanbury-Sparrow who died in 1953 at Upper Farm, Batchcote, Leebotwood, Salop, Farmer.

2020 BM: To corroborate Mrs Maddrell's account, the following is an independent story confirming the V1 over Flowerdown. But I haven't found any evidence on the web for a V1 falling on Martyr Worthy

The following is an extract from my Flowerdown Military Base history.....and is an account by Mrs. Sonia Armstrong who served in the WRNS....

July 11th

I noticed what looked like one stray bullet coming our way accompanied by an aircraft-sounding hum, then? The engine stopped; I went flat on the floor - it was a flying bomb. I expect you'll be able to find out where it came down....

*** An independent witness reported that on July 11th, Tuesday. " Three alerts last night, we worked out that the sirens went 12 times, and our first experience of a flying bomb. It made a noise like a motor lawnmower in the sky, seemed to come straight for us, we listened to hear if the*

engine stopped; and it did! Rushed downstairs, but not a loud bang and no windows broken. Rumoured to have fallen at Martyr Worthy"

July 19th, Wednesday

Jeremy's birthday yesterday, he was one. W.J. Pulford sent him a Savings Certificate token, Miss Hook sent him 2/-, and Mother sent him a picture. We gave him the set of beakers and the big dog on wheels, mended up. Mollie and Fluff rang up at lunchtime to say they will take the boys anytime. Four bad raid nights, flying bombs, last week. A siren to-day, at teatime. Simon and Tim very frightened, and all of us very tired. Pauline brought a very interesting young American to supper last night, who really could discuss "The Grapes of Wrath" with Hugh.

BM: W.J. Pulford - unknown

Miss Hook - a friend mentioned earlier

Mollie and Fluff - Caryl and Fluff mentioned earlier

- *Mollie Warner was Mum's best friend, lived in Shropshire*

Pauline is mentioned in several places - may not be the "Dazzling Blonde"

I asked Tim how Caroline got the name Mouse and Tim replied:

Mouse (Dr Caroline Lucy Mary Hall) was born in a nursing home in Winchester, there was a nurse there called Mouse. Mum said something like "this one looks more like a mouse!" and so we all called her Mouse from then on - I think I can remember seeing them drive in back from the nursing home in the snow (January 1947 - hard winter!). Jem had started calling her Caroline recently but the rest of us call her Mouse (her husband Geoff - Professor Geoffrey Hall - calls her Caroline).

What an amazing woman Mrs Maddrell must have been. Well connected, hard-working, interested and interesting. Very resourceful, loved her visits to Winchester on a Friday, especially to the library. She had a letter published in the Times, was selling a camera, making cakes at short notice, catering for many. Clearly a wonderful mother with a great sense of humour. I loved the story of Mr Maddrell, whose trousers were soaked through after working outside in torrential rain, sitting at the kitchen table doing accounts without them only to have an unexpected female visitor meaning he had to make a very ungentlemanly gesture and sit tight!

I think she may have been lacking female company as she was keen on the 'dazzling blonde' joining the farm as a landgirl and she purchased pink sleeping suits and iced birthday cakes in pink as well. Caroline was to come along in 1947 so things would balance out a little in this male dominated household.

Tim told me that her parents would not let her go to university but that she took herself off to agricultural college when she was old enough to go without her parents' permission. This is where she met her future husband.'



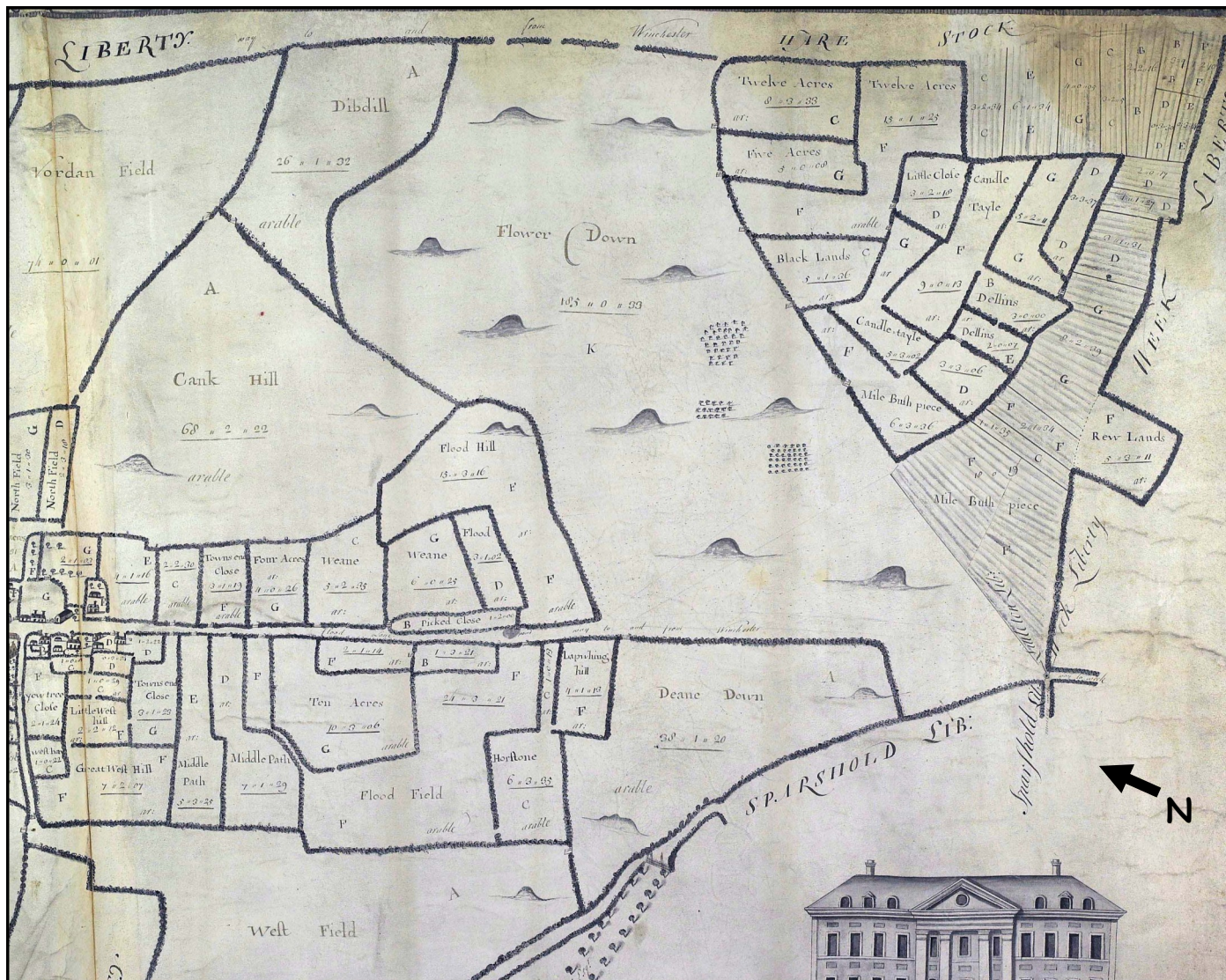
Here are the photographs deposited, probably by Jeremy Maddrell, at the Hampshire Record Office in 1985. A copy of each one also must have been sent to Philip Lloyd for the Littleton History Group and were found in the file.





There is a note against a photocopy in the LLHG file of the photo above left in possibly Simon's writing which states 'the horse was said to have run in the Grand National in the 1930s!'





Above: This is a digital copy of a section of the 1735 map of Littleton kindly provided by the Hampshire Record Office, a framed full size version hangs in the St Catherine's church room. The field system that would eventually become Harestock Farm can be seen towards the top right hand corner. Top and left of centre can be seen 'Dibdill' the current entrance to the Sir John Moore barracks is somewhere in this area. This old map is not orientated towards the north

In 1843, through the Littleton Enclosure Act, the remaining open fields and common land in the parish were abolished and all the land was allocated to specific owners and tenants.

The LLHG began the research into the formation of the farm which was completed about 1862 at the hands of Frederick Bowker. This came about by means of:

- Enfranchisement (i.e. The conversion of leasehold/ copyhold to freehold)
- The Inclosure Act Award
- Purchase
- Exchange

In 1853 Frederick Bowker purchased the land on which the current Running horse Public House stands. Who was

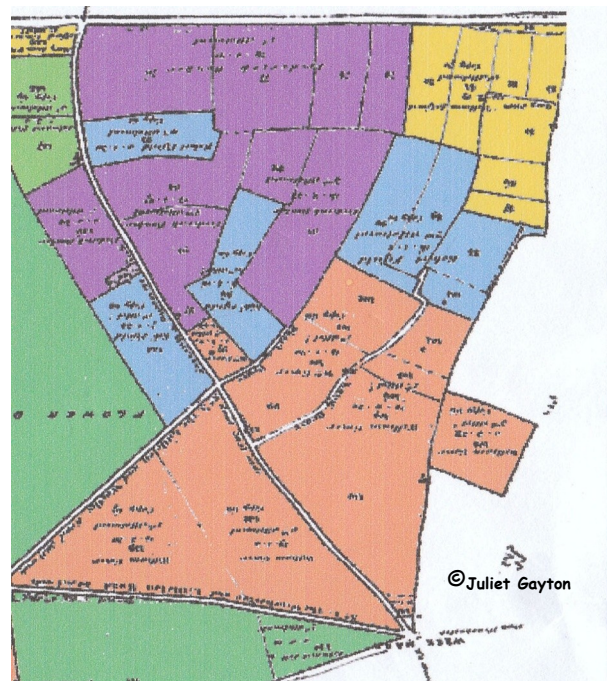
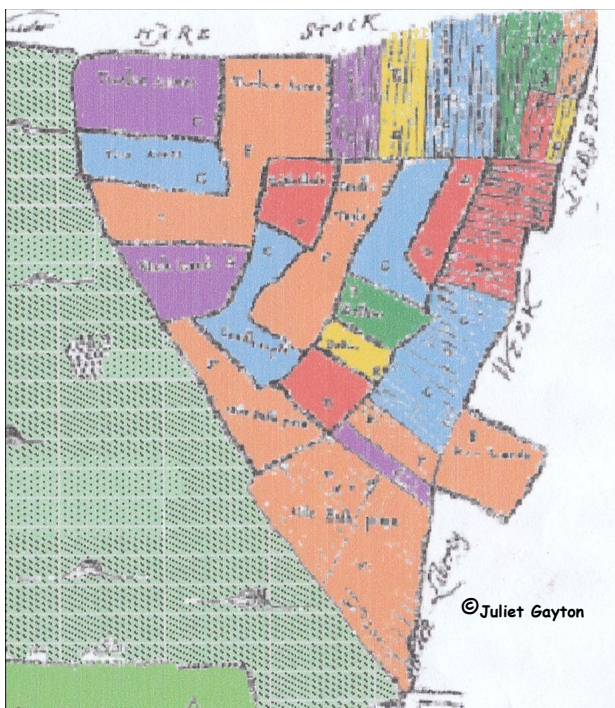
Frederick Bowker? He was born in 1814 and was described on his death, aged 93, as Solicitor and Chapter Clerk. He lived at Lankhills, Andover Road and practised at 23 St Peter's Street in Winchester. His daughter married William Barrow-Simmonds, Conservative MP for Winchester from 1865-1880. He was famously involved in the trial of the Tichborne Claimant. An Alfred Bowker was an Alderman and Mayor of Winchester in 1900-01. He was very interested in King Alfred and during his time as mayor the statue of King Alfred that stands in the Broadway was commissioned. He too was a solicitor and lived at the Malms in Shawford and he may be a son of Frederick Bowker. Judi Bowker, the actress, was born in Shawford are they all connected? All of this I will need to verify. From 1862 until 1907 the farm was owned by Frederick

Bowker. According to the census returns of 1861 and 1871 the farmhouse was lived in by John Butler, Agricultural Labourer and Farm Bailiff. Henry Castleman, Dairyman and Agricultural Labourer lived there in 1881 and in 1891 he is listed again this time with his two sons who are carters by trade. In 1914 the farm is held by the Bowker Trustees this continues until 1923 when Albert Kimber is the owner, but only for a short time as in 1925 ownership passes to Richard Algernon Andrews (1889-1972). On 15 July 1931 the farm was put up for sale by auction by James Harris & Son at the George Hotel in Winchester. Copies of the auction papers are in the file having been obtained from the Hampshire Record Office. Interestingly the particulars state that Lot 1 consisted of the farmhouse, the gardens and buildings and 23 acres of mainly pasture and Lot 2 'A Valuable Block of Pasture Land Ripe for Immediate Building Development extending to nearly 80 acres' also said to be 'the only large area of land suitable for

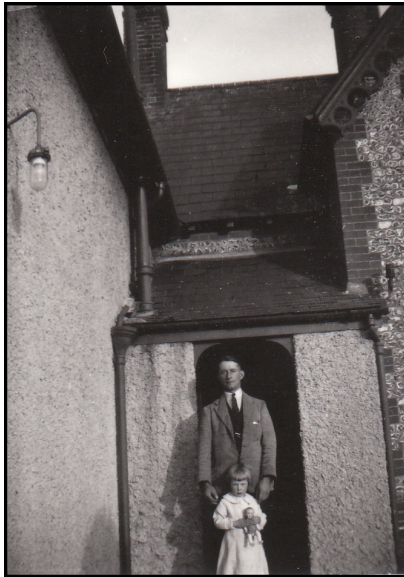
immediate development within a two-mile radius of the City of Winchester'. I assume the sale did not take place as Richard Andrews continued to farm the land for a total of 19 years until it went on sale again in September 1943 when Hugh Maddrell purchased the farm. He would go on to farm there for 18 years until the sale to Property Estates Development.

Enclosure Acts

I asked Juliet Gayton to explain in layman's terms how Frederick Bowker came to establish Harestock Farm and she told me that in 1810 the Enclosure Act was passed by Parliament this meant that pieces of common and tenanted lands could combine to form larger parcels. In Littleton we have the 1735 map and before home scanners were easily available Philip Lloyd made a traced copy which Juliet arranged to have scanned in sections. Ownership of the various pieces of land in Littleton was established and finally using colour coding Juliet was able to indicate the various holdings as shown below.



Above left is the Harestock Farm area showing the ownership of the various fields in 1753. The areas shown in purple indicate the holdings of the widow of Richard Bellinger. She also held several pieces of land in the village area as well. On the right following the Littleton Enclosure Act 1843, which involved the inhabitants exchanging parcels of land to place the former distributed fields into blocks of land, the purple area has increased but now there is only one small purple area left within the village area. The purple area is held by Frederick Bowker, the blue by Robert Fifield and the pink by William Gover. After the enclosure, some of these blocks must then have been bought and sold to form the farm by about 1862. Juliet has suggested that there may be records at the Hampshire Record Office of these purchases. The yellow block on right hand map is part of Halls Farm on which Henry Beaufort School would later be sited. **PLEASE NOTE: Juliet has kindly given me permission to use the two maps here provided they go no further than this as they form part of an extensive piece of continuing research.**



The Andrews Family





These photographs and those on the previous page were sent by Richard G Andrews to Philip Lloyd in 1985 and are all of the Andrews family and, apart from the portrait photograph, were all taken at Harestock Farm.

Richard Algernon Andrews his wife Peggy, son Richard G Andrews and daughters Rosemary and Susan are pictured here with Percy Christmas (with the spade) and Lilian the maid. They lived at the farm between 1925 and 1944.

In Philip's notes, made when talking to Richard on the telephone, his mother Peggy was said to be '*very fashionable and had appeared in Tatler*'. They had a Riley and a Lanchester but used the pony and trap to go to church at St Catherine's in Littleton. Answers to Philip's other questions about cottages and other people on the farm seem to indicate that a Mr Boswell lived at Harestock Lodge, a Mr Donovan at Harestock Cottage. Two of the cottages in the Andover Road appear to have belonged to the farm and Mr Cleal, the cowman, lived in one of them. Richard Andrews grandfather's firm was E & A Andrews, coach builders, Jewry St, Winchester.

The photograph of the house came from the particulars put together by James Harris when the sale of the farm by auction was proposed—presumably then this was cancelled.





From Tim re. group of boys on tractor: The attached photo has, I think - maybe Mouse can confirm? - Godfrey Smith driving the little grey Fergie, Nigel Goodliffe on his right, Richard Spreadbury behind then me then someone I'm not sure of (Michael Major?) then Mouse on the trailer. I reckon it's the tractor shed behind (with hen houses in the orchard). I think most of them are Jem's contemporaries - he was three and a half years younger than me. I see the record office says John Cound but it's not!

From Tim re. boy driving tractor: it says I'm 8 here - I'm sure I'm at least 10 or 12!

From Tim re. tractor pulling haycart: It says Littleton: hay cart and tractor with Timothy and Simon Maddrell, Brian Edwards and one unnamed other, Harestock Farm', I can't see me in it at all.

From Tim: I thought it was Simon advising Brian how to drive the Fordson Standard (Christine thinks it's me though)! Mrs E came in 1947 (when Mouse was a baby) not that I remember but Christine knows these things! It was a lovely tractor with wide wings/mudguards that we could sit on. I remember rolling the sewage farm field and teaching Michael Major(?) how to drive it when I fell off between the tractor and the roller and somehow getting back onto the tractor without getting squidged into the earth. Another time down in the camp field (that was the one down the Andover Road wasn't it Simon?) shooting rabbits in the dark with spotlights, I was sitting on the fuel tank of a Fordson Major and shot at a rabbit (with a double-barrelled twelve bore - we were a bit older then!) just as the driver swung the wheel round. The kick of the gun + the sudden change in direction flung me off the tractor and a back wheel ran over my hand. The driver (John Cresswell) stopped and the wheel was still trapping my hand so I yelled at him to go forward a bit but he put the tractor into reverse and ran over my hand again! **Simon:** Haven't we done well to have survived! Farms are great to grow up on, provided you get

Hampshire Record Office

Several times in the past I had failed in my searches of the electronic records at the Hampshire Record Office but thanks to Juliet Gayton I now know how to find my way in.

- www.hants.gov.uk/archives
- On line catalogue
- Start your search
- In 'Any Text' box type e.g. Harestock Farm
- When using more than one word click the 'phrase box'.

By searching under Harestock Farm I found three more photos and I sent the first one to Tim with the Record Office reference and he sent them on to Simon and some lively emails passed between them which I have transcribed in full:

out unscathed!

Simon: Yes it was in the Andover Road on the left at the bottom of the hill on the way to Three Maids Hill. Long relatively narrow field, running at right angles to the road. I think that's where we had cows one time and the commander of HMS Flowerdown rang Dad and said they were threatening his men, to which Dad replied "don't worry; I will send my 5-year old (may have been 7-year old) daughter down to protect them"!),

From Simon: And you can see the power take off cylinder/drum on the side of the Fordson Standard, just in front of the large rear wheel. I remember it being used to drive a belt for a circular saw in the yard where the milk churns accumulated for collection and for a machine in the lower barn; don't remember what the machine did, grind corn maybe?

From Tim: Yes it used to grind corn to feed to the pigs - do you remember spinning the circular saw by hand and shoving sticks in it? And the smell of that stuff that Dad would hold against the belt to make it sticky and stop it slipping?

From Tim: The beech trees in the background are the same ones that were in the background of the cricket match - I must show Simon, he'll love it!

From Simon: And the pole supporting the dovecote in the foreground. Who's driving the tractor? Could be me following? If so, it's 1947/48 or thereabouts?

From Tim: It is super innit! The caption on the website says it's you, enlarging the picture as much as I can, it does seem to be you. I wonder what is going on in the picture - seems to be hauling a damn' great rock, perhaps one of the sarsen stones for the other end of the ramp?

General comments first Tim: By the way these tractor-driving pictures aren't posed - we used to do real work and Dad paid us according to the official pay scale - I think it was 1/- an hour at the bottom and then increased as we got older. Poor Simon flogged away for ages and finally saved up enough to buy a super new bike. He was proudly wheeling it into school when he met Doc Freeman (the headmaster) who commented on it and then ranted on to the whole school in assembly about how some parents lavish gifts on their children in the shape of brand-new bicycles - vicious old 'wotsit'!

Simon: You've got it dead right! A good demonstration of lazy intellectual thinking. Posh new bike, couldn't have bought it himself, so parents must have bought it for him, over-indulgent people... Similarly, surely 8 year-olds don't drive tractors, so the photo must be posed. Sister Caroline, I think I recall, driving tractor (Fordson Standard) aged three, propped in position with cushions, so she couldn't fall out. Health and Safety might not allow this now... A good fraction of the work on Dad's farm was done by Tim, me and our young friends from school and from Littleton. The teas afterwards were legendary. Hordes of small boys

round our dining table, with my father trying to keep up slicing bread for the ravenous bunch.

From Tim: You are right about the shilling an hour being quite high up the scale - I'd forgotten - do you remember the white card with the hourly pay scale on it or have I got that wrong? Also your wall chart showing how many hours you had to work to get to the £32.10s that your E.J. Riley snooker table cost? Anyone not brought up on a farm had a deprived childhood! Although I used to dread hearing Dad come in in the evening and I knew he was going to ask for help feeding the pigs or some such... what a selfish little git I was, poor Dad working all the hours there were whatever the weather...

Now some general farming 'tales' (not sure who said what)

We had our 'own' favourite pikles/picles, even today it would feel good to pick one up, they had a lovely heft - I'm sure we could still stack a trailer Simon!

Easy! The best bit after working like mad to load a trailer up was to lie on the top of the load and be driven back to the stack while looking up into the blue sky with nothing to do until we got there. Bliss. A lot of our farm work involved straight edges, the sheaves 'stooked' in the fields (stacked in sixes usually)

Always six, first pair formed the middle, the two outer pairs straddled the middle pair and held them up. Stooking barley in the rain was very uncomfortable. Called 'shocking' elsewhere in the UK? The cuts on unprotected legs (short trousers) inflicted by the sharp cut ends of the corn stalks. They hurt especially when irritated by rain and/or barley awns. Same stalks slowed up the rabbits that emerged from the crop being harvested of course so we could sometimes outrun one and see it off with a stick. We were murderous young lads. Wildlife was fair game, especially the species seen as pests of course. Pigeons and rabbits especially suffered.

Never climb though a fence with a loaded twelve bore. Always in neat lines, then as flat as possible on the trailers, then the rick - skilled stuff that! Also, of course, ploughing dead straight furrows (I wasn't ever allowed to plough - too skilful), leaving as straight an edge as you could when cultivating, disking, harrowing and rolling - especially if you thought someone was coming to take over from you!

Tractor driving was easy money compared with many other jobs as you just sat there, concentrated on straight lines and sang all sorts of songs loud to the continuous accompaniment of the tractor noise. Especially rotavating (I think we had the first one in Hampshire) as it had to be done very slowly so it took ages even to do one pass from one end of field to the other.

I saw one of the farm pupils one day driving the tractor - rolling I think - meandering around the field

all over the place, it turned out he was very unwell and had no idea what he was doing...

That was John Graham, he had a migraine.

Another thing about Doc Freeman, on my first day at Peter Symonds I had to go and see him to ask for the allowance, to which we were entitled having more than one child at a state school, off the dinner money and he told me to get out "we don't deal in pennies and ha'pennies at this school boy!" as I said before 'wotsit'!

I thought Dad sold the farm to a builder friend of the family (Lansdell's?) for £70,000, without having it properly valued, because he was a friend and they liked his buildings, I gathered that he'd sold it within the month for £140,000 - not that I'm all bitter and twisted about it!!! I imagine it was earlier than 1962 because we had to be off the land

during 1961 - I stayed on there in Dad's caravan (the house had been demolished by then - the Aga was got rid of by removing the floor from under it and letting it fall into the cellar!). That 1961 summer I worked with Fluff at Hampshire County Council as a surveyor's chainman and we/he built my Lotus 7 in his Dad's garage in Hursley.

My version was we sold the farm to the family solicitor for £75,000 and a year later it was sold on for twice the amount. Where did such disparate accounts come from? Chinese whispers? At least 74 is close to 75! I remember paying in the cheque with two much smaller ones and the bank clerk showed no surprise whatsoever though 75k was equivalent to maybe £2 million in today's money?

IN CONCLUSION

To finish with I thought that I would go out and see if there were any identifiable remains of the farm and came to the conclusion that probably there is nothing to be seen. I remember hearing way back about areas of concrete being found in gardens and I know that a friend who had the first house on the right in Priors Dean Road at onetime had a magnificent display of purple crocus in the Spring that may have been there much longer than the house. I wonder who might have the Aga buried somewhere in their garden or maybe under the foundations? —probably best not to know! I have decided that the only things recognisable now might be some of the trees so I set out to photograph those that may be old enough.



Left: Would any of these trees have been growing behind the old farmhouse? The house seen between the trees is likely to have been built over part of the old footings—is the Aga underneath it somewhere?!



Above: This tree is on the Harestock Road and is just before the red brick bungalow occupied by the veterinary practice.

Top right: this tree is in Buriton Road

Right: This collection of trees is on the right after the brow of the hill into Bradley Road from Fromond Road— could the houses have been built around the larger trees in the group?



...AND FINALLY

Just a few photographs taken recently around the Harestock Estate.

Have a look at
photo number
10 on page 9—
could these be
the trees seen
in the
background to
the cricket
match?





As all the information contained here came about as an 'unfolding' story so I have left it in this format and it has now reached a point where it could be turned into a printed document. I am sending it via a disk to Tim for him to check through and make his suggestions for alterations and additions. I will then arrange for some copies for the family to have. I would also like to produce a similar set of information for the Littleton History Group, the Hampshire Record Office and anyone else who may be interested. I will ask Tim to suggest anything of a personal family nature that he would not wish to be made public and I will amend the final document.

I have thoroughly enjoyed undertaking this project and am very happy with the end result.
Barbara Elsmore , Littleton, April 2011

Now in February 2020 the following is sent by Brian Middleton

Main Road, Littleton

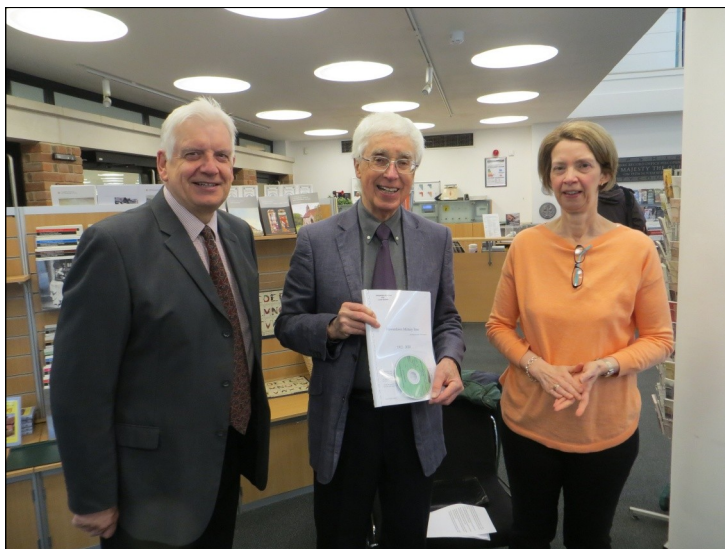
Dear Barbara,

At last I have finished my Flowerdown book and last week it was deposited with due ceremony in the archives of the Hampshire Record Office. Pics attached - the first is of myself and the HRO Archivist Adrienne Allen, the second includes Stephen Burgess the new Littleton PC Chairman. The book is over 200 pages and was printed & comb-bound by Sarsen Press. We only did a limited printing as at £20/copy it was quite expensive and weighs a ton. Anyway, I am really pleased to have finished it and put it to bed. A Littleton man is hoping to do a Doctorate in Applied Theatre at U of Portsmouth on the strength of the book as it includes some moving accounts written by people who worked there and could lend itself to dramatization especially the WW2 section that covers the relationship between FD and Bletchley Park's Enigma deciphering work. The Arts Council are encouraging the idea of bringing history to ordinary folk through drama, music and so on.

Anyway, clearing out and archiving the various files, I came across the files listed below that you entrusted to me and I can assure you that they have remained private and unread apart from anybody except myself. But I mentioned the existence of these files in relation to FD to Barry Shurlock, whom you may remember. He is a local author and historian and a committee member of the Hampshire Archive Trust. I told him that these are private files entrusted to me but he urged me to ask if there is any possibility that they could be deposited in the Hampshire Record Office archives. Your edited version is just perfect with its photos and words and surely should be available for future historians to read. Would you allow them to be printed and deposited with the HRO.? One of the interesting things that turned up in my FD camp researches concerned Flowerdown Cottage where Steve & Sheila Shaw live in Deane Down Drove. It was the home of some of the FD camp officers during the war and Steve went up to the National Archives to find out more. The other house that was used by the military was the Wiggles house on Main Road alas both of them have passed on. Slowly but inevitably changes are taking place in Littleton as it becomes more gentrified and the older generation fold up their tents and quietly depart.

Anyway, if you could think about my request and perhaps contact the Maddrells that would put my mind at rest as I am probably the only Littleton local who has a copy and I feel a responsibility towards this vital account of the those times.

Brian Middleton



I was thrilled to receive the request for the research into Harestock Farm and contacted Dr Juliet Gayton and Prof Simon Maddrell for permission to use their material before submitting the research to the HRO.

I was always really pleased with the results which started for me because I was so very taken with Mrs Maddrell's beautiful and evocative photographs. When I completed the research I put it on a disk and sent it to Tim only to hear that he died just a short time later. I very much hope that he got to see it. The research languished on my computer and so I am delighted to be able to look into it once more.

I contacted Juliet and Simon and they have both given their permission. Simon went on to add further comments and to send additional photographs which I am adding in.

From Juliet: Since 2011 I managed to get the PhD and have since - to my slight bemusement - developed a very niche expertise in 17th century copyholder mortgages! I've managed to publish two chapters in a couple of books on 17th century credit, and find myself fielding the most extraordinary enquiries. An American academic has just sent me a 94 page draft about an apparently infamous fraudulent bankruptcy Legal case in Whitchurch, Hampshire in 1601!

Anyway I only offer my writings to those who have difficulty getting off to sleep. My work is a good cure for insomnia !! JG



Troops mustered at Flowerdown in 1915 in readiness for the war in Europe

The 110 year past of Flowerdown

Brian Middleton looks back at the interesting history of a Winchester military base that is set to permanently close its doors in 2024...

IN 2024, the Flowerdown military base, Winchester, at present home to the Army Training Regiment, is scheduled to close after 110 years of military occupation.

Over the years, thousands of men and women have passed through its gates to serve the country.

Flowerdown has a distinguished story spanning the two wars. During WW1 it was used by British and Allied troops and between the wars, in collaboration with nearby RAF Worthy Down air station, it trained radio operators and technicians at the newly established RAF Electrical and Wireless School that later moved to Cranwell.

During WW2 it played a pivotal role in the Enigma story, its giant aerials receiving top-secret radio messages from German Axis forces that were passed within minutes to Bletchley Park for decoding.

The long-term value of the base was obviously realized early on by Winston Churchill, who on March 1, 1921, as Secretary of State for Air, defended its cost in the Commons by saying: "At Flowerdown there is an electrical and wireless school. I need scarcely say that each of the schools which I have mentioned is the head of an extremely elaborate, complicated, and mentally dominating study and art, which has its relation to the general purpose we have in hand."

In 1964, the large radio masts of Flowerdown were still standing clearly visible from roads around the site. A naval rating stood on guard duty at a sentry box whilst a White Ensign flew from a flagpole inside the camp entrance at the end of Chestnut Avenue. This entrance was known locally as "The Yankee Gate" from its use by US troops during WW1. Concrete street lighting columns from before WW2 can still be seen along Chestnut Avenue.

Local people had always been curious about the massive aerial towers on Flowerdown but at that time little was known to the general public. Former

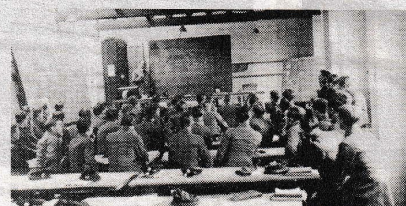
employees and service people were forbidden by the Official Secrets Act from discussing their role or the purpose of the base.

Codebreaking operations at Bletchley Park came to an end in 1946 but information about wartime operations remained classified as "top-secret" until the mid-1970s and even then, people involved would not talk about their work. In 1993, Bletchley Park opened its doors to the public and its role was revealed, along with that of Flowerdown.

There are few left who served there and the only book on the base is *The Flowerdown Link, 1918-1978*, by L.L.R. Burch, published in 1980. Over the years, more and more references to the site have appeared on the web and in popular literature, and its story has become clearer. These have allowed me to research its history in more detail, leading to a 214-page collection of notes which I recently donated to the Hampshire Record Office.

My approach to the Flowerdown story has simply been to collect and organize all the information I came across in an unplanned manner and where the fancy took me, to record its distinguished and honourable story and the memories of some of those who were stationed there. The result is the story of Flowerdown military base between 1912 and the present day. My hope is that at some time a permanent memorial will be established on the site.

Men being taught the use of a triode to build a simple transmitter



From the *Hampshire Chronicle* 13
February 2020

Brian went on to add:

I am so pleased that you plan to finish the Maddrell story of Harestock Farm and the diary. We too recall walking back from the station at night and just where the Barton Farm fields began (past Park Road) seeing cow's eyes reflecting the light alas that field is now full of swanky houses! Anyway, we had fun trying to date the Eve's Stores photo...so many memories including being a regular customer of Eve's Stores - PO, papers, groceries, gossip. We remember when Wendy, Pete and daughter Zoe took it over.

Eve Stores mentions in my FD history...

1. After 1917 American soldiers were briefly billeted here and the entrance to the camp on Chestnut Avenue, opposite the well-known Eve's Stores, was known as Yankee Gate.

2. For a period after World War I there were three cafes operating in the village, which must have catered principally for Flowerdown staff. One was run by Mr. Hall in Ratcliffe House (on the corner of Bercote Close and Main Road). Another was in a bungalow on the site of the present Littleton Mobile Home Park, while there was a third at Eve's Stores, almost at the entrance gates.

3. Wally Smith's Flowerdown

MemoriesFlowerdown naturally had a considerable impact on the village community. For example. 3 cafes operated. Somewhere between 1918 and 1920, Mrs. Hatt opened a shop and cafe at Ratcliffe House on the corner of Bercote Close and Main Road. A First World War hut which made up one half of the cafe is still there. There was a second cafe in a bungalow on the present caravan site, owned by the Hilliers. There was also a bowling green and a tennis court there, privately owned but available for use by village residents. A third cafe was at Eve's Stores.

I have on my desk in front of me the LAST of the famed L & H newsletters. It died in March 2015—alas there is no parish news today.....!

Hampshire's "track and shack" settlements

Barry Shurlock reports of a time with little planning development control

ONE of the more unusual exhibits at the Weald and Downland Museum, Singleton, is a "mission room" made of corrugated iron on a timber frame – otherwise known as a 'tin tabernacle'. It looks as if it once stood in some distant corner of the British Empire. But in fact it comes from South Wonston, near Winchester. It is a poignant reminder of the "track and shack" settlements that grew up in several places in the county in the early part of the last century.

The church dates from 1909 when the Rev. C.H. Roberts, rector of Wonston, paid £8 for a plot of land in a new settlement on the southern edge of his parish. It was dedicated to St Margaret, and built for about £100 – complete with bell tower, vestry and pine panelling – by Humphreys Ltd of Knightsbridge. It was fit for baptisms, but marriages and funerals had to be performed at the mother church in Wonston.

Plots at South Wonston were first put on the market in 1892, when a local farmer made land available to a Farnborough land agent, Henry Jesty Ellis Brake. He laid out 199 one-acre plots on either side of what are now Downs Road and Westhill Road. It was poor land and the water table was 200 ft below ground. Today, South Wonston is marked on the landscape by a huge water tower, bristling with communication antennas. In the early days, however, lack of running water was a huge disadvantage, so that by 1914 there were only about 30 dwellings, mostly home-built bungalows and even a few converted army huts.



Frank Cundell Blake, c.1925 (HRO)

The full story of South Wonston is told in Peter Clarke's *Dever and Down* (2ed., 2011) and in a thesis *Inter-War "Shack and Track" Developments* written in 1995 by David Fry, who made great use of Building Regulations and other archives. Like several other "shack and track" settlements in the county, South Wonston grew at a time when farming profits were low and planning restrictions hardly existed. Also, there was a desperate shortage of houses after World War I and the government encouraged building, no matter what or where.

Springvale Kings Worthy and Main Road Littleton had similar histories. A prime mover in both places was Winchester auctioneer and estate agent Frank Cundell Blake. In 1903 at the age of 30 he was able to pay a deposit to buy Woodhams Farm in Kings Worthy. He soon started to sell off plots of land and by 1908 Springvale had started to grow. An early development involved some 10 plots on either side of Springvale Avenue. Cundell Blake was really able to get his development in gear in 1919 when he bought Hookpit Farm from Captain Charles Fryer, the owner of the Worthy Park Estate (he died on the day of the sale!).

Similar developments were also carried out at Littleton, where a businessman from Epsom, Samuel Bostock, bought the Lainston House Estate and started to sell off plots for building. Cundell Blake snapped up 37 acres of land there in 1907 and advertised plots for sale at the George Hotel. The buyers were mainly people who wanted a quiet life on the outskirts of Winchester. Amongst them were two police inspectors and Fredrick Hooker, who set up a nursery business that lasted for three generations.

If Cundell Blake were to be selling houses in these places today he would be calling them "much sought after". Whether this is a success of planning law or a consequence of its absence is debatable. For more information, visit: www.hampshirearchivetrust.co.uk.

Barry Shurlock
barryshurlock@gmail.com

Brian sent this fascinating article by Barry Shurlock that appeared in the *Hampshire Chronicle* and on page 37 I happen to have a copy of the map that was used when one of the sales of plots of land took place in Littleton.



This is 'Macrocarpa' accessed via a long grassy track from Main Road. Pictured here is Mrs Saint, wife of Horatio Nelson Saint.

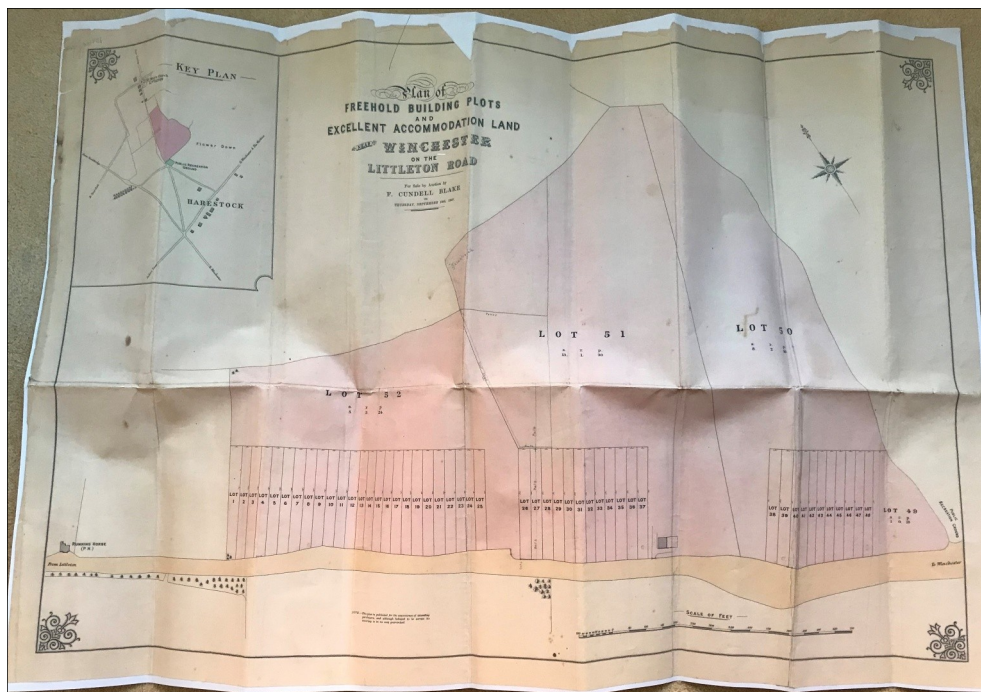


Out on a cycle ride on a bright, frosty February day we passed the grassy track and David said 'this is where Bob (Stilwell another Old Symondian) is going to build a house with a bungalow at the back.' We walked up the track to find the old property nestled in its overgrown garden surrounded by old apple trees and hedges. There were snowdrops everywhere and it was a captivating experience. Little did we know, at the time, but we would go on to live in the replacement bungalow for over 30 years.

When we moved into our new bungalow in Littleton we were very much involved with our own lives and did not give a lot of thought to the village and community we now lived in. While making our new garden we would visit the local nursery to buy plants and if we were lucky we might exchange a few words with Austen Hooker and, as often as not, this would involve someone in Littleton's past. One of the first people I was introduced to in this way was Horrie Saint on part of whose land, devastated by the building of our bungalow, we were now trying to re-establish the garden. Austen told me that, just like his own father Horrie trained at Hilliers and he was an expert on fruit trees planting many in our part of the village. He added that Horrie also used to organise the village whist drives which entailed making the tea and being a careful man he would not be overgenerous with the tea bags prompting a regular gentle ribbing on the strength of his tea from the cardplayers. Back home again I would look at the old fruit trees all around me together with the glass bottles and jars and old bits of metal I would dig up from time to time and now I fancied that I had been given a little window into the past by Austen.



'Found' while gardening



Map from sale in 1907
for plots of land in
Main Road, Littleton

Any additional comments and photos from Simon Maddrell in 2020 have been added to the appropriate page. If there is not enough space they have been added here:

Page 6 SM: I bought the Aston Martin from my father's estate after he died in 1969 and ran it until the early 2000s; it's now in a museum in Holland. It was a 1956 DB 2/4 Mk II, convertible, the same model that Tippi Hedren drove in the Hitchcock film "The Birds". BE: David remembers getting a lift back from the Beaulieu Jazz Festival in this car!



Page 9

We were told that Tony, the white horse, that brother Jem is riding in photo 9, was 32 years old but had run in the Grand National.

I made a shot-putting circle just left of the cricket game area in photo 10 and later I and another of our Harestock gang were county champions in this esoteric activity.





SM: My first
Day at Peter
Symond's



SM: Hugh Maddrell in the 1930s



SM: Left 'The Catapult' which I took aged 10 or so and won a prize in the 'Wizard' with my name attached as Simon Maddrelli....! the broken lamp was outside the front door of our house then.

Swings. An attractive and bold repeating pattern accentuated by the plain white background of snow. Fully developed to bring out the texture.

ONE WOMAN'S CHALLENGE



A reader takes up the challenge presented by our article "They're not British" in the February issue



WHEN we invited readers to submit some of their work which they thought was bold, and different from the normal run of British exhibition photography, we felt sure we would discover some photographers who were turning out work as original and fresh as that produced in countries overseas. Mrs. Barbara Maddrell is the first to prove us right.

When we decided to print her pictures, we needed a story to go with them, so we sent Mrs. Maddrell a questionnaire thinking we could use her answers as the basis of a short article about her work. However, when our questionnaire came back, the answers were so interesting, we decided to print them in their entirety. So here they are.

How long have you been interested in photography?

"Housewife, I suppose?" said the receiving nurse, admitting me on one occasion to hospital, and I agreed, while thinking that "photographer" might have been more accurate. For photography (Continued on page 52)

Private Bar. From a distance the white wicker chair looked good pattern material against the darker door. Getting nearer, I liked the Private Bar notice combined with the one large chair.

Popular Photography

Chrysanthemums. This is not exactly a photogram, but was taken using the enlarger as a camera, with a lantern plate loaded in the negative carrier. Room lighting supplied the illumination and the enlarger lens was stopped well down for maximum depth of field. The background is silver paper. One member of a postal portfolio on seeing this print, wrote: "This leaves me speechless."



Men in white. I was attracted here by the delightful pattern everywhere all in high key with the sun-lit courtyard and the men painting white walls even whiter. My one problem in this case was to wait long enough for the men to forget I was there. The picture was in the London Salon 1953, and reproduced in Photograms of the Year 1954.



Wine Merchant's Window. The large number of tickets contrast with dark bottles to form a strong repeating pattern with pleasant textures. In spite of the scattered highlights, this picture still has a unity of purpose.



Cats in the Snow. I was attracted by the cats' indifference to the snow, and the pattern they made—it must have been rather cold to sit on! The film was given prolonged development, which emphasised the design.



Bicycles. I liked the frieze effect of these three bicycles against the white wall, and the happy family they suggested. The print was made on contrasty paper to accentuate the pattern.



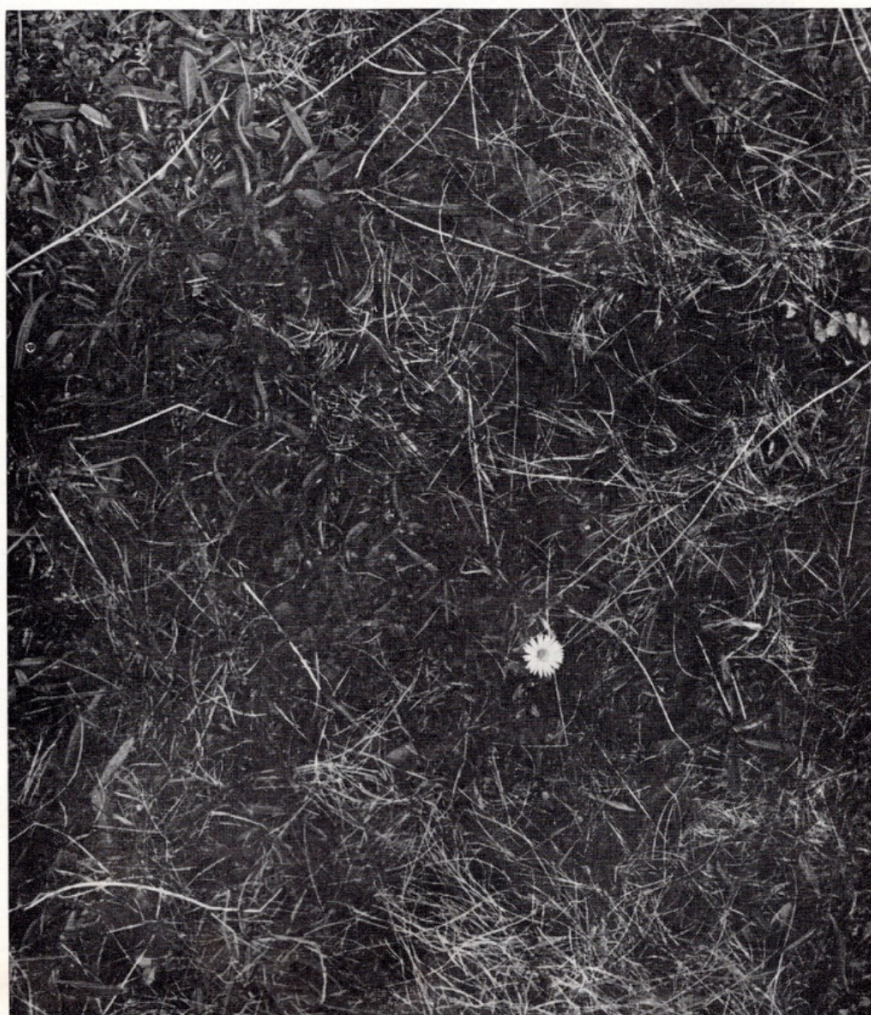
Gate Crasher. This picture is the result of a quick shot with no time to focus. The little boy peeping anxiously into the "Ladies", waiting for his Mum, just amused me.



Silhouette. I was mainly attracted here by the delicate, arching curve of the lamp-post against the bright sunset sky. By moving around I arranged the post into what I thought was the best relationship to the branches of the trees. Under-exposure, and printing on contrasty paper accentuated the effect.

Daisy. I happened to be taking some technical farming pictures for my husband when I looked down and saw this solitary daisy at my feet. The shot was printed on contrasty paper to accentuate the flower's white solitude against the dark grass.

June, 1958



One day, exploring London, I emerged from the Underground to discover debutantes arriving at Buckingham Palace for one of the Queen's afternoon parties. These three made an attractive group. Unfortunately, I couldn't move in the crowd to completely avoid the back of a man standing in front of me.



Mum is Daft. Just what criticism should be—brief and pithy! I was the Mum, of course. This was really made as a family record shot, but sunshine emphasised the textures of chalk and bricks and increased its appeal.

Holland Park Sculpture. This was originally intended as a texture picture of the sculpture contrasting with the background, but just as I was going to press the shutter release, I noticed the girl in the background and changed my camera angle to include her. The slightly incredulous tilt of her head and her expression gave the picture an entirely different slant.



June, 1958

47

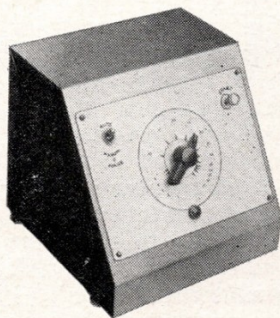


Embankment. I was lucky to be on the Embankment with a London fog eliminating all superfluous detail and reducing the scene to its main elements. The shot was made at eye-level to catch the gulls at the right place, and the exposure was kept low to silhouette the foreground.



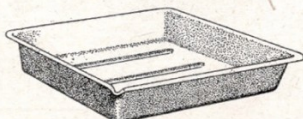
Self-Portrait. Here there were many fascinating objects welding into a surface pattern. Convex mirrors always intrigue me, but I thought the largest would be improved by having someone's reflection in it, so I got in my own.

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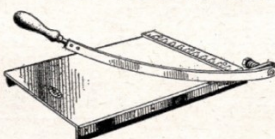


These dishes are now a firmly established favourite among photographers. Our customers are delighted with them and agree with us that they are just about THE finest dish on the market. They are constructed of high impact polystyrene, a wonderful new material with a pure white glossy finish, impervious to any stains from photographic chemicals. The ribs are sunk instead of raised, thereby economising in solutions, and being more convenient for print handling. Three inches deep, with pouring lip.

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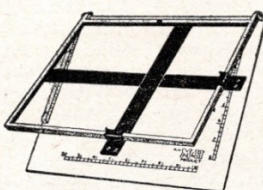
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tion, white enamelled base with screwed-on rubber feet, and scale in inches clearly marked. This improved model will give you accurate service for a lifetime. There's nothing quite so good at the price!

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One Woman's Challenge (Continued from page 42)

has been my chief delight ever since I started with the usual box Brownie in 1918. I did have an even earlier Brownie in 1913, bought with an unexpected 5s. tip, but no one showed me how to use it and I imagined that the red window was the lens. Finally I took that first camera to bits, to see how it worked.

How did you first become interested in photography?

I can't remember, but I always loved pictures. As children we were taken to a studio at fairly regular intervals to be photographed. Once, when a younger brother was having a whole series taken, I was allowed round the back of the camera to watch the focusing. Perhaps that started me off.

Have you had any art training?

Not unless you would count the weekly drawing lesson at school. I wouldn't.

What particular type of photography do you like best?

I like most kinds, it would be easier to tell you what I don't like. Village scenes with the electricity wires and petrol pumps carefully left out. Coy shrinking nudes, with hands strategically disposed. Children all sweetness and light, with the inevitable light background. Girls with carefully touselled hair, staring blankly into space. Close-ups of cats. Pictures with too much in them (usually travel ones) with no real form or design. Any with saccharine titles.

In general, the simpler the photograph the better I like it. Simple in content or pattern or in limitation of tones. On the other hand I do sometimes very much like a photograph all cluttered up with objects, if the essential pattern is there. A photograph without pattern (design or composition or whatever you like to call it) never appeals to me.

What do you think of British photography today?

British photography—that of the average pictorialist amateur—seems to have gone to sleep 20 or 30 years ago, and to be completely lifeless compared with that from overseas. I am told by my photographic friends that they like to portray the beautiful things of life and to ignore what they think is sad or ugly, but I think this is a refusal of life itself and a completely wrong way to use such a truthful medium as photography. And photographing stereotyped beauty is no sure

formula for producing a good photograph.

So many photographs that one sees in exhibitions in this country seem only to have been taken to advertise the materials from which they were made. Superb print quality, with every tone correctly rendered, which yet may mean a complete absence of emphasis on what is really important. One might just as well use every word one could think of in describing something in writing, yet it is the short pithy sentence that puts the meaning over.

(But there are notable exceptions, though mostly professionals. Bill Brandt, for instance. Whether photographing a housemaid, a London suburb or Stonehenge, his work has a beauty and tenderness that I think cannot be surpassed anywhere).

American pictorial photography was in the same rut, but emerged from it some years ago and is now fresh and exciting. Italian photography makes a great appeal to me, specially in high key subjects. The Hong Kong and Singapore workers, now that they have abandoned their boats, are producing work of great distinction. And I am very much attracted by subjective photography, as sponsored by Dr. Steinert of Saarbrücken. But we in Britain sleep on!

Do you submit prints to any photographic exhibitions? If so, which ones? Have you had any prints hung? If you do not submit to exhibitions, why not?

I used to do quite a lot of exhibition work. "Men in White" was in the Salon (and subsequently in "Photograms of the Year") and, going to the other extreme, I had a print in the Combined Societies' Exhibition. In between, I have exhibited at Salisbury, Southampton, Falmouth, etc. But now I only submit prints to our local exhibition—where the ones I like best are often turned down! Very few exhibition judges like my present work, and they are probably right, as most of my photographs nowadays are not meant for "living with" on a wall. Also, though I love doing a really large large print, I am so bad at mounting it! I don't like large expanse of mount anyhow, and when a photograph is to be hung I prefer it mounted flush to the edges.

Do you enter photographic competitions? If so, have you had any success?

Yes, I do often enter them and I enjoy doing this. I like the stimulus of a set subject and enter for anything where the subject appeals to me.

Most of your photographs are of things rather than people. Why? Those of people could easily be by another photographer. They are not the same style at all. Why?

Yes, why? This I found your most interesting question and the hardest to answer! I hardly ever feel drawn to photographing people, except just as elements in the general design of the picture, as in "Men in White". Like all amateur photographers I am sometimes asked to take portraits but I have rarely had any success with them. Even when they have pleased the subjects they haven't satisfied me. I don't think I have the easy charm that must help a good portrayer in his work.

Do you think photography has advantages possessed by no other graphic medium? If so, what advantages? Do you concentrate on these advantages, or would you prefer to paint?

Yes. Its exquisite detailed drawing, especially of things like the tracery of leafless trees; and its rendering of texture; and of course its ability to catch an exact moment. I'm not sure about

colour photography. The usual landscape scene, rendered in strictly natural colours, leaves me cold, I think painting would do it better. (Distempering some of our house recently convinced me that there must be a tremendous physical satisfaction in sloshing colours on to canvas).

Perhaps the future in better colour photography lies in more non-representational landscapes, with, say, what one saw in a golden light rendered even more so with a yellow filter? I hope to try this sort of thing. And still-lives, too. One of our children left a half-eaten orange on a pale blue plate with a silver knife. The colours orange, cream (inside the rind) blue and silver were intoxicating, and only photography, I thought, could produce those colours and the different textures, including the metallic silver, just as they were. Paint couldn't do that.

Colour prints attract me more than transparencies. I know transparencies are far better, technically, but making them is over too quickly, you don't stay with your work long enough to make it yourself. With a negative colour process you work with it much longer and can use all the controls of monochrome, and can also alter the final colour of the print.

Are you a member of a photographic club?

Yes, I am a member of the Winchester Photographic Society. I used to belong to other clubs too, and also do a lot of folio work, particularly with the U.P.P. But I got further and further away from the other Circle members' standards of photography and voting, so regretfully I left them. I get on much better working by myself.

The other day I came across this quotation from Ruskin: "your power of discerning what is best in expression, among natural subjects, depends wholly on the temper in which you keep your own mind; above all, on your living so much alone as to allow it to become acutely sensitive in its own stillness". That's how I feel.

Barbara Maddrell is clearly in step with world photography and equally clearly out of favour with the majority of exhibition workers in this country. In fact, she adds a revealing last sentence to one of her letters, saying: "the last few years my photographic name has been 'Mud', locally." If you sympathise with her fresh, original approach, and you have the pictures to prove it, why not let us see them?

Flowerdown comes to Sherborne

What a co-incidence!

Vicki and David Addey have moved from Littleton to Sherborne and I can see their new house from the window of the study while I am tapping away on my computer. Their original house was named Flowerdown Cottage and so they have brought the name plaque with them and named their new house Flowerdown.

Brian reminds us that Flowerdown was known for its numerous chalkland flowers and glow-worms.



My thanks to Tony at Sarsen Press, Winchester for printing these booklets.

On receiving my copy Tony remarked 'The picture of the children on St Giles' Hill is wonderful'—and this to me says it all about why I am so pleased to finally see this story in print. Now others can see some of Mrs Maddrell's fabulous photographs and get a glimpse into what life was like behind the lens, and much more besides, at Harestock Farm.

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February 2020

