



BEAULIEU HISTORY SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER

No. 20 April 2013

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

To complete our Spring series of events, on Friday 31st May there will be a talk and tour of **Keeping Farm** near Buckler's Hard, a listed C16th farm with an intriguing history.

The Autumn events start with an opportunity on Friday 18th October for local people to share memories, **Voices from the Past**. Sure to be a fascinating evening. On Thursday [Revised, *Ed*] 21st November we plan to hold a **Social Evening and Talk** with supper at the Master Builder's Hotel, as proved popular last year; talk to be announced.

Chairman's Column

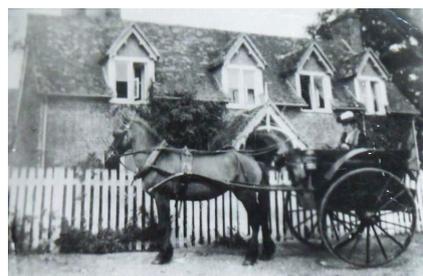
Looking back to the AGM at the end of January, many of you were able to come along and re-elect your committee. Membership remains buoyant and we very much welcome your participation at meetings. We look forward to hearing your views and suggestions for lectures so please continue to send in your emails and letters to any member of the committee.

After the AGM, Christina Dykes gave a fascinating account of the life of Sir Philip Hunloke who lived at Hides Close (Christina's current home). She left us with some unresolved mysteries, like what happened to Hunloke's wife. For the answer, see Christina's follow-up article on page 3! We invite members tell us of any other celebrated persons who have lived in Beaulieu.

The lecture on the LIDAR aerial survey of the Forest on 5th April showed how science can unveil so much. A number of finds from the New Forest Remembers project of which this is part are currently on show at The New Forest Centre in Lyndhurst, well worth a visit. I was particularly interested in the scrapbook kept by Herr Mueller, prisoner of war in Setley camp near Sway. He settled into the locality so well that he decided to stay on in England after the war

ended and eventually worked in the Brockenhurst butcher's shop. The beautifully and amusingly illustrated scrapbook was featured in 'The One Show' on BBC television on 2nd April.

Let us hope for seasonal weather for our country house visit on May 31st. The talk will be given by James McGill, who with his wife Belinda, has been unearthing many facts about Keeping Farm, their historic farmhouse at Buckler's Hard. The illustrated talk will be given in the ancient barn followed by a tour of the house. I have heard



Keeping Farmhouse in an earlier age

rumours that there is also an amazing model railway to be on show, which, although not strictly historical, will delight enthusiasts. Members will need to book for this event as numbers will be limited by available space. See the handbill circulated separately.

Rosemary Johnson

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Dates for your Diary

Friday 31 May 2013 6pm

Visit to Keeping Farm,
near Buckler's Hard

Friday 18 October 2013 6:30pm

**Voices from the Past – Memories
of local people,**
Beaulieu Village Hall

Thursday 21 November 2013 6pm

[Revised date, *Ed*]

Social Evening and Talk,
Master Builder's Hotel,
Buckler's Hard

Subscriptions

Membership fees are due at the start of the year. If you have not yet paid, please send a cheque for £5 per member payable to 'Beaulieu History Society' to: Gill Hawkins, Membership Secretary at her address on the back page.

Aerial Archaeological Survey

At the talk on the New Forest Aerial (LIDAR) Survey on 5th April, several people have asked for information about the survey and the New Forest Remembers – World War II project, of which it is part. To find out more, visit the website www.newforestnpa.gov.uk/ wwii, phone 01590 646600 or email archaeology@newforestnpa.gov.uk.

You can also view the printed images from the LIDAR aerial survey in the Reference Library at the New Forest Centre in Lyndhurst.

Each of the areas of the Forest is being followed up by ground surveys identifying whether or not the shapes seen from the air represent man-made structures, although it will take years to survey them all.

The areas that have been ground surveyed and believed to be from WWII are identified on a map online at www.newforestwwii.org. You can contribute by writing comments or adding new locations where you know there to be WWII objects, artefacts or memorabilia.



We shall include an article reporting more of the discoveries from this project in a future newsletter.

John Pemberton

Tips on Researching Beaulieu

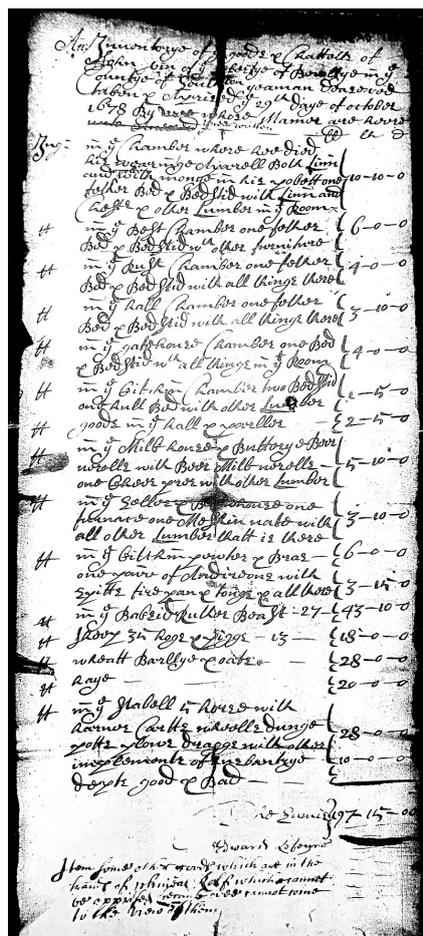
This article looks at inventories and their use to the local researcher. It focuses on the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as there is an excellent source 'Beaulieu in Tudor and Stuart Times 1500-1673' by Alan Bartlett (typescript in the Reference Library at the New Forest Centre).

Inventories were produced for various purposes, not only attached to wills but, for example, also at the end of a tenancy. They list the owner's 'goods, chattels and livestock', and were compiled and 'appraised' (valued) by 'reputable' neighbours.

Inventories are most likely to relate to people who were relatively well off – gentry, bourgeois and yeomen, thus giving some indication of the owner's social class, though this is not necessarily correlated with wealth. (Moreover, some property may have been handed on before the owner's death.)

They typically include furnishings, bedding, clothes and plate, thus giving a feel for the standard of living. They also give details of the owner's occupation through lists of farm machinery, the contents of outbuildings and tools of trade etc.

Inventories are often compiled room by room, providing an indication



An inventory of Vinn Curtlee from 29th October 1678

One in a series of articles about researching the history of Beaulieu

of the size and character of the house. They are harder to relate to the actual architecture, although homes tended to have fairly standard layouts at different periods, which is a help.

There are practical problems. Inventories are not a good basis for estimating farm acreages, because although they record standing crops, these will vary with the time of year and will exclude fallow land. Some categories of items may be excluded; small properties do not always list implements – perhaps family, neighbours or friends simply divided them up.

The compilers were not necessarily very literate, total values may not add up, and the possessions in inventories may not be the same as those mentioned in wills. But taken with other sources such as rentals they can provide a useful picture of a property.

Bartlett felt that the 140 or so inventories for Beaulieu during this period are numerous enough also to allow something to be said both about agriculture and community (though recognising that the poor were seriously unrepresented).

Happy reading!

Anne Coles

Sir Philip Hunloke: the mystery surrounding his wife

Addressing an audience on your latest interest is always a risky business. Can you convey your interest? Will you make sense? Or will people suddenly remember pressing business to attend to elsewhere and leave you forlorn?

So I was grateful for the appreciative audience who listened to my recent talk on Sir Philip Hunloke KCVO. What I appreciated even more was the follow-up. The feedback was supportive and stimulating, all the more so it took my research on a little further.

One of the issues about Sir Philip that I had not been able to fathom is what happened to his wife. I knew her name was Sylvia nee Heseltine and that she came from Walhampton. I also knew that she did not live with Sir Philip in Hides Close when he arrived in 1939. I did not know much more. Were they separated or were they divorced then or later? My thanks go to Ken Robinson and Anthony Norris who through their research offered new leads.

Ken established that she was awarded an OBE for her war work in WW1. She was a great dog lover and a Pekinese fan in particular. In 1920 she was in the USA because we have references to her in "America's Greatest Dog Magazine" namely, DogDom Monthly. She also kept a herd of Shetland ponies. In 1928 when HRH Princess Louise, Colonel-in-Chief of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, wanted to give that regiment a mascot, she found a candidate amongst Lady Hunloke's herd. A pony was delivered and called Cruachan, after Ben Cruachan a Scottish mountain in Argyll. Anthony Norris concurred, and added that she wrote about horse riding in the 1930's (Lady Sylvia Hunloke, Riding, Eyre and Spottiswoode 1931, *Ed*).

We have a 1930's reference to Lady Hunloke's address being 80 Knightsbridge, London SW1 – a suitably impressive address. She died in 1951 and intriguingly,



Lady Sylvia Hunloke

although she was buried in Oxfordshire, the wording on her gravestone says "IN LOVING MEMORY OF SYLVIA HUNLOKE WIFE OF MAJOR SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE GCVO OF WINGERWORTH HALL CHESTERFIELD..." This suggests that they did not divorce. We know that Sir Philip sold Wingerworth in 1920 and most of it was pulled down. Two wings, a stable block and the lodges survived and were made into apartments. It could have been that the family retained the use of an apartment or lodge and that Lady Hunloke lived there for a time. We can deduce from this that the style of a house such as Wingerworth meant a great deal more to Sylvia Hunloke than it did to Philip Hunloke, whose house it was.

I was also hugely grateful for having being put in touch with Rosemary Joy of the Classic Boat Museum in East Cowes. I paid a visit to this terrific small museum where she showed me 1930 film of Hunloke sailing Britannia in the Solent. To see in action someone that you have only known from pages of book is fascinating. I am not sure what interested me the more: seeing Britannia slice through the waves; the expression on Hunloke's face as he navigated that great yacht; tea being served on deck, complete with cake stand or the chef, hat and apron and all, pulling the sheets.

One evening with the Beaulieu History Society has shown me where new insights can lead and how there is nothing better for the historian than a local interest in a local man.

Christina Dykes



The Lodges at Wingerworth where Lady Sylvia may have lived

Memories of Fred Norris

A lifelong resident of Beaulieu village died recently. Here his nephew Anthony Norris remembers him.

Frederick Robert Norris, 'Fred', was born on 26th August 1916, in the house in the High Street, the Saddlery, where he was to live most of his life; the son of the village Saddler and the Parish Nurse, and his aunt was the village Postmistress. He had a twin sister, Dorothy, and younger brother and sister, Stanley and Phyllis.



Winnie (cousin), Fred, Dorothy, Stan and Phyllis

The Norris family had been tenants of the Saddlery in the High Street since 1871. At that time, all the farms had horses, and there was consequently a steady demand for harness and all the associated parts. Fred's father was a master saddler with a workshop making and repairing boots, shoes as well as harnesses and saddlery.

In 1922 after the two Miss Burdens left the Beaulieu mill, Fred's father took over its running using the wheel to make animal feed from the grain of the estate's 27 farms, as well as retaining the saddlery and shoe repair business in the High St.

In a small family business or farm, as a child you had chores to do before school. There were animals to be fed, coppers to be lit, water to be drawn, the whole property only had one cold water tap, and kale and kindling to be cut. Fred did all these things in the morning before going to Beaulieu School. After

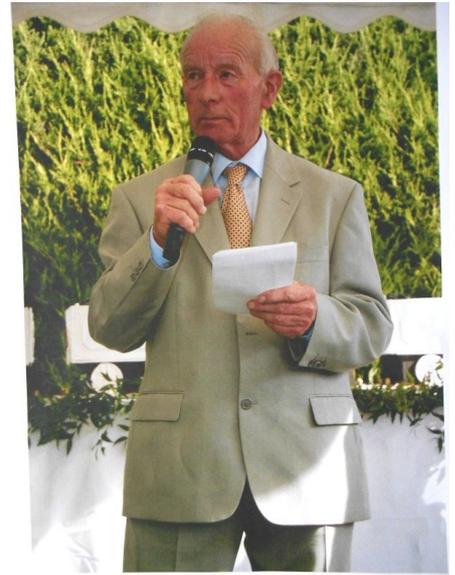
leaving Beaulieu school he went to Brockenhurst Grammar School, but left at the age of 15 years to join the family business. He started out in his father's workshop making and repairing boots and shoes and would accompany his father going out to the farms fitting horse collars.

The village he was born into was different from the Beaulieu of today; most transport was horse drawn, there were some steam lorries about; you would go miles before seeing a motor car, and sailing barges were still bringing goods up the Beaulieu River. A lot of the roads were still gravel; he could remember the tarmacking of Beaulieu High Street, and one thing that stuck in his mind was the state of the poor horse pulling the pot of boiling tar, all its hair had been singed off by the heat.

Early Tasks

One of the early tasks his father set him, was to accompany Jack Hendy to Warren Farm to shoot a rogue horned Guernsey Bull that had gored its owner to death. It involved a shot gun, two cartridges, a pint of beer, and a cabbage. He would relate, as a small boy, how he watched Jack, who literally was an old soldier, quickly load the gun, pour the pint of beer down his throat, to steady the trigger finger, and shoot, firstly, between the eyes and rapidly a second behind the ear. Old Jack was really good at it, he said, and the bull fell down dead. After a pause I asked Fred.....What about the cabbage? Oh - the cabbage that was for me, I had to get in front of the bull and distract him with the cabbage.

Fred's father also dealt in game and the time around Christmas was very busy. It was a special time at the mill, where the corn room at the back was used for plucking an array of different birds: turkeys, partridges, pigeons, geese, pheasants and chicken. Often, as Christmas approached, there would be a surplus of birds and they were disposed of



Fred at the wedding of Ralph and Ailsa Montagu

by having a gaming night in the mill.

This became a highlight in the village at Christmas. Fred was sent off to buy the largest stag turkey available for as little money as possible and this became the first prize in the raffle, the tickets for which Fred and Stan had to sell around the village. There was also a game for up to 21 people involving 3 shakes of a dice; whoever had the highest number won a goose. At the end of the proceedings, a hogshead of beer was opened; unfortunately the police stopped all these activities after the war as it broke both licensing and gaming regulations!

A picture hangs in Palace House, Lord Montagu's family home, called 'Christmas Preparations at Beaulieu' by Charles Cundall, and depicts Fred's father and his faithful lieutenant, Jack Hendy, plucking geese. Fred told us he could remember the day this picture was painted. He said what the picture does not show was that, in the corner of the room, in the mill yard were two small boys: him and his brother Stanley.

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His father and Jack worked fast and threw the roughly plucked birds at the two boys who were to catch them in their laps and finish off the rough plucking. Woe betide them, Fred said, if they did not keep up; Fred's father's temper could be short!

Fred's father would talk about the poverty in the area at this time. There were some families in the area that could not afford shoes for the children, as cobblers this gave them problems. Then, if you were a farm worker and you were not fit for work you lost your job and your tied cottage; you were homeless and penniless. There was no benefit system.

In the village in those days there was a Poor House; the building still stands. Fred would relate how one Christmas Eve his father gave him a dressed out cock-bird, surplus to requirements, and said take this down to Old Veal. Fred went to the Poor House which he said was a terrible old place. He knocked on Old Veal's door and remembered the size of the crack under the door through which the draught moaned. The door was answered by an old man and his wife, holding a lit candle stump. He duly handed over the chicken. As a young boy I think this image and experience stuck with him and determined him to always try and help his fellow man.

Transport

Whilst still at school he would be expected to take the horse-cart out and deliver feeding stuffs. This was mostly uneventful apart from one occasion in East Boldre when going past Matthew's Shop, the horse decided to bolt. Fred was lucky, because he was spotted by the landlady of the Turfcutters, and despite having a wooden leg, she ran out into the road and grabbed the horse's head and averted a disaster. Fred didn't tell his father!

Much of the feed came in by barges run by Williams of Southampton:

seed oats and potatoes from Scotland, bran and maize from South Africa, and pig food from Argentina. Once the consignment had been man-handled into the mill, the young Fred and Stan would ride downstream with the barge to the Bailey's Hard and then walk back to Beaulieu.

Within ten years, they had joined their father in the business. One cannot over-estimate the amount of physical work they had to get through humping sacks, mixing corn and weighing up small quantities for customers – and all in a very dusty environment. And, of course, the rats had to be kept under control!

By the 1930s, road transport had replaced the barges and it became a common sight to see a lorry parked awkwardly alongside the mill, its contents being hauled straight through the high level loading bay.

In those days, bran and beet-pulp arrived in hundredweight sacks and the grain from the manor farms in 1½ or even 2¼ hundredweight sacks [1 hundredweight = 112 lb = 50 kg, *Ed*]. Balancing these on the centre of your back is quite an art, but there was no other way to do it.

The mill

Between the wars Fred remembered the mill wheel being in use. Using the wheel wasn't always straightforward; first you needed a pond full of water, combined with an outgoing or low tide on the other side, so controlling the sluices was all part of the job. The spring tides brought their own problems as the feed stocks on the ground floor of the mill had to be moved rapidly or risk being waterlogged.

Most of the milling took place at harvest time. Once the wheels started turning, Fred told me that the sound of the mechanism, the splash of the water, the smell and scent of grinding barley all combined to make the building sing – and when the sun shone through and you saw the drops coming off the mill wheel, it was a wonderful sight.

They could grind 2-3 hundredweights an hour, for up to 8 hours, by which time the tide would be coming in again, but then there was the chance of more grinding – possibly at night – on the second tide. This might be barleymeal, wheat, maize, bran or oats.

But as time went on, the old building started to creak and shudder, so they decided to stop before any damage was done. Fred told me that the last time it worked was in 1945. A local man, Admiral Hall, decided to grow an acre of wheat and after it was harvested he brought it to the mill for grinding. Fred ground it as finely as he could and then the flour was taken to Winseys, the baker in the high street. Fred remembered that the resulting bread was, and I quote, "blinkin' horrible!" This was, after all, a mill designed for animal feed!

The war

The Second World War came along and although Fred trained in the artillery, he was in fact in a reserved occupation. He was very much involved with the WARAG, dispersing wheat stocks and requisitioning buildings for storage, like the front room of the Curtle House. He joined the Home Guard which saw little hostile action. He said one of the best things about being in it was the supper parties that were held in the mill yard!

During the war at a dance in New Milton he met Violet Rickman; they married at St Thomas's Lymington and moved into the Mill House in Beaulieu, later moving up the road to the house behind the Shop where they were to remain, his wife, Rickie, running the hardware shop.

After the war, Fred was re-joined by his brother Stanley and after their father died in January 1948, they took over and continued to develop the feed business in the Mill, though now the wheel had ceased to grind and the building effectively became a warehouse.

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The business flourished with Fred doing deliveries and farm visits, collecting orders and giving invaluable advice to the farmers and -holders, while Stan oversaw the unloading of the lorries and serving the customers at the Mill.

Times were now changing, the size of lorries which one would see parked outside the mill increasing, and the quantity of traffic using the road by the mill likewise. A lorry carrying twenty tons of beet-pulp would take some two and a half hours to unload, and would cause long traffic jams. The Mill was becoming unsuitable as a warehouse and in 1975 the business moved to Home Farm. It was the right decision though a very sad one for Fred, as he had spent most of his working life at the Mill.

As farms had amalgamated in the post war years, feed deliveries were gradually taken over by the main suppliers, albeit with Norris & Sons as the agent. Fred greatly regretted the loss of the old rural community with all the smallholdings he knew as a younger man, but the rise of horse keeping provided an important new income stream. It was also a reason to continue delivering small feed consignments. This was one of Fred's favourite jobs, as getting around the area he knew so well, and seeing his regular customers gave him enormous pleasure. He was still lifting ½ hundred-weight bags well into his nineties.

Involved in everything

Throughout Fred's life he was involved in everything that went on in the village. As a choir boy he was able to recall the time of the Rev. Powles when the church organ was pumped by hand. He later became

Church Warden, a post he held for seventeen years, and in recent years an acolyte at the morning service.

His interest and knowledge of farming led to him reforming, in the sixties, the Beaulieu and District Young Farmers Club. He derived tremendous pleasure from this, teaching the youngsters all aspects of farming and country skills, organising public speaking and stock judging teams and taking these teams to competitions at National Level even driving the mini-bus himself!



Fred planting a tree to commemorate
Ralph Montagu's 21st birthday

Fred's interest in agriculture was fostered by Beaulieu Growmore Club set up during the war to, obviously, grow more, and it lasting well into the 1970s. This was done by ploughing matches and arable and animal competitions. He was not a big farmer but did make hay and was quite good at it, usually taking the prize for best meadow hay. He was Chairman on one occasion of this organisation and hosted the Annual Dinner at the Domus.

That year Lord Montagu had arranged for Lord Goodman to speak. On being introduced, Fred was asked by his lordship what he was going to speak about; Fred told him. At the dinner Lord Goodman was to speak first; he did brilliantly, delivering Fred's speech and leaving him, literally, speechless!

Public engagement

Fred's first public engagement had been, at the age of four, to present Lord Montagu's mother with flowers when she arrived here in 1920. Eighty five years later, in 2005, one of his final duties was to make the presentation of the tenants' wedding present to Ralph and Ailsa. Fred's life was devoted to the service of everyone and represented a particularly long and consistent strand in the fabric of our village, interwoven as it was with the many people he came into contact with. As a child, he would have sat on the knee and listened to people born in the mid-19th century. As a nonagenarian, he would have talked to children who might live until the start of the 22nd century – that's quite a span. And then there are those of us in-between; taking all these generations together, he touched a great many lives.

Fred continued working in the business until he was 95. He put in a good five days a week and was first to arrive in the morning; sickness was not an excuse not to come to work! On retirement at ninety-five he decided he would buy some cattle and get himself a computer. But sadly he was unable to take advantage of a retirement and a well-earned rest, and passed away peacefully on the twelfth day of Christmas, January 6th 2013.

Anthony Norris

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