

SCRAPBOOK



"INKPEN"

"What a delightful name," everyone says, "I wonder how it originated?" Usually before one has time to say it has nothing to do with ink or pens but a Saxon Chief, Inga, and his stockade, the next question comes, "Is it as nice as it sounds?"

It is indeed and rather nicer too.

I first heard the name Inkpen when I was very small and put in charge of the guard on a train - he asked where I was going and I told him Berkshire. I wonder if it is a place called Inkpen? I thought it an extremely silly way of trying to cheer me up and we ignored each other for the rest of the journey. Some years later a kindly Aunt told me she was going to take me to a three hour Service at a little Church at Inkpen! I nearly fainted, (a) at the thought of a service lasting three hourse, and (b) on hearing there really was a placed called INKPEN.

Now as I climb the hill up to the Church rather more regularly, but very much more slowly, I am still wondering what it is that fascinates one so much about Inkpen and the area that surrounds it.

It is not the beauty of the village, which is large, with three roads splitting it up, but only topographically, no one could say it is a charming typically English village with a green and clusters of thatched cottages surrounding it; indeed it is the opposite - a village with lovely houses and thatched cottages scattered about it and steeped in history from the centre right out to the Downs, that fold and unfold from almost any angle of the village.

It is still a surprise to see how completely different the Downs can look from vantage points quite close together. Where else can one find a village that can boast a Beacon, where the gallows brood, menacingly in hard weather, on the highest chalk hill in England? A 17th Century Rectory that has gardens laid out by Le Notre, of Versailles fame, in return for succour and shelter from the Rector who found him sick on the road to Salisbury and allowed him to recover his strength, no doubt looking out onto the Downs.

Where else can one go and see a friend and be told "of course you do realise, don't you, that England began here?, just in that field - there are shells to show that the sea came in this far". I do not know, but I am not at all surprised. There are so many legends that are a delight to listen to - mysterious bulbs that are said to have been brought by Knight's Templars from Asia Minor; and, no one really knows why - and the man who went to prison for robbery: when he came out he knew just where to look for the stolen goods, in the cleft of a tree, where he had left them.

The border between Berkshire and Wiltshire is unusual too, for it is the ancient mysterious Wansdyke that starts at the Bristol Channel and ends at the foot of the Downs; it is supposed to be the boundary between Wessex and Mercia - some say there was a Monastery nearby, some say there was an Inn, this within living memory, at the end of Bungum (BonHommes) Lane. If there had been an Inn it was no doubt more than welcome to the drovers who needed fortifying before their steep climb up to the Downs and along the Ridgeway, with their cattle.

It takes but a momentary flit into history to imagine the drovers stopping to gaze at KING John and his huge train of Knights, ladies, soldiers and servants, passing along the Ridgeway from a hunting lodge at Hannington to another such lodge at Cranborne Chase - from my house I can see it in silhouette, but from the Rectory I can see the return journey, when the King allowing the falcom to hunt for a tasty morsel for his Royal Master's supper at Walbury Camp. hard by the Beacon.

Although the Downs and the gibbet dominate the village and can be seen from any of the three roads, there are many lanes with fascinating names to lure one down - Weaver's Lane with its Puddle Wharf Cottage that carried on a silk and

blanket business; Pottery Lane where fifty years ago a thriving pottery made jugs and tiles of local yellow clay, which gave the workers the nickname 'Yellow Legs'; Rope Walk and Hell Corner, a coveted corner of ground which was an important gipsy meeting ground up to the 20th Century; Bell Lane has no bells, but it does have eleven bends in less than half a mile; Bottom Lane, which is part of an old drove, going way out towards Salisbury, and has the Wansdyke left and right crossing to the farm at Prosperous - William Cobbett rode this way to visit Jethro Tull of horse hoeing husbandry fame.

If William Cobbett had been riding into the west he would have seen the glorious line of Downs stretching from beyond the Beacon across the border line of beeches far into Wiltshire; if the sun was just right he would have seen the innumerable tracks made by the passage of man and his cattle over the ages - the sun has to be just right to show them up and then they disappear mysteriously amongst the secrets of history.

It has all been happening to Inkpen, in the past certainly, but things are still happening now. It would appear that there is one industry at the large saw-mills in the area, but look around and one can find lots of business ventures starting up. Inkpen goes about its business with a quiet determination to keep in line with progress, whilst at the same time keeping an eye on the past.

Someone does just this every single day on his way to his Plant Hire Station. He looks up at the gibbet and gives it a friendly nod. One day about eight years ago he looked up as usual and the gibbet was not there - he shook himself, rubbed his eyes and had another look - but it still was not there.

Now Inkpen without its gibbet is like Stonehenge without its stones. It has been there nearly 300 years and the people of Inkpen see no reason why it should not still be there - this is the fourth gibbet to stand for all to see for miles around and whether it falls because of a gale force wind, or, as in this case, vandels sawing it off four feet from the bottom; it goes up again, only this time with four metal plates to rivet the two pieces together again; enough to deter anyone with a hacksaw and evil intent, though signs of such attempts have been noticed.

Inkpen is a difficult village to look at as a whole, as it is so scattered, but standing on the downs in Wiltshire and looking down into Berkshire, any one could say Inkpen looks just like any other part of the patchwork of the landscape. Personally, I think it shows up very well with its contribution to the life of this beautiful land of ours.

written by Mrs Ford a W I Member.

for a competition in a Woman's Magazine.

Newbury Show



Mrs. M. Butler invited 33 members and guests to her delightful garden for the July INKPEN meeting. Members signed a card of good wishes to Mrs. Goodhart congratulating her on her recent 90th birthday. Mrs. P. Ridley gave an interesting and entertaining talk on folk lore and superstitions of wild flowers, trees and herbs. Mrs. N. Wild gave the vote of thanks. The competition for one rose produced 10 entries, winners being 1 Mrs. Dally and 2 a guest, Mrs. Stradling.



INKPEN WL. NEW YEAR PARTY. (1979)

The Inkpen WL. held their Party on the 16th January in the Village Hall at 7.30 pm.

The President welcomed members and their husbands and friends at the door, where they were also offered a glass of wine by Mrs. Withers, Mrs. Fawssett and Lady Morgan.

The Hall was decorated with paper chains - the tables along one side were laden with a variety of delicious looking dishes, all made by the WL. members. Also, making the tables even more attractive, were four floral displays in various shades of evergreen foliage provided and arranged by Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Wild, Mrs. Fawssett and Mrs. Skotzen.

After a welcoming speech by the President and a very short meeting, the party began with supper and the appetizing food soon disappeared.

The evenings entertainment was organized by Mrs. Askew and her team of helpers. The first item was a performance by the children from Inkpen Village school on their Recorders, playing three Elizabethan pieces: "Callino Casturame" "John Come Kiss Me Now" and the Coventry Carol "King Herod & the Cock." The children were led by their music master Mr. Huxtable on his guitar. This was very much enjoyed by all. Then, with Mr. Tuck at the piano, the twelve WL. "songsters" rendered their version of the "Twelve Days of Christmas" with rare paths, with everybody heartily joining in at the end.

There was something to please everybody, mime competitions and a great many raffle prizes (kindly donated by all the Committee members) but the highlight of the evening was undoubtedly the stage appearance of Mrs. Withers and Mrs. Fawssett dressed in full evening splendour (see photo) singing "We're a Couple of Lads". This was a hilarious turn and much enjoyed by everybody who demanded several encores.

The general consensus of opinion at the end of the evening was of a very happy and successful party. This was also expressed by the President, Mrs. Tuck, when she thanked everybody for their help and hard work.

The evening ended about 10 pm. with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.



New Year's Party.





INKPEN FAIRIES APPEAL TO THE ARABS

THERE are fairies in Inkpen. Not quite the breed that would be indigenous to the surrounding woodland, but nevertheless an exquisite and fanciful variety.

These fairies are made of resin and decorated with finely wrought brass and copper jewellery. They are part of a commission for an Arab buyer which 33-year-old Mary Brown is currently working on from her home in Lower Inkpen.

The figures are small pieces of ornamental sculpture, standing about nine inches high, each in its own imaginative pose.

The original model is made of clay, from which a plaster cast is made and resin poured in. The figure is painted with shiny liquid resin which has been mixed with special pigment. The brass wings attached, then comes the final stage of decorating the fairies with their translucent layers of twisted copper wire jewellery. These adorn most of the fairies' elaborate dress.

There are other delightful touches which make these figures so unique, such as the skirt of resin-coated pheasant feathers which one particularly attractive model is wearing.

She is making eight fairies, and they will be accompanied by three similar resin gnomes all with wonderfully quaint expressions. She hopes they will be ready to send abroad within the next fortnight.

A freelance designer by profession, Mary Brown is now thinking that her next project may be to expand on her experiments with twisted wire and the coloured resin solution. She is planning to make sculptured jewellery using gold wire.

She evidently has a natural artistic flare, particularly enjoying doing intricate work with her hands. For several years she worked with architects in London doing interior design, and calling on this experience she has recently completed some charming model houses of unusually realistic detail.

Her work has a real fairyland touch to it.

By Judith Meynell



An Inkpen fairy.

**Inkpen
sawmill site**

INKPEN COUNCIL AGAINST HOMES PLAN FOR SAWMILL SITE

STRONG objections to a development plan for 50 houses on the site of the disused sawmills at Inkpen were voiced by its parish council this week.

The proposals are for 40 detached and terraced buildings on the derelict sawmills site and 10 more mixed dwellings on a two-acre plot on the opposite side of the road. Behind the houses in the smaller plot it is planned to build some COSIRA workshop units of varying sizes and behind these a sewage treatment plant.

Inkpen Parish Council unanimously agreed at its meeting on Tuesday to write to Newbury District Council condemning the change of use of this industrial area to residential development.

The main reasons for complaint was that there were unsatisfactory provisions for drainage and sanitation, and that as Inkpen was a village of outstanding natural beauty any new development would be inappropriate.

It was also pointed out that there were not sufficient amenities in the village to cope with such a large

development. Pressure would be put on the roads, village hall and playing fields, as well as the sewerage system.

"The village can't cope with this sort of thing," said Mr. Terry Fenemore. "The sheer size of the thing is entirely out of place with the life of the village. We are an area of outstanding beauty and with this we shall have another Kintbury on our hands in a very short time."

Magazine Secretary, Beryl Carter, Inkpen WI, Berkshire, writes:

INKPEN is a large scattered village with several like hamlets making the whole. Saturday, February 3rd was a springlike day after January snow and frost. Just right for a walk, so I decided to deliver all *Home and Country's* that afternoon. Setting out to catch the three o'clock bus which would take me two miles to Little Common which lies at one end of the village. On the way I see our WI Secretary going in the other direction delivering County Letters. Leaving the bus, deliver two copies to one house and see root of snowdrops almost out in a garden. Turning back down hill and up, leaving one magazine I come to the Lower Green. Turning left, one more copy is left and on to Puddle Wharf where another is left, on up Weavers Lane where ice and snow still lie on road and hedges. One more copy given. Here I have a word with two people. On, and turn right on to a Bridle Path by school. Up Bridgeman's Hill, along Pottery Road and on to the main road. Turning left the seventh copy is delivered short walk along main road and turn right into the Fir Plantation. Here I met up with some blackberry bushes who treated my tights badly. Coming out on to Great Common there are three copies to deliver in this area. The last bungalow lies at the end of a footpath which in summer I take to reach home through fields and woods. But today I turned and came back to a main road for half-a-mile delivering my last magazine in the Upper Green, passing the village pond and entering the house at ten-to-five.

MENU OF THE MONTH by Jenny Scott

MANY people think that winter is the wrong time to diet, but at the moment there is a wide choice of first class vegetables and salads in the shops; leeks, celery, superb savoy cabbages and sprouts, Chinese leaves, watercress, bean sprouts and chicory, all of which are ideal for slimmers. There is no such thing as a slimming pudding; by definition all puddings are fattening, especially what my husband calls "proper" puddings. So the best thing is, by and large, to avoid them and stick to fresh fruit. Grapes are very reasonable, English coxes are cheap and citrus fruit is at its best.

The menu this month is designed for those who want to shed the few extra pounds that sneakily crept on over the holidays and have stayed there. The main dish features chicken, the slimmer's friend, but made a bit more interesting by the use of spices.

To start with I have chosen jellied eggs, which are savoury and sustaining without being too high on calories. The success of the dish depends on three things. First, the eggs must be poached until the whites are firm but the inside is still just a little bit soft. When you eat them they should be creamy in texture. Secondly, the stock should be really well flavoured. If you haven't any easily available use a tin of consomme. Thirdly the set of the jelly must be hard enough to be able to turn the eggs out of their moulds, but not too hard and rubbery.

Jellied eggs

Four eggs
300ml ($\frac{1}{2}$ pt.) well flavoured stock or consomme, gelatine.
Garnish, e.g. button mushrooms, olives,

parsley
Lettuce for serving.

Dissolve enough gelatine in the stock to give a firm set. If using stock 1 rounded teaspoon should be adequate; if using tinned consomme, probably you will need slightly less. Line the bottom of four ramekins or teacups with a thin layer of jelly and allow to set. Decorate with sliced button mushrooms, sliced olives, parsley or whatever you fancy. Gently poach four eggs, cool rapidly and place in the ramekins. Pour the cool stock over and allow to set in the refrigerator. To serve, place a couple of lettuce leaves on a plate and turn the egg out onto the lettuce.

The spiced chicken which follows is full of flavour but not too hot. The spices used do not include chili which is the hot element of curry powder. Garam masala, which is a mixture of seven spices, includes those with a wonderful aroma such as cardamom and coriander. It can be bought from specialist grocers and delicatessens.

Spiced chicken in yogurt

Four chicken joints
One large onion
Three cloves garlic
Five ml (1 teaspoon) powdered ginger
50 g (2 oz) butter or oil
Five ml (1 teaspoon) salt
600 ml (1 pint) hot water
One small green pepper, sliced



Jenny Scott from Inkpen, our regular cookery writer.

Two and a half ml ($\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon) turmeric powder
Five ml (1 teaspoon) garam masala
One bunch watercress
Two x 140 g (5 oz) cartons natural yogurt.

Melt the butter in a large frying pan. Slice the onion finely and cook gently until golden brown. Meanwhile mash the garlic and mix to a paste with the ginger. Add to the onion together with the salt and cook for a further five minutes. Add the chicken and brown it well. Add the water, turmeric and garam masala and simmer uncovered until the chicken is tender and the gravy is reduced to about 60 ml (four tablespoons). Add the green pepper. Discard the watercress stalks and roughly chop the leaves.

Add the yogurt and watercress to the chicken. Bring to the boil and remove from the heat. Serve with rice, or savory cabbage if you are slimming.

Oriental oranges

Five oranges
A piece of stem ginger and 30 ml (two tablespoons) of ginger syrup
25 g (1 oz) raisins.

Peel and thinly slice four of the oranges. Place in a serving dish. Finely chop the stem ginger and sprinkle over the oranges together with the raisins. Squeeze the juice from the remaining orange and mix with the ginger syrup. Pour over the fruit and chill for a few hours to let the flavours mix and the raisins plump up.

Tuesday February 21st. 2 p.m.
Cooking Demonstration.

Sponsored slim-in will boost Save the Children Fund

FOR those who find they haven't got the willpower to slim, here is an added incentive, join the sponsored slim-in being organised in aid of Save the Children Fund and get somebody to pay you to do the task.

For every pound of weight you lose you could earn several pounds in sterling.

The sponsored slim started this week, on Ash Wednesday, and will continue right through lent until Easter Saturday. But you can join in and leave off whenever you want, stressed Mrs. Jenny Scott, of Inkpen, who is organising the event. Simply weight yourself (in front of a witness) at the start and finish of your particular weeks of slimming and record your success on one of the official forms.

Entrants might be further enticed by the four prizes which will be awarded to, the person who has lost the most weight, the person who has collected the most money, to the sponsor who has donated the largest sum and the final name will be drawn out of a hat.

The sponsored slim is open to anybody in the Newbury area and participants should apply for forms to Mrs. Scott, at Highfield House, Folly Road, Inkpen.

Film award

INKPEN resident Mr. Jack Dalley was one of a team of film makers who won the top award at the Institute of Amateur Cinematographers film festival in London at the weekend.

The Wild Life Society, of which Mr. Dalley is secretary, won the Dailly Mail cup for its film "What's New in the Forest?" becoming the overall winner out of over 100 entries.

About a dozen members of the society, including Mr. Dalley used 16mm cameras to shoot scenes in the New Forest of the wildlife, pony round-ups and sales.

The society is hoping that the film can be used for educational use in schools.

A W.I. OUTING.

Thursday 26th April, 1979, 7.30 a.m. Four Inkpen W.I. members were up and away to catch the train for the Third Yearly Train Day Trip organised by our County Federation. This year it was to Chester. Newbury to Reading then to Pangbourne where the last passengers were picked up, away and gathering speed when a stone hit the bottom corner of the window in our compartment. Window looked like frosted glass. With the speed and wind the window eventually fell in, fortunately there were spare seats on the train. Phone calls, workmen boarded the train at Birmingham to repair the window so we were able to travel in that compartment to come home.

Arrived at Chester to be welcomed by the Town Crier. After lunch we were taken on a Guided Walking Tour of the City. Saw the British Heritage Exhibition, followed by tea together at Blossoms. Then we visited Grosvenor Park which was very colourful with Hyacinths, and Tulips etc. A walk along by the River and it was time to go to the train for the return journey. A very enjoyable day and home reached by 11.15 p.m.

AN AUDIO VISUAL
INTERPRETATION OF
THE HISTORY
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*the British
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INKPEN members invited guests to their April meeting when Mrs. M. Withers presided in the unavoidable absence of Mrs. V. Tuck. Mrs. M. Askew also deputised as secretary in the absence of Mrs. H. Skotzen. The knit-in for ARC will now take place May 22 at the home of Mrs. M. Askew.

Mrs. M. E. Hutchins of Reading gave a fascinating talk on "Round the World in 40 Days" illustrated by film slides taking members from India to Hong Kong thence to Australia and New Zealand, Fiji and Tahiti, returning via the Golden Gate of San Francisco and a view of the prison of Alcatraz the notorious prison island and finally through Vancouver, the Rockies and Edmonton, Alberta back to Heath Row. Mrs. M. Askew gave a vote of thanks.

Tea Hostesses were Miss Guest and Mrs. Hezel. The meeting concluded with a tree planting ceremony by Mr. Robert May of a Pink Chestnut, this having been postponed for some months due to weather conditions.



The Town Crier, Chester

Berkshire Federation of Women's
Institutes
Thursday, 26th Apr., 1979
CHESTER HERITAGE
TOUR

COUNTY TRAIN TO CHESTER on Thursday, 26th April, 1979 (School Easter Holidays).
Reserve this date. All details later.
If this clashes with your meeting, consult your members and if possible change the date.

The president, Mrs. Tuck, took the chair for INKPEN'S meeting, and after the business and discussion concerning arrangements for a conducted tour of Burford on June 28, she gave an account of her day at the Royal Albert Hall for the annual meeting.

Mrs. E. Mann, Head of the rural home economics department of Berkshire College of Agriculture "cooked for tomorrow," serving a delicious three-course meal.

Mrs. Tuck presided at INKPEN when 20 members and guests listened with interest to Mrs. Mayne VCO, explain in detail the resolutions for the annual meeting. Mrs. Tuck will be the delegate and took note of the wishes of the members for voting. Mrs. V. Fennimor gave a vote of thanks to Mrs. Mayne. Inkpen will be hostesses for the Group Meeting in October. A number of members will be visiting Burford in June. Tea hostesses were Mrs. Dalley and Mrs. Sherwood.

INKPEN members discussed arrangements for their golden anniversary party in November when it is hoped to invite all founder members. The meeting was reminded of the coffee morning with cake and plant stall to be held on June 6. The president, Mrs. V. Tuck, opened a discussion on the future of the WI movement which has over half a million members. This produced constructive ideas and comments from the members. Tea was served by Mrs. V. Fennimore and Mrs. W. Sherwood.

INKPEN resumed their monthly meetings on September 18 when Mrs. Tuck congratulated Mrs. S. Hough and her team for coming fourth in the competition "International Year of the Child" held in the WI tent at Newbury Agricultural Show. They re-erected the tableau at the meeting so that members who were unable to attend the Newbury Show could view it. Mrs. Curtis, gave a talk, with a coloured film, about the work of the Heart Foundation. Members were shown a pace-maker and an artificial heart valve.

Inkpen revival of cottage industry

INKPEN in the eighteenth century was the centre for a thriving community of cottage-industry weavers. Now at least 200 years later there are signs that a revival in this craft may be spreading through the village.

Already there are three Inkpen people weaving in their homes, one other who has recently got rid of her loom after a lifetime of making cloth for her large family and another younger woman is starting over the hill at Combe.

Out of these five, the most celebrated is Miss Eileen Bradford, who for the past 30 years has made a profession of weaving. Her trade name being Olivia Blackwood.

Wander down what is still known as Weaver's Lane in Lower Inkpen and you will come to Puddle Wharf Cottage. This is one of the two remaining eighteenth century weavers' cottages and in it, most appropriately, lives Miss Bradford. Two centuries ago its occupant wove blankets; now on a magnificent 12-shaft American floor loom, rugs are being woven.

Weaving is, like any other art or craft, a risky choice for earning a living. The outlay for equipment amounts to several hundred pounds and then there is the continual anxiety of finding an outlet for selling the finished articles, be it lengths of cloth, rugs, soft furnishings or blankets.

However, for several years now there have been grants available to help individuals set up on their own, which might have contributed to the present revival in weaving as a cottage industry; but there is still the 'bulkiness' of the craft to be reckoned with.

Considerable space is needed for all the accompanying equipment, for storing supplies of yarn and for the loom itself. "It's worse than going around with a baby grand piano," says Miss Bradford. Spinning, on the other hand, the sister craft which has become all the trend recently, is really a far easier and more practical proposition.

But for all its difficulties, Miss Bradford does not for one minute regret her lifetime of weaving. She fell into it by accident, having originally embarked on a course of textile design shortly after the war. Fortunately, as it turned out, she did not see eye to eye with her designer teacher, so one day escaped to the weaving room in her college and from there never looked back.

Since then she has taught weaving to the blind in New York; designed and tested out new patterns for a big textile business again in America; run the Bladon Gallery in Hurstbourne Tarrant for 10 months and been its resident crafts adviser for longer; woven over 800 yards of tweed for a South Oxfordshire man

and had several freelance commissions.

Now she is retired and has launched into something she has always yearned to do — weaving rugs. When I visited her she was in the throes of making a thick, pinkish rug, with an overlaid pattern of knotted threads. It was magnificent.

She has always woven the fabric for her own clothes and most of the soft furnishings for her cottage — curtains, cushions, chair covers and mats.

"Weaving is a very restful thing to do. I was an impatient person before I began to weave. It has taught me to be patient," says Miss Bradford. "It is very much a thing of co-operation with your threads and loom."

The actual back and forth motion of weaving is a simple, routine process. The threading of the loom is the part that gives the greatest headache — it is just sheer hard work. But the order of the threading is what in part determines the pattern, the rest being the choice of colour and pedal work.

"In weaving, I suppose like in all the crafts, all the brainwork is really done beforehand," explained Miss Bradford. "Once you have got your business worked out, it is very soothing. Your hands and feet are occupied and your mind can think about the design for the next item.

"It is also nice to get an idea for some article and be able to execute it exactly as you want. I get great satisfaction from seeing a bundle of cotton or linen made into a finished article."

Fellow weaver, Mr. H. B. Skotzen, of Colnbrook Cottage, Lower Inkpen, also gets immense satisfaction from weaving. He took it up 26 years ago as a means of therapy after a bad flying accident, and although it has never been more than a hobby, he has sold much of his cloth to reputable firms such as Liberties in London.

He showed me some of the suits that he had had made up from his cloth 25 years ago — they were still in remarkably good condition, despite having been worn consistently during his days as a farmer. His wife, too, had a most attractive wardrobe made from the loom — suits, coats, skirts, fine cotton blouses and dresses.

Likewise, Mrs. Gavin Goodhart, of New Mill, Inkpen Common, has made tweed jackets for the male members of her family and several other garments for the female side. She has now given up the craft after a good innings of 40 years.

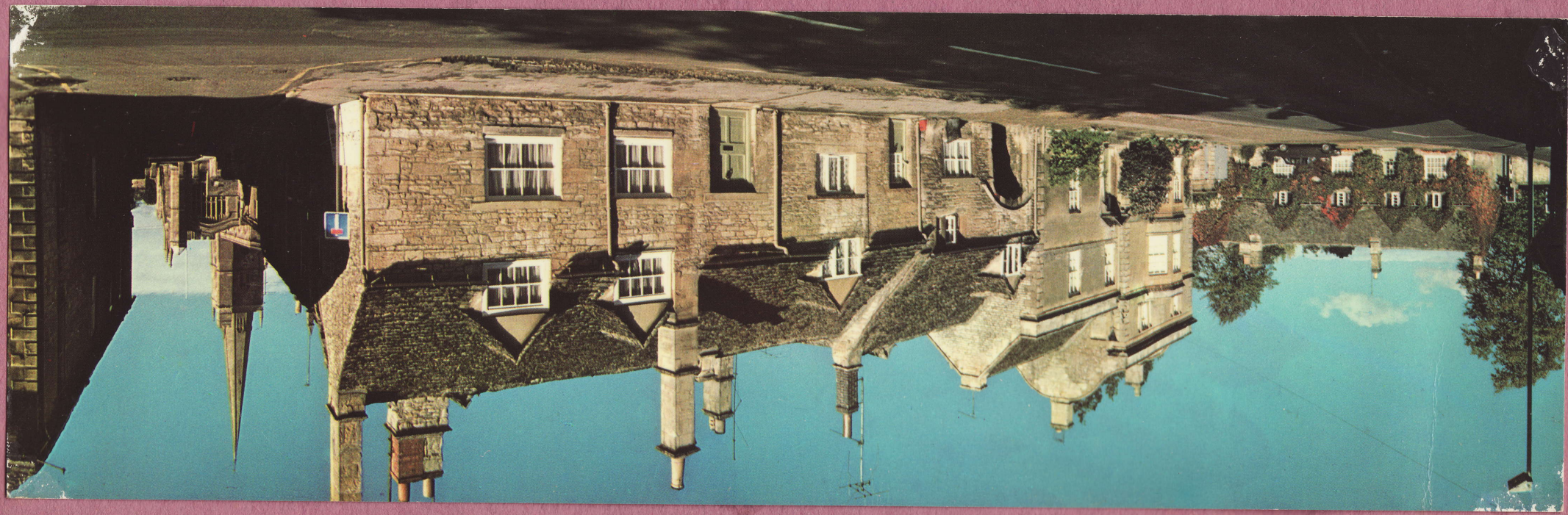
Following on from these three highly skilled weavers, I feel somewhat presumptuous mentioning that I make the fourth practitioner of this craft in Inkpen. Still, I have many a year ahead of me to become more accomplished and happily several experts to call upon in my village when I come unstuck.

JUDITH MEYNELL





Outing
to
Burford.
dine
28th



If you don't like about plants?

FOUR INKPEN GARDENS OPEN

THIS Sunday, four gardens in Inkpen – all within close reach of each other – will be opening to the public under the 'Gardens Open' scheme.

The first of these gardens 'West Court' in Lower Inkpen is owned by Mr. and Mrs. P. C. B. Pockney. Lawns, herbaceous borders and rose beds comprise this garden from where there is a splendid view of the picturesque 13th century Inkpen Church. Tea and biscuits will be on sale on Sunday.

In Craven Road is 'Amsterdam Cottage' – the garden of which was laid out in its present form about 14 years ago. The present owners, Col. and Mrs. Robert de L King have made quite a few alterations and have enlarged the garden to its present two thirds of an acre.

The garden contains a variety of herbaceous borders, roses and clematis,

with various bedding plants to ensure colour all the year round. Adjacent to the garden are some woods with walks leading to a pond and stream.

'Saplings', the third of the gardens is also in Craven Road and is owned by Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Humphreys. The garden comprises three quarters of an acre with an orchard and various ornamental trees as well as rose beds and shrub borders.

'Black Latches' in Inkpen Common has views over the common to Combe Gibbet. The half acre garden, owned by Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bent, is divided between a vegetable and fruit area as well as lawns and flowerbeds. Roses, herbaceous borders, shrubs and annuals comprise the flower area of the grounds.

All gardens will be open between 2 pm and 7 pm.



The open gates of the splendid 'West Court' gardens invite the public to view inside.



'Saplings' at Inkpen with its sweeping lawn, orchard and ornamental trees.



planes, what



In an English country garden – the idyllic setting of Black Latches in Inkpen Common.



Lawns, herbaceous borders, roses and clematis form this garden at Amsterdam Cottage.



The ups and downs of the Hungerford obstacle course test the endurance of two young pupils.

Inkpen medical student will pedal the length of the land for charity

INKPEN student Stephen Bird set off for Scotland this week to prepare for his marathon sponsored bicycle ride from John O'Groats to Lands End at the beginning of June.

He loaded his new bicycle onto the train at Newbury full of confidence that he and his two fellow riders will complete the 931-mile course in seven or eight days. The undergraduates (all from St. Andrew's University, Scotland) hope to raise at least £1,000 for the Multiple Sclerosis Society.

They will be cycling with the bare minimum of equipment, accompanied by a support van carrying spare parts (including a spare front and back wheel for a speedy change should anyone get a puncture), food and camping gear.

The route they have planned will take them through Inverness, Fort William and Glasgow, across the border at Carlisle, over the Lake District at Kendal, then on down just west of Birmingham to Gloucester and Bristol, bypassing Exeter to Taunton and finally the inviting sea at Land's End.

Twenty-year-old Mr.

Bird, a second-year medical student, has already been running regularly to get in training for this athletic feat. He has always liked open-air activities, and two years ago toured 1,000 miles round Australia again on a bicycle — but taking a leisurely three months over the trip.

He explained that they were not aiming to beat any records this time either, but because people were sponsoring them they felt they ought not to give it the appearance of a jaunt.

"But we hope it will be great fun, as well as being quite a personal achievement. I also want to get a sun tan!"

He will be accompanied by two other second-year students, Henry Irvine-Fortescue and Nicholas Herbert-Jones. They will be paying for all on-route expenses themselves but they hope to obtain further sponsorship and help from local firms.



First year apprentices from local firms receive their individual awards, from guest of honour, Mr. Bernard Dawkins. (From left to right) Alan Pearce, Andrew Pope, Bernard Dawkins, Simon Brian, Jon Dixon.

Student back home after 1,000 mile sponsored cycle ride

WI MEMBERS BACK VILLAGE SCHOOLS

THE WOMEN'S Institute Movement yesterday, urged the Government and local councils to halt the closure of small village schools after a plea from Hampshire members, their first to reach the annual meeting in 30 years.

Mrs. Irene Kirkpatrick of HANNINGTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE told 4,500 delegates at the annual meeting of the National Federation of Women's Institute at the Royal Albert Hall, since 1967 about 800 small schools had been closed.

Last year alone another 49 rural primary schools were condemned to closure. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who lectures at Basingstoke Technical College, said that a study had shown that in parishes with schools the average population increased by 2 per cent, but in those without schools it decreased by 12 per cent.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick who was moving a resolution on behalf of Hannington WI stressing deep concern over the fate of villages whose schools had been closed, said that as a mother and a teacher she had to ask "Do my children suffer educationally by attending a village school."

Her reply was confirmed by the Advisory Centre for Education which claims that a small

school with an intimate caring, trusting, atmosphere was ideal for a combinations of formal teaching methods and individual discovery recommended by school inspectors.

She said that some would argue that children in rural schools were expensive to educate, but did the authorities consider how few demands these children made upon them?

She added "Surely we are saving ratepayers money by educating our children within a caring environment. Children who are happy at school do not need to truant or disrupt classes."

Seconding the resolution, which was carried overwhelmingly, Mrs. Anne Pinson of ECCHINSWELL AND SYDMONTON WI said "Today we are much more aware of the importance of our rural communities — and already we have lost so much in our villages — our shops, our village bobbies, our pub. Are we also to lose our village schools? We at Ecchinswell say no."

NWN Editorial 47000 Advertising 46464

Footpaths at Inkpen

YOUR report in last weeks edition suggested that the Ramblers' Association agreed not to object to the closure of footpath 6, only provided it was replaced by the unofficial path. This is not quite the case.

We are particularly keen in retaining footpath 7 because, with other paths, it affords a continuous link between Hungerford and Inkpen. However, the Ramblers' Association cannot see the justification for two paths in such close proximity and hence would not object if footpath 6 was not retained.

We are, however, conscious of the delightfulness of the unofficial path bordered, as it is, by trees, but that is another matter.

P. R. FRANCES,
Hon. Footpath Secretary,
Hungerford Area,
The Ramblers' Association.

3 Macklin Close,
Hungerford.

New priest for Inkpen and Combe

A NEW Priest-in-Charge for Inkpen and Combe has been appointed this week by the Bishop of Reading.

He is the Rev. Raymond Birt, who is at present Rector of West Woodhay and Priest-in-Charge of Enborne and Hamstead Marshall. He will conduct his first service at St. Michael's, Inkpen, on Sunday.

During the next few weeks the Bishop hopes to appoint a second ordained man, who it is expected, will be solely responsible for the parishes of Inkpen and Coombe.

Mr. Birt has been rector of West Woodhay for seven years and has already announced his intention to retire from the Ministry in two years time. He became Priest-in-Charge of Enborne and Hamstead Marshall in April last year, soon after he had resigned his post as Archdeacon of

Berkshire. He will now be responsible for the five parishes.

Until the appointment of the second incumbent, the services at Inkpen will be largely conducted by the Rev. Roland Desch, a retired vicar living in Hungerford who has helped out since the parish was left without a rector in May last year.

Slowly

*Slowly fruit becomes ripe to pick
Slowly the farmer piles his hay-rick,
Slowly carthorses toil up the hill
Slowly an owl swoops waiting to kill.*

*Slowly green leaves begin to turn brown
Slowly the red fiery sun goes down,
Slowly cotton-wool clouds drift away
Slowly the night becomes a new day.*

Rachael Atkinson (age 11)
Laburnum Cottage
Heads Lane
Inkpen

Seaside fun

Plea for post bus by Inkpen

A plea for a post bus for Inkpen has been made to the county surveyor following last week's meeting of Inkpen Parish Council.

The bus would be used for transporting passengers as well as collecting and delivering mail. Previous requests for such a vehicle have been turned down on the grounds that other local bus companies, the Alder Valley and Swansdown, might object to the competition.

The parish council has also asked the county surveyor to improve the drainage along the road bordering Inkpen Common, as it has been badly flooded this winter.

At the meeting the parish council was thanked by Mrs. J. Scott, secretary of Inkpen Village Hall Committee, for its donation of £50. This money will go towards repair or replacement of tables and chairs in the hall and to improving the grass verge and hedges around the building.

Thanks were also forthcoming from the Inkpen Poor's Allotment Fund to which the parish council has donated £100. The fund helps those struggling with small fixed incomes, such as pensioners.

Inkpen sports day

PARENTS and friends of pupils at Inkpen County Primary School turned out in force to their annual sports day on Tuesday.

The children each entered a minimum of three events, which included such old favourites as the egg and spoon race, skipping, obstacle, sack and flat races. They were organised by Mr. Frank Huxtable.

Badges to winners and runners-up were presented by Mrs. S. P. Lawson, Mrs. C. J. Saunders and Mrs. F. I. Foster.

NO SUPPORT FOR INKPEN SAWMILLS SCHEME

Only the facts spoil a tale of lust, and murder by hornets nest

RESEARCH BY BARRIE ROBERTS

THE RECENT re-erection of Inkpen Beacon's famous Combe Gibbet prompts questions; not only as to why it was first erected, but also why it has been restored at intervals over more than three centuries.

I was born in Penwood, and from there the Gibbet can just be seen on a clear day, as a slender, dark thread against the Western skyline. As I grew up I began to wonder why my native hills nurtured this macabre landmark. Talking to local people, twenty years ago and more, I heard a dramatic story of adultery and murder, discovery and retribution. Many years before me, W. H. Hudson had come across the same story and included it in one of his books.

The story told of a poor widow with two sons, who dwelt in Combe at the latter end of the seventeenth century. She fell in love with a Woodhay man, a farmer. Alas, the farmer was a married man and divorce in those days, being by Act of Parliament only, was only available to the nobility. Undaunted, the farmer chose to resolve the situation in a time-honoured manner and murder his wife.

The method he chose to use was as original as it was horrible. Driving his unsuspecting wife to market in Newbury one day he enquired, apparently idly, whether she had ever seen a hornets' nest.

She had not, and so, as they passed through a lonely stretch of the track, he showed her one which he had discovered a few days earlier. Her curiosity was her undoing.

As she stood looking at the hornets' nest, he seized her from behind and thrust her head among the enraged insects, holding her down until she had been stung to death.

This done he placed her body in his cart and took her home, well-prepared to play the part of a bereaved husband shocked at the terrible accident that had befallen his wife.

With his wife's death accepted as an accident, he visited his lover in Combe one evening, to report on the success of his plan. As they discussed the deed in the front room of the widow's tiny cottage, her eldest son lay awake in the back room, listening in horror. Suddenly he heard his mother tell her lover to see if the children were awake and, if they were, to do away with them in case they had overheard.

In desperation he feigned sleep as the farmer looked into the bedroom, so saving his life. The next day he told the schoolteacher and his mother and her lover were brought to justice.

While the guilty pair waited to be hanged, an administrative dispute arose as

to which parish should bear the cost of the hanging, as the crime was a conspiracy which could not be proved to have been planned exclusively in either Combe or Inkpen. At last a compromise was reached and the two parishes agreed to share the expense and to hold the execution at the highest point on the border between the two parishes, where it crossed Inkpen Beacon. A date was set for the event and, as was usual in those days, a crowd of thousands assembled on the Beacon to see justice done and enjoy a holiday.

It is a marvellous tale, but unfortunately the documentary records of the matter, kept in Winchester Library, do not bear it out. There it is recorded that, on March 3, 1676, George Browman and Dorothy Newman were hanged for the murder of the woman's two children, whose bodies were found in a dewpond, close to where the gibbet now stands.

It may be, of course, that the traditional story preserves a garbled version of the events. Perhaps George Browman did murder his wife with the aid of hornets. Perhaps he got away with it, pursued only by parish gossip. Perhaps the reason for the murder of Dorothy Newman's children was that they did come to know of their mother's complicity in the crime and did not have the wit to feign sleep. Probably we shall never know.

What does seem to be true is the story of the argument between Combe and Inkpen about the execution. In later years the parish of Inkpen accused Combe of stealing part of its land on the hill top. Written records and maps were inconclusive, but a reference to an elderly inhabitant reminded him that the hanging of Browman and Newman had taken place on the boundary of the two parishes.

The undergrowth on the hilltop was cleared and the rotting stump of the gibbet revealed, clearly establishing the point at which both parishes had once agreed the boundary crossed the hill.

To mark the point for all time, and to remind local people of the reasons why this was definitely the boundary, the gibbet was restored, and so that no future dispute could arise it was made a condition of the lease of Eastwick Farm, below the Hill, that the tenant should keep the gibbet in good repair, thereby also saving either parish the expense if any future executions arose.



Members of Newbury District Council's western area planning sub-committee inspect Inkpen Beacon.

Inkpen development
rejected — with
glimmer of hope

Inkpen. plea for parish priest

A united cry came from Inkpen villagers last week, for a parish priest who should continue living in the existing rectory.

Having been almost a year now without a rector, and knowing that the exact conditions for a replacement are still not finalised, the message came across loud and clear at the annual parish meeting of Inkpen and Combe "We want a priest in charge here in Inkpen."

Since the retirement in May of the last hugely-popular rector, the Rev. Gordon Allison, discussions have been going on between the Bishop of Reading, the Archdeacon of Berkshire and the R Dean as to the type of ministry that should follow.

It is their intention to merge the five villages of Enbourne, Hamstead Marshall, West Woodhay, Inkpen and Combe into one united parish. Various plans have been back and forth concerning the timing of this and whether there would be one or two stipendary parsons to look after the enlarged parish.

It now looks as if the Bishop might agree to an assistant to the full-time rector, but the outstanding question which is still worrying Inkpen churchgoers is where each man should reside.

"The plan for the merger is a little like a dumbbell with the weight at two ends," commented Mr. Hilary Bell. West Woodhay is the only village which presently has a parish priest — who ministers to Enborne and Hamstead Marshall as well — so it is hoped that the other rectory should be at the Inkpen end of the new parish.

Great concern was shown by Dr. Richard Byrd that Inkpen might lose its identity through the merging of the five parishes and even more so if one of the rectors lived outside the village.

"I wonder how many people have realised where the ultimate end of this sort of negotiation goes. We have dropped a rector in the amalgamation of the five parishes into one. Alongside forthcoming local government boundary changes, I expect it is just an easy slide down into the place where we no longer have five villages.

"We will have one new village of East Hungerford or West Newbury. I think it is here that we have got to stop this. This is why the church as a family is insisting on a priest in charge."

If the second rector is allotted to Inkpen, it has now been muted that he might not live in the existing vicarage. There are suggestions that this old building should be sold and a new one built on a different site.

Most of the 35 people present at the meeting were not in favour of moving the vicarage.

The geography of the village makes it a very difficult village to work in. "Inkpen itself is a dumbell," said Group Capt. Phillip Heal. "The location of a rectory is almost as important as having a rector ourselves. The Rev. Allison lived in the middle of that dumbell and I think it is most important that the next person lives in the centre."

Mr. Gerald Atkinson, one of the two churchwardens, followed on from this point by reminding people that their attitudes had probably been formed by the excellent way the Rev. Allison had previously carried out his duties and that the villages of Inkpen should not expect a successor to do likewise.

"This is a demonstration of the fact that like others, the people of Inkpen whether regular church attenders or not, care deeply for their church and its ministry," he said.

"Like all the other parishes concerned with the proposals we now look forward to a speedy settlement which will add to the continuing growth of the church at our end of Berkshire."

Inkpen couple married 50 years

An Inkpen sportsman who played for both the village football and cricket teams celebrated 50 years of marriage on Friday.

Bertie Tilley married Emily Phyllis Turner at West Woodhay Parish Church on November 2, 1929, on an eventful day. Before the bridegroom took the hand of his bride he had to change the wheel of a car which was punctured while taking the bridesmaids to church.

Albert Ernest Tilley was born in Newbury 73 years ago but moved to Inkpen shortly afterwards with his parents and has lived in the village ever since.

He went to the village school and began work at J. Edwards sawmills at the tender age of 13 for 12 shillings a week. After a spell as pony trap chauffeur for the crippled Richard Lawrence, the young man began work at Titcombe Manor Farm, where he has been ever since.

Mr Tilley has worked with three generations of the Dobson family at the farm. As a sportsman he played for the cricket team for about 20 years, was

secretary of the club for 30 years, and also a groundsman for a long time.

Golden anniversaries are very common in the Tilley family because Albert, and his brothers, Reg and Alfred, were all married within six months of each other. Mr Alfred Tilley lives at Kintbury and his anniversary was featured in the *NWN* recently, while Mr Reg Tilley can look forward to his big day in March.

Mrs. Tilley was born at Hungerford and went to school there before she moved with her family to West Woodhay. She later worked at the school as cook for 20 years.

The couple's paths crossed at a whist drive and dance at Inkpen village hall. Two years later they were married, and a few months after their wedding day they moved into their present home in Common Road.

On Friday they celebrated with relatives at home but they were surprised to find that their daughter, Janet, and her son Michael, had organised a special party in the village hall on Sunday.



RUBY WEDDINGS

FERRIS — Margaret and George
October 2nd 1939 congratulations
— Love Gail, Tony, Heidi and Joane.

MRS. ARMSTRONG.

You are invited, with a friend, to the
WI. Golden Jubilee Party on November 19th at 7 pm.
to be held in the Village Hall. Please indicate
below whether you will be able to come and whether
you will be bringing a friend.

Kindly return this invitation card to
any member of your Committee by the October meeting
at the latest.

I shall be pleased to accept this
invitation and SHALL - ~~SHALL NOT~~ - be bringing a
guest.

2.

Kentbury
Mr. Newbury
21st Oct., 1999

Dear Mrs. Luck,

Thank you for the
invitation to the jubilee Party. I
shall be delighted to come. Oh it seems
such a long time ago since I used
to push my pram with 2 children
in it from a cottage in Totterdown
woods. - where Mrs Sedgwick (?) lives
now. but I don't think I missed
many meetings in all the years I
belonged to the institute. I actually
went to an open air meeting in the
Lower Green in July when a Miss Hope
came and gave a talk to us about the
Institute movement. She gave a cooking
demonstration on a patch of grass that
used to be in the middle of the road.
we sat on the bank under Mr Lovelocks
ledge.

M Walters.





Inkpen WI celebrates 50 happy years



INKPEN WI had every reason for celebration on Monday evening when it celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

President Mrs V. Tuck welcomed 80 members and guests, including six founder members.

Following supper organised by the committee, Mrs Tuck proposed the toast to founder members, and gave an interesting resume of the institute's activities from the outset to the present day, which brought back many happy memories.

Mrs Honor Goodhart, aged 90, oldest founder member, responded to the toast, and reminded members of other early activities, including fruit and vegetable canning during the war.

The Inkpen banner designed by Mrs Goodhart in 1938 was on display, and a bottle of peas preserved by her in 1929, which had still retained their original

quality and colour. A bread board given to Mrs Marjorie Carter for a wedding present in the early days at a cost of five shillings was also displayed. Mrs Ethel Druce and Mrs Phyllis May still had similar ones in use, given to them at the same time.

Mrs Goodhart cut a cake made by Mrs Phyllis Cummins, another former member. During the evening a golden rose bush was presented to Mrs Tilley on the occasion of her recent golden wedding, by Mrs Tuck.

Mrs M. Withers introduced Mrs Trehwella, with her party from Newbury Operatic Society, who entertained with songs and dance sequences from their recent shows.



BEST WISHES



THE GOLDEN JUBILEE PARTY
NOVEMBER 19TH 1979.

MENU.

COLD TURKEY & HAM

COLD SALAD - LETTUCE, TOMATOES, CUCUMBER, BEETROOT,
HOT BAKED POTATOES & HOME BAKED ROLLS.

FRUIT SALAD, WITH CREAM & WITHOUT,

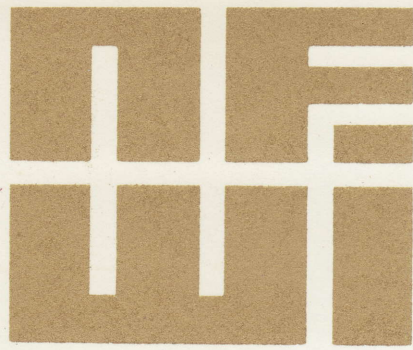
TRIFLE WITH FRUIT & CREAM.

CHEESE & BISCUITS OR ROLLS,

CIFTEE

FRUIT CUP.

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The N.F.W.I.

Executive
Committee

sends its
congratulations
and best wishes
to the

INKPEN

Women's Institute
on its
Golden
Jubilee

Patricia Batty Shaw

Chairman

This Party was organized and the catering carried out by the Committee members who were ;
Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Skotzen, Mrs. Withers, Miss Carter,
Mrs. Askew, Mrs. Fenemore, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Uprichard,
Mrs. Howells & Mrs. Tuck. They did a wonderful job and the
Party was a great success.

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THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF INKPEN WI. NOVEMBER 19TH 1979.

PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

Since we had our Group meeting last month, I have wondered whether I dare make any kind of speech tonight. I feel most apprehensive as the lady on my left - Mrs. Goodhart - won the Rose bowl for Kintbury at that meeting for the best public speaking competition!

But for the benefit of new members and visitors, I should like to introduce to you all our Founder members and make a few observations on the 50 years of Inkpen WI.

This Institute was founded on November 19th 1929 with the help of Mrs. Carter, Goodhart, May, Druce, Walters and Miss Carter. Membership was permitted to girls of 15 or over and children in arms were admitted free! This Institutes activities were and are very varied. In the early days they took the form of interest in each other aminly, as for example they decided to give a wedding present costing no more than 5/- to any of their members who got married. This they did for Mrs. Carter, Mrs May and Mrs. Druce. They also made the curtains for the Hall, bought the stage curtain rods, they gave the clock - not this one - this bell. They had a choir and drama group and they had combined meetings with other Institutes.

In the war years they certainly made jam and almost had a canning factory here, but they also knitted socks and pullovers for the Merchant Navy, organized dances and whist drives in aid of the Red X. and prisoners of war fund, also for the childrens' hospital. Many collected for a WI. ambulance - and the meetings went on. These ladies helped to establish a link with N.Z. & Australia. These countries were very good in sending food parcels when things were bad over here. At one time Inkpen Inst. received 16lbs. of dripping & it as distributed amongst the members at their next meeting - 7oz. each! The link with Australia still goes on, but no food parcels - yet.

And each year we have an AGM. in London, now it is over 4,000 who attend the meetings at the Albert Hall to vote on 3 or 4 resolutions sent in by various WI. over the whole country. I was interested to read in one of your reports for 1970, I think, that Mrs. Cousins went to the AGM. & came back to give her report in full ROYAL ALBERT HALL regalia! I had the pleasure of going this year, but I had to wear my own clothes!

And so it goes on for 50 years this Institute has grown. We don't have as many members - yet - as they did before the war, but while we have not the numbers we make up for in achievement. W.I. members' interests are so numerous you can say they have an finger in every pie. Nearly everything that goes on in the village is of concern. It is not all talk, tea and biscuits, the closure of village schools is our real concern and was one of our resolutions this year at the Albert Hall..

Members are active on the Parochial Church Council, the Parish C. The Village Hall Committee & on the Board of Gov. of the School. One Councillor has aptly described the W.I. as the "backbone of the village".

Every charity that needs collectors has the W.I. members amongst those knocking at your doors. They are also among the ones providing transport for Meals/Wheels, the Evergreens, taking the old folk to the hospital and chiropody.

We also help raise funds for the V.Hall by taking over the cake stall at the Xmas Bazaar held every year to which everybody gives so generously in time and goods.

A couple of years ago we established a bursary for any one of our members who wants to take a course in any subject of her choice at our own Denman College. Conservation is also our concern. Many of us help to keep footpaths in good order. Many belong to BBONT and so help to keep and enjoy Inkpen Common.

We have wider interests too, because we belong to the County Fed: & National Fed; so we get to know what is going on in the world. Every year we collect for the Assoc..Country Women/World and we last year sent a donation to the Kenya Water Project.

With it all we have interesting meetings where we learn to cook all over again, sew, weave, paint, dance - make speeches - and every year some kind member invites us to her garden for an enjoyable meeting and gives a delicious tea, but above all, we make friends and help each other.

So I think you will agree that our Inst. now - as in the past - plays a considerable part in the service of the community.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a toast to the Founder Members!

ONCE A YEAR

Oh! you really must remember
To visit Inkpen in December.
The first Saturday is the date
And this time not for Inkpen's Fete.

You hurry to the Village Hall
There you will find on every stall
Goods piled high of every sort
Just waiting to be won or bought.

The hall is crowded, room for more?
Not on this fantastic floor.
Yet in they come and more they squeeze
And goods are sold yet still with ease.

The gifts, the plants and super cake
That W.I. and all did bake -
Bottles, books, gifts and toys
Plenty for all both girls and boys.

If you thirst go have some tea
Then there's the raffle, follow me-
Whisky, chocolates, soap and pheasant
If won can be very pleasant.

At the end they count the money-
Nothing left, not even honey.
Then clean the hall up once again
Our cleanliness we must obtain.

Surely you must now have guessed
This function yearly by all blest-
'Tis the Bazaar-
We all attend to help the hall
Their chairs to mend.



Takings totalled well over £400, beating the previous record by more than £20, at Saturday's Inkpen Christmas bazaar. The money will be used this year to help with maintenance and new furniture for the Village Hall. Some of the Hall's tables and chairs were described as "well past pensionable age."

The £20 first prize in the competition went to Miss Margaret Hookham. The Women's Institute produce and cake stall sold out very rapidly, and there was brisk trade too on the gift, bottle, toy and garden produce stalls. Buyers cleared a wide selection of potted plants and bulbs soon after the bazaar opened.

Organiser was Mrs. Mary Luton, helped by committee members.



