



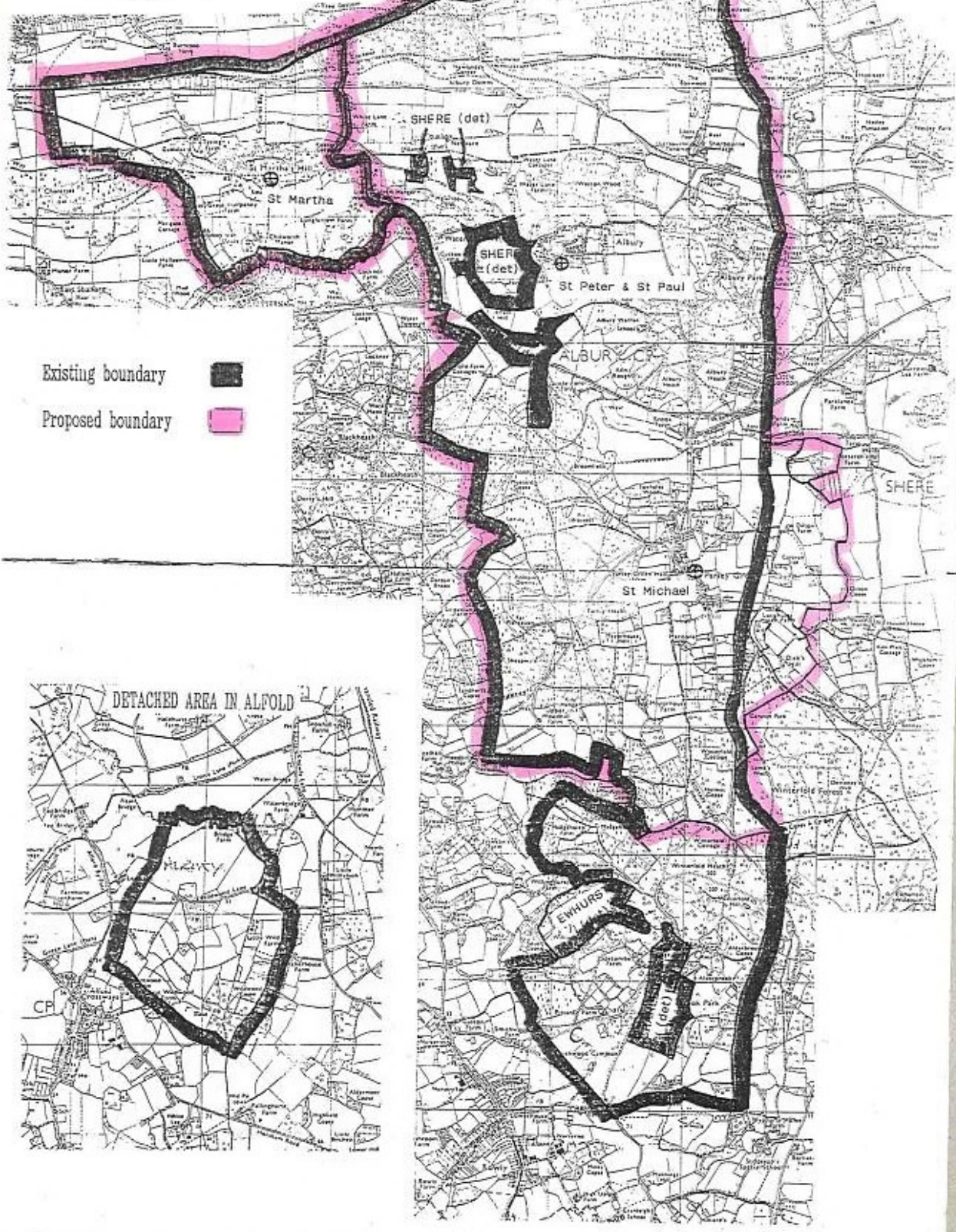
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Scrapbook of Albury by Mary Sherman

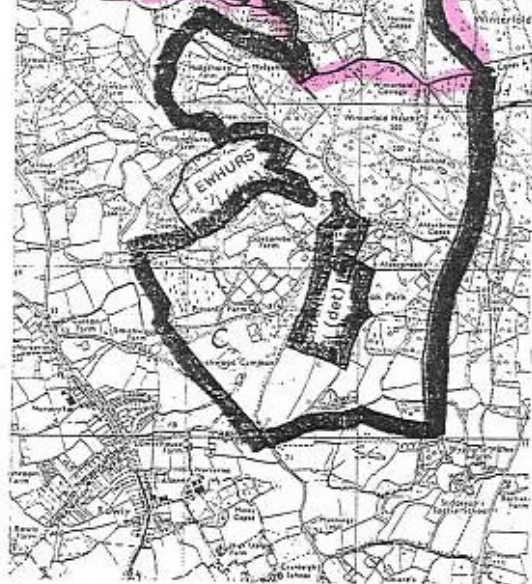
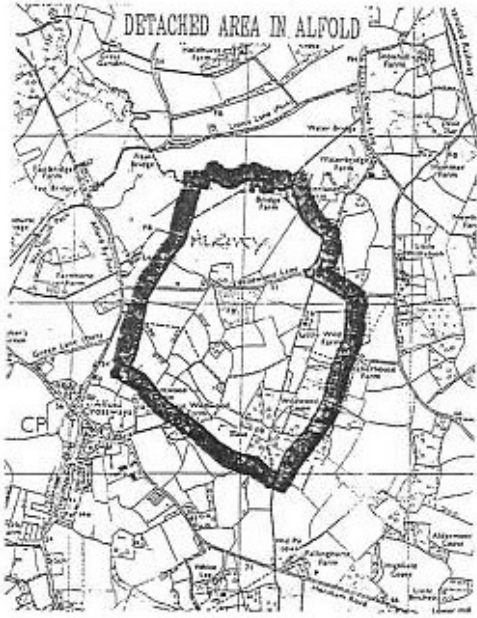
**Scrapbook of Albury
by Mary Sherman**

ALBURY

ST MARTHA-ON-THE-HILL



Existing boundary 
Proposed boundary 



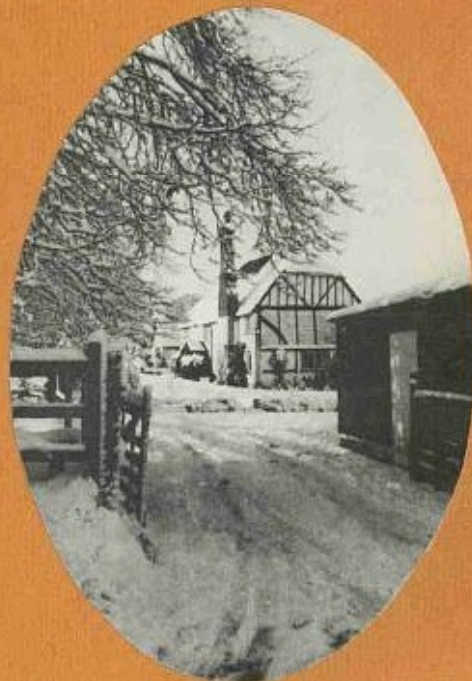


View of Albury Village.



There is no excuse now for anyone failing to find the village of Albury.

Two attractive wrought iron signs have been put up at either end of the village so visitors know just where they are.



History of pond ritual

Sir, - I recently came across a description of Shirebourne Pond in *The Gentleman's Magazine* Part 2 for 1823, and from the account it would appear that the pond - in the Parish of Albury - is now known as the "Silent Pool."

The account goes on to explain that the water from the pond fed the gardens of Albury House when it belonged to the Earl of Arundel in the 17th Century.

The writer adds that when he was young people on Palm Sunday carrying branches of willow and cups of sugar which they mixed with the water and then drank.

It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have heard of these ceremonies and can explain the use of sugar in the ritual.

JAMES FANE-GLADWIN
The Wells,
Church Street,
Rudgwick,
Sussex

Hunters Moon and Bettwsy Cottages, Albury

THE building shown in my drawing are at the bend in Church Lane, Albury, opposite a gnome garden which has a dozen or more painted figures displayed. It seems, for the benefit of passers-by rather than to decorate the garden.

The house has been divided into two cottages for many years, and access to it is from the corner, by a driveway that also leads to a barn and other small outbuildings, now used as a workshop. It is almost certain that the property was once a farmhouse, and the barn and other buildings surrounded a farmyard.

The section of the house furthest from the road (right in the drawing) is called Hunters Moon, and the other part is Bettwsy Cottage.

The structure is timber-framed, and Bettwsy Cottage has a late brick addition that is said to have been used as a laundry at some time. The framed section is of three bays, the centre bay being rather smaller than the other two.

It will be seen from the drawing that the walls have panels of regular size, and there are large, curved braces in the two end bays. Although some of the faces and rafters are now missing, the other side was similar to the front shown.

Infilling

One end of the house is jettied. There is no evidence that the other end extended further, or that it was jettied. Only the centre bay section of the original roof remains, the rest having been reconstructed. However, the principal rafters appear to have been retained at the end of Bettwsy Cottage where plaster infilling up to the collar level also remains.

Similar infilling survives in the other two roof trusses, and traces of wallpaper on parts of them suggest that some of the upper rooms were once ceiled up to the collar beam - they are now ceiled at tiebeam level.

There is no apparent trace of soot on any section of the roof, although the remaining principal rafters at the end of Bettwsy Cottage could not be inspected very closely. The principal uprights in the house have jowls, and the form of the original roof structure is of the diminishing principal rafter type with through side purlins - a form that is datable to after the mid-16th Century. This particular house most probably dates to between 1575 and 1600.

Two features of this building must be particularly noted. First, there is no original chimney stack, and no evidence of there ever being one. Secondly, the building has an end jetty.

Equilibrium

The introduction and use of jetties in framed buildings is a fascinating aspect of their deve-

lopment. Various writers have suggested that its use stabilised the structure because a cantilever effect created an equilibrium between the weight on the first floor and the weight of the wall above the jetty. A more recent view is that its use was aesthetic - or in common language for swank and display.

Jettying can be employed at different positions in a house, but it always - with very few exceptions - indicates a floored section as it is formed by the extension of the floor joists.

Jettying can occur at the service end, and at the high end of a hall house. It is also very effectively used at the end of a crossing where one floor can be jettied out above another - the crossing at Unsted Farm is a nice example. Probably its most effective use is in a "West-End" house.

Unwise

It has been stated (S.A.S. Collections Vol. 63, Gravett, "Whitehall") that some of the earliest houses to be built with an upper floor throughout were of the continuous jetty type, that is, a house with a jetty along the whole length of the long side. There are not too many early examples of this type in Surrey and they are mostly in towns, e.g. Slipshoe Street, Reigate; Whitehall, Cheam; The White Hart, Godalming and Church Street, Godalming. The Grantley Arms, Womersley, and Howlands, Chiddingfold, are good "country" examples. They are all late, except Whitehall which has been dated to about 1500.

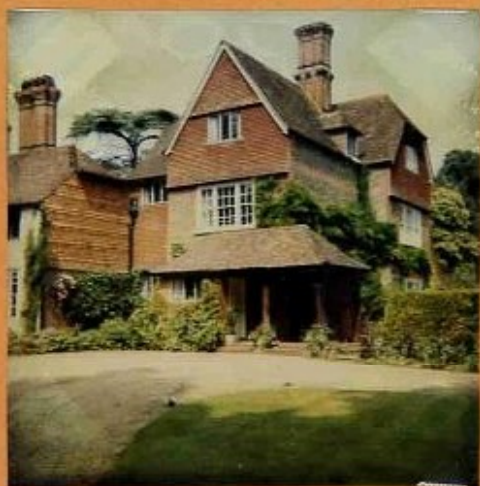
End jettying is a feature much met with in towns where properties are set end-on to the street. There are many examples of this in Guildford. However, unlike continuous jettying, I cannot think of a "country" example in Surrey of end jettying only on a house (except it be on a crossing, where it is common enough) apart, that is, from this Albury house.

It is always unwise to assume that a rarely - a one-off house - has been found. House forms always conformed to a conservative series of identifiable patterns. Therefore, a simple explanation for the "unusual" Albury house must be sought. It could be that it is a surviving crossing, and that the rest of the house has long since gone.

This conclusion would explain the lack of an old chimney stack as well as the end jetty. There is no present physical evidence of there being such an adjoining structure, but one need not necessarily expect this to be so. Crossings and adjoining structures were often built quite independently of each other with a gap of as much as 18 inches between them, with wall cladding and roof tiling bridging the gap. Or has the evil genius of those gnomes in the garden opposite bewitched me and dulled my powers of reason?



John L. Baker - Albury - 1977



Drummond Drive, Albury.



THE STORY OF STEPHEN LANGTON
AND OF
THE SILENT POOL

THESE ARE LEGENDS, part of our Surrey folk-lore, and the first concerns that notable character, Stephen Langton. He was born in about 1150 at Friday Street, the tiny hamlet by the lake near Abinger, and his father who was a yeoman seems to have perished in the Crusades. His wife did not long survive him; she died a natural death and was buried in the churchyard of Abinger.



Cottage in Albury

THIS charming sketch in charcoal and ink shows the old police cottage in Albury during the 1800s. The drawing, by local artist Sage, was found by councillor Mr. Bernard Parke in the attic of his home in Polimore Road, Onslow Village. The cottage was the home of his great-grandfather, Mr. Roger Parke, when he was village bobby around 1860. The sketch was probably done about 1880. The police cottage was pulled down around 1900, but similar cottages have since been built on the site.



MRENT Cottage, Albury, October 1984

"THE PARISH MAGAZINE FOR ALBURY AND ST. MARTHA" dated December 1897 (price one penny) contains the first instalment (in very small type) of the Notes and Recollections of Newdigate Burne entitled:

ALBURY PAST AND PRESENT

As these memoirs (in the relaxed prose of the time) are likely to be of interest to all parishioners, extracts will be included in this and some future issues of the Parish News.

Newdigate Burne was in charge of the congregation of the Catholic Apostolic Church in Albury.

His first chapter concerns local roads and railways. (He calls the latter rail roads - and spells Farley Heath, Farleigh).

In speaking of our general landscape, we might well have included the roads, especially the railroad, which is a prominent feature in every country view in England, with the long tails of white steam following behind the trains, and their distant rumble drawing attention to the ceaseless activity of our population, and the immensity of our commerce.

To lie on the green sward on the top of St. Martha's Hill on a summer's day is interesting, not only on account of the glorious view of hill and dale, stream and lakelet it affords, but to watch these serpentine trains of loaded vehicles coming from east and west in constant and regular succession.

Good roads are doubtless a distinct evidence of civilisation. They promote neighbourly intercourse; they enable us to see a world beyond our own noses. The savage tribes in the interior of Africa have no roads - the wandering Arabs have no roads, and only the elements of civilisation - the Australian natives, the lowest type of the uncivilised have no roads - the hill tribes on the north-west frontier of India have no roads - they regard as enemies all who live beyond their own borders, and raid murder and rapine seem to be the main objects of their existence. I hope we shall make some roads for them before we say "goodbye"!

Sixty years ago - yes, and less than that - we had no such thing as a railroad through the parish; but then we were a quiet people and our repose had not been thoroughly broken by the many interventions which have since revolutionised our habits. Sometimes one almost longs for the quiet time; but one cannot put back the clock. Growth, increase, progress. Such is God's Eternal Plan, and to disregard it, is to be left behind in the race, and to lose the many advantages and blessings which go far to counter-balance the personal discomfort of all this heat and pressure.

If, as I have said, good roads are an evidence of civilisation, then I think we Albury people may pat one another on the back, and "wash our hands without soap" in self-satisfaction, for we have splendid roads, thanks first to the Roman occupation, then to the waywardens of former days, later on to the crushing and levelling effects of the steam roller, and now to the vigilance of our almost brand-new Parish and County Councils.

Without roads we could not go to Church or to the market, or have easy intercourse with one another.

The roads claim our first attention. Sixty years ago our roads to Guildford were up by Newland's Corner, and over the Downs - a mere cart track, such as it remains to this day. Another entering by the gate opposite Weston House and coming into the track below Newland's Corner, entered Guildford down the steep hill past the old semaphore, (the house still stands from which the semaphore signals coming up from Portsmouth were passed on to London - the great events

ALBURY PAST AND PRESENT

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The oldest road in the place is probably the lane running up from the "Round House" (we used to call it "Windsor Castle" after that pretty rosy-faced Mrs. Windsor who lived there) to Farleigh Heath. Tradition says the Romans made it to get down to the valley for water from their camp at Farleigh. Why shouldn't we call it the "Roman road" or the "Roman way"? Why should it be "Birmingham lane" and "Birmingham farm"? We like Birmingham in its way, and the Brumagen tea-pots and other metal ware we get there so cheap, but we are thankful that it is a good hundred and fifty miles away. Why bring it any nearer?

Now we come to the railroad. First, the railroads and next, the Electric Telegraphs, have been perhaps the greatest factors in the changes brought about in our habits and national life.

Just fifty years ago - in the summer of 1847, the year the line running through this parish was opened - I came to Albury from London for the first time to pay a visit to my

of the past century, the French Revolution, the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and so forth, brought over by sailing vessels to the coast, were passed on to London by these great swinging wooden arms, and thence all over the land until the invention of electric telegraph.

The lower road to Guildford was then only in existence in part, and was often inundated to such an extent at Shalford and by the Chilworth ponds (then called Magnays, after Sir William Magnay, a Lord Mayor of London, who lived at Postford, when I first knew Albury) that communication with Guildford by this route was uncertain and dangerous.

The narrow bit of road running round from Vale Cottage by the Paper Mills was a private one, and the Proprietor of the mills had a gate at the Vale Cottage end, which he often closed in order to maintain the right - but necessity and long use, must either have softened his heart, or given a sort of prescriptive right to the public, for the gate was long since removed, and until the new cut was made on the south side of the larger ponds, it was in general use, though often times the scene of accidents and awkward predicaments on dark nights, or two bulky vehicles had the misfortune to meet midway.

This bit of road joining the rise up to Postford, was made in 1874/5, and those who remember the difficulties of the old way, it has proved one of the greatest improvements to our neighbourhood.

The new road referred to in our last number, was made by Mr. Drummond after the consecration of the new Parish Church in October, 1842. The outline of the old road from Brook may still be traced across the Heath, down past the keeper's lodge to the stream, where it joined the "street" from Weston (as the present Albury village was then called) which entered at the present gate of the Lodge garden, and on to the "Little George" Inn. At this Inn (kept by Richard Jarlet in 1800) Mr. Cardale told me he put up his horse and chaise on first coming to Albury in the year 1832.

Thence it turned up, and by a devious course came out into the main road close to where the Model Farm now stands - a branch road came up from the "George," passed through the stable-yard of the Grange, on behind John Frost's Cottage and coming out also by Sherbourne. This road is in the recollection of many now living.

Then about sixty years ago or a little more (I am not absolutely sure if this comes within the range of the Queen's reign, but it is not far off) there were no bridges over the Tillingbourne, either by the Park Lodge or the Rectory; people had to drive through the stream, and walk over a log for a footway, as at the "Chantry Bridge" at Shere, and as it used to be at the Gomshall Mill. There was a bridge built in 1793 by the Hon. William Clement Finch (who then had Albury Park) over the stream at the foot of the old road leading up to the "Little George," and passing by Cook's Place (now the Grange) as mentioned before.

Now we are so awfully refined and luxurious. Our horses mustn't wet their feet poor things, and we have to pay the piper too in big rates.

What changes we have seen! These tracks - for they were little better - superseded by good macadamized roads. What would people say now if they were thumped and bumped over the boulders that were laid down forty, even thirty years ago, and less, for our post horses feet to hammer in and our carriage and cart wheels to level? And yet people grumble, (as is the nature of Britons) and our bicycle friends are become so dainty and exacting in the manner of good roads, that I verily believe they will soon expect the Parish Council to provide footmen in liverly with brooms to sweep a path clear for them.

godfather, the Rev. John Hooper, the then Rector. For the fun of the thing, I travelled with a few friends in a third class carriage - we got very little fun out of it however - the third class carriages of those days were mere open trucks with rather deep sides and wooden benches across them, exactly like the coal trucks of the present time: and what with the thumping and bumping every time we stopped, the hard narrow seats, the bad springs, and the horrors of the "middle passage," by which I mean of course the Merstham tunnel, sitting behind a screaming fiery furnace belching out steam and smoke, the noise so deafening that we couldn't hear the sound of one another's shouts, and the meeting an up train midway in the tunnel, which seemed to be coming straight into us - it was an experience one didn't care to have over again!

Look at the third class carriages of to-day, and there you have some idea of the progress in the art of comfortable travelling during the Queen's reign!

Broad Gauge

In 1843, I came from Plymouth to Taunton outside the "Nonpareil" Coach, driven sometimes by Lord Huntingtower. The G.W.R. did not get further from London than Taunton then, and oh, the blissful experience of a first class broad gauge carriage on to Bath, our destination, after crossing Dartmoor, through wind and snow in the month of March.

There were no railways near Albury then; the only way to get to London was to take your chance of a seat in the coaches passing through Guildford, or to post in your own carriage by way of Ripley, Cobham, (where you changed horses) and Esher; if you couldn't afford either, you had to go on Shank's mare, and I know of some old inhabitants of Albury who actually did walk to London more or less frequently, stay a few days, and walk back.

It was some time before railway travelling "took on" with our country folk. Many will remember that fine handsome specimen of an Englishman, Henry Dean, the mole-catcher, who lived at Farley Green. He never went further from the parish than Guildford, or as far as he could follow the hounds (he was at every meet). I recollect his being pressed to go to London by rail; tears came into his eyes, and he said he had "never rode in an engine train, and never could".

By the way, Henry Dean, John Humphreys, the sexton, and Sherlock, the Duke's shepherd, were about the last who continued to wear those picturesque and beautifully stitched white smocks which in the old days were so universal; I think however, Humphreys generally wore a brown one, but it doesn't matter - a smock's a smock for a that

When the great main lines of rail were opened in the thirties and forties, the companies took on the drivers and guards of the old mail coaches into their service as guard, and fine trusty fellows they were, as indeed their sons and grandsons are to this day. Any Albury mother may with perfect confidence send her baby to Edinburgh or the Land's End in charge of a guard, and he will take as much care of it as if it were his pet kitten.

A journey to London or beyond, when the Queen began to reign, was a business to be thought out and planned days, and even weeks before it came off. Now you get a telegram, say at 8 a.m. and whisk off to London or elsewhere by the 8.40 and think nothing of it.



The Street, Albury.

Villagers set for fight to save bakery

MOVES are afoot in Albury to stop the old bakery from being pulled down.

Feeling is running high that the building should be used for some commercial venture, but if this fails the villagers want to get the bakery listed as being of architectural value.

The concern has arisen because of an outline planning application by Albury Estates, who own the land, to demolish the bakery and build two detached houses with double garages.

The application was considered at last week's meeting of Guildford Borough Council's planning committee.

If the bakery was pulled down it would spoil the whole look of the village, borough councillor Miss Barbara Pattman (Con. Tillingbourne) told the meeting.

"So much development has come to Albury. If the bakery goes and new houses are built, there will be no village," she said.

Problem

Chairman Mr. Albert Cook (Con. Normandy) pointed out that although noted in *Antiquities of Surrey*, the building was not listed. Villagers, he said, had written to the committee suggesting that the bakery could be repaired. This brought sympathy from the Mayor of Guildford, Mr. Ron Burgess, who said: "The building may not be much on its own, but it is buildings as a whole that make up a village."

But planning officer, Mr. Kenneth Hopkins, pointed out that unless the bakery could be listed as being of architectural value, the council would have no power to reclaim it. "Even if it was listed we would still have the problem of keeping it in good repair," he stressed.

The committee agreed to defer a decision for a site meeting this week and possible application for the building to be listed.

The future of the old bakery, which is in The Street, Albury, seems certain to be a bone of contention in the village for the next few months.

It was in use until about six months ago when the baker, Mr. George King, retired. Albury Produce Association is concerned the building should have been allowed to fall into disrepair, and secretary, Mr. Andrew Peake, said there were moves afoot to try to find a baker to bake there.

If this wasn't possible, the association would like to see it retained as a shop of some sort.

"I think the village needs some sort of commerce or it becomes a sort of dormitory and people just go into the town to shop," he explained. "It is a commercial development which is quite out of keeping with the Albury Estate," he said of the scheme. "It is pure money-grabbing."

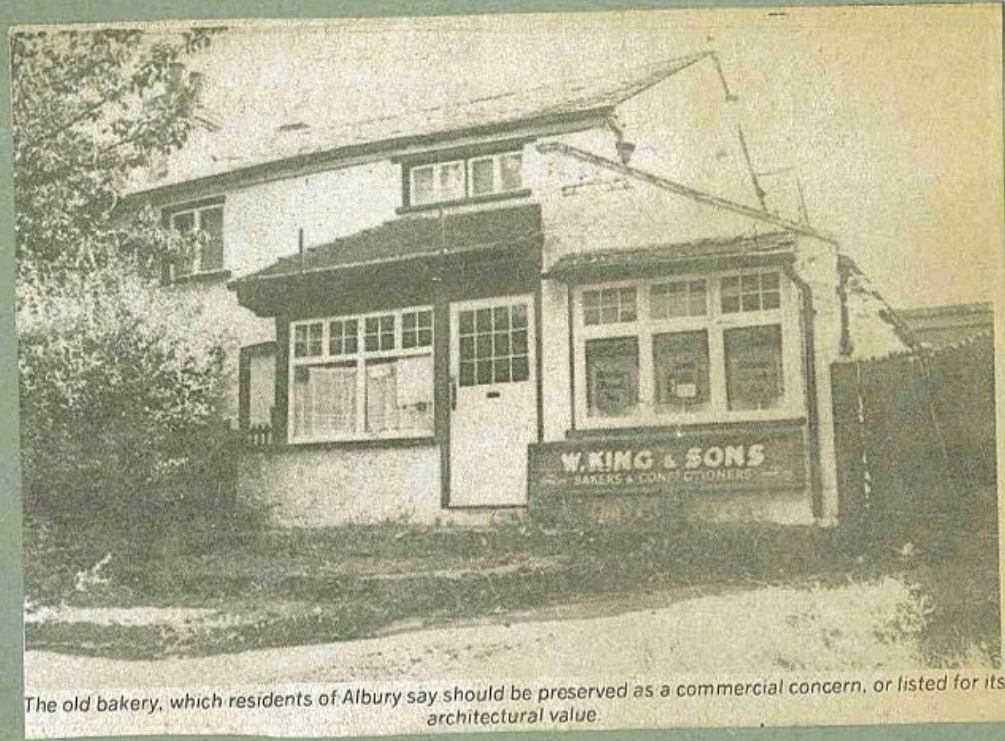
Dr. Maurice Burton, chairman of Albury Village Trust, commented that the Trust had already discussed keeping the bakery, but had concluded it was not a viable proposition. It would require too many costly alterations to bring it up to the

required standards, he said. However, he did feel that two houses with double garages would overcrowd the site.

Monitor

Albury Parish Council members decided at their last meeting that they had no strong objections to the planning application. They were content for borough councillor, Miss Barbara Pattman, to monitor the scheme.

Manager of the Albury Estate, Mr. Hugh Lee, said the cost of restoring the building for use as a bakery did not make it a viable scheme.



The old bakery, which residents of Albury say should be preserved as a commercial concern, or listed for its architectural value.

Old bakery fight lost 11/2/79

A LITTLE bit of old Albury - the village bakery - is to be pulled down and four houses built in its place.

The borough planning committee has approved an outline application for the site - so ending the villagers' fight to save the bakery.

But committee members were divided on the issue of the bakery, and Miss Barbara Pattman (Con. Tillingbourne) tried hard to get the application deferred.

She felt that someone might be interested in using the building as a bakery once again,

and added that residents were worried about the probable increase in traffic if houses were put on the site.

One member of the public stormed out of the planning meeting in disgust when the final decision was announced, shouting: "That is absolutely scandalous!"

Feeling has been running high among villagers for some time that the old bakery should be used for some commercial venture, and if all else failed they wanted to get the building listed as being of architectural value.

The planning committee deferred a decision on an application similar to the

present one back in August, and a site meeting was held to discuss a possible application for the building to be listed. It was later decided that the bakery was not worthy of being listed.

The current application, by Albury Estates, who own the land, was for demolition of the bakery and to build four terraced houses and four detached garages.

Mrs. Joan Golding (Con., Ash Vale) told the meeting: "I was very sad to think the bakery was going - it was a little bit of old Albury. I would rather see an old village shop there than just do away with it and put four

modern houses up."

Three letters of objection were received by the council on the grounds of increased traffic hazards, density and aesthetics.

The bakery, which is in The Street, Albury, was in use until the beginning of this year when the baker, Mr. George King, retired.

Albury Produce Association was concerned that the building should have been allowed to fall into disrepair.

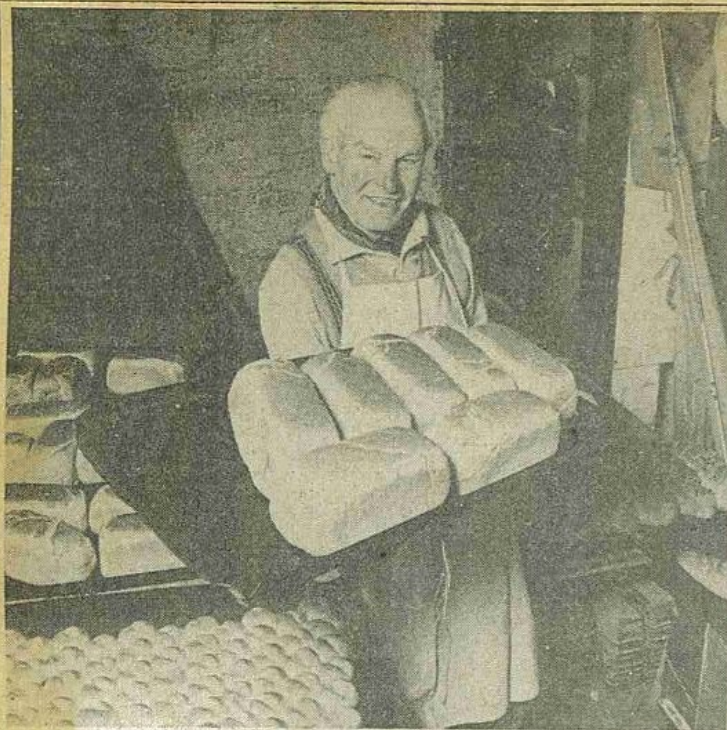
Secretary Mr. Andrew Peake told the *Advertiser* in August there were moves afoot to find a baker to bake there. If this wasn't possible, the association wanted to see it retained as a

shop of some sort.

Borough councillor Miss Barbara Pattman has always maintained that if the bakery was pulled down it would spoil the whole look of the village.

Borough planning officer Mr. Derek Horne told this week's meeting it would be unreasonable to resist the application by Albury Estates.

Chief clerk and solicitor Mr. David Watts rebuked members for steering away from the main planning considerations concerning the site. He said he understood the reasons for wanting to delay the issue but they were not "planning reasons."



Holiday at last for King of the bakers

THE man whom Albury knows as the "midnight baker" is retiring this weekend.

Mr. George King will shut up his baker's shop on Saturday and take a welcome break - his first for 35 years.

He is proud that his shop has not closed for all that time. But he intends to make up for it now by taking two holidays this year.

He wants to go back to Lyme Regis, where he spent his last vacation over 30 years ago, to see how it has changed.

Mr. King has been Albury's baker for 53 years, always providing his customers with hot, fresh bread. He used to bake during the day and deliver at night, finishing his rounds at midnight.

Villagers often used to see him travelling through the snow with a tea-chest full of bread nailed on to a sledge he dragged behind him.

"In 1963 when we had 12 weeks of snow and the roads were impassable I never let a customer down," Mr. King said. "It was no use making

bread if you couldn't deliver it."

Mr. King followed the family tradition. His father and grandfather had been bakers in the Albury area before him.

He used to start baking at 5 a.m. and reckoned on producing his first batch of loaves in four hours.

He thinks his loaves are so good because he has had over 50 years' experience making them and he believes in his product.

"I think bread is an energy producing food. Many young girls who go on diets don't eat energy-producing foods and they wonder why they get sick, pale and ill.

"If I don't put fuel on the fire it won't work, and I think it's the same with your body if you don't stock up."

Mr. King feels sad at leaving Albury where he has watched people grow up, get married and have their own children. But he thinks that at the age of 72 it is sensible to stop working.

His business requires a great

deal of energy as he pulls bread out of the oven, takes it out of baking tins, dashes into the shop to serve a customer. The centuries-old bakery will be very quiet when he has left to live in Cranleigh.

Now he has plenty to keep him occupied and a family around him consisting of his wife, Elvire Francoise, two daughters, Sheila and Sue and nine grandchildren.

Mr. King said that although he would no longer serve bread to customers - but he would certainly carry on making it for himself. At least it won't be another 35 years before he gets another holiday.

Chairman of Albury Parish Council, Mr. George Witheridge, said there was a spontaneous feeling of regret in the village because Mr. King was leaving.

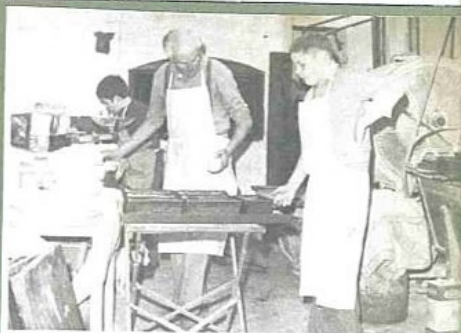
"Everyone is sorry he is going. We will remember his kindness and friendliness and the fact that he never let anyone down. He delivered his bread even in the worst weather."

THE MIDNIGHT BAKER RETIRES

Mr George King, master baker of Albury for 35 years has retired. He was known as the Midnight Baker because, until recently, his deliveries were made at night. As he said - roads were clearer at night and he could deliver and park in peace.

He used to live in Croydon, where he was a baker for seven years where, with his iced cakes and other creations, won a number of medals. But now he can't remember what they were all for, as some marauder took advantage of his midnight deliveries and they were stolen some years ago.

Mr King, who retired at the end of January, is pictured on the last day of his working life making a last batch of bread in his bakery.



There has been no changes in his bakery except for a new oven in place of the old range.

Susan Hargreaves, his daughter, helps in the shop, and her two sons, Ross and Darren, like helping in the bakery.

The one concession made to his 72 years was that his baking was ready for sale at midday instead of 9am.

"Now we shall have another holiday in Lyme Regis, since we enjoyed it so much the last time we went there which was some years ago" Mrs King said, "And we shall spend a second holiday with relatives in St Leonards. We have not had a holiday since we came here".

Mr King's father, who had also been a master baker in Croydon, had lived in Albury when he was a small lad, and returned with George to take on the Bakery 35 years ago.

ALBURY OCCASION



Susan Hargreaves, Mrs. King, Mr. Witheridge and Mr. King

After the retirement of Mr George King from Albury Bakery, he and Mrs King were invited to the home of Dr and Mrs Maurice Burton, where it was a 'full house' for the presentation of flowers for Mrs King, chocolates for daughter Susan Hargreaves who helped in the shop, and a cheque from breadbuyers in and around Albury for Mr King.

Mr George Witheridge, chairman of the Parish Council, told Mr King that no one had asked for the money, it had just kept rolling in. He also presented Mr King with a plaque to place on the greenhouse he intended to buy, and this would remind him of all his Albury friends.

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Dip

Mr John diplomat arriving from Mr comment wife on Airways away by say when he would Office of Mr B days to last we diplomat Britain.

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'Pagan' fair revived at Albury ^{9th June} 1979

THIS young girl was lucky enough to meet a television hero at the revival of Albury's Sherbourne Fayre last week.

Actor Paul Darrow, who plays computer expert Avon in the BBC television series *Blake's Seven*, was presenting the prizes.

In our picture Mr. Darrow is giving a cuddly toy to young Rita-Tambler. With him (centre) is his wife, actress Janet Lees Price. **KIRSTY ARNOLD**

Around 1,000 people attended the fair, which was held at Sherbourne Farm, in Albury. It is the first time the event has been held since 1829, when the church closed it down.

The ancient Sherbourne Fayre was one of the last truly pagan festivals to be held on British soil, and the church disapproved because the event usually turned into a near orgy!

Fertility rites among the revellers were supposed to bless the crops and ensure a good harvest.

Saturday's fair was much more civilised, but there was still plenty of entertainment. There was a hoopla, china-smashing, skittles, a coconut-shy, a bale-tossing contest, guess the weight of the bullock competition, a balloon race, a treasure hunt, bran-tub and pony rides.

A display of animals by the Rare Breed Survival Trust proved very popular, as did a demonstration of dog obedience training. Another attraction was a working model of a steam engine which used to operate in the area, and which had been constructed by Mr. Alfred Howick.

There were also dozens of stalls, including sweets, fruit and vegetables, plants, nearly new, white elephant, ice-creams and a bar. A special diocese tent had been put up on the lawn where cream teas were served.

The whole day was a great

success, the rector of Albury, the Rev. Stewart Orme, said. Over £1,500 was raised for general church repairs at Albury and Farley Green.

Albury pit plan agreed

THE borough planning committee has approved a plan to increase working of Albury sand pit.

The proposal has been referred to Surrey County Council with the recommendation that it be approved, subject to 16 conditions designed to protect the environment and cause the minimum inconvenience to road users.

The only dissent came from Mrs. Margaret Elston (Ind., Tillingbourne), who was worried about the amount of mud being left on the road by sand lorries.

Chief clerk and solicitor Mr. David Watts assured her that it was an offence to put mud on the road.

The sandpit is at Weston Wood, Albury, and the application was for permission to extend the existing pit, regularise the unauthorised working areas and the refilling and restoration of the worked-out areas by the controlled tipping of class one wastes - the materials dug out of the land, and clean builders' rubble.

The site has been worked since March, 1957, and an extension to the activities at the pit was granted in November, 1967.

The deposits comprise fine to medium-grained material suitable for building or asphaltting and it is hoped the total yield will be in the region of 900,000 tonnes. This will give the site a life expectancy of between five and six years.

The sand will be excavated to a depth similar to the existing workings, and about 35 lorry loads of sand will leave the pit each day.

The applicants, the trustees of the Albury Estate which owns the land, want to re-fill the present and the proposed workings. It is proposed to return the land to forest, to be managed by the Albury Estate along with the adjoining woodlands. The process would take about 12 years to complete.

11/2/79



Shooting was one of the skills offered for test at Albury Church's Sherbourne Fayre.

This Fayre was once an annual feature of the area until it was stopped in the early 19th century by the Vicar of the day.

But the offer of Mr and Mrs Barr to hold the fayre on their farm was eagerly accepted, and the barns, formed into open fronted booths did a roaring trade.

Tomtom, the young bull, had his weight guessed and the hundreds of visitors all enjoyed their day and a tidy sum was raised towards much needed equipment for the church.



Albury man's Arctic quest ¹⁹⁸⁰

EVEN if the sun has not shone much in England this summer, it seems to be shining in the Canadian Arctic where a Surrey scientist has gone on a bird-life expedition.

Mr. Robert Wellesley Burton (above), the son of Dr. Maurice Burton, the well-known naturalist from Weston House, Albury, is acting scientific adviser to a Joint Services expedition in the frozen wastes of the Canadian Arctic.

The purpose of the expedition is to make a survey of both flora and fauna of this part of the North-West Territory, as well as to familiarise members

with physical aspects of the north.

The service personnel will gain experience of the difficult physical conditions locally, while Mr. Burton concentrates on aspects of natural history, particularly birdlife.

So while the fighting services will gain some experience from the physical aspects of the expedition, the scientific world should profit from data collected by Mr. Burton.

The expedition left at the end of May and is due to return to this country at the end of August.

Diplomat home

↳ Departures ✕



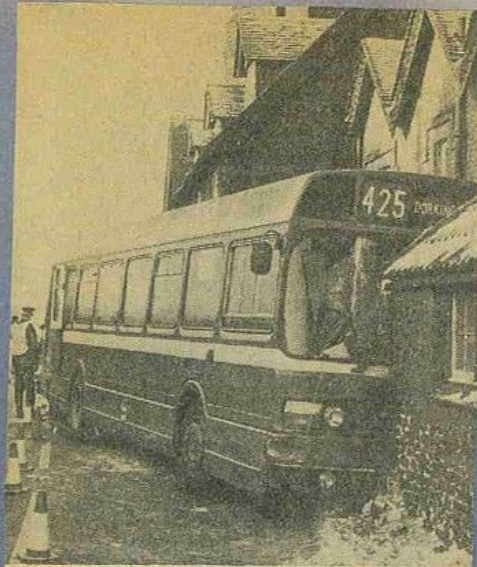
Mr John Burnett, the British diplomat expelled from Russia, arriving at Heathrow last night from Moscow. He made no comment on landing with his wife on a scheduled British Airways flight, and was driven away by a chauffeur. He did not say where he was going or when he would be seeing Foreign Office officials.

Mr Burnett was given seven days to leave the Soviet Union last week after a Russian diplomat was asked to leave Britain.

Spotted at Pram Race 1979.



The Hatchell family of Albury, spotted by our photographer, was one of about 50 teams who took part in the annual Shere Pram Race, which always makes a huge sum for Christian Aid. The family were also spotted by the judges, who gave them first prize for their costumes which represented '101 Dalmations'.



12-1-82

Two injured in Albury crash

A NUMBER of passengers had a lucky escape when the bus they were travelling in made an unscheduled stop — in the village hall, Albury.

The accident happened early on Tuesday morning when the bus driver swerved to avoid a collision with a car on the icy road.

One passenger and the bus driver were hurt when the bus embedded itself into the wall of the hall annex in The Street, Albury.

A police spokesman said they feared the wall would collapse when the bus was removed, but villager Mr. Hugh Lee said that this had not happened.

ALBURY residents are being warned to expect a hefty rate rise next spring because they may have to help pay towards the cost of rebuilding the village hall.

The warning came from Albury Parish Council chairman Mr. George Witheridge.

He declared that the insurance company were only prepared to cushion a certain percentage of the costs of the rebuilding work and the rest would have to come from villagers' pockets.

"The parish will have to resist itself to having to pay more," he said.

The village hall suffered sub-

stantial damage when a bus ended up embedded in the side of the building one icy morning earlier this year.

Since then major rebuilding work has been carried out. Although final estimates are still being sought, total costs are expected to be in the region of £25,000.

The chairman told fellow parish councillors at their meeting on Monday night that there was a shortfall of around £5,000. He said by adding an extra 3p in the £ on the parish rate, that sum could be absorbed.

He commented that the amount would probably appear insignificant in comparison with the anticipated county rate rise.

Hall mishap could lead to better village amenity

IT could be a "blessing in disguise" that a bus had crashed into Albury Village Hall, parish council chairman Mr. George Witheridge told the annual assembly of the parish meeting.

Mr. Witheridge was explaining how much work was to be done rebuilding the hall, and he told the gathering that the hall could look much better when it was finished.

In his chairman's report he recalled how the bus had embedded itself in the village hall one icy morning.

The hall was likely to remain out of commission until September, he said. The new lavatories had been lost in the accident, and the chairman said it was very depressing to think that all the work the village had put in to raise the money to pay for them and been brought to nothing.

The toilets were not being put back in their former position, but were being rebuilt at the side of the hall, which reduced the possibility of them being run into again, he said.

Architect, Mr. Foulsham, said the work was covered in the insurance, except for that which might be classed as "betterment".

As part of the rebuilding programme, the small porch at the front of the hall had been kept for use by people who could not climb the stairs, and a ramp had been built from the car park to the porch so that car passengers could get out in the car park instead of

on the road, Mr. Witheridge explained.

He congratulated the builder, Mr. Terry Kinsella, who had worked under the direction of the council's architect, Mr. John Foulsham.

Re-instatement of the front would cost around £10,000 by the time the foundations had been strengthened. Work had started on the replacement toilets and the estimate for this was over £15,000, said Mr. Witheridge.

Until September, a minimum complement of loo facilities would be available for people using the hall, he said.

Around £5,000 of parishioners' money had been spent on salaries and wages; on looking after the green at Farley Green and the recreation ground at the back of Westonfields; a substantial contribution to the Parochial Church Council to help keep the graveyard around the church tidy, and the upkeep of the village hall, reported the chairman.

Councillors had been fairly successful in contacting the right people to get jobs done in the village — particularly the highways authority. Mr. Witheridge thanked the clerk, Mrs. Rosanna Collingwood, members of the parish council, and everyone who had supported the council in the past year.

Village hall project costs £28,000

CHAIRMAN of Albury Parish Council, Mr. George Witheridge, reported at last week's meeting of the council that it had spent some £9,000 on rebuilding the front of Albury Village Hall, and some £16,000 on a new toilet block at the side. Architect's fees and other expenses brought the total to about £28,000.

The insurance assessors had said they would not pay the full cost, only what it would

have cost to rebuild the toilet block at the front which, they say, would have been about £19,000, but the parish council had still not been informed how this figure was arrived at.

The council had felt it was wiser to rebuild the block at the side to avoid the occurrence of another accident similar to that which had caused the damage in January last year when a bus crashed into the building.

Mr. Witheridge said that as the assessors had said the hall was under-insured at the time — it was insured for £50,000 but was about to be insured for £80,000 — they would pay five-eighths of £19,000 and the

other three-eighths must come from the bus company's insurers. The insurance company had already paid the parish council £11,000.

The parish council had been granted a loan of £15,000 by Guildford Borough Council in order to pay the builder who repaired the hall. Mr. Witheridge said if this had had to be repaid immediately, together with the interest, and taking into account the parish council's other commitments for the coming year, a rate of about 12p would have had to be levied.

As this was obviously out of the question, parish council representatives had a meeting

with the borough treasurer, who suggested that the council applied to the Department of the Environment for a block allocation of £15,000 and this had been done. Interest would be paid half-yearly.

Roof repairs and redecoration of the hall had had to be carried out as the council held the hall on a full repairing lease from Albury Estate, and it was only sensible to take advantage of the fact that the builder and his scaffolding were on the spot.

The council would do everything possible, Mr. Witheridge said, to obtain what it felt to be due from the third-party insurers.



*IT'S smiles all round at the reopening of the village hall at Albury.
Local parish council chairman Mr. George Witheridge and his wife, Gwen (pictured right) welcomed
Guildford Mayor Mr. John Boyce and his wife
The official reopening marked the end of the £25,000 building project which repaired the damage
caused by a bus which crashed into the side of the building last winter.*

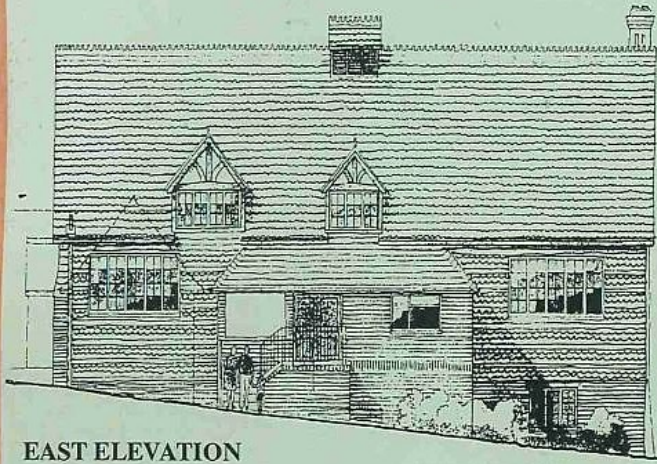
ALBURY VILLAGE HALL

1833 - 1979

SOME NOTES ON ITS HISTORY.

Michael Baxter, Albury Estate's Resident Agent - outlines the proposals for:

ALBURY VILLAGE HALL



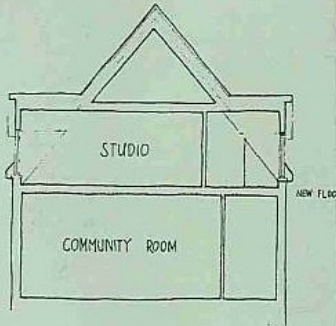
EAST ELEVATION

Following the decision of Albury Parish Council to surrender its lease of the Village Hall at the end of December 1991, the Albury Estate has submitted a Planning Application to refurbish the Hall - to create a new community room together with some office/workshop/studio accommodation for business use.

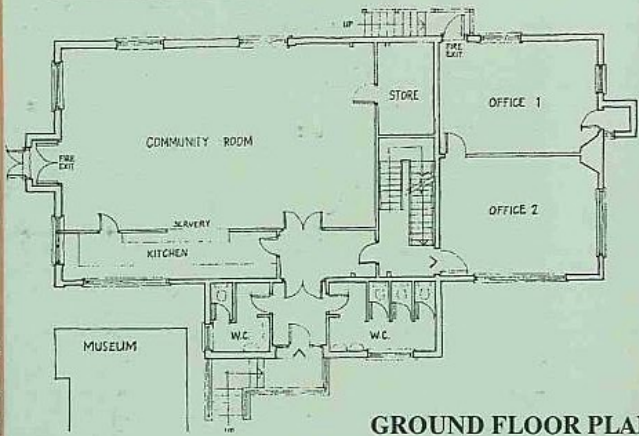
The existing entrance and toilets will be retained to be communally used by all occupiers of the building and a new mezzanine floor will be installed to make greater use of the existing roof space.

The external elevations of the building will remain as at present except for the addition of two new dormer windows in the roof to match the existing ones and two new windows in the north elevation overlooking Weston Wood.

At the same time the car park will be altered and enlarged to provide additional space with a new access formed on to The Street. The area immediately adjacent to the river Tillingbourne will



SECTION

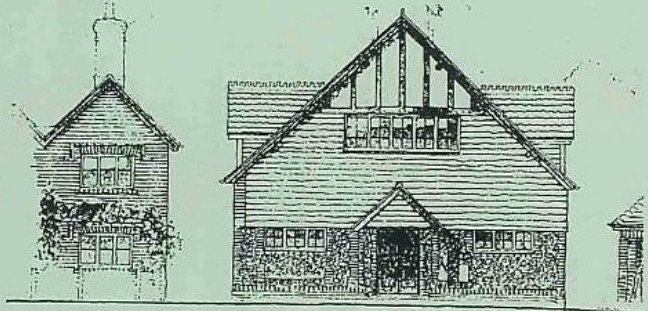


GROUND FLOOR PLAN

be landscaped and improved to create a waterside feature.

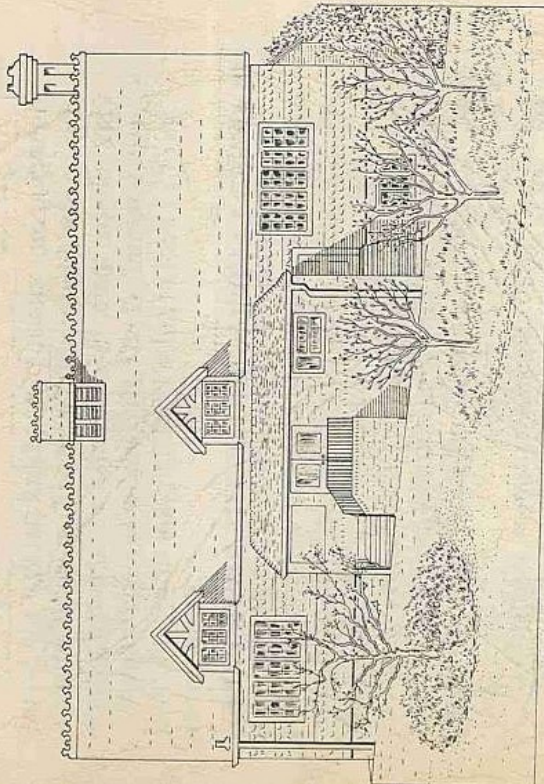
Discussions with officers from the Planning Department of Guildford Borough Council have indicated that the proposed scheme is likely to receive a sympathetic hearing. It is hoped the Application will go before the Planning Committee on 3 March and if consent is granted the Estate intends to start work at the beginning of May with completion by the end of October this year.

The Albury Estate is currently discussing with the Parish Council and Albury Trust the best way of running and administering the refurbished Community Room. It is anticipated that some form of Management Committee will be formed who will be responsible for the Room.



SOUTH ELEVATION

ALBURY VILLAGE HALL



- ★ Completely redecorated and refurbished
- ★ Car park, disabled access, fitted kitchen
- ★ Available for hire at competitive rates

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Miss Madge Sinker has lived in Roseacre Gardens Chitworth since 1944. Once a worshipper at St. Marthas she found her regular way to Albury Parish Church when the buses started to run on a Sunday - just after the War. Her love of writing goes back as far as she can remember. And a Meeting one evening inspired the contribution that follows. It was first printed in The Lady for March 1957 and is here reproduced with Madges permission. It provides an appropriate backdrop to Alburys sesquicentenary celebrations:

THE COUNCIL ROOM by Madge Sinker

A summons by letter to the Council Room suggests, at lowest, crimson carpets, crystal chandeliers, and the gleam of well-loved mahogany, with a dreamlike progression to heralds, trumpets and councillors of state. But the letter, a thin, type-written duplicate of twenty others, is but a notice of the next Meeting of the Parochial Church Council of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The winding roads of the parish lead to the village lying snugly embedded among heathery hills; at its centre stands the massive, square church tower, surrounded by the coloured gardens and cottages, the mill, the stream, the big house in its parkland.

The Council Room, a veritable prophets chamber, is reached by a high, outer staircase at the back of the Village Hall. A long wooden table stretches from end to end of the bare room, the ceiling is lost among the rafters overhead, and the windows are so high that only the sky and the clouds can be seen. At night, when the Council Meetings are held, the room takes on a curious sense of mystery, and the high placed lights cast significant shadows below.

Up the outside staircase come the summoned members of the Parochial Church Council, well shod against the wild, wet, gusty night. They enter quietly in ones and twos stowing their torches in the pockets of their weatherproof coats. A slight emanation of damp tweed rises as the warmth from the fire slowly permeates the room.

The Rector, sitting at the head of the table, greets each member quietly. It is eight o'clock and everyone is tired in varying degree. From the young mother who has bathed three small children and provided both a home-coming husband and a cat with a hot meal before coming out, to the company director whose discreetly opulent car is parked outside and who has not yet dined.

The faces now assembled round the table, all looking expectantly at the Rector, are very varied, each a study in its own right. There is the very old man whose lifes journey is so nearly at an end that the essence of the spirit has worn to an almost translucent shell the outward face, from which shines the peace of pure goodness. Here is the face of the born local diplomat next to the melancholic face of the humorist.

Here is Martha, the perfect housekeeper; several endeavouring Marthas; a dreamlike Mary or two, intermingled with the men, whose faces range from the alert and fox-terrier-like to the heavy, wise tenacity of the bulldog.

Conversation dies away as the Rector lays a watch reminiscent of the March Hares upon the table next to his open Prayer Book. Rising to their feet after an opening Collect, all say the Lords Prayer.

Slowly, meandering and frequently at discursive cross-purposes, the Agenda is worked through. Over the question of raising the yearly sum of money towards keeping the village Primary School a Church School, a surprising network of activity is

One careful Ma time she opens a fr schoolboy sons ex lady is collecting f neighbours. Whe replies that fivepen halfpenny stamps c this way, very few p

It soon becomes be reached and not seriously in earnest school and its chil

amount of work to preserve the living link between it and its church, a link unthreatened until now. Many of those present have been pupils themselves and have happy memories in which church and school are inexpressibly intermingled.

Proposed Parish Social to get to know the people on the new housing estate, reads the Rector, and immediately the flood-gates are opened. The people of the new housing estate are only waiting to be asked to come to church and they will come in droves, is one opinion. The people of the new housing estate have time only for their gardens, their television and their Sunday newspapers, is another; and so the battle rages vehemently until the Rectors wife says that there are two bedridden old ladies, one blind boy and a spastic little girl on the estate.

Immediately the discussion is brought into sharper focus. Tragedy can be found even in the company of a three-piece suite and a television set. As one man, the Council volunteers to distribute written invitations to each house, handing them in at the same time with a verbal one - each individual still, however, reserving the right to keep to his or her original views as stated at the opening of the discussion.

Maintenance of the Churchyard, reads the Rector, and adds that, beautiful as the Churchyard undoubtedly was last summer, something really must be done about it before next summer.

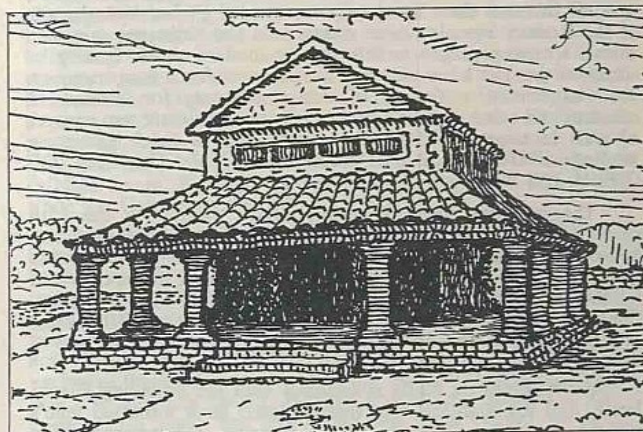
Everyones mind is fixed on last summers churchyard, each walks slowly through it in imagination, from the lych-gate, past the grave-stones - some with whole families inscribed on them - and a childs grave; past a large pillared erection topped by an urn, and many old stones with letters nearly worn away, until they come to the space where there are only green mounds. The space where the grass grows long and is

Throughout the Meeting a certain happy atmosphere has grown, something almost visible and tangible has entered the room. Over twenty minds have been fundamentally and sincerely attuned to the needs of the parish in things seen and unseen.

For a brief hour they have worked mystically as the blessed company of all faithful people and are now in the presence of an added dimension. Strong feelings of attachment and devotion are pulsing outwards through the darkness to the quiet village outside the room and all around it.

The Rector rises to his feet, chairs are pushed back on the wooden floor. Now it only remains for him to say those words which, to most of the Council members, are part of their heritage:

Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord: and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night.



Probable appearance of the Romano-British Temple on Farley Heath.

THE STORY OF FARLEY HEATH AND THE ROMAN TEMPLE

*"When Holmbury-height had its beacon-light,
And Cantii held old Leith,
And Rome stood then with his iron men
On ancient Farley Heath!"*

It was in 1847 that Martin Tupper, the author and antiquarian who lived at Albury in the valley below, wrote some exuberant verses on the joys of delving for Roman remains on Farley Heath. Though his and subsequent "digs" have yielded the answers to most of the questions posed by his re-discovery of this site—so that in a sense that chapter is now closed—the beauty around, which gave him so much delight, is as fully to be enjoyed today as it was then.

Of the various approaches to the Heath the most attractive is that from the south-west. By taking the narrow winding Woodhill Road up from Shamley Green and then along the wooded stretch at the top one comes suddenly out into the full light and spacious sweep of open country, with the wide arc of heathland sloping away in front.

Albury Trust

The Albury Trust which cherishes the many ancient places in the village held a sale of Good Things at the Village Hall to boost their funds. Many "Good things" including produce and flower arrangements were snapped up and extra entertainment was provided by the Strawstacks who danced on the stage in their country smocks to country music on the piano accordion.



The Strawstacks in action.

Fashion show aids trust

WESTON House, Albury — home of Dr Maurice Burton — has seen many and varied social occasions over the years, but new ground was broken recently when a fashion show was held there.

The event was the idea of Mrs. Reita Caspard, who organised the show to raise funds for Albury Trust, of which Dr. Burton is chairman.

Around £100 was collected from the show, which was followed by a supper party.

The trust protects and, if necessary, restores ancient buildings in the parish and safeguards local amenities.

The fashion parade was by Mary and Theo. of Ewell, and proved to be nearly as popular with the men as the women in the audience.

Weston House was decorated with floral displays for the occasion.



21-11-'81

AN EDWARDIAN TRIFLE



Albury Trust, which raises funds for such things as the restoration of the Tudor Pigeon House in the village, organised what the Chairman, Dr. M. Burton called "An Edwardian Trifle". The stage was set in the village hall with Edwardian furnishings and the store holders wore elegant Edwardian gowns and top hats.

Brisk trading was exchanged at all the stalls with a collection of books, bric a brac, cakes and antiques. One stall displayed an excellent exhibition of fine lace which must have taken many hours of labour.

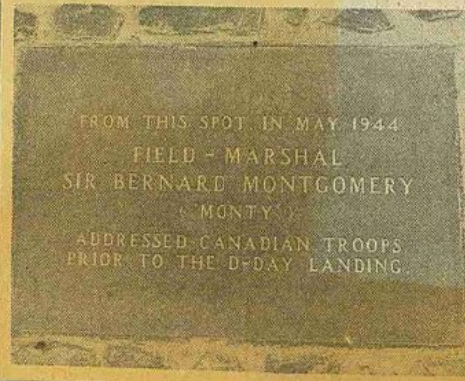
Our picture shows Dr. Burton and stall holders on the stage obviously fully enjoying their hard earned efforts.



From left, Mr. John Wiltshire; Mr. Geoffrey Elms, treasurer of the Albury Trust; Mrs. Win Browne, Dr. Maurice Burton, chairman of the Albury Trust, and Mr. Bertram Caton.

1-9-'84

Memorial to Montgomery



VILLAGERS pay their respects above at the unveiling of the "Monty" memorial on Albury Heath in a ceremony at noon on Sunday.

It marked the end of a cherished wish for the Albury Trust, which wanted a monument to mark the historic event in 1944 when Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery addressed the troops before the D-Day landings.

More than 100 people turned up for the official unveiling which was carried out by Mrs. Win Browne, who had seen the event all those years ago.

It was with her help that the trust were able to pinpoint the exact spot where "Monty" stood.

Among those present to witness the dedication were men and women who had served with the 8th Army from El Alamein to Normandy as well as veterans from other wars.

Local historian Mr. Bertram Caton spoke of the desirability of marking such outstanding events and the work done by the Albury Trust.

"It is important to preserve memories as well as artefacts," he said.

The cairn was designed and built by Mr. J. W. Wiltshire of Loxhill, Godalming.

ALBURY AFTERNOON W.I. 18/6/80
DIAMOND JUBILEE

The smile of the president, Mrs Browne, was justifiably wide as she explained to guests that the dinner celebrating Albury Afternoon W.I.'s Diamond Jubilee "has all been done by us".

The celebration cake was cut by daughters of three founder members and was a great success.

An exhibition of superb handicraft showed a small part of lasting work created by members over the years.

The county chairman, secretary, officers and representatives of the W.I. were among the many guests in the village hall.



Albury WI
suspended

ALBURY Afternoon WI was suspended at the annual meeting in November.

Founded in 1920 with a membership of 140, the suspension was necessary owing to lack of new members to carry on as officers and committee.

Albury and St. Martha's WI, as it was known in the early years, met each month in the village hall, the use of which at that time cost one shilling. During the 67 years since its formation, the institute has done much for the community of the village.

Homecrafts, handicrafts, drama and singing brought interests to rural women. The fourfold screen depicting scenes of the village and the WI banner, designed by the late Mrs. Joan Drew and embroidered as a co-operative work by members has been passed to the care of Albury Evening WI, to which some afternoon institute members have transferred.

In December, a party arranged by members was enjoyed, which included readings, favourite focus and a quiz. It ended with the singing of well-known carols.



Say No to Conoco proclaim the banners wielded by these protesters against oil drilling in Albury. Their message fell on deaf ears. Surrey County Council this week voted a resounding Yes.

Smothering spring

THERE HAS been much debate in the Surrey village of Albury about how to protect the emerging crocus and daffodil bulbs on the village green—at about eight feet square thought to be the smallest in the country—from the innocent if heavy shoes of local schoolchildren and from the attentions of territory-marking dogs.

But entirely overlooked in these deliberations were the unforeseen forces of commerce which turned up en masse in the village in the shape of assorted vehicles representing gas, water, electricity and telephones.

According to my nature-watching colleague, Maurice Burton, who lives in Albury the workmen have now departed leaving behind them a hut, one pneumatic drill, a large coil of heavy cable, a heavy handtruck, wheelbarrows, picks, shovels and assorted road signs all piled—where else—but on the tiny village green.

New voice
1983 on radio

COUNTY Sound, the independent local radio station serving Surrey and North East Hampshire, has a new reporter and newsreader.

He is Hugh Kirby (30), who has been on the Swiss-based Radio International for 2½ years.

Mr. Kirby is returning to Guildford. After starting out as a reporter on the *Richmond Herald*, he worked on the *Surrey Advertiser* as a sub-editor.

He also worked on TV *Times* in London and on the *Doctor* and *On Call* magazines in Guildford before going to Switzerland in late 1980.

He is married with one daughter.

Shock ruling
26/6/87
on Albury
drilling plan

by Jane Garrett

CONOCO has won the battle to drill for oil in Albury Park.

The decision by Surrey County Council planning committee on Wednesday sent shock waves through the 20-strong opposition lobby crowded into the meeting.

Mr. Andrew Peake, leader of the Say No to Conoco campaign, was deeply disappointed. "I feel very disillusioned," he said. "We did not expect this. We were quite optimistic that the application would be rejected. We expected to win. We had a better case than they had in Normandy."

"Our next step is to try and get the licensing system changed. We want the Government to reconsider its policy and withhold licences for hydrocarbon exploration in sensitive areas."

The committee overturned a motion to reject the drilling

application proposed by Shere councillor Miss Barbara Pattman, and accepted their officers' recommendation to permit it despite objection by Guildford Borough Council, 249 letters of objection, including one from former Environment Secretary, Mole Valley MP Mr. Kenneth Baker, and two petitions, totalling 1,606 signatures.

Mr. Norman Dixon, assistant county planning officer, told the committee there were no significant planning grounds for refusal. Access would be on to a small road, he conceded, but he claimed that few houses were affected and the lorries would be able to reach the A25 easily.

Albury itself would not be affected, he said. "The drilling rig itself is sited in a wooded area and apart from the top of the rig, the site will not be visible as it will be screened by a coniferous plantation."

"There is no significant conservation angle, nor is the

noise generated likely to be significant."

Mr. Dixon did admit, however, that there would be considerable traffic associated with the drilling operation.

"Council policy does accept that exploratory wells will be accommodated in Surrey, provided environmental implications are not too severe," he said. "On balance, although this site is in an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty, the proposal is acceptable."

Miss Pattman challenged the council to have the courage of its convictions over environmental protection. The crucial Government circular advising on oil applications gave scope for environmental considerations to overrule commercial and economic grounds, she argued.

Albury was a conservation area, and the site lay in an Area of Outstanding Natural Beauty. The public not just local people, including MP Mr. Kenneth Baker, all opposed it.

"There is a great concern about when the council will

finally start trying to enforce its policies and protect its beautiful countryside. When will Surrey stand firm?" she said.

Seconding her motion to refuse, Mr. Robert Atholl (Con., Horley W.) accused the council of operating double standards over its restraint policies.

The opponents were particularly worried that the proposed flare site was too close to the rig for safety, and Miss Pattman successfully persuaded the officers to investigate Conoco's flaring arrangements.

Mr. Gerald Mortimer (Con., Caterham) led the lobby to approve the application. Resources had to be located, he said. "Ignorance might be bliss for some but ultimately it would spell disaster for us all."

The motion to refuse was lost by 10 votes to 16, and the application for drill site, access road, borehole and the testing of hydrocarbon east of New Road, Albury, was given the go-ahead.

Victorian author's home is for sale

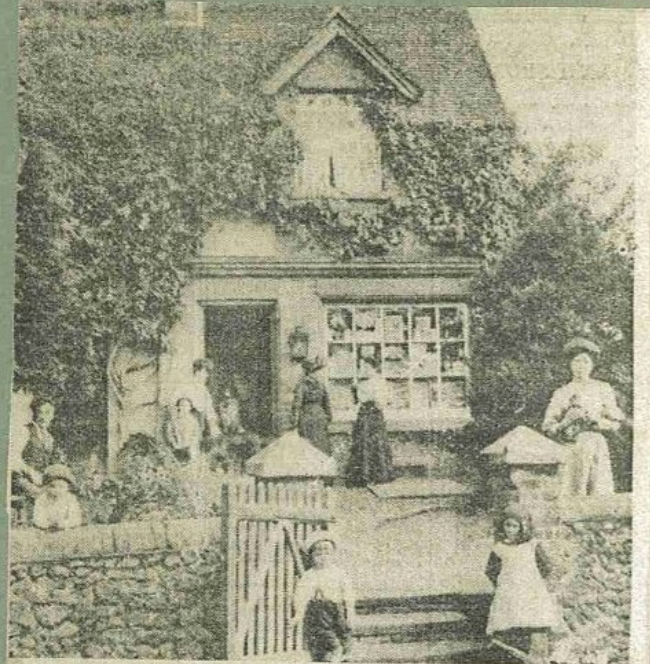
MARCH '84



OFFERS over £400,000 are being sought for Albury House, Albury — one of West Surrey's historic homes now used as offices. A house has stood on the site in the centre of Albury village since the 13th Century and the present building was extended late in the 18th Century by its owner, Mr. Anthony Devis, a bachelor described as a "nice old gentleman who always carried a gingerbread in his pocket for

the village children." But its most famous resident was the author, Martin Tupper, who took over the house in about 1840. Locally he has always been remembered for his novel, *Stephen Langton*, or *The Legend of the Silent Pool*, but he won world-wide fame in Victorian times for his book *Proverbial Philosophy* — a book that Queen Victoria commended. The photograph, which shows Martin Tupper (seated,

left) and his family outside the porch of Albury House in 1864, was published by Guildford photographers, J. & W. Chaplin. In recent years the house has been used as offices and Messenger May Baverstock's Commercial Department, which is handling the property, said that the house and lodge, totalling more than 7,000 sq. ft. of office and storage space, were being offered for sale.



Home for generations—South Side Cottage, Hull House Farm, Albury, Surrey, was once the village shop.

THE boys on the gate and wall of the picture above, taken in 1910, are the sellers of the property for £61,000. It is South Side Cottage, Hull House Farm, Brook Hill, Albury, near Guildford, Surrey and is largely unchanged from those days when it was the village store. The shop frontage has been retained. With the four-bedroom cottage went an outbuilding, dairy, stable, garage, a couple of cow-sheds and four acres (Messenger May Baverstock).

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Ford Farm.



A Relaxed Josephine

Our Front Cover Napoleon helps World Wildlife

It was a case of lion helping other lions when Mrs Boyd-Gibbins held a coffee morning at her Farley Green home where the local branch of the World Wildlife Fund raised over £215. Among the wares for sale were fly whisks of Napoleon's mane (Napoleon is seen on our front cover). Both he and Josephine were a great attraction to the many guests, sunshine crowned the day and a gift to the founder secretary, Mrs Thompson, upon her retirement was presented by Mr Lister, the chairman.

Photo: A. Sherrard

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This small homestead was on a sheltered greensand slope in Weston Wood. The spring below provided water, the North Downs the flint for rough tools, and the gault the clay for pottery. The excavation uncovered traces of a circular house, 20 ft. in diameter which is usual in the few Late Bronze Age sites recorded in Southern England. Pottery is similar to that at Itford Hill and Plumpton Plain Site B; and parallels for the course jars can be found at Green Lane site at Farnham. But Weston Wood has small carinated bowls which in Surrey have been classed as Early Iron Age wares.

Two small cultivated plots round the house may have grown the grain which was found in a storage jar in a pit. Among the five types of grain, Emmer and Six-Row barley were identified by Reading University. It is known that later immigrants brought more types of grain with them. The grain was radio-carbon dated to 510 B.C. ± 110 years. This date fits the site well into the latter end of the Bronze Age. A metal awl, from the house, was double-ended - a late feature. Two copper ingot pieces were found. This is unusual on a homestead site in this country, as they are normally in bronze-smiths' hoards. The metal no doubt was brought along the trade route from Cornwall via the Hog's Back and the North Downs. This ancient trackway to Kent passes through Weston Wood.

Another find was a quern, or grain rubber, with rubbing stone in position. Unlike the normal saddle quern, this was a structure of ironstone. It had many little props to prevent its movement in the sand. The cooking area was outside the house - similar to the Itford Hill site.

The homestead has been quarried away, but the settlement extends over the hillside, and is still being excavated. It is a site of importance, because it is the first complete Late Bronze Age homestead to have been excavated in Surrey. It is a one-period site, so everything found belongs to this period. It is undisturbed, so the flint tools are in excellent condition. It is a flake tool industry with little secondary working. The tools are crude with the cortex left on. There are hammer stones, cores and pot boilers. Other domestic finds include spindle whorls and loom-weights of clay.

The finds are deposited in Guildford Museum. The Surrey Archaeological Society is sponsoring the excavation and a grant has been received from the Prehistoric Society.

The site is being excavated through the kindness of Her Grace Helen, Duchess of Northumberland; helpers come mainly from Surrey and the Greater London area. The present excavation will be reported in the 1964 Collections of the Surrey Archaeological Society.

October, 1964.

Joan M. Harding,

Excavation Director.

Dispensing Remedies With Cheer

JAN. 1981.

Mrs Anette Holt has spent a good deal of time over the past years in the Shere and Gomshall Doctors' surgery, dispensing medicines. She has seen the building of a new surgery and worked with the late Dr. Stent, Dr. Ford and Dr. Watson and now with Dr. Rendall, Dr. Davies and Dr.

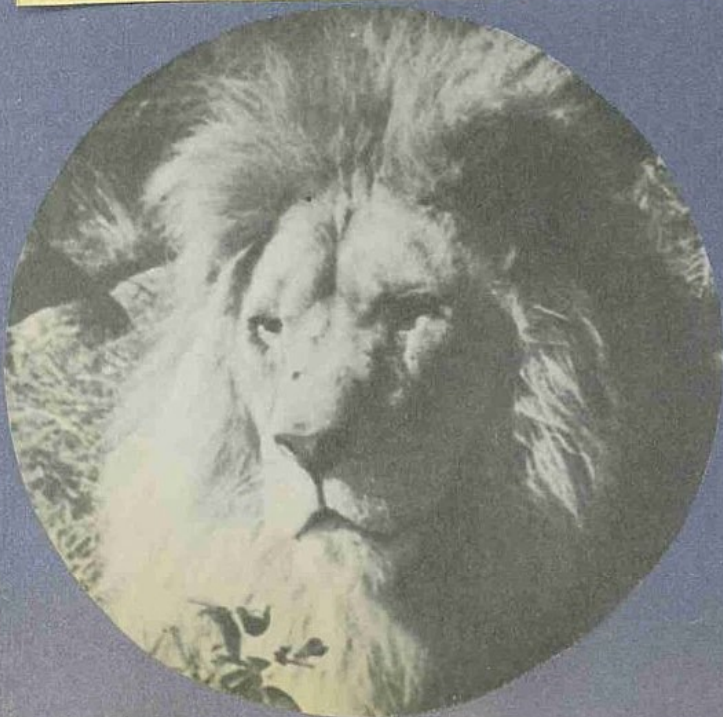
Tyrrell.

Recently appreciation of her comforting presence was acknowledged with a silver sugar sifter and a cheque.

Since 1944 she has been in and out of the surgeries, staying home when her children were born (she is married to chemist Cyril Holt, whom she met at the Tannery when Shere and Gomshall Dramatic Society was run from there).

During the presentation ceremony Mrs Holt said that it made her feel very glad if she had been able to say something on the telephone or in greeting in the surgery which made patients feel happier and more comfortable and said she was greatly touched at the lovely gifts.

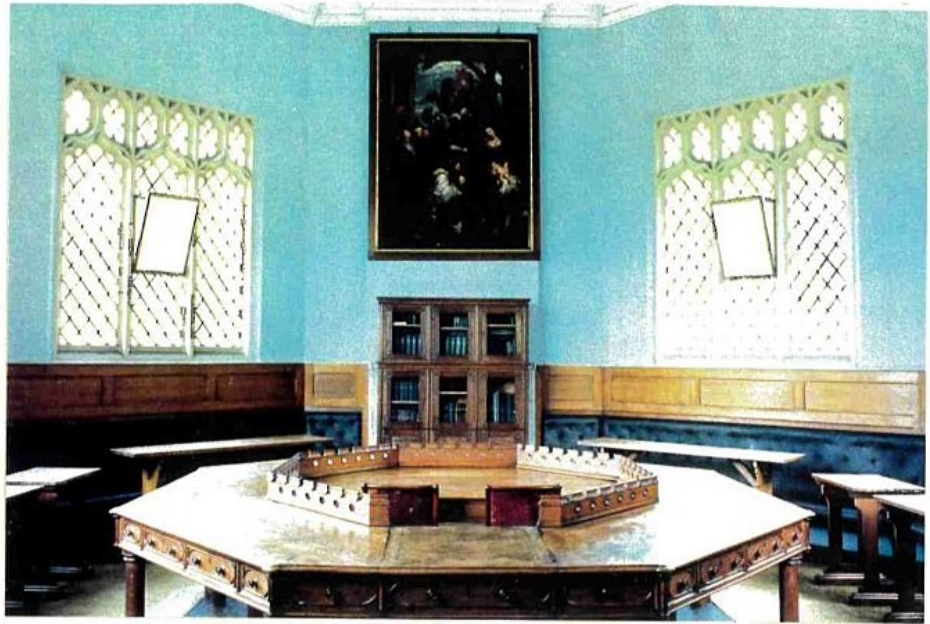
Mrs Holt does not intend to be idle - she has just agreed to become the Shere Red Cross Branch Centre Organiser.



Albury Park



Apostolic Church



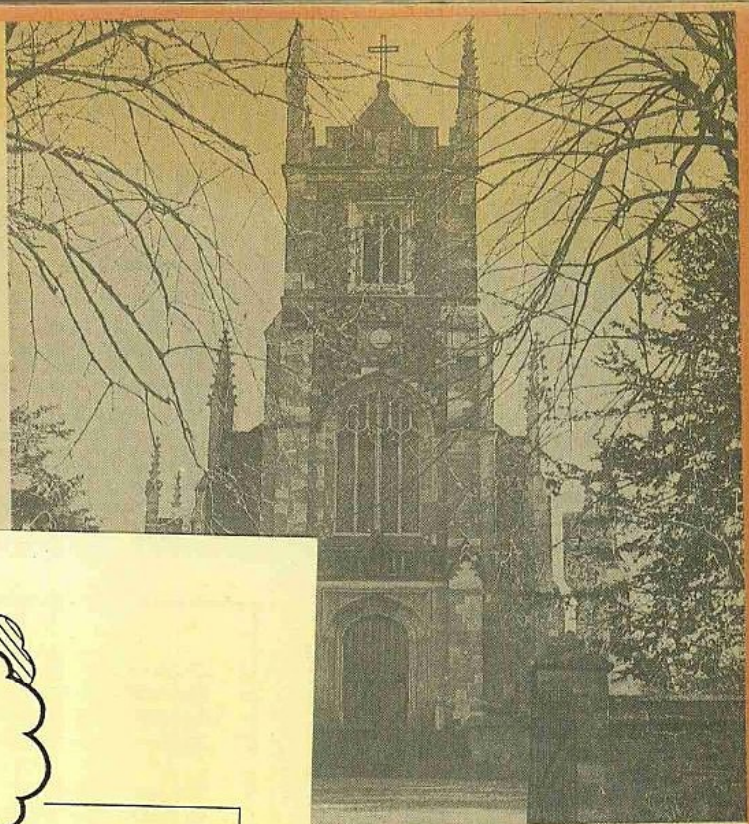
Church kept for Christ's return

by
James Hamilton

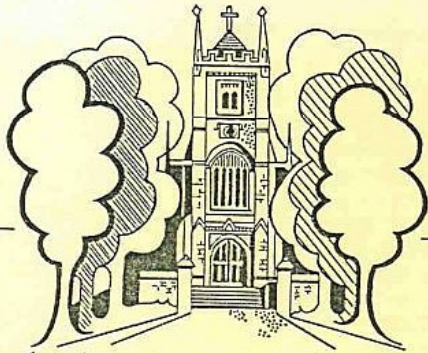
SINCE its last service in 1951, the Apostles' Chapel in Albury has

people authorised to appoint priests to run the churches. So when, in 1901, the last apostle, Francis Woodhouse, died at Cooke's Place, Albury, no more priests could be appointed.

Curator of the chapel is Mr. Peter Heath, one of the trustees, who lives at Cooke's Place which is also the church's



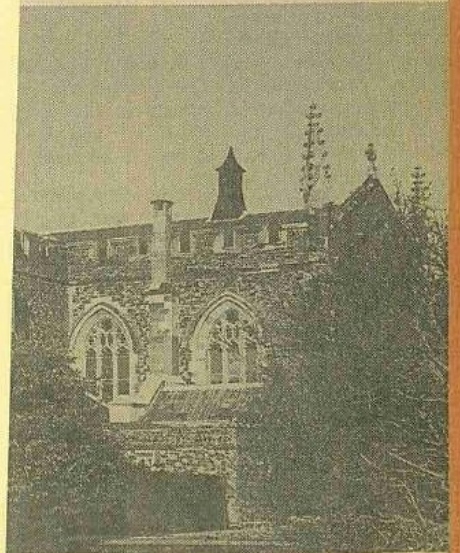
"Gothic-style" Apostles' Chapel in Albury. It waits for the Second Coming of the Lord.



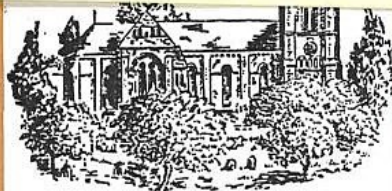
Catholic Apostolic Church ALBURY

The Church at Albury (known more correctly as the Chapel) was first used on the 4th September 1840. It was built to the order of Henry Drummond of Albury Park, on the site of a small farm which was mainly used as a rickyard. The design of the building was adapted from drawings prepared by the architect William Wilkins who was noted for his work on the National Gallery, London, and St George's Hospital at Hyde Park Corner, but Wilkins died in 1839. The architect actually responsible for the building of the Church was William McIntosh Brooks, who later designed the New Parish Church in 1841. John Brown, a local builder, was employed to carry out its construction.

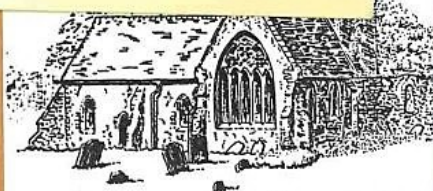
Most of the materials used were from local sources, the stone came from Ewhurst (about six miles south of Albury), and most of the timber from Mr Drummond's estate. The Church was built mainly of sandstone and ironstone - probably Carstone or Burstone. The inside is brick rendered in plaster. There is a wooden beam of about nine inches square just below the bottom of the window ledges, set into the centre of the wall and this ring beam goes all round the main structure of the building, ie. Nave, Transepts and Chancel.



Gothic-style church opened on September 4, 1840. Stone from Ewhurst and the timber from the Albury Estate. Architect William McIntosh Brooks.



The Parish Church, Albury-



Joan Church, Albury Park-



St. Michael's Church, Faringham-



Members of Albury History Society attended the planting of a Tree of Heaven in the corner of the old churchyard on Saturday. The tree was a gift from members of the society. Help and advice on planting were given to Dr. Burton, the chairman, by Mr. J. A. Browne, of Brook, and when Miss Lloyd added the final spade of soil she declared the tree planted.

FESTIVAL IN ALBURY OLD PARISH CHURCH 20-6-'81.

Albury Old Parish Church, vested in the Redundant Churches Fund for preservation in 1974 and now seen mainly by tourists, came to life again when the History Society held a Festival of Music, Prose and Verse, giving two evening performances.

Members gave readings following the history of the church from the Middle Ages to the Restoration with music by three musicians Caerata Oriana using instruments appropriate to each period and song.

Anne Arnold of Albury sang unaccompanied and two Ballad Mongers from a London Redundant Church sang to guitar accompaniment. All services were held in the Old Church the following day.



Albury History Society

28-9-'83.

Miss J. Harding recently held the Albury History Society enthralled with her account of the Bronze Age Dig in Weston Wood during the '60's.

Traces of a Round House, two cultivated plots and storage pits were found. Many of the artefacts including pottery fragments, flints, copper ingots and knives are in the Guildford Museum. The site itself is now part of a quarry.

Miss Harding's helpers included a number of school children whose attitude to history must have been transformed by this experience.

The talk was illustrated by slides and the number of questions which members of the society asked demonstrated the speaker's ability to enthuse an audience.



Albury Midsummer Festival



Albury History Society's Midsummer Festival took the form of a tribute in music, song and speech to people who had lived in the village and promoted the wellbeing of their fellows. William Oughtred, the mathematician, was paid due tribute, among others.

Ann Arnold, singer, is pictured with Patience Tree, who directed the music, accompanying on the spinet.

The concert "In Praise of Albury", was devised by Dr Maurice Burton, chairman of the society, and after a pleasant evening's entertainment, mead and other refreshment was served.

to close the old church, which was in his grounds, on condition he built a new one in the village itself.

He got his way, but there was a tremendous local row and in 1921 a movement was started for the village to reclaim the Church. By the 1960s when I first saw it, the church was in a sad state of repair but the Redundant Church Fund stepped in and restored it.

The connection with the village was maintained, and strengthened by having a service once a year, on the Sunday nearest June 21. Ten years ago, the History Society launched the first of its performances on the evening before.

The performances take the form of a mixture of music and dramatised readings from local history. Enormous trouble is taken to prepare the church and welcome visitors (on one occasion, each member of the audience was given a nosegay of sweet-smelling local herbs, lovingly prepared by the villagers so that the church became one vast pot-pourri).

The theme this year was Albury about the year 1900, with extracts taken from the parish magazine. Briefly, those long departed villagers came back to life: the Boer War hero who missed the train from Guildford and had to walk over the downs; the church choir outing to Canterbury and Ramsgate; what the bride wore at a fashionable wedding. The songs were of the period (we finished up with a rollicking 'Land of Hope and Glory').

Homage to Albury

I WENT, on Saturday, to the annual performance put on by Albury History Society in the old Saxon church. As ever, it was a deeply moving occasion.

Although the actual event is only ten years old, the reason for its timing goes back a century and more. In 1839 the then lord of the Manor, Henry Drummond, who lived in Albury House got permission

It's no secret that some of the performers are professionals - doing it for the love of it. But there are also children among the musicians and narrators. And its no secret that the whole thing owes its dynamism to Dr Maurice Burton who can only be called, if he will pardon the phrase, the Grand Old Man of Albury. 23-6-'84.

APRIL 1982 History society's success

BECAUSE Albury Village Hall was still being renovated after damage in a road accident, the chairman, Dr Maurice Burton, welcomed members of Albury History Society to Weston House where the secretary, Mr B. Caton, reported a successful year.

The society had held a festival of music, prose and verse in the old church, enjoyed history walks, talks on pigeon houses and on countryside superstitions from the chairman, heard about the Chilworth gunpowder mills and enjoyed a garden party at Weston House.

Thanks were expressed to Mr B. Casbard for his work with maps and materials contained in the archives. On Mr. Caton's retirement, Miss Caroline Martin became the new secretary and the continuing treasurer, Mr. M. Smith, reported a satisfactory financial position.

Mrs. Win Browne gave a talk on schools in Albury from 1822 till the last school — where the swimming pool was opened by the Bishop of Guildford plunging in — was closed in 1974.

Mrs. Browne gave facts and figures concerning former headmasters, costs of school building and equipment and her own memories including the use of the older school, now the village hall, during the war.

The Old Church at Albury 23-6-'84

Though now a redundant building, Albury Old Church annually comes to life in June when a service is held on the Sunday after the History Society gives an Old Church Evening.

This year's Festival of Prose and Verse went back 84 years to Albury as it was in 1900, when people were accustomed to the sound of horses hooves and the crunch of sheels on gravel roads, when a journey to London was a rare event. In this friendly community only the very prosperous had electric light and piped water.

Excerpts were read from old parish magazines, which some members of the audience remembered, and musical interludes were enjoyed, the whole giving two very attractive performances in the beautifully floral decorated church.



Fifth Albury Festival

To celebrate their fifth Festival of Music, Prose and Verse, Albury History Society held two public performances, which were very much appreciated.

Jennifer Rice with guitar, Kirsty Arnold with violin and soprano Ann Arnold are seen rehearsing with the narrators, Daphne Foulsham, Bertram Caton and Donald Pickering.

A fine balance was maintained between music and speech with Douglas MacMillan, Mary Hadley and Angela Carey with guitar, recorders and spinet in Camerata Oriana playing 17th and 18th century music during what was described as a 'scintillating evening'.



Albury History Society

A party for Albury History Society members has become an annual event to be awaited with pleasure and this year's event in the garden of the Chairman, Mrs. Burton was as successful as ever with a splendid tea to compensate for the brain work involved in solving Dr. Burton's competition clues concerning trees.

Pictured is a happy raffle winner among other guests



GOING WAY BACK 25/3/81



Mr Hank Huffener took Albury History Society members back many centuries when he showed his collection of prehistoric implements.

Members handled the tools, feeling the balance and smoothness from long-ago makers' use.

He told of various local sites, telling of the 6,000 people who had lived in the Albury area who were originally hunters, later taking to agriculture and needing different tools.

He showed axes, arrow heads, swords and knives, flint, jade, stone, bronze and iron implements some decorated and some from different parts of the world and gave members a breathtaking peep into the past and inducing admiration for the work of ancient peoples who had to make their own tools from the natural 'sticks and stones' to hand.

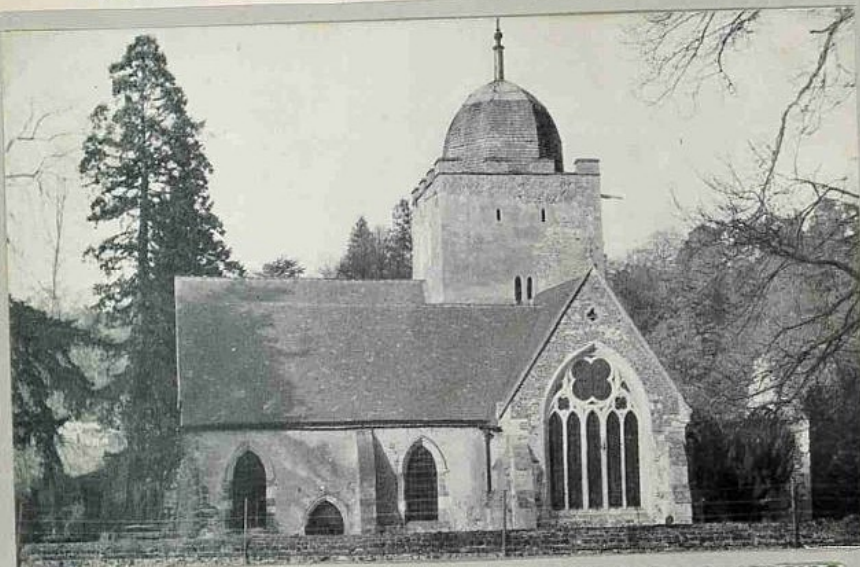
ALBURY CHURCH SALE 19/11/77

A gourmet stall was a popular innovation at the Albury Church Sale, and dishes, both exotic and traditional, were available for tasting before the recipes were sold.



Church life has also been particularly busy with a mammoth sale in the hall, which raised £800 for much needed church funds. Proud ladies can be seen ready for all comers to the well-stocked tombola, including a turkey prize.

6/11/82



Early Norman Church,
Albury Park, Surrey



Albury 33rd 21/7/79.
Produce Association Show



Albury Produce Association offered a marquee filled with vegetables, flowers and home and cookery expertise as well as an arts and crafts workshop and many sideshows.

Dr Maurice Burton, chairman of the association, opened the show and one unexpected guest was Benjamin, the Hereford calf pet of Simon Jones who lives at Brook Farm. Simon thought that Benjamin would enjoy the outing, as he did, receiving many admiring pats from the many hundreds of visitors.

Three-course supper 6-10-79

MORE than 100 members of Albury Produce Association attended the annual harvest supper in Albury Village Hall.

Mrs. Katia Demetriadi and her team of helpers served a three-course supper of pate, carbonnade of beef and syllabub of apple flan, followed by coffee and peppermint creams.

The theme for this year's fancy dress was British Sport and prizes were awarded to Mrs. Fenella Peake, as a youthful lacrosse player, and to Mr. John King, who contrived to resemble a netball post.

The hall was decorated by Mrs. Carol Elms, Mrs. Betty Skelton, Mrs. Sue King, Mrs. Jenny Harding, Mrs. Elsha King and Mr. Henk Huffener.



Food was not rationed at the Albury Produce Associations Annual Harvest Supper where the theme for fancy dress was World War II. Nostalgically dressed organisers and compere Paul Darrow prepare to welcome their guests. 1980

SUPER SHOW 18-7-'81.
ON THE HEATH

Albury Produce Show produced far more than produce, though these entries were superb, especially the inter flower club arrangements "July Wedding" which was won by Albury with Cranleigh a worthy second.

Outsize fruit and vegetables vied for visitors' eyes with children's and societies' art and craft work and cookery.

The local policeman opened the show and he was introduced by Dr Maurice Burton.

Among the many events was the colourful dancing display by Sue Thompson's young pupils.



Albury Produce 1984
Associations
38th Show

The Marquee at Albury Produce Show and Fair was filled with every kind of fine produce and simply breathtaking floral decorations.

The main cup winners this year were Mr. T. Dadswell and Mr. W. Spooner.

Arts and Crafts were splendidly represented. Outside was all the fun of the fair with the ever popular tombola, and pictured the available amusements for the children.



AN ALBURY man has criticised people who dressed up as Nazis for a village Harvest Festival supper.

In a letter to the *Surrey Advertiser*, Mr. Beaufort Pinhey of Farley Green condemned the organisers of the Albury Production Associations Annual Harvest Supper at which the theme for fancy dress was "World War II".

He described it as "insensitive and disregarding to encourage anyone to dress up in Nazi uniforms," and said that all those who attended "should reconsider the purpose of such an occasion and ask themselves if trivialising the perpetrators of Nazi oppression does not insult the millions of victims".

Mr. Pinhey's brother-in-law, Mr. Andrew Peake, admitted that he dressed up as Hitler, but felt that as secretary of the produce association he could not comment on the contents of the letter without consulting other members of the committee.

However, the Rev. Stuart Orme, Rector of Albury, who attended the supper said that it should be remembered that before the meal began, the compere - actor and TV star Paul Darrow - asked those

present to "spend a moment to think of those who were killed or injured in the war."

Mr. Darrow also expressed gratitude to all those who made sacrifices during the war, as he reminded everyone "that without them we would not be sitting here eating this supper, or speaking the English language."

Gratitude

The theme for the fancy dress was chosen by Mrs. Janet Darrow, whose father was a war hero, and tickets were sold out for the first time for this event. Mrs. Darrow pointed out that Mr. Pinhey is a member of the association and could have objected in advance to the committee if he considered the theme inappropriate.

She stressed that it was a "celebration of the camaraderie that existed and a chance to remember the lighter side of the war."

First prizes in the fancy dress competition were awarded to Mrs. Lorna Savage and Mr. David Hinton. The three-course meal was accompanied by music from the group, Company, and the evening was compered by Paul Darrow who plays Avon in the television science fiction series *Blakes Seven*.



MAR with dress Albur held Cric Satur Th won

34 years as a London cabby

By Rosy Kempston

A WOMAN got into a taxi at Paddington Station. "I want Welbeck 7711," she said.

The taxi driver, Mr. Gerry Mann, told her she was asking for a telephone number, not an address. She replied in disgust, "Well, don't you know who it is?"

Mr Mann was a London taxi driver for 34 years. He met all kinds of people - some silent, some funny, some talkative and some even pathetic. He retired to his present home, at Stoke Canon, Farley Green, in 1970.

His career started when he saw an advertisement in a newspaper in 1932. It read "Taxi Drivers, Immediate Employment," and gave an address in Paddington.

He arrived at the taxi rank on his bicycle and was interviewed by the man in the office. After a few questions he soon found that he did not know London like the proverbial back of his hand. A taxi driver needed to know the city and its suburbs in a radius of seven and a half miles from Charing Cross, he learnt.

A course of training was prescribed and Mr Mann had to attend the Public Carriage Office once a week to be examined on his progress.

He remembered one occasion when a student got a bit confused when describing a run from Waterloo. "He told the examiner that he turned left from Waterloo Bridge into the Embankment, but he forgot that this meant a drop of some 70 feet."

Mr Mann got his licence in March, 1936, and set out to carry his passengers through the streets of London.

Highlight

One of the main events of a taxi driver's year was the Chelsea Flower Show. "The highlight was the last day, when the exhibits were sold off. With hundreds of people coming out with plants and flowers, some quite tall, the taxis leaving there looked like mobile green-houses."

Many times Mr Mann was hailed by men who were looking for female company. He had to drive slowly down the road while his passenger inspected the talent.

On one job his fare selected a girl friend and told Mr Mann to drive to Regents Park, enter it by Clarence Gate and drive round the Outer Circle until he was told to stop.

Doctor

"I must tell you that the Outer Circle is over three miles round and we went round it 13 times. I was nearly giddy at the end."

One occasion he picked up a doctor, who was very unsteady on his feet, outside Victoria Station. The man said he wanted to go to his home, at Coulsdon, Surrey, and his wife would pay the fare.

Mr Mann took the precaution of phoning the wife before he set off from Victoria. Once he was assured of payment and got directions to the doctor's house, he drove the 20 miles to Coulsdon.

The wife helped Mr Mann get the doctor out of the cab

and into the house. Having deposited his passenger he got back into the taxi.

Suddenly a man's voice told him to drive down the road. His unexpected passenger confided that he was having an affair with the doctor's wife and he had had to make a rapid secret exit from the house when the taxi drew up.

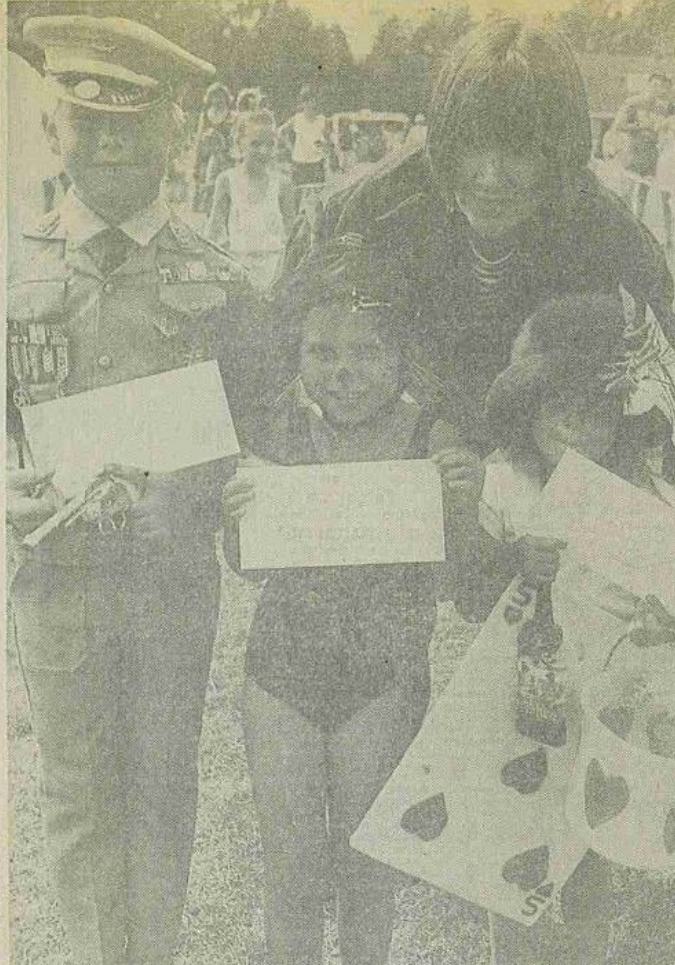
Taxi drivers take all sorts of passengers. They also have to keep on driving in every type of weather. When Mr Mann was on the roads London still suffered pea-soup fogs. The best way then to travel around in a taxi was to follow the tram lines, provided the driver knew all the branches, otherwise he could be in trouble.

Driving through Hyde Park one night in thick fog he had no tram lines to follow. He kept his eye on the kerb followed it round a corner and got lost. When he got out and walked a short distance to get his bearings he lost his cab in the fog. He and his passengers had to shout to each other before they were re-united.

"I must add that several cars had tacked on behind me in the mistaken idea that the cabby knew where he was going," Mr Mann said.

Looking back on his career, he said that the most important advantage of being a taxi driver was that he was his own master.

"It's freedom from a set routine, it's being outdoors and the fact that you never knew who your next fare would be or where they would take you, all added to its appeal."



Mary Quant's choice

MARY Quant stands with her three fancy dress favourites at the Albury Fair, which was held on the Albury Cricket Green last Saturday. 1990

The competition was won by Sepha Brook,

posing as the Red Queen's flower painter from *Alice in Wonderland*, with Katie Masters and Christopher Williams taking second and third place.

The contest was one of about 60 attractions organised by the Albury

Produce Association.

A record sum of over £2,000 was raised, half of which will go to Cherry Trees, the handicapped children's respite care home in East Clandon. The rest goes to the association.



FIRMLY in the saddle, Mr. Finnian Blake, barman at the Drummond Arms, Albury, who hadn't been on a horse for 40 years, sets out on a sponsored ride to raise money for the Royal Air

Forces Association's Wings Appeal.

The ride, to the Percy Arms at Chilworth and back, which he accomplished without falling off, raised nearly £500 for the appeal.

With Mr. Blake (right) who is mounted on Dora, is Mr. Norman Thomas on Maggie.

Money from the appeal goes to RAFA's homes for ex-airmen and welfare and social work.

OVER 100 mourners filled Albury Parish Church at the funeral service for Miss Helen Mary Beatrice Lloyd, of Weston Lodge, Albury, who died suddenly on August 24th.

Miss Lloyd was born in 1899. Her barrister father's family came from Wales and Birmingham and her mother was the eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Bray of Shere. The family went to East Horsley in about 1912 and moved to Weston Lodge in 1920.

Miss Lloyd served on Albury Parish Council and the parochial church council. She was concerned with the care of Albury Old Church and was a founder member of Albury Local History Society, a member of the Women's Institute, the Friendship Club and

an honorary member of Albury Produce Association.

After leaving school she worked at Effingham railway factory for a time. She was a Guide with Stoke-next-Guildford Guides, then Captain of 1st Albury Guides for a number of years. She gave voluntary service to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and travelled to London twice weekly to work for the conservation of Windmills.

Towards the end of 1938 she joined the Women's Voluntary Service and, working with Mrs. Mollie Liddell at Guildford Rural Council Offices, was in charge of the W.V.S. and Children's evacuation throughout the Second World War.

Miss Lloyd was an embroi-

deress and painter. During one of her many travels abroad she motored with a woman friend from the Cape to Cairo, a great feat in those days. She subsequently published a book, entitled *March Hare* on the life of a woman met on the journey.

A keen fisherman, she practised this sport in Scotland and Norway; had visited the Galapagos Islands, the Seychelles, Mexico and other lands and recently visited friends of her brother Jack Lloyd in Australia.

The service was taken by the rector, the Rev. Stewart Orme, with Mrs. Anthea Morton at the organ. It was followed by interment in Albury Churchyard. The lesson was read by Mr. J. Prentis.

Miss Helen Mary Beatrice Lloyd died on 22nd August aged 78 years. She was admired with affection by all who knew her. As a lifelong Sunday worshipper at the Parish Church and for her care for the sick and elderly she will be deeply missed. Church and parish will never be quite the same without her. Dr. Burton has kindly written the following tribute:

Helen Lloyd was a woman of rare quality. With her passing Albury has lost a tower of strength, a sheet anchor and, not least, a friend. No social gathering was complete if she was not present. She had the enviable gifts of dominating without being obtrusive, of engendering enthusiasm without persuasion, of being warmly friendly yet retaining a degree of non-chalance. It is hard to avoid being fulsome in recalling what she meant to the parish as a whole, yet this is the last thing she would have desired for she had an innate modesty unspoilt by shyness or reserve, and yet she was reserved, so that not until she was no longer with us did it emerge how much she had accomplished in her lifetime as a pioneer, traveller, author and much more besides. One of her most valuable assets was her incomparable knowledge of the history past and present of the village and parish of Albury. Within her slender frame was housed indomitable courage. Her fitting epitaph could be: The Indomitable Helen.



ALBURY residents will miss the early-morning visits by postman Mr. Bob Mears, who retired recently after 46 years' service.

Mr. Mears, of Barnet Close, Wonersh, is planning a round-the-world trip with his wife, Doreen, and they hope to stay with a couple he met while delivering in Albury who now live in Daytona Beach, America.

For many years Bob worked alongside Mr. Les Quantrill on the

Albury round. Mr. Quantrill has been a postman for 28 years.

A special presentation was held at the sorting office at Woodbridge Meadows, Guildford, where Mr. Mears was thanked for his many years of unstinting service.

● Postman Mr. Bob Mears (left), Wonersh, receives a retiring certificate from district head postmaster, Mr. Graham Winter, at the presentation ceremony.

Sweep's life a bit of a hoot...

MR. George Porter, of Lockner, Dorking Road, Chilworth, retired last week after sweeping chimneys for 50 years. He is the third generation.

Mr. Porter's grandfather went to Chapel Street, Guildford, in the early 1800s. His father was born there and remained until his death at 85.

After leaving school at 15, Mr. Porter worked for 18 months in a grocery store. Not caring for the work, in 1918 he joined his father, who then had a staff of 13.

In 1929 Mr. Porter married and moved to Chilworth, continuing to work with his father for the next 10 years and then on his own.

Using five-foot long rods, which screw together to reach 72 feet, Mr. Porter has found some modern bungalow chimneys with bends in them more difficult to sweep than 62 feet high chimneys in Albury. Church chimneys, usually under the aisles, are often tricky.

THOSE OWLS . . .

Difficulties were usually due to birds or animals. One owl in Farley Green got its talon through his hand. One in Clandon hooted dismally all night, upsetting the householder so much that Mr. Porter spent four hours on a bank holiday morning removing the creature.

Mr. Porter said he had only been booked for one wedding, by the bride-to-be's mother — when her daughter was only eight years old. But his father was invited to many weddings in the times when it was believed that a sweep brought luck.

Mr. Porter will miss the many friends he has made over the years in Guildford and about 17 villages in the area. But he will be able to give more time to a garden well nourished with soot for the last 40 years, attend more whist drives and see more of his seven grandchildren.

Mr. Porter is succeeded by Mr. A. Maynard, of Builders Yard, Church Lane, Albury.

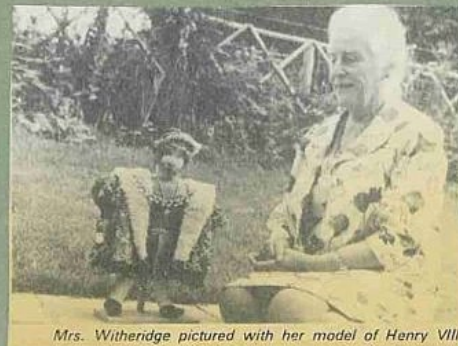


Mr. George Porter

Albury Success

former principal of a college of Fashion, Mrs. G. Witheridge of Albury does not confine her fashion knowledge to fashion trends.

Recently she made and dressed Henry VIII in his correct garb and very handsome he looked, so splendid indeed that he won her a prize in an exhibition. He drew great attention when exhibited in Cranleigh, and his attire, made entirely from scraps which Mrs. Witheridge already had or was given, is correct to the last button, and must be the most inexpensive clothing he ever wore. Mrs. Witheridge is an active W.I. member and supporter of many of Albury's Societies and clubs.



Mrs. Witheridge pictured with her model of Henry VIII.

Death of Mr. Robert G. Machindoe

THE funeral of Mr. Robert Gourlay Macindoe, of Hare Dene, Albury, took place on Wednesday afternoon in Albury Parish Church. Mr. Macindoe died in his sleep on Sunday at his home.

Mr. Macindoe was born in Glasgow and educated in Fettes College and before he was 21 went to Java, returning in 1915 to join up in the First World War, during which he was severely wounded. He returned to Java and became senior partner in the firm of MacLaine, Watson and Co., retiring to this country about 1930 and moving to Albury in 1935. He was a director of the London Board of the Bank of Hong Kong, and of the Scottish Union and National Insurance Company.

Mr. Macindoe took an active interest in all local affairs. He had served as chairman on the parish council and was a churchwarden and member of the parochial church council. He was chairman of the Conservative Association, president of the bowling club, president of the produce association and a school manager. He served in the Home Guard in Albury during the Second World War and suffered a severe injury when involved in an accident during the black-out.

Mrs. Macindoe, who was also a keen supporter of local associations, died in June, 1964.

Albury Parish Church was filled for the funeral, and more than 100 wreaths laid out along the path stretched from the Rectory gate to the grave, where Mr. Macindoe was buried beside his wife.

The service was taken by the rector (the Rev. Stewart Orme), assisted by Canon C. T. Gibb, American Chaplain in Java for many years. Mr. T. Rowland played the organ.

Among the relatives attending were Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Murray, Mr. Ralph Clapperton, Mr. Charles Clapperton, Mr. and Mrs. John Aglen, Mr. John Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gardener and Mrs. U. Fawcett.

Most of the local clubs and organisations were represented.

IT was the first marriage performed in the church.

Mr. J.

THERE was a lot of interest in the village many corners after a long absence. He was the late Mr. Brown to the village many corners. He was the Albury former principal of the Astro. Until his death Mr. Brown was the village many corners. He was the Albury former principal of the Astro. Several attended with many relatives. The Rev. for of Al service. Mr. the organ a widow, five grand

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Albury's 'wedding of the century' 29/9/79

IT was the wedding of the century at Albury Old Parish Church last Saturday when the first marriage service since 1842 was performed.

The church, which is set in

the lovely grounds of Albury Park, closed its doors for worship when the new parish church was consecrated.

Since that year there has only been one annual service.

The couple pictured in the impressive-looking phaeton are Mr. Roderick Williams and his bride, Miss Antoinette Skelton. Antoinette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Skelton, and has lived at the Old Rectory, Albury with her parents for 25 years.

Mrs. Betty Skelton described Saturday's wedding as "a simple country wedding in a simple country church." The service was conducted by the Rev. Stewart Orme, and there was a reception for 140 guests at the bride's home.

Antoinette is a biochemist at the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children, and her hus-

band is working temporarily in Saudi Arabia. The couple are spending their honeymoon in Spain, and hope eventually to settle in Surrey.

Mrs. Betty Skelton is a member of the old church management committee which was formed about five years ago when the church was made redundant. It now belongs to the Redundant Churches Fund, and the committee which administers it is headed by Dr. Maurice Burton. Antoinette chose the church for her wedding because of her family's close link with it.

Albury Old Church was built by the rich banker, Henry Drummond, who used to own Albury Park. He grew tired of the villagers going across his estate to worship, so he had another church built on the slope above what is now Albury village.

Mr. J. A. Browne

THERE was a large congregation at Albury Parish Church for the funeral of Mr. J. A. Browne who died on December 2 at his home, Brook, Albury, after a long illness aged 71.

He was born in Albury, and was the last male member of the Browne family which came to the village in 1802, and had many connections with it.

He was a founder member of the Albury History Society and a former member of the Guildford Astronomical Society.

Until his retirement in 1971 Mr. Browne was with Vickers Armstrongs, at Weybridge and Wisley for 32 years, latterly a flight test electrical engineer. Several former colleagues attended the service, together with many local friends and relatives.

The Rev. Stewart Orme, Rector of Albury, conducted the service. Miss Ruth Hawpat was the organist. Mr. Browne leaves a widow, two daughters and five grandsons.



Dicing for the Maid's Money

GUILDFORD'S ancient annual custom of Dicing for the Maid's Money, threatened because of a shortage of domestic servants in the borough, hit an extra snag this year when one of the competitors failed to appear.

The Mayoress of Guildford, Miss Barbara Pattman, saved the day when she acted as proxy for Miss Rose Berry and threw the dice on her behalf.

She competed against Miss Isabella Langrell, who took the first throw and scored four with her two dice.

Miss Pattman threw a winning six, but Miss Langrell was far from disappointed.

For the loser's prize, John Parson's Charity, amounts to £32.95, while the winner's award, John How's Charity, is £31.90.

It was the fourth time Miss Langrell had taken part in the

ceremony, which dates back more than 300 years. She has worked for Mrs. C. H. H. White, of Farley Green, for nearly 25 years.

Her opponent, Miss Berry, who has also been a participant on several occasions, has been employed by Mrs. A. M. Barr, of Albury, for more than 26 years.

This year the trustees had great difficulty finding maids to take part, even though they were given permission by the Charity Commissioners to widen the entry rules to attract more participants.

So few people employ live-in staff these days that they invited applications from non-resident staff working five days a week for families in the borough of Guildford. They had to have been with the same family for at least three years.

Still no new applications were received, so the trustees invited past participants to compete again.

BROWNIE HIGH JINKS

Albury Brownies in the guises of wizards and witches, ghosties and ghoulies of all kinds had a party lighted by pumpkin lanterns in their Brook headquarters with pumpkin pie among the refreshments.

A gay and ghostly time was enjoyed by everyone including the two Brownie Guiders who wore witches clothing but did not appear to intimidate their equally well disguised Brownies!



A VISIT TO THE MISSION AT MURHU

During travels in India earlier this year, we paid a visit to the Mission at Murhu. Ranchi, the nearest town, looked no great distance from Calcutta, a mere 200 miles. This translates into 25 very rough hours by train, on wooden benches in a sleepless multitude of company.

As this was an unplanned visit, all we knew was the name of Father Bernard Mather, so we spent an interesting day tearing round Ranchi on the back of a motorbike belonging to a very helpful Indian who made it a point of honour to locate him for us.

Eventually we found him. He was really delighted to have visitors from Albury, and having talked to us about the Mission, sent us to find Father Coe, who entertained us to tea on his verandah and arranged for us to be driven to Murhu the following day.

It was a good two-hour drive through desolate country. Bihar is one of the poorest states of India, way off any tourist track, but it is extremely interesting because the people of Bihar have a unique history. We were told that they are thought to be largely descended from the original peoples of the sub-continent, unmixd with the various invading tribes that settled in India in the Middle Ages. Both the land and the people are very poor, and the Mission is a veritable oasis in this barren area. It stands beside a small village, with shady trees, well-kept gardens and fine new buildings. We were shown round the beautiful big church, St Luke's Hospital and Chapel, the Primary School and the Boys' and Girls' High Schools, which include two impressive new dormitories opened in January this year.

We expected no more than a quick tour of inspection, but instead found ourselves totally adopted, introduced to all the local dignitaries back in Ranchi, and invited to a splendid entertainment and lunch in honour of the headmaster's birthday. We stayed four days. It was a wonderful welcome and an extremely interesting experience.

GENEVIEVE & ISABEL KIRBY



Janet Allen (seated) with Farley Green photographer Michael Cooper and willing models Clare Whitney, Nicky Marsh, Pamela Kraus and Jacky Hinton.

FOR all mothers who hear plaintive wails from teenagers: "Mum, what can I do?" Albury woman Janet Allen has the answer.

She has written a fun book on how to recycle materials and restyle clothes: in short, how to get the most out of fashion without spending a fortune to obtain that chic new look.

The book, entitled *Fashion for Free*, will probably appeal especially to teenagers (both boys and girls) who often have very original ideas on design.

Do not be put off if you think the book is all about needlework - it is not. In fact, there are dozens of ideas for garments that do not require a needle and thread. Some can be glued together, clothes can be dyed or decorated to give them a new look, and some need just a few token stitches to keep the finished product in place.

Younger children may find that mother can help by providing some old materials to practise on or by lending a hand at a difficult stage, while mother herself will find *Fashion for Free* a mine of useful tips and hints.

The book is full of diagrams and illustrations to give heart to the less confident, and there are ideas on stockists and other

sources of possible materials. Janet Allen, who is a freelance writer and illustrator and lives at Farriers Cottage, and local photographer, Michael Cooper, have provided the illustrations.

She describes her ideas as "an economic way of doing clothes. It would seem a good idea to recycle..." she added.

Janet Allen started by using different ways to alter shirts - which, she says, tend not to be very tatty when they are discarded - and provided tips on changing the shape, embroidering, and painting on them. From here, the ideas came thick and fast, and as friends came to her with tips she started to make a note of them.

She also experimented with dyeing techniques (a useful table is featured in the book) and the information was collated over about 18 months.

"You do not have to spend a fortune, and you can also gear things to your own particular taste," she said. "There is nothing in the book that is very complicated: it is for people like myself who get a bit confused with bought patterns."

She emphasised that altering garments was very easy, and felt the book would be of particular value to students who had little money to play around with but were very conscious of current fashions.

Janet Allen, who studied at the Royal College of Art, has taught in art schools and for seven years she ran a small firm which designed, screen printed, and produced household and fashion items. Among six other book credits, she has written one on drawing and one on dyeing and printing.

Fashion for Free is written in a light-hearted vein, and if you are one of those like Janet Allen (and myself) who could never understand school sewing textbooks dip into this one and see what you have been missing.

Fashion for Free is published by Penguin Books and is obtainable from most major book shops, price £1.50.

4-7-80

AN ALBURY schoolboy has designed and built a machine which is the envy of "custom" motor enthusiasts all over the country.

Laurence Hall, aged 15, has spent ten months building the bicycle - believed to be the only one of its kind in Britain.

Armed only with enthusiasm and a pile of magazines, Laurence has transformed the skeleton of an old "sit up and beg" bicycle into a gleaming, chopper-style "mean machine."

Devoted

Laurence was given the old frame by a neighbour who was impressed by his first attempt at custom-building, which appeared on the BBC children's magazine programme *Blue Peter*. Since then he has devoted all his spare time and pocket money to completing his project.

"The most difficult part of the design was the front fork," he admitted. "The angle of the fork in relation to the ground is

measured in rake and trail, and it was calculating this technical point and counteracting its effects that was time-consuming."

The complicated structure of the frame, which has been completely re-welded, is purely practical. The glossy green paintwork is solely for show. Work on the fine details, such as the mahogany dashboard, hand-sewn leather seat and paintwork, were Laurence's favourite tasks.

Patience

Although Laurence's advice to any would-be custom-builders is: "You have got to know what you're doing," he conceded, "a lot of it is patience and a process of trial and error."

Laurence shows the cycle regularly at custom shows, alongside huge chopper motor-cycles and custom-built cars. It has been featured in shows at Bristol, Finsbury Park, and Plymouth, where it won a cup for being the most unusual winner. The bicycle can now be seen in Guildford in the window of "Pedal Pushers," a recently opened cycle shop in Woodbridge Road.

Although he has O Level exams looming next year, Laurence is about to embark upon a new project - customising a Honda 250cc motor-cycle. The project is still very much in the planning stage, although he has already decided that the machine will have a white leather seat and pearly blue paintwork!

Rolls

The motor-cycle will be made to "street legal" specifications so that it can eventually be sold but, as Laurence is still at school, sponsors or enthusiasts who would like to contribute the money, are needed before he can start work. When he leaves school, Laurence hopes to attend the Rolls Royce Training College and eventually work in a shop specialising in machines to customers' specifications.

"It's not what the vehicle is; it's a question of expressing your personality," he said. "You could customise a house." The bicycle will be in Guildford for another week before it returns to Laurence's home where it lives, quite logically, in the living room!



ALBURY firm Bus Fare, which was formed as a limited company only four years ago, is this year expecting a turnover of £½m.

Bus Fare offers "hospitality on wheels" using a fleet of four specially converted buses - two double-deckers and two single-deckers - painted in blue, green and white livery.

The double-deckers have a restaurant on the upper deck with a bar and lounge area downstairs. There is a kitchen on board as well as a toilet and cloakroom with hot and cold water. One bus even has a shower unit. The upper deck can be converted into a meeting room, conference area or audio visual theatre.

Each double-decker (above) can cater for up to 200 people, using awnings attached to each side of the bus, and they

attended all sorts of functions - most recently catering for some 1,200 tennis fans during the two weeks of Wimbledon.

Chairman and managing director Mr. Jonathan Graham-Brown said that the idea came from the Guildford players, who used a double-decker bus to transport their performers around.

Mr. Graham-Brown rented a bus, did some simple conversions and then hired it out to companies for entertaining. In 1976 he bought a double-decker and made more sophisticated alterations to it, and towards the end of the year he signed his first contract - with ICI. He says there are only two other companies operating similar services in the UK.

The business was a success and in 1977 turnover reached £20,000. The following year Mr. Graham-Brown bought a second bus, and turnover for

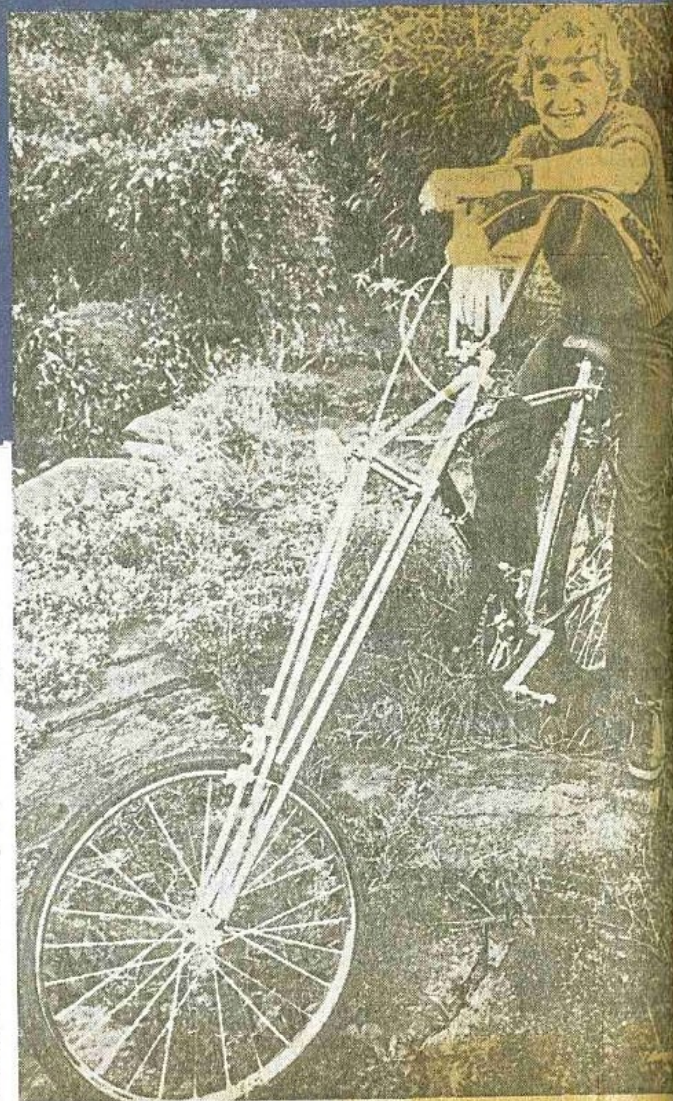
the year was £75,000. Last year the upward trend continued with a figure of £120,000.

Mr. Graham-Brown hopes it will reach £½m this year. His business has been "quite amazing." Bus Fare now employs some 400 people part-time when catering for ICI - and recently the firm has been involved in British Leyland bus and truck drive in Europe.

Other recent contracts have taken buses to Ascot, Belgium, the National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham, an agricultural show, and Pau, which is at the foot of the Pyrenees in the South of France.

Future contracts involve a bus going to sheep dog trials for a company that makes barbed wire.

The firm also operates a private catering service for weddings, garden parties and so on - for which a Commer van is used.



Laurence Hall with his hand-made bicycle... it took 10 months to build

The up

ALBURY has land £40,000. gest this relaunch in Euro. Wirth and dox Bus Fa and ex through Continue the bus and vid well as the ful provide compa The started Fare ve Italian also tal British, Austria prix. Mr. Fibres

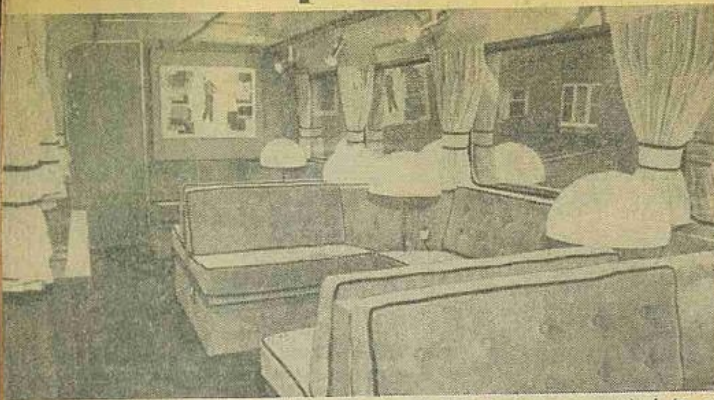
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Mr. Ar was foun Guildford age, four Yvonne Ymer mayc freeman o Born in parents Graham-E surance a First Wor at 17 and while serv Scottish R He join surance l and later branch m stainers Brighton.

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Mobile promotions



The upper deck of one of Bus Fare's double-deckers converted to a luxurious lounge. MAY 1982

ALBURY firm Bus Fare has landed a contract worth £40,000 — one of its biggest this year — to help ICI relaunch its fibres division in Europe.

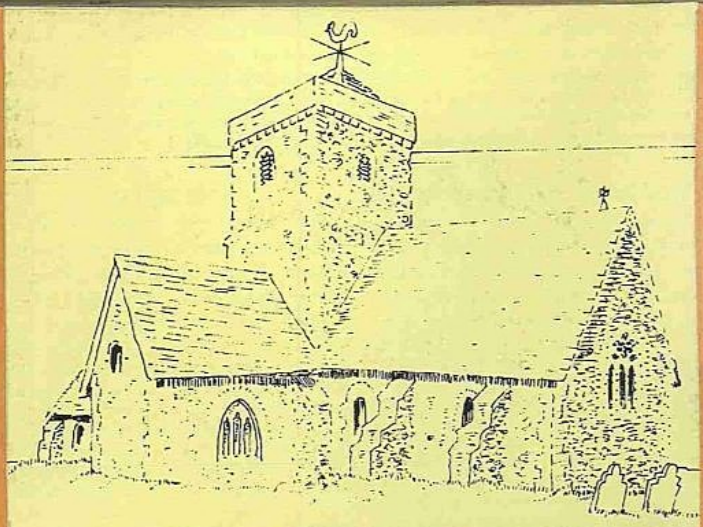
With a fleet of single- and double-decker vehicles Bus Fare offers catering and exhibition facilities throughout the UK and the Continent. ICI will be using the buses for audio-visual and video programmes as well as taking advantage of the full catering support provided by the Albury company.

The launch programme started on April 25 with Bus Fare vehicles attending the Italian Grand Prix — and also takes in the Belgian, British, French, German, Austrian and Swiss grands prix.

Mr. Mike Francis of ICI Fibres said the Bus Fare facilities were a cost-effective way of promoting his company and of sponsoring specific sports. "Bus Fare has previously proved successful in helping promote a range of ICI products in Europe where, for the past four years, ICI have sponsored Formula 2 racing."

The Albury firm's managing director, Mr. Jonathan Graham-Brown, explained: "We provide a fast and efficient service between as well as at events, arriving at each circuit in time and providing a full catering service."

"On one occasion, at Hochenheim, we catered for 500 hungry and thirsty visitors. We can even provide videos of the main events to enable our clients' visitors to enjoy the sport twice and see other parts of the circuit."



VICTOR WOODS 1981

We feel both sadness and thankfulness at the passing last month of Vic Woods at the age of 84 years. He was born and bred in Little London and throughout his long life played a leading and very active part in the life of the village. He was a member of almost every organisation — the Cricket Club, the Football Club, the Bowling Club, the British Legion and a Founder Member of the Friendship Club. He had also been a member of the Parish Council and played the trumpet in Albury Band. He was one of Albury's master craftsmen in wood and in the building trade. He was also a professional Funeral Director.

No-one could have been a more faithful member of our Church. Seldom did he miss his Sunday worship, which was at the centre of his life. He was a member of the Parochial Church Council for many years and he served as Rector's Churchwarden from 1942 to 1948. One of his major achievements was his membership of the Parish Church Choir, man and boy, for a period of 66 years!

Many will remember the concern and kindness of Vic and Ada, his wife. We all give thanks for their gentle Christian influence for good among us. Vic showed us a marvellous example of quiet courage and uncomplaining determination in the face of his bereavement and in his last years of failing health. We shall long remember them both with thankfulness and affection.

ONE of Guildford's most eminent citizens, Mr. Archibald William Graham-Brown, died at his home last Saturday at the age of 81. (13-6-81)

The funeral service on Wednesday at Guildford Methodist Church, Woodbridge Road, was conducted by the Rev. Tony Hearle, and was followed by cremation at Guildford Crematorium.

In an address during the service, Mr. Bill Bellerby, county and borough councillor and former Guildford mayor, paid tribute to Mr. Graham-Brown as a man who contributed greatly to the cultural life of Guildford. Mr. Bellerby said he was a completely independent man who never stood under any political flag, but one who had done much for the town.

Mr. Archie Graham-Brown was founder of a flourishing Guildford insurance brokerage, founder chairman of the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, former mayor and chairman, and freeman of the town.

Born in Oxford of Scottish parents in 1900, Archie Graham-Brown went into insurance after serving in the First World War. He joined up at 17 and was badly wounded while serving with the London Scottish Regiment in France.

He joined a company of insurance brokers in Reading, and later moved on to become branch manager of the Ab-stainers and General in Brighton.

The wish to go-it-alone brought a decision six months later to start his own practice as an insurance broker. He decided Guildford was the right place, but he could not have chosen a worse time — it was the mid-twenties with the country in the grip of a financial crisis.

Mr. Graham-Brown fortunately had another string to his

bow — with a keen interest in theatre he had become known as a compere and raconteur and was able to make extra income as an entertainer.

By 1937, his business, Graham Brown and Company, of Guildford and later Camberley, was well-established and he had more time to serve the town he had adopted as home. He was then living at Stoughton Grange.

That year he stood as an independent for the Friary Ward of the old Guildford Borough, and was elected to the council with a majority of 349 over his Labour opponent. He continued to serve on the old town council and was mayor in 1945 and 1946. He was chairman of the general purposes committee at the time of Guildford's Civic Hall project.

Mr. Graham-Brown was chairman of the library, museum and arts committee when the Guildford borough music scheme and the Guildford House project were launched.

Mr. Graham-Brown was made an alderman in 1950 and 1964, the town bestowed upon him the honour of honorary freeman.

He was closely involved with the town in many ways. He was a founder member and president of Guildford Round Table, and member and former chairman of the Rotary Club.

With his deep interest in theatre it is not surprising that Mr. Graham-Brown became involved with the North Street repertory theatre and became its founder chairman. When the theatre was destroyed by fire in 1963, an all-out effort was made to finance a new theatre planned since an appeal fund had been launched in 1961.

Mr. Graham-Brown was closely involved with this and when the new theatre, the Yvonne Arnaud, opened in 1965, he was appointed founder chairman, a post he held until 1974. He continued his interest



Mr. Graham-Brown

in the theatre and, with his wife, rarely missed a production.

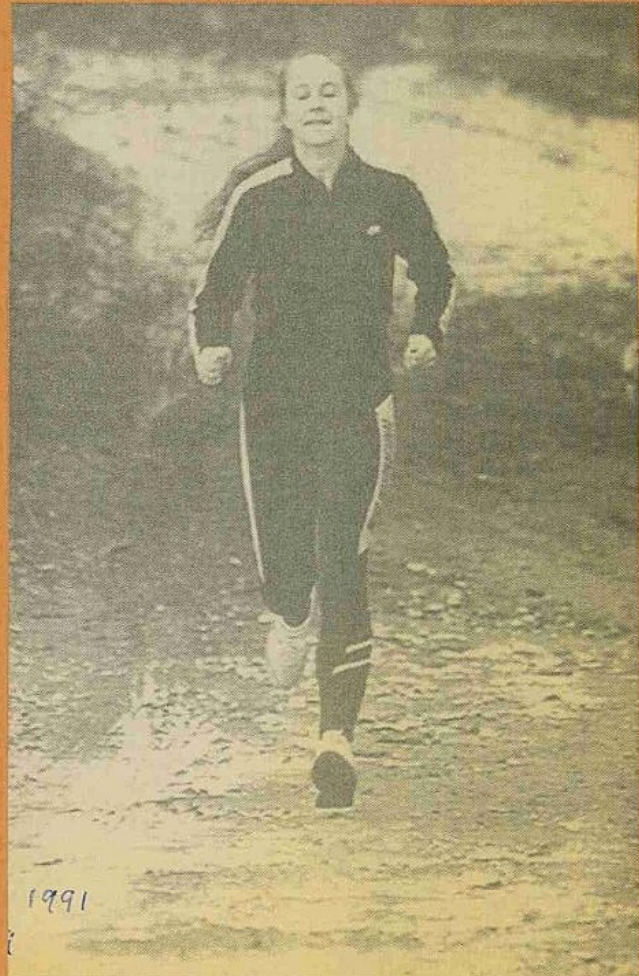
To the time of his death, Mr. Graham-Brown was a consultant to the business he founded more than 50 years ago. Officially he was semi-retired, but his three days at the office crept up to four and five. He had called at the Guildford office as usual on the morning of his death.

In July, 1979 the company celebrated its golden jubilee by sponsoring the Surrey v Worcestershire cricket match in Guildford. Its total staff of 60 were guests at a golden jubilee dinner in a marquee at the Woodbridge Road cricket ground.

Mr. Graham-Brown leaves a widow, Joyce, two sons, two daughters and three grandchildren.

Mr. Graham-Brown lived with his wife at Albury Heath.

Family mourners at the funeral were: Mrs. Graham-Brown (widow), Mr. Jonathan Graham-Brown (son), Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Graham-Brown (son and daughter-in-law), Mr. and Mrs. Simon Spencer (son-in-law and daughter), and Mr. and Mrs. Robin Harvey (son-in-law and daughter).



A lonely slog: Crawford in training for the marathon near her Surrey home

1991



Suzie with Mrs. Delsie Myer.

1982

'Perfect little dog' is a stray

ALBURY people are trying to solve the mystery of why a pretty little crossbreed dog has adopted their village.

The dog, a cross between a beagle and a collie, is a spayed bitch between about five and eight years old.

She wandered into the village from the Chilworth direction about a month ago and collapsed in the garage

of the Savage family at Northfields, Albury.

She was named Suzie by the family, and is currently being cared for by Mrs. Delsie Myer while they are away on holiday.

When the animal first arrived in the village, it was close to exhaustion and too tired to eat or drink.

With the loving care

which has been lavished upon Suzie, she is now thriving nicely, but local people are anxious to find her true owner.

Suzie has a white tape collar with metal clasp, but no identification. Details have been given to the police and the RSPCA, but so far no-one has come forward to claim her.

"It is so sweet and so good it is just unbelievable that it should be lost, said Mrs. Myer. "It is an absolutely perfect little dog.

"If somebody has lost it I shall be so pleased to meet them and give it back to them."

Mrs. Myer lives at Weston Lea, Albury, and can be contacted on Shere 2243.



DELIGHTED Mary Kurn is given the honour of presenting a bouquet of flowers to a special guest at the fund-raising dance at Albury Village Hall on Friday.

The flowers are for Janet Darrow, wife of the actor Paul Darrow who

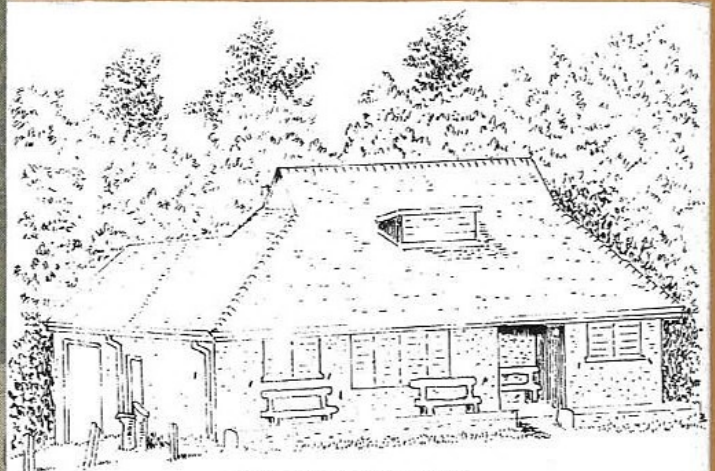
plays the part of Avon in *Blake's Seven*.

The dance was organised by Albury coach driver Charles Weller to raise money for the handicapped children at Pond Meadow School, Guildford.

The dance raised more

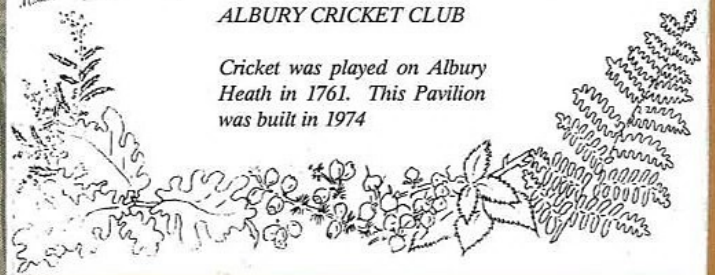
than £1,000 and Mr. Weller was thrilled. "It's wonderful," he said. "I am more than delighted." 1983

Mr. Weller is pictured holding the wheelchair with Mrs. and Mr. Darrow (left) and Mr. Bernie Kurn.



ALBURY CRICKET CLUB

Cricket was played on Albury Heath in 1761. This Pavilion was built in 1974



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SPLENDID batting by Bill Hughes and Chris Martin-Jenkins will burn brightly in memories of Flora Doris Cup finals.

Their efforts were enough to bring the cup to Albury for the first time at Normandy on Tuesday when they beat a young Byfleet side by 41 runs.

Hughes, a clear man of the match, took Martin-Jenkins' lead to bat with authority and dispel any tremors caused by the early loss of Brian Norman and Martin Smith.

A total of 121 was proved formidable throughout Albury's progress to the final. Against Byfleet there was a suspicion — or hope among the uncommitted — that it could be overhauled.

At 48-1 in the ninth over they matched Albury's progress, but once Tim Buzaglo was run out going for an impossible second run to Ashraf they crumbled to Vic Rolland.

The real meat of the match, however, was the stand between Hughes and Martin-Jenkins, who started the assault by breaking up a tight six man cordon with powerful driving.

From 9-2 after four overs Albury were lifted to 27-2 at the end of the sixth, and Hughes began by unfurling neat square cuts.

Fours, straight and over wide mid-on followed which prompted Byfleet to station a man 10 yards in from the boundary.

Hughes' immediate response was to clear his head for a six that landed to the right of the sightscreen.

Martin-Jenkins straight drove handsomely at the other end but then sliced a shot to deep cover to end a memorable stand at 95-3.

The innings ended with Ashraf leading a scurry and scamper for runs — to which Hughes fell victim in the final over — to take Albury to 121-4 at the end of their 16 allotted overs.

Despite some good shots by Ashley Golder Byfleet's openers could not quite match the clean strokeplay of the Albury pair as the run rate mounted.

A line just outside the off stump contained and ultimately frustrated Buzaglo, a 1,500 a year man for Byfleet.

Once he had gone it became an evening of undisguised delight for Albury's old stagers.

Skipper Norman twice joy-

ously raised his arms after catching Malcolm Rennie and running out Malcolm Denham.

Wicket keeper Smith twice whipped off the bails for lighting stumpings, and held glove to heart after safely bagging an enormous skier off Simon Willis.

When the wickets were counted up Vic Rolland had claimed five. Just reward for a spell of unassuming craft and accuracy.

Albury's moment of glory was clouded by Martin-Jenkins having to leave the field suffering from a severe migraine. He bravely returned to take his place in the winning group photograph.

Albury skipper Brian Norman played for Guildford City in 1975 when they beat Albury in the final.

So it was a great thrill for him to be in charge as Albury made it third time lucky.

"After winning the Three Counties League for the first time last year it's obviously a great thing for the club," he said.

ALBURY	
B. Norman c Jerrett b Veronum	3
M. Smith c Davies b Dodwell	6
L. Hughes run out	69
C. Martin-Jenkins c Denham b Davies	35
M. Ashraf not out	9
F. Soley not out	2
Extras	3
Total (for 4)	121

Did not bat: J. Austin, C. Cam, V. Rolland, A. Fox, J. Perrin.

Bowling: B. Dodwell 4-0-18-1; A. Veron 4-0-24-1; A. Davies 4-0-30-1; M. Denham 4-0-46-0.

BYFLEET	
A. Golder b Fox	18
S. Craven b Rolland	21
T. Buzaglo run out	9
M. Rennie c Norman b Rolland	4
S. Willis c Smith b Austin	3
M. Denham run out	1
R. Buzaglo b Austin	3
A. Davies st Smith b Rolland	5
A. Jerrett st Smith b Rolland	0
A. Veronum not out	8
B. Dodwell lbw b Rolland	0
Extras	8
Total	80

Bowling: Perrin 4-0-16-0; Fox 4-0-25-1; Austin 4-0-15-2; Rolland 3-4-0-16-5.

The final of the Admiral Dunlop Cup is being held this Tuesday at Send between the holders Aldershot and Farnham, last season's FD winners, starting at 5.30. The match balls for both finals were supplied by Jefferys of Guildford.

On Wednesday and Thursday the big two of colts cricket Guildford and Farnham will contest the finals of the Jack Lewis and Bowey Cups. The Lewis Cup is being played Farncombe and the Bow Cup at Normandy, both going underway at 6.

Geoffrey Elms, The President of Albury Cricket Club writes about

ALBURY CRICKET CLUB

One of the unsung Albury Clubs is the Cricket Club. Everyone knows it is there, but comparatively few members of the parish know much about it. The Club is probably the oldest Society in the parish (apart from the Church!) and indeed one of the earliest Cricket Clubs in the country - there is a plaque in the pavilion commemorating a game in 1761. Local residents may like to hear a bit about it through periodic articles in the Parish News.

Let us start with the pavilion, a brick-built clubhouse which replaced the previous wooden pavilion in 1974. The money to design and build it, about £12,000, was raised largely through the efforts of members in organizing Sponsored Walks and Donkey Derbys. Seventeen years later, in 1991, modifications and improvements to the interior cost as much again. Although this stretched members' pockets to pay for the work, the result is as handsome a pavilion as you will find in Clubs of comparable size. An attractive club house, well-lit, carpeted and with a bar ensures extended enjoyment for everyone; the players, their ladies and offspring long after close of play.

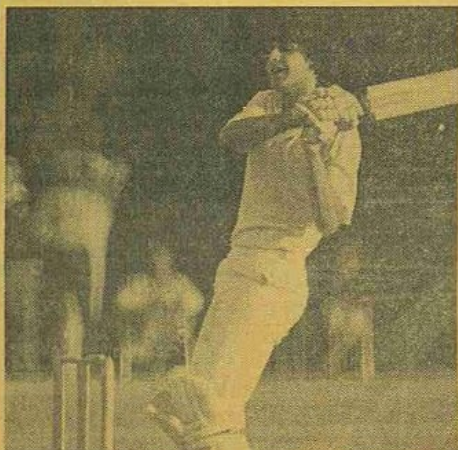
The many visitors who regularly drive from South London and beyond come, of course, to see the cricket itself. We can perhaps write about specific matches and occasions in a later article. What attracts visitors is the blend of traditional village cricket with a display of real talent at the crease. The village aspect stems partly from the setting - it really is a lovely ground - partly the friendly atmosphere and by no means least, the family participation on and off the field. Currently three families: Cains, Rollands and Smiths have father and son(s) playing regularly, and both the Captain's wife (Judy Smith) and the Chairman's mother-in-law (Lee Eichen) are often "on teas". The cricketing talent would surprise some people. It includes not only the Captain, Dr. Martin Smith, who has played representative sport at the highest level and who has attracted other doctors to the Club, but also young players of great promise, some still in their 1st XI at school; others playing in senior teams at Universities.

The cricket square is of course hallowed ground and heaven help the owner of a dog that does not recognise this. For years it has been tended with loving care and skill by Roland Woods to a standard that caused Bruce Edgar, a New Zealand Test cricketer who played here in the early seventies to compare it to The Oval.

Roland himself has been associated with the Club in every capacity - a great run-getter, wicket-taker, captain, umpire and, until he retired in 1989, Chairman. As a mark of gratitude to him for all he has done for Albury Cricket, he was made a Life Member of the Club when he retired from the Chairmanship. And a portrait of him smiling benignly on the evening drinkers hangs on the pavilion wall.

New members are always welcome, Vic Rol-

land, the current Chairman, would be delighted to hear from anyone interested (Tel. Guildford 503631). You do not need to be a budding County player. You only need to take your cricket seriously enough to enjoy being a member of a team. You start in the 2nd XI where some are content to stay while others aspire to the more testing matches played in the Surrey County League. Non-playing members too can enjoy the social side of the Club and tell old tales over a beer as the sun goes down.

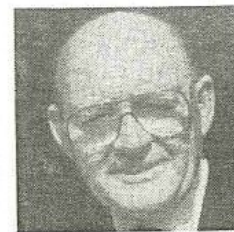


Ashley Golder in defiant mood for Byfleet in the Flora Doris Cup final. Photograph by Terry Ha - b good.



Albury's Flora Doris Cup-winning line-up with Brian Norman resting the cup on knee, and Bill Hughes cradling the man of the match shield. 1984

Mr. Leslie Quantrill



EVERYONE fortunate enough to know Leslie Quantrill was greatly saddened by the news that he had died suddenly at the age of 66.

Village postmen are often well liked, but for 27 years until his retirement in 1988, Albury and Farley Green had in Les a man of unflinching cheerfulness who really knew and cared about the families in his district.

He seemed to have an instinct about who needed help and this he unhesitatingly gave, often at inconvenience to himself and always with disarming modesty.

Les and his twin brother, Stan, who now lives in Worplesdon, were born near Kings Cross "right by Pentonville" as he enjoyed recalling. The family was bombed in 1941 and moved to Pirbright.

Les and his brother went to work in an aircraft factory in

cally died of pneumonia only a few years after they were married.

On leaving the RAF, Les drove Green Line buses for many years. His unorthodox, but kindly, nature is reflected in the story that he would risk his career by stopping the bus anywhere to suit the convenience of elderly passengers, sometimes even leaving the bus to escort them across the road.

In 1960 he joined the Post Office in Guildford, becoming one of the Albury postmen the following year. It was typical of his approach to life that he threw himself into many aspects of the community he served, joining the local societies and even visiting villagers who were in hospital. He was never happier than having to dig his way through mud or snow to bring relief to the door of an elderly or lonely soul in the backwoods of his area.

At home he looked after his second wife, Gladys, who contracted multiple sclerosis which had become steadily more disabling. No effort was too great for him in tending her needs, and he was as happy for her as for himself when he received the British Empire Medal in the 1989 New Year's Honours.

He would tell with joy and pride how at the Royal Garden party a guardsman in full attire pushed his wife in her wheelchair around the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

His chief relaxation was the organ. He was a talented player, and liked to play every day, often entertaining his neighbours in Purbeck Court, Park Barn. When he retired he was able to indulge in another passion, fishing, always in the company of his beloved Gladys, whom he continued to nurse right up to the moment when he was struck down by a heart attack.

they were struggling and Mr. Jeorrett's future in farming had been shattered. He took work at the local water board and, became responsible for laying on water to some of the remotest parts of Surrey.

His love of music drew him to being organist at St. Mark's Church, Peaslake, and it is a matter of great personal pride that during the 60 years he played at the church, he was only late twice.

Mrs. Jeorrett worked as a nanny before getting married and then gave up her job to devote time to raising a family, running a home, and setting up a thriving small holding.

They were a home-loving couple and while Mrs. Jeorrett loves embroidery, her husband has his hobby of music. They have two children and two grandchildren.

Their diamond wedding celebrations were an event they will never forget. "It was better than the real thing 60 years ago," said Mrs. Jeorrett. "Terrific."

suffers from arthritis, is secretary of Shere Cottage Builders Society and is still in popular demand to play the organ at local church services until last year the couple took in bed-and-breakfast guests.

"It was jolly good fun," remarked Mrs. Jeorrett.

The couple are among the oldest inhabitants of Farley Green, and say the village has changed dramatically since they first moved there as newly-weds 60 years ago.

"There was no electricity, no water and no buses then," said Mr. Jeorrett. When the first bus did come, a trip to Guildford cost just 8d. (3½p).

The couple had known each other since they were seven. They went to each others parties and used to walk back from church together. Their families lived just a couple of miles apart.

Mr. Jeorrett proposed as they sat in front of the fire at Brook Farm, Little London, and in 1926 they were married.

Life was hard as financially

FARLEY Green was just a hamlet with farm-houses and a few workers' cottages when Jack and Dorothy Jeorrett set up home in the village.

They were the first couple to have a house built and it was an idea which was to spread quickly.

But even though the village has now grown in size and more and more houses have been built, the Jeorretts are still happy with their choice of a home.

"It's a lovely village," said Mrs. Jeorrett (84).

Recently they celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary and friends and relatives crowded into their house near the village green to wish them well.

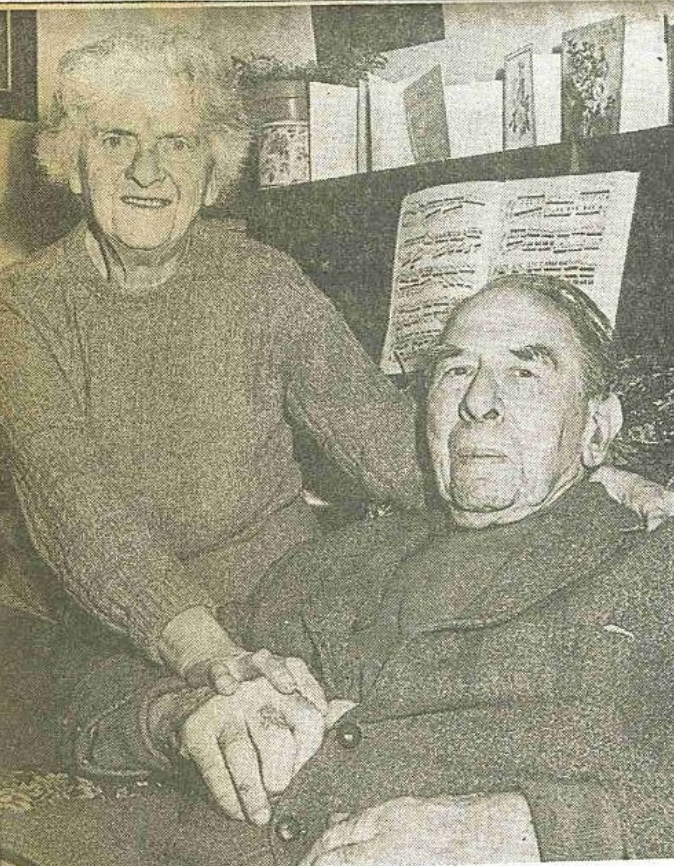
Despite being in their eighties, Mr. and Mrs. Jeorrett are still remarkably active and play an important part in local activities.

Mr. Jeorrett (85), who now

Service in Albury Church followed by burial in Albury Churchyard

26 May Margaret Rose BLUNDEN of Mayland Cottage, Little London, Albury. 1992

Maggie met Jack her husband-to-be in Epsom and as Cook and Gardener they went to Haredeane on Albury Heath in 1934. A friendly and generous person, Maggie was also a keen whist player and became a founder member of Albury Friendship Club often to be seen "quietly folding raffle tickets". She also belonged to the W.I. and to the Mothers Union in Shere whose Rector also participated in the Funeral Service.



Jack and Dorothy Jeorrett celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary at home. 1984

ALAN KIRBY - With the sad death of Alan Kirby this community has lost a vigorous and articulate personality who will be sorely missed in many local activities, as well of course by his family and friends.

His ready wit lightened many a meeting and his incisive mind contributed much to the solution of problems and in practice it was often Alan who physically helped to see the task through.

It gave great pleasure to many of his friends that he succeeded in breaking away from city life over the last few years to take up teaching which he so clearly enjoyed. Our thoughts go out in sympathy to Jean and his children.

W.E.H. 1979

LESLIE QUANTRILL B.E.M.

Sometimes a community is blessed with a member who brings joy, encouragement and service in abundance. Such was our luck when Les Quantrill came to Albury Post Office in 1960.

The older ones amongst us will recall the tuneful whistling that announced the delivery of the morning post. Newcomers to the district were welcomed with offers of advice and assistance. Frail and remote dwellers had their shopping done, prescriptions collected and problems straightened out. As Christmas approached, Les drew up a list of the lonely and needy amongst us, and flowers and gifts were delivered on Christmas Eve to all corners of the parish by the Post Office Van - with a smiling Mrs. Quantrill in the front seat.

One Albury dweller remembered the days when, as a child, she travelled to school on Les's coach, and he took an interest in her homework and sympathised when she got into hot-water.

Happily married, the time came when his wife Gladys became an invalid. Les took care of all her needs, and as her condition worsened he had a television set installed in his car so she could happily accompany him when he was away from home.

I wonder how many of us knew that Les was an accomplished organist and composer? After his retirement he and his wife liked to escape to Dartmouth to enjoy happy hours fishing. They both had a great love for the sea.

Les Quantrill was game for anything, whether opening the Produce Show or giving a Talk on Albury. He had a charm and wit not easily forgotten.

Nobody (except perhaps Les himself) was surprised when in 1989 he was awarded the British Empire Medal, and never was an honour more richly deserved.

Laterally the Quantrills lived near the Royal Surrey County Hospital, and Les would walk across the field to seek out patients who might enjoy a friendly chat.

Leslie Quantrill passed away on 19 December 1991 after a heart attack. He died as he had lived - helping others.

A GU5 Resident

Thrilling climax to Coral's Open Bowls championship

HAWKINS SNATCHES TITLE

SEPT. 1985



The victors and the sponsors from left: Roy Hollins, Lisa Leek (Coral promotions girl), Vic Merritt, Tony Parry (Coral regional manager), Bob Hall, George Hawkins and Karen Mech (promotions girl).

GEORGE Hawkins' Albury team won the Coral Guildford Open Fours after a thrilling final at Woodbridge Hill on Sunday.

Hawkins overcame the Epsom West Park side led by Roy Humphries 16-13 on the 21st end to collect the £250 winning prize.

A large and vociferous crowd cheered on the two rinks, who remained neck and neck until Hawkins made a devastating run on the 20th to give his side a decisive 15-13 lead and then protected the jack on the last end despite a fierce attack from Humphries.

Afterwards Hawkins said: "We played it cool and on the final end I decided to protect the jack even though it was a bit of a risk. There wasn't much in it all through and it was a very tough game."

The first 10 ends were very tense as both fours adapted to the pace and bias with precision bowls of the highest calibre. For Albury Roy Hollins, Bob Hall and Vic Merritt supported Hawkins while Humphries, with Johnny Jones, Jimmy Adams and John England matched them shot for shot. After being 5-5 at 10 ends it was still even at 9-9 on the 14th before West Park started to edge in front.

Humphries produced a

splendid running shot to push the jack into England's pair of carefully placed bowls to give his side a 12-9 lead at the 16th.

But Hawkins pulled one back on the 17th, another two on the 19th and then played that devastating run on the 20th to get a three and give his side a 15-13 lead.

On the last end the crowd roared at every shot and the hold changed several times until Merritt produced a stunner. Despite Humphries' gallant attack, Hawkins defended the lead with accurately placed short woods to pick an extra shot and make his side champions.

For Albury it was the last episode of a thrilling competition in which they had won all their other matches by just one shot. They caused the biggest shock by knocking out three times champion Alan Windsor, the GB champion, and then Ireland's Nick Carroll while in the semi-final they dismissed the powerful Farnham rink.

West Park too had an impressive run-in to the final. They beat Dave Campbell and R. P. Webb, both from Old Dean, and outclassed Guildford's Dave West before overcoming the highly fancied and proficient Ottershaw side in the semi-final.

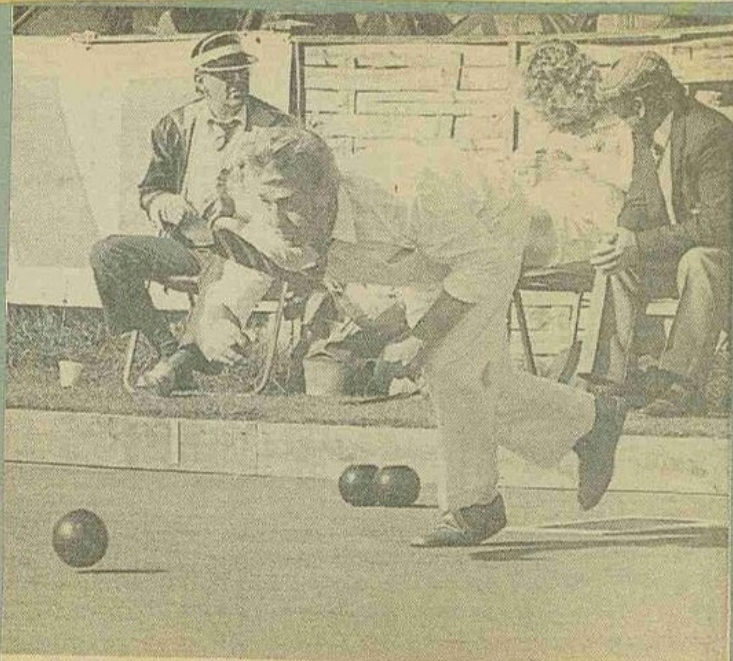
Looking back through the rounds Hawkins commented: "We have been drawn against tough opponents from the word go and knew we would be up against it. It didn't get much easier after beating Windsor. I thought we had an average four, Roy Hollins is up and coming while Bob Hall is very experienced and Vic Merritt a very good number three. We decided to play it cool and it worked out."

"The turning point in the final was when I played that firing shot on the 20th and it came off. I think it must have shaken West Park up a bit. I knew on the last end that if I could stop Humphries getting

to the jack we would be all right."

So the Epsom side had to settle for the runners-up position for the second year running and together with Albury and losing semi-finalists Farnham and Ottershaw were presented with their cheques and medals by the Regional manager of Coral Bookmakers Mr. Tony Parry.

Coral are to sponsor the fours against next year and teams from a wider area are to be invited. There are also plans to launch a special invitation event in an attempt to bring together Windsor, Nigel Smith and other internationally known local bowlers.



Albury's George Hawkins during Sunday's Guildford Open Fours triumph.

Couple's life 'shooting' and caring for animals at Albury 1985

IT would seem to be an idyllic existence — living off the beaten track in the woods at Albury and providing a home for wildlife and photography for natural history books.

Idyllic it might be but it is also hard work as wildlife photographers Jane Burton and her husband, Kim Taylor, will vouchsafe.

Their day starts at seven with walking the dogs and feeding all their menagerie of 35 Mucsoy ducks, bantams, owls, crows, jays, blackbirds, magpies, squirrels, three dogs, three puppies and a cat.

It ends when the animals and birds have been fed and safely shut up for the night, but in between Jane and Kim will have been frantically busy meeting deadlines and gathering material for their books.

Jane is the daughter of Dr. Maurice Burton, the well-known naturalist from Albury, so she has always lived with natural history.

After boarding school she went to art school and then drifted into photography through her father's work. He was writing a series in the *Illustrated London News* and at that time there were few nature photographers so she produced pictures for him of her animals.

People were bringing her rescued fox cubs, birds and other wildlife and many of them formed the basis for his articles. She was also producing a weekly nature photograph for the *Surrey Advertiser* and illustrating her father's *Nature Notes* in the *Daily Telegraph*.

When they married, Kim was a biologist with the Ministry of Overseas Development which often took him abroad to such places as Malaya and the West Indies. Jane accompanied him and used her time for photography.

Some of the results were used in a television series produced by Peter Scott entitled *Look*.

One film was called *A Cave of Bats*, another was about sea-shore life in Malaya, and a third was on the wildlife around a stream in the Malayan jungle.

Because of Kim's work their photography was mainly confined to evenings and Sundays. They spent the first 10 years of their married life in this way — Kim as a biologist and both doing photography — until their two children were born, the eldest in Malaya and the second one in England.

Of necessity travelling had to be curtailed for Jane and they bought the old Albury village school and schoolhouse where they still live, using the school building for their photographic studio and the playground to house the cages for the wildlife.

Seven years ago Kim gave up his job and started doing full-time photography with Jane. Their first book produced together was called *Book of the Year* — a natural history of Britain through the seasons, with Jane's brother, Robert, writing the text.

Then came *Nightwatch*, written by a committee except for one section by Kim, and the photography by both of them, and *The Age of the Dinosaurs* in which Jane photographed models against photographic backgrounds to record the subject matter more realistically.

Earlier this year came *Bird Behaviour*, covering aspects usually left out of traditional bird books. This was written by Robert Burton with Jane and Kim commissioned to do special photography for it.

This week sees the publication of Jane and Kim's latest book, *Nine Lives*, a unique pictorial record for the first year in the life of seven kittens with their parents, Snorkel and Fergus.

I have been entranced by this book and ever since I read it have been looking at my own two cats, Smut and Moppet, with new eyes! The photography is outstanding, capturing the birth of the kittens and every facet of their



Kim Taylor and Jane Burton with just two members of their menagerie at Warren House, Albury. Kim is holding one of the puppies which will feature in their next book, and Jane is holding Tabitha, the only female in the litter of seven kittens which, with their parents, were the *Nine Lives* in their most recent book.

development, and illustrating their actions.

The text was written by Michael Allaby and fully describes the kittens' growth and development into mature cats as well as explaining many features of cat behaviour.

Snorkel and Fergus came to Jane as rescued cats. She works closely with a local cat rescue group and specialises in the care of the very young kittens — during the past five years she has looked after 500 cats.

All the kittens (except Tabitha who is still with them) have been happily re-homed. Tabitha, the only female in the litter, features at the end of the book with the birth of their own five kittens.

Some of the most outstanding photography in the book,

of the cats in action, was produced by Kim with the help of special electronic photographic equipment.

Now Kim and Jane are planning a similar book to *Nine Lives*, but this time about their family of puppies.

Photographing the cats and keeping a daily diary of the cats took up a great deal of Jane's time, especially when the kittens were small. "It was easier with two," she said, "one to manage the cat and one to work the camera."

Much of Jane and Kim's work is used in magazines and advertising and on nature calendars, greetings cards, jig-saw puzzles, record sleeves and in many other outlets all over the world.

It is a seven-day week, 14-16

hours a day job and they never take holidays — "but it is not just a job, more a way of life," said Kim.

Incubating barn owl eggs to breed owlets to release into the wild, hand-feeding rescued birds like a green woodpecker fledgling found sodden with rain, and rearing a young swift they take in their stride. They also make use of all such experiences for their photography and get much satisfaction from seeing the creatures returned to nature — although this is not always possible.

Nine Lives by Jane Burton and Michael Allaby, is published by Ebury Press at £8.95. Photographs by Jane Burton and Kim Taylor and the text by Michael Allaby and Jane Burton.

PAT KENNING (1913-85)

Our memory of Pat goes back to the 1930s when she was a well-loved Games Mistress at the Quaker boarding school near Banbury.

In 1949 she joined the Quaker Educational Settlement in the Rhondda Valley as a gardener, and later took on secretarial duties. So began a long and fruitful partnership of over twenty years during which she was happy serving others in a wide variety of opportunities. She did this in her own distinctive manner, inconspicuously seeing a need and filling it, as in the case of the illiterate adults she patiently taught to overcome their difficulties, a task needing tact and understanding. She also helped with the Rhondda Play Centre which catered for socially deprived children, a pioneer piece of work. Help given to other activities was taken for granted, such as work with the disabled, summer camps for miners and their families, music and drama.

She shunned the limelight, and would be the last person to claim merit for her long and faithful service to the people of the Rhondda, but we know the gratitude and affection she evoked. Her generous and loving nature made her for them and for us a very special person.

16 April Kathleen Mary CHATFIELD of Fairmead, Albury Heath. 1992

Over the years, as wife of David and mother of eight — David, Diana, Tony, Donald, Ian, Leslie, Graham and Christopher — Kay took an increasing interest in Albury School and, like many others, was grieved when it closed. She loved her family and life on the Heath. Her keenness for gardening was only matched by her interest in the plants and trees and animals of the countryside. Her release from the anguish of pain and the necessity for constant nursing came peacefully on 11 April.

Jane's old schoolhouse home is her menagerie

IN MEMORY - from Jane Taylor 1992

JANE Burton's home is a Victorian schoolhouse and headmaster's cottage at Albury Heath — and it is unusual to say the least.

Having negotiated the muddy track and rung the bell at the gate, a pack of barking dogs, assorted breeds and sizes, lines up rather intimidatingly on the other side. Eventually Jane arrives, promises to remove the dogs elsewhere, and disappears, with hounds, into the rugged greenness of her grounds.

Several minutes later it looks as if she has gone for good but presently Jane re-



Jane Burton

turns, pointing out that the appointed hour for the interview had only just arrived.

Past aviaries and runs full of cats and other animals she leads me into the schoolhouse from which strong animal smells emanate, up some stairs through a white-papered studio into a small room lined with books and shoeboxes marked with the names of the various animals whose photographs they contain.

For Jane Burton is a world-famous animal photographer whose pictures have illustrated scores of books for adults and children and who has also written many of the texts that accompany the photographs. She is also the daughter of Maurice Burton, the eminent zoologist who died recently, and is married to another zoologist, Kim Taylor.

Her latest children's book, *A Sad Puppy*, the second title in a collection begun with *Ben and the Barn Owl*, has just been published, and Jane, rather reluctantly on suspects, is doing an interview to publicise it.

Polite but matter-of-fact, she seems the quintessential no-nonsense Englishwoman — hardy, honest, independent, dedicated to her animals and work and no waster of words. Questioning her on trivia would seem like affront.

She will allow that she was born and brought up in Twickenham but spent much of her childhood during the war in

by Jacky Byrne

rural places. "I did not begin keeping animals because my father was a zoologist," she says. "He worked with sponges and dead material at the British Museum, but he did encourage me to keep animals and we had rabbits and tortoises, the usual pets."

After school, she trained as an artist and began illustrating books. She had also become interested in photography while at school. Her father was commissioned to write the *World of Science* page in the *Illustrated London News* and by this time the family were keeping animals like foxes, badgers and ravens at their home in West Horsley.

Jane took snaps of the animals which were then used to illustrate the page. "There were only three animal photographers around at the time so there wasn't much competition," she says.

Today, she works constantly, sometimes on commissions, other times just because an animal inspires her. She acknowledges that her life-style, surrounded not only by dozens of cats and dogs but also a huge range of reptiles, rodents and amphibians and fishes, could be seen as a bit batty.

"I must need my head read. I don't know how many there are altogether, there must be hundreds. A lot of them were acquired for specific photo-

graphic projects and others I bred."

She has a little help with the care of the animals but does all the specialist care, like the hand-feeding of the tiny tortoises she is rearing in an incubator, on her own.

Her books, she claims, really emerge through photographing the animals "doing what comes naturally. Often the stories in the books are essentially true with perhaps just a few details changed. The story in *A Sad Puppy* was true except that the puppy wasn't found in a box but was brought to me by the police who had picked him up at a travellers' encampment. He was brought here because I foster animals for the Cranleigh Animal Rescue."

Jane believes that the reason her books are so popular is because they are "faction". "They are genuine stories about animals, not animals made to do what they wouldn't naturally. I hope that they instruct as well as amuse."

Currently, she is working on a children's book about eggs hatching, with the help of Birdworld at Farnham.

It is hard to imagine how anyone could be more fulfilled by their career — her passion both for her animals and for photography is obvious. Her eyes light up when she describes the difficult task of staying up all night photographing the birth of a foal. *A Sad Puppy* is published by Pan Macmillan Children's Books at £6.99.

Richard, Robert and I would like to thank everyone for their condolences on the death of our father, Maurice Burton, last September. We would also like to thank all the friends of Margaret and Maurice who came to the Memorial Celebration at Weston House. Several people felt that our parents were there and enjoying the occasion! Perhaps it was the photographs (as well as the ancient green hat and the famous donations jar!) that made people feel that our father, especially, was actually present. Certainly, both Margaret and Maurice would have so much enjoyed the company of their many friends. This was our parents' final excuse for a party at Weston House, and if they were able to be there in person, they surely would have been!

I would also like to thank all those who came to the Exhibition of Photographs at Weston House, and shared some of their own memories of Margaret and Maurice with me then. Weston House and garden are still full of many happy memories, but memories of a person are quite different from a sense of their presence. I remember my parents constantly, but after my father died I also had two very strong sensations of his actual presence. The first was at his funeral when his presence seemed to fill the hall around us — especially in front of me. It grew in strength as his body was carried past, and faded as the coffin was set down. This was an obvious time for a dead person's presence to be felt, but I had not experienced anything similar at any previous funeral. The second time occurred the day after the funeral. I'd gone up into the woods to feed the foxes, and was watching them mill around at my approach, when suddenly I was again vividly aware of this very strong feeling of his presence all around me, but particularly in front of me. It seemed to fill a space of about a ten foot radius around me, like being in the centre of an area of unusual clarity. As the presence faded, it was succeeded by a long-lasting feeling of immense comfort. Later, as I wondered about the experience, I recalled my father telling me that after the death of my grandfather, he had experienced an overpowering sense of his father's presence, and that this had been a very great comfort to him.

Postscript: Every day since then, I have been up to the woods as usual to feed the foxes, and as usual I am so intent on the eager animals that I don't think about anything much else. However, this afternoon (13 January) I decided that, as an experiment, I would try to recall that previous spontaneous experience by concentrating as hard as I could on the memory of it, in the spot where it had occurred. As I slowly approached the foxes, deep in concentration, suddenly the impatient vixen let out the most spine-tingling scream right beside me. End of concentration, end of experiment! How Maurice would have laughed at that!

AT REST

Service at Guildford Crematorium

24 December Robert MYER, Weston Lea, The Street, Albury

Popularly known as Jumbo, Robert was not that keen on socialising yet he was well known for his sense of humour - "a dry wit". But his great passion was golf - and his pride: "a plus 2 handicap". He leaves a wife - Delsey ("We celebrated our Golden Wedding on 11 November 1992.") and a son Adrian.

Service at Guildford Crematorium

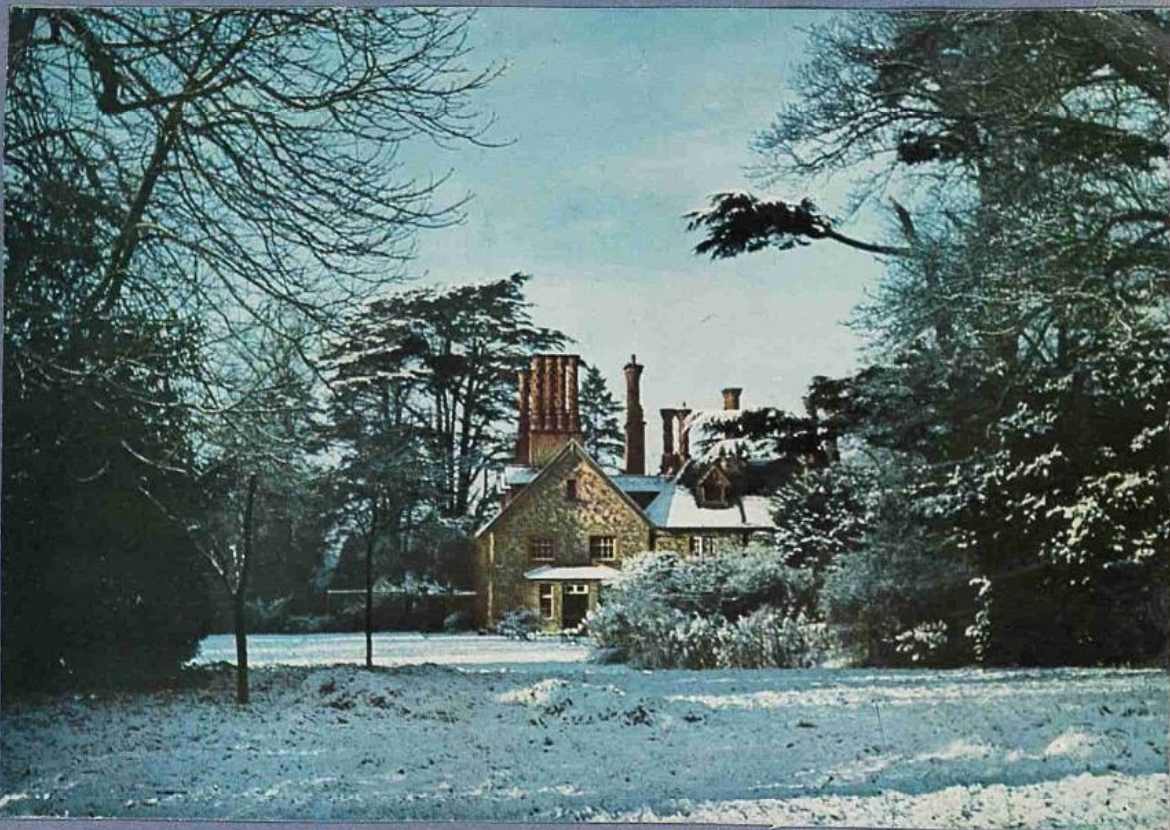
29 December 1992 David Reginald CHATFIELD 'Fairmead', Heath Lane, Albury.

A very close-to-nature-man, David loved birds and flowers. (To encourage a sparrow to feed in the kitchen takes some doing.) And he was an expert gardener. Sadly he never really got over losing Kathleen - his wife - last April. He was so lonely - even with the family around. Yet after some forty-five years at Fairmead this kind and gentle man is going to provide many happy memories. Not only to his eight children but also to his friends.

Service at Millmead Centre followed by burial at Stoke Cemetery

13 January 1993 Denis Rowland BLAKE of Weston Farm, Albury.

Probably the oldest farmer in the area both in terms of age (89) and in length of tenancy, Denis Blake came to Weston Farm some forty three years ago. He had begun his working life as an apprentice printer but following blood poisoning (from printing ink) transferred into farming when living in Bromley, Kent. This "great character" - as he has been described - had been in failing health for sometime yet could not or would not give up his association with work on the farm - selling potatoes and eggs right to the end. The Service at Millmead was therefore truly one of Thanksgiving - with two most appropriate hymns: "How Great Thou Art" and "Thine be the Glory".



"COME back you bloody fool!" someone shouted from the dugout as a young gunner dashed out to fire at a German plane flying overhead.

As the soldier turned to heed the Command, there was a loud explosion as an artillery shell burst, and where he had stood was his greatcoat — cut to ribbons.

The young soldier had been flung into the dugout by the force of the explosion, but miraculously escaped death.

The young gunner was Maurice Burton, the naturalist and writer, who celebrated his 90th birthday at his home at Albury on Monday.

Born in Hornsey, London, he was one of six children of a railway guard at King's Cross station.

In 1916, at the age of 18, Burton joined up fight in the Great War as a gunner.

Today, Dr. Burton does not brag about his war record although he took part in the bloody battles of the Somme,

Passchendaele and the 1918 retreat.

The war, he says, had little effect on him. "I have often thought how little I worried about the war. If a missile landed close you were worried, but it soon passed."

"After seeing bodies crushed by tanks, you get hardened to it."

By becoming a signaller, he joined what was known as the "suicide club" because signallers' spells of duties often took them to Front Line observation posts and even into no-man's-land.

Of the 126 men in his battery of the Royal Artillery he was one of only six of the soldiers left serving in the regiment at the end of the war.

And still, on every Remembrance Day, Dr. Burton can be found keenly watching the parades on television and recalling the many friends he lost during the war.

"I visualise them dead on the field and I get very upset. I especially mourn my best friend, Sgt. Arthur Parsons, who died trying to rescue an injured pal in no-man's-land.

"He was just one of many men of considerable talent who were used as cannon fodder."

With the signing of the armistice on November 11, 1918, silence fell in the battle zone. Then, soon after, singing could be heard in the distance. Gradually emerging from the mist came British troops returning from the front, singing as they came.

"It was a never-to-be-forgotten moment which comes back to me every year when the two-minute's silence is followed by the first hymn," he says.

It was during the war, while watching an ants' nest from a parapet, that the young Burton was converted to natural history and, after returning home in 1919, he entered King's College, London, to study zoology.

But after his war experiences, he found it difficult to concentrate on his work. His professor suggested he study sponges. "It was the best thing that could have happened," says Dr. Burton. "They are so unusual in their anatomy and in the beauty of their skeletons and, what is more, they led to my life's work."

After university, in 1925 he became assistant keeper at the British Museum in charge of sponges.

It was at this time that Dr. Burton met his future wife, Margaret. It was love at first sight. The couple married in 1929 and moved to Twickenham. They had three children: Jane, now an animal photographer living at Albury Heath; Richard, who has become a lecturer in physiology at Glasgow University; and Robert, who works as a freelance author and journalist and lives near Cambridge.

Dr. Burton developed an urge to write and, after unsuccessful attempts at fiction, starting writing articles on natural history. He began a weekly series in the *West Sussex Gazette* and had started to write natural history books when he was interrupted by the Second World War.

Although he was too old to be called up, he played an active part — as a stirrup-pump officer on fire watch duty during the blitz

Maurice Burton



Maurice Burton as a young soldier in May 1916.

With the war over, Dr. Burton threw himself into his work with renewed vigour. In 1949, *The Story of Animal Life* was published in seven languages. Since then he has written over 100 books and contributed to many others.

During 1949 he also began his nature column for the *Daily Telegraph* which he describes as supplying "material for the kitchen sink naturalist." His articles still appear in the paper every weekend and are notable for their conciseness and lucidity.

By 1952 Dr. Burton and his family were living in Horsley

where he had turned the home into a refuge for injured and abandoned animals. The house became known locally as Pooh Corner.

A thousand animals passed through his hands and it became apparent that he needed more room to carry on the work. So, in 1958, the family moved to Weston House at Albury and, at the same time, Dr. Burton retired as deputy keeper at the British Museum to devote more time to his writing.

He found himself instantly attracted to the village. "I saw Albury for the first time from the Silent Pool and it remained me of the phrase, 'The Promised Land.' I lost my heart to Albury from that moment."

He became president of the village's produce association, Chairman of Albury Trust and founder of the village's history society.

Largely due to his efforts and money the Tudor pigeon house in Weston Yard was re-

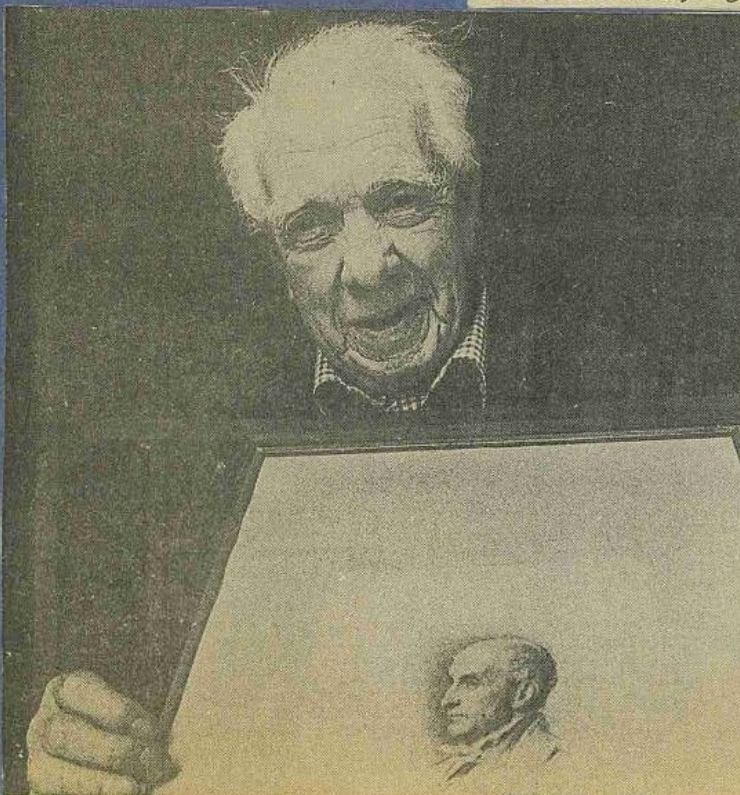
stored to its former glory. He also established the Montgomery Memorial at Albury Heath and restored the pond at Brook.

Dr. Burton still takes an active part in village affairs. His remaining ambition is to finish his autobiography, but he intended to spend his 90th birthday "doing as little as possible." He says: "There is no great virtue in living 90 years and pestering everyone with your presence."

Asked how he would like to be remembered, he replied: "It doesn't matter how people remember me because I won't be remembered for very long. One generation later I will be totally forgotten."

Mr. George Witheridge, former chairman of Albury Parish Council, disagrees: "Dr. Burton is the father of the village and the improvements he has made to Albury will be a permanent monument to what he's achieved so far.

Time alone will tell.



Dr. Maurice Burton with one of the few portraits of Henry Drummond, who bought the Albury Estate in 1819

PIECES from the past are wanted to start a museum in the village of Albury.

Dr. Maurice Burton, the naturalist and chairman of the Albury History Society, has begun collecting items for it.

Already he has some interesting pieces, including a portrait of Henry Drummond, who bought the Albury Estate in 1819 and built Weston House and the Catholic Apostolic Church for the Irvingite Sect.

Other items are a mummified rat and a kitten's skull found in the wall of the old Coach House.

Animal bones were put in buildings up to the beginning of the last century to ward off evil spirits.

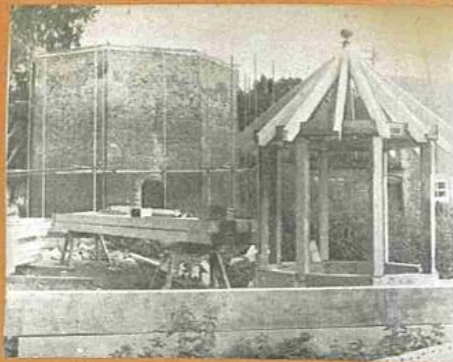
Dr. Burton's aim in setting up the museum is to make Albury's history more accessible to visitors.

He said: "I think we should help people, especially school-children, find out more about our village."

"A museum could be a place for them to come and also be a place where people can put old and historically valuable objects they don't know what to do with."

The museum will be at Weston House initially, but it is hoped to move it eventually to the village hall.

Weston House is presently hosting an exhibition of 1,000 Christmas cards from all over the world. Open from 2.30 to 5 p.m. every afternoon, it will help raise money for the Albury History Society.



Tudor Larder

Restoration of the Tudor pigeon house in Albury continues.

These served as a larder for Tudor folk who ate the pigeon chicks who were hatched in many holes in the house.

The new roof beams were erected in only one working day but more funds are required for further construction and in-filling needed to keep the rain out!

Pigeon house restoration wins history group award



Dr. Maurice Burton of the Albury History Society holding the plaque presented to him by Mr. Eric Wood, President of the Surrey Industrial History Group. 317/87



Members of the Surrey Industrial History Group outside the restored Albury pigeon house.

EACH year the Surrey Industrial History group awards a plaque in recognition of conservation work carried out on a building or equipment of industrial interest within the county.

In previous years awards have been made for restoration of a water mill, a windmill, a disused railway station and a collection of stationary engines. The 1987 plaque was presented recently to Dr. Maurice Burton of the Albury History Society for the restoration of the pigeon house in the village.

The presentation was made outside the building by Eric Wood, president of SIHG, following the group's annual meeting held at the village hall.

He reminded members of Dr. Burton's distinguished career at the Natural History Museum and his work as an author and broadcaster, but emphasised his contributions to local history and the beautiful restoration of the elegant 16th-century pigeon house.

Members of SIHG were able to inspect the interior of the building which is thought to have provided bird droppings to be converted into saltpetre for the local gunpowder industry. They were also given an informative and entertaining talk and conducted tour of the village by Mr. Caton of the Albury History Society.

DR. Maurice Burton shows members of a local history group round the famous Tudor pigeon house in Albury.

The red bricked octagonal building in Weston Yard, Albury, is fast becoming a popular village attraction.

"I have a number of requests each week from people wanting to have a look," said Dr. Burton, chairman of the Albury Trust.

The pigeon house, which once housed 1,200 birds, was fully restored by the Albury Trust just two years ago. It cost £12,000 and the money was raised by local auctions and village events.

In 1982 the pigeon house was commended in the Civic Trust Award and was described as "a splendid example of restrained restoration." 1984



AT THIS season, when anniversaries seem to be more than usually thick on the ground, I cast aside my customary modesty and celebrate one peculiarly my own. On Thursday it was 36 years since my first Nature Note appeared in this newspaper.

It is usual to confine anniversaries to round figures but I am being urged not to wait for the magic 40 years by one who, albeit in private conversation, dubbed me "the outstanding populariser of natural history, and especially zoology, of the century."

That I find myself in that situation is due purely to accident. When I left school it was my firm intention to read history. But there was a war on and I enlisted; and in due time found myself on the Western Front.

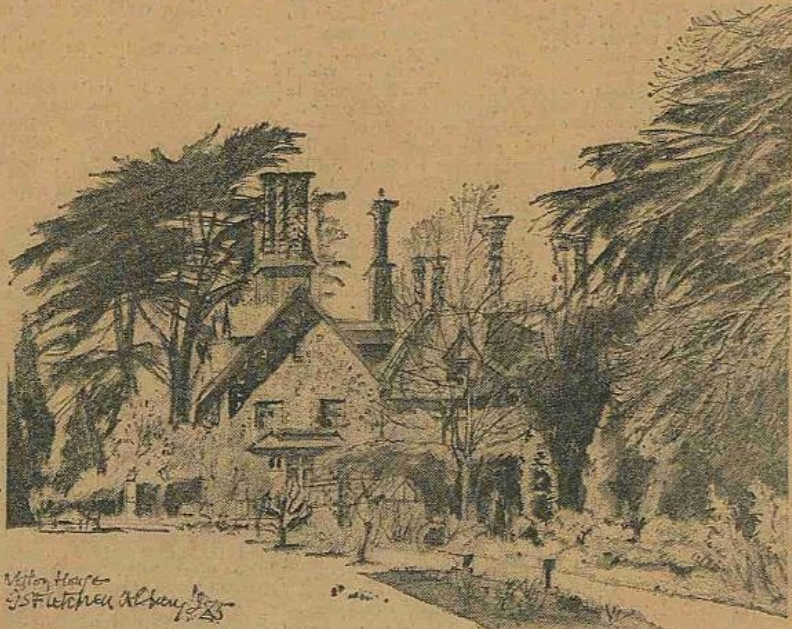
Just before my 20th birthday, I took part in the never-to-be-forgotten (by me) retreat of the British Army before the full might of the German Army in 1918. For weeks we had slogged backwards; and then there came the time when the force of the enemy petered out. Temporarily the sounds of war died away and on May 9 (or thereabouts: you don't keep a calendar handy in a retreat!) I spent a quiet sunlit afternoon studying a colony of ants in the parapet of a trench and on that day I decided to study natural history instead of human history.

I wrote home for books on natural history, especially zoology. My mother sent me three small volumes, saying in her covering letter, that she had searched the bookshops and these were all she had been able to buy. By the time the Armistice was signed I knew their contents almost by heart and by the time I was demobbed found myself being interviewed by the Dean of Science, of King's College, London, who did his best to persuade me to follow some other subject.

He might have succeeded but that, at that moment, a visitor entered his room.

"Is there any future in

How I went animal crackers



Drawing by GEOFFREY FLETCHER

The peaceful home where Burton has lived since 1958 . . . Weston House, Albury, Surrey.

zoology?" the Dean asked him.

"The coming subject," said Professor of zoology, Arthur Dendy, the newcomer, promptly, decisively and with a supreme air of confidence. How prophetic those words seem today! It's worth comparing then and now to find out.

Then, at school, either no biology (which includes zoology) was taught or there was Nature Study only in the first form, botany perhaps up to the third form, but zoology very rarely, if ever. Today there must be few schools without a special biology section, in which zoology predominates.

Then, as my mother found,

there might be a few small volumes on zoology, tucked away in a dark corner, even in the best bookshops. Think today of bookshops stacked with books on animals, illustrated in colour. Rarely a newspaper or glossy magazine is without its nature article or its picture of an animal photographed in the wild. There are encyclopaedias on animals, special magazines devoted solely to animals, in colour and in the wild, not to mention untold numbers of books on the subject.

There were no films on animals and precious few photographs except of stuffed animals or, at best, animals in zoos, apart from pioneers like Pointing.

In addition to the plethora of books and photographs we now have radio and, especially, television, with wide coverage of the subject. You don't have to travel to get to know the world's fauna!

Three things stand out, in any comparison between then and now, to illustrate the phenomenal increase in our interest in animals since the time when as an aspiring student I sat in the Dean's study. First, there is the word "gene." It had been coined in 1913 but had not got into cir-

ulation. It was never mentioned in lecture in my day. We were told there was a factor for heredity in the chromosome. It was called an "id." Now there is a whole science of genetics and talk of genetic engineering, while the word "gene" dominates all zoological thinking.

Secondly, there is behaviour. The word was never mentioned in the zoology lab. Today the study of animal behaviour takes first place in the world of zoology.

Finally, there is conservation. This is not new. It had its enlightened apostles as early as 300 years ago. Each died in despair. Even as late as 1950, when I had started lecturing to local natural history societies on the need for it, I was looked upon as slightly queer by my zoologist colleagues for urging the need for it.

And that is where my 36 years as nature correspondent comes in. That towering proponent of conservation, the late Victor van Straelen, suggested to me that the most powerful advocacy was to be found in the regular weekly dosage such as I was then, and still am privileged to write: insidious, persistent and informative.

... and so to this week's Nature Note

A ROE deer has started paying nightly visits to the garden. The first indication was when the freshly sprouted leaves of the tulips were seen to have been neatly cut off.

The winter feed of the roe is mainly bramble but can include almost any green vegetation, but bramble is the favourite, exceeded only by young buds of roses. Indeed, in these parts of Surrey, some people have given up trying to grow roses, such are the depredations of the roe on these cultivated plants.

There are several recommended remedies for invasion by this small deer, the soundest being a high fence, 7ft high to be certain of success. This is what I had had installed some years ago, and it worked until now, when the

latest intruder seems to have found a weak spot, or is a champion high-jumper.

Why it should come all the way from its hide-out, over pastureland edged with plenty of brambles, to negotiate a difficult fence is a puzzle. What is certain is that it spends its nights on the knot garden for that is where are concentrated the slots and the fumets, wonderful synonyms for the tall-tale hoofmarks.

Since this knot garden is mainly plants with herbs, which seem largely untouched so far, one is tempted to make a comparison with the habits of the Tudor ladies. They, we are told, liked to walk the paths of their formal gardens so that their dresses became impregnated with the aroma of the herbs they brushed.

Residents pay tribute
Dr. Burton recalls

Dr. Burton recalls 50 golden years

IF you ask Dr. Maurice Burton what he thinks of his wife's cooking he will say she is an expert at "Cordon Noir."

But after 50 years of marriage to Margaret, Surrey's famous naturalist and zoologist, looks none the worse for it.

As the couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at Weston House, Albury, Dr. Burton had nothing but praise for the woman who stood by him through his single-minded interest in animals - to the extent of keeping many of them in the house.

"I am selfish and single-minded in pursuit of some-

thing," he admitted. "If she predeceases me I will remember the times I have been damned selfish with her."

"She has had to cope with a lot of eccentricities on my part," he said. "For four or five years I was absolutely mad on the amateur theatre and neglected her immensely."

"But she has had a fund of sympathy for anything I have done without necessarily having to participate in it."

The couple met - twice - while dancing a Paul Jones one night.

"She went away that evening and I didn't even know her name," said Dr. Burton. "I had to inquire around and I found her name and address and wrote to her. She said my letter read like the agony column of *The Times*."

At the time Dr. Burton was the assistant keeper at the Natural History Museum in London and he took Margaret out for tea.

"There was no great air of romance but a great feeling of certainty on my part. I think the same was true of her," he said.

Dr. Burton has written over 80 books and two of the most famous are probably *The Story of Animal Life* and *The Sixth Sense of Animals* - both of

which are in several different languages now.

After 30 years, Dr. Burton still writes his Saturday column "Nature" in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The couple have three children - Richard and Robert who are both zoologists and Jane who is well known in her own right as an animal photographer and who once contributed a weekly column to the *Surrey Advertiser*.

Dr. and Mrs. Burton had a double celebration at the weekend - a luncheon party on Saturday for friends and relatives and an evening party for everyone in the parish of Albury.

"This has been a golden weekend," said Dr. Burton. "We have had golden sunshine, hundreds of golden flowers, golden cards and golden wrapping paper."

"These are all things my wife and I share."

Residents pay tribute to Albury couple

7/7/84

AT an informal evening function recently almost 100 residents of the parish of Albury expressed their appreciation to Dr. Maurice Burton, the eminent zoologist and author, and his wife Margaret, for the tremendous support they have given to the various activities within the parish over the past 27 years.

Last autumn Dr. Burton, of Weston House, agreed to sit for a pastel portrait by Sheila Tysoe, of Cranleigh, to be presented to him as a small token of thanks. So many local residents wished to be associated with the sentiments behind this gift that it was extended to include a leatherbound book of subscribers' signatures, the whole typically illustrated by Mary Sherman, of Albury.

Total donations proved adequate also to cover the cost of a stone plaque which is soon to be mounted on the Tudor pigeon house, standing in the Albury Estate yard, engraved with the words "Restored 1980 through the inspiration of Maurice Burton." It was this particular activity, amongst Dr. Burton's many others, which led to the founding of the small group Friends of the Albury Pigeon House, and also of The Albury Trust, a charity dedicated to the preservation of and improvements to the amenities of the parish of Albury.

By permission of Mr and Mrs. George, the garden of Weston Lodge provided an ideal venue for the presentations. Mr. John George and



Dr. Maurice Burton

Mr. Ben Skelton, as organiser, and on behalf of the many contributors, both addressed the gathering in appreciative terms. Mrs. George and Mrs. Skelton were joint hostesses for the occasion.



DR. Burton and his wife, Margaret, with the bird table presented to them by their gardener of 20 years, Mr. Wally Fry.

CRANFOLD PROFILE GOLDEN CELEBRATIONS FOR DR. & MRS. MAURICE BURTON

1979



Dr and Mrs Burton are pictured discussing one of the books written by Dr Maurice Burton (well known naturalist and zoologist who has written over 80 books) at their home in Albury where they celebrated their Golden Wedding with two parties, receiving masses of golden flowers, cards and gifts.

The couple lived first in Twickenham and then in Horsley before coming to Weston House, Albury, where Dr Burton found a pre-Victorian ice house in the grounds, as well as the outline of a former Tudor Garden which were both suitable finds' for the Chairman of Albury local History Society.

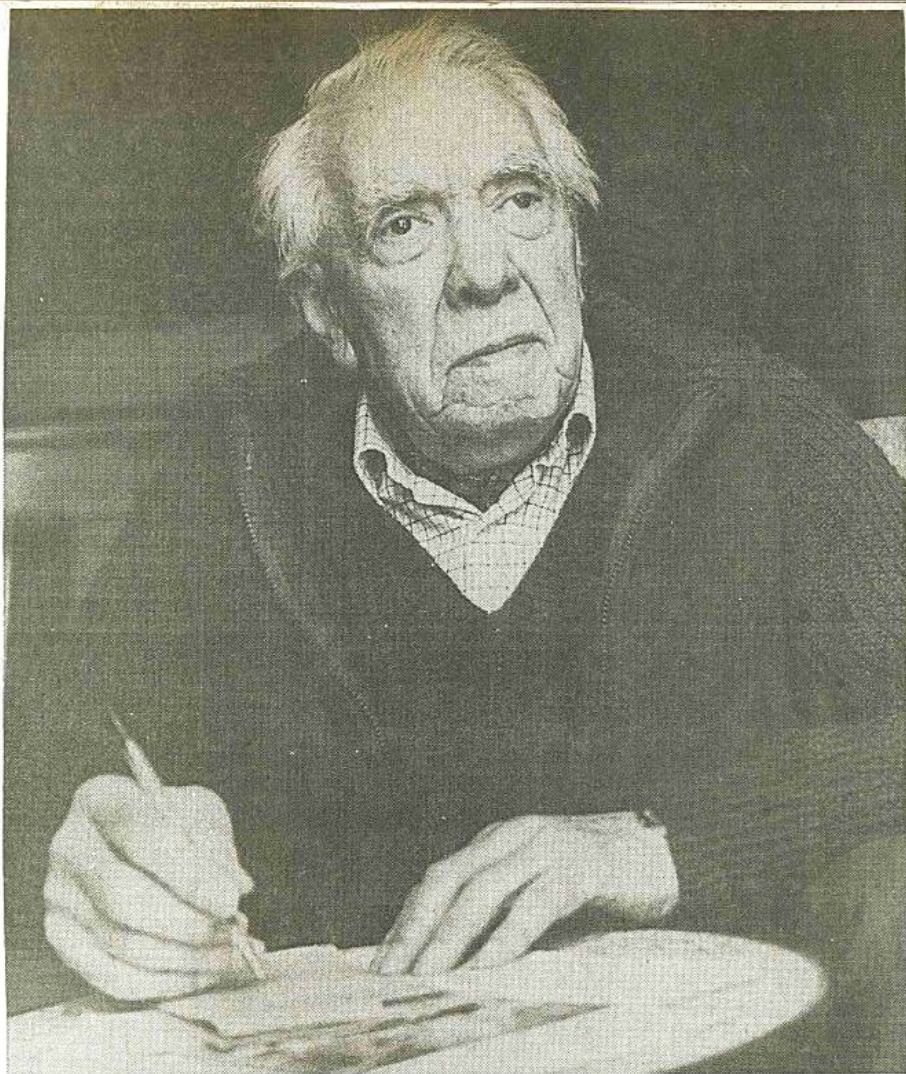
As well as writing books Dr Burton still writes on nature subjects for the *Daily Telegraph* and has given over 200 broadcasts.

The children follow in father's footsteps. Mrs Jane Taylor lives with her family at the Old School House, Albury, and is a nature photographer and author of several books. Mr Richard Burton is a lecturer and Physiologist in Glasgow and Mr Robert Burton who lives near Cambridge, is an author and explorer, having spent three years in the antarctic.

Mrs Burton's great interest is gardening, she is a member of many village societies and has, says Dr Burton, angelically shared her home with numbers of strange beasts at different times. "And me!", he added with a smile.

Dr Burton admits to being 81 years old, while Mrs Burton is "several years his junior."





Dr. Burton at 90 working on the nature column he writes for the Daily Telegraph every week.

Maurice Burton

MAURICE BURTON, the naturalist, who has died aged 94, delighted *Daily Telegraph* readers for more than 40 years with his weekly "Nature Note".

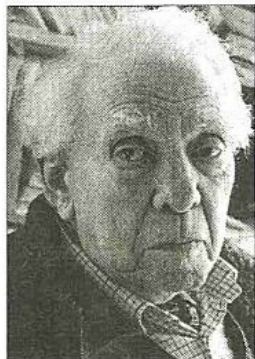
His newspaper writing was a by-product of his prolific literary output of more than 70 books and 60 scientific papers. When he finally retired at the age of 92, having contributed 3,000 or so of his idiosyncratic commentaries on the natural world, it was fitting that he should have handed over the baton to his son Robert, whose column, like his father's, appears in this newspaper every Saturday.

The son of a shunter at King's Cross, Maurice Burton was born on March 28, 1898, when the smoke-blackened streets of north London sustained little in the way of animal life beyond horses, household pets and vermin.

With no thought of studying the ways of nature, young Maurice won a scholarship to Holloway County School. He hoped to read history at university, but the First World War intervened and he joined the Army instead, serving as a gunner on the Western Front.

When recalling what followed, Burton maintained that his career would have taken an entirely different course had it not been for an anthill, a talking cadaver, a suit of tails and a girl from Littlehampton. He explained that these apparent ingredients of a story by P G Wodehouse in fact represented the major turning-points in his life.

Burton resolved to become a zoologist after a chance study of the ant in the



Burton: sponge expert

trenches. The scurrying activities of this insect, so like that of human beings, were forced on his attention one warm May afternoon in 1918 during a lull in the fighting. Burton watched the ants for several hours as they rushed about on the parapet of his trench, and, thus inspired, begged his mother to send him books on nature.

After the war he took a zoology degree and doctorate at London University, specialising in sponges (marine invertebrates). He tried a spell as a schoolmaster at the Latymer School at Hammersmith, but sponges had by this time become an obsession. He used to lay the world's literature on the subject on the floor of his room so that he could read it as he walked about.

It was around this time that Burton suffered a nightmare, in which a corpse he was dissecting sat up and started to speak. He remembered reading a paper by

Professor Vosmaer of Leiden University, noting a correlation between the study of sponges and insanity, and determined to branch out.

He decided to give zoology lectures, but this plan faltered when he found that he could not afford the full evening dress which he believed was necessary for this line of work.

Then, in 1927, an opportunity arose to supplement his income when a girl he had met on a sponge-hunting expedition to Littlehampton introduced him to the editor of the *West Sussex Gazette*.

Burton was contracted to write a nature column for the paper at a penny a line, and he gradually saved enough for a suit of tails. It turned out that he did not need one after all, but his secondary career as lecturer and journalist was launched.

In the meantime Burton's reputation as a serious scientist had won him the post of sponge expert at the Natural History Museum, where he remained for 31 years.

In 1935 his observations on the locomotion of sponges aroused great interest. One writer in *Punch* confirmed the phenomenon from personal experience. His own sponge, Fluffy, had gone missing from the bathroom and was later found in the garage where his son's car was kept. "You will readily accept that this is an extraordinary instance of a sponge's locomotory powers," wrote the man from *Punch*.

After the Second World War, Burton moved to a large house and garden at Albury, near Guildford, where he established a large menagerie. From then on, there was

always copy to hand. From his family of foxes he made the first recorded observation of the split personality of the dog fox.

He also discovered that hedgehogs could trot at three miles an hour.

Burton retired from the Natural History Museum in 1958. From 1946 to 1964 he was science editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and he contributed the "Nature Note" in the *Daily Telegraph* from 1949 to 1990.

Although a scientist of distinction — he was a Fellow of the Zoological Society and worked out that he had spent some 12,000 hours peering at sponges through a microscope — Burton never disdained nature's homelier manifestations. His observation that water voles do not like rain was one of countless insights which brought his writing to life for non-specialist readers.

He received numerous letters from his readers, many of which formed the nucleus of the next week's article. The devilish cunning of dogs was a favourite topic. One correspondent, rushing to investigate the sound of the Sunday joint crashing to the floor, swore he saw his dog trying to incriminate the cat by pushing it towards the scene of the crime.

Burton declared that at one time he might not have believed the story, but now thought it was probably true.

Maurice Burton was a man of unflinching curiosity, and his journalism was as fresh in his nineties as it had been more than 60 years before.

He married, in 1928, Margaret Maclean; they had two sons and a daughter.

MAURICE BURTON

Maurice Burton, zoologist and populariser of natural history, died at his home in Surrey on September 9 aged 94. He was born in Hornsey, North London, on March 28, 1898.

MAURICE Burton was one of the pioneers of the popularisation of natural history and gave pleasure and instruction to thousands over a long career. He originally intended to become a historian but a chance event stimulated an interest in natural history that was to become his profession and lifelong passion. While serving as a gunner in the Royal Garrison Artillery in the first world war he became captivated by the activities of ants living on the parapet of his trench.

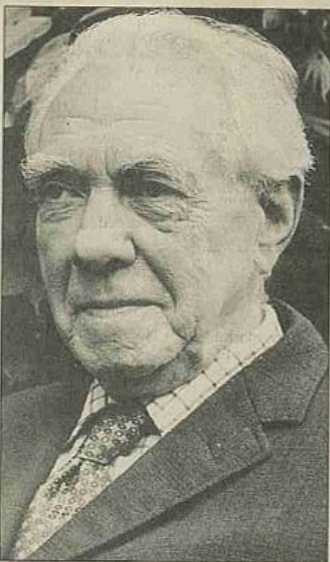
On his return home six weeks after the Armistice, he applied to study zoology at King's College, London. The dean was not enthusiastic about the prospects of a career in zoology. However, Burton sought the advice of the professor, Arthur Dandy. "The up and coming subject," came the reply. Maurice Burton's career shows that Dandy was right. He helped turn zoology from the domain of a few academics and eccentric amateurs to a respectable subject of global significance that now attracts an army of followers.

Under the influence of Dandy, Burton chose sponges as a special subject for his degree. After a short spell as a schoolmaster he joined the staff of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, as assistant keeper in charge of sponges. Between 1925 and 1958 when he retired as deputy keeper, he published over 70 scientific works on this obscure group of animals.

Early in his career Burton decided to avoid the trap of narrow specialisation. His working days were spent peering down the microscope at preserved specimens of sponges, so he took up field natural history as a pastime. This became a paying hobby when he began writing occasional articles for newspapers and in

1927 he started to write *Selborne Notes* in the *West Sussex Gazette* for a penny a line.

After the second world war, faced as he was with a growing family, his writing developed into a second career. From 1946 to 1964 he wrote regularly for *The Illustrated London News* and from 1949 to 1989 he supplied the weekly *Nature*



Note for The Daily Telegraph. He also contributed to many other newspapers and magazines and wrote some 70 books. He was a frequent lecturer and a participant in radio programmes. Although initially involved with the conservation movement that started after the war, he decided that his objective should be to make the public interested in

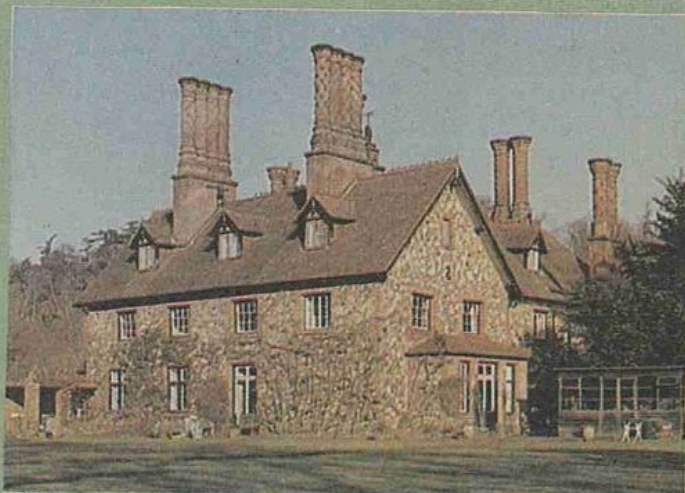
animals. They would then more readily support the conservationists' pleas for their protection.

The special appeal of Burton's writing lay in his immense curiosity and acute observations of everyday animal life, coupled with his ability to explain their significance in terms that caught and held the attention of lay people, yet were often sufficiently original to interest professional zoologists. He was also fascinated by animal legends and mysteries and he became absorbed by the Loch Ness Monster. He decided to reassess the evidence with the objectivity of a zoologist. He re-examined reports of sightings instead of accepting them at face value and conducted experiments into the accuracy of eye-witness testimony. The result was a reinterpretation of many classic monster sightings and a conclusion that there was no such animal. Experts on the "Surrey Puma" in the 1960s were treated to the same sceptical and objective analysis.

On retiring from the Natural History Museum, Burton formed a partnership with his daughter Jane, a wildlife photographer, and younger son, Robert, who also became a writer. Their garden became a sanctuary for hundreds of animals — usually injured or abandoned youngsters. They enabled him to study in detail the family life of foxes, the talking ability of parrots and the unexplained phenomena of anting in birds and self-anointing in hedgehogs.

In the last 20 years of his life, Burton returned to his original interest in history, founding a village history society and channelling his still abundant energy into recording, researching and preserving the neighbourhood's past. One of his notable achievements was to raise funds and restore a Tudor pigeon house, a project which won a Civic Trust award.

In 1929, he married Margaret Maclean who died in 1990. He is survived by one daughter and two sons.



THE history behind Weston House in Albury is as fascinating as the house itself.

The original large and imposing Weston House was built in the 17th century, but was demolished in the early 19th century by the banker Henry Drummond who bought an estate which included the village of Albury, Weston House and the magnificent house in Albury Park.

According to a letter written by one of his nieces, Drummond was determined to have no rival to Albury Park in the area and so disposed of Weston House, building instead, around 1830, what his niece described as a "paltry house".

"Paltry House" is hardly the description I would choose to use. You see first the impressive 17 tall, clustered chimney stacks decorated in individual patterns in the Tudor style.

Next, comes the house itself. Large and impressive, it is hard to imagine what could have been in its place.

Weston House was, until recently, owned by the late Maurice Burton, the naturalist and writer and the driving force behind the conservation of Albury.

The gardens extend to some 4½ acres and old photographs on the walls show them as originally landscaped with paths, feature beds and borders. Presumably the foundations and paths will still be in place once the grass is cleared.

The house is enormous and provides the ambitious home restorer with a challenge

— a lifetime's work if you were to do it yourself. Nevertheless the potential is endless.

The main rooms face south over the gardens and on sunny days are bathed in sunshine. The rooms are large and the ceilings high. Doorways are wide with brass furniture and many windows have shutters.

Needless to say the kitchen, butler's pantry and the numerous rooms once belonging to the domestic staff need completely redesigning.

Planning permission has already been applied for to resite the approach drive to provide a more accessible and attractive entrance.

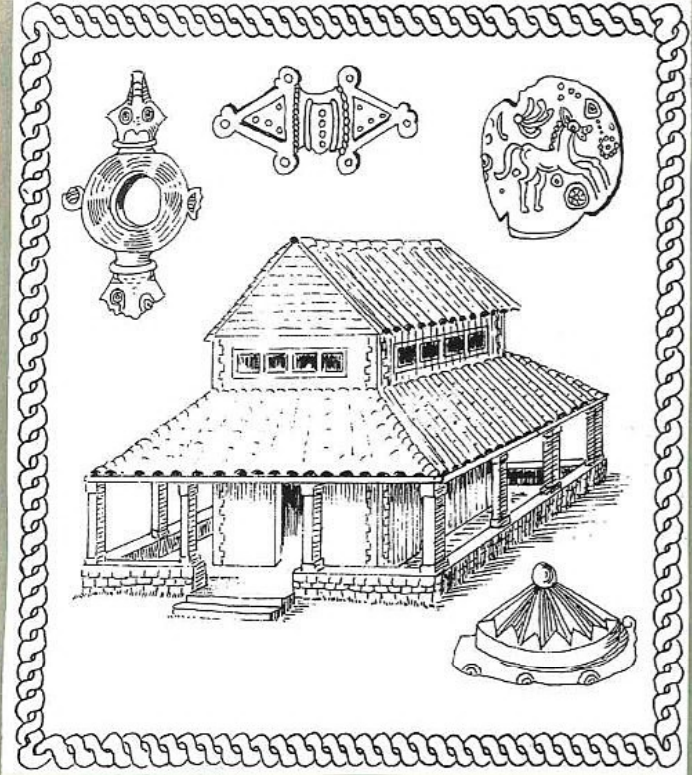
The main accommodation includes a drawing room, dining room, library, six bedrooms and two bathrooms as well as a further four bedrooms, a living room and kitchen on the second floor.

Hill Clements describe the house as requiring extensive modernisation to return it to its former glory, and I would suggest you would need very deep pockets.

Hill Clements, of Guildford, are asking for offers in the region of £400,000.

Available by separate negotiation and lying to the west of Weston House is a detached cottage with sitting/dining room, study, garden room, kitchen/breakfast room, two bedrooms and a bathroom. There is also a barn, garaging and a garden.

Hill Clements are asking £150,000. 1993



Dr. David Bird, Principal Archaeologist, County Planning Department Surrey County Council writes about:

THE ROMANO-CELTIC TEMPLE ON FARLEY HEATH
(Pictured on last month's front cover.)

The Roman site on Farley Heath has been known for many years. It first seems to have been excavated in 1848, when Martin Tupper employed workmen to trench across the Heath. His methods were really little better than treasure hunting and will have caused considerable damage to the archaeological remains. Later excavators used better techniques and the most recent work by A.W.G. Lowther and R.G. Goodchild in 1939, adequately explained and dated the site.

There is only one known building, a Romano-Celtic temple of the standard pattern of two concentric squares, as marked out on the ground today. The central square will have been a tower, with a portico around it founded on the outer square. Important finds from the temple include a unique sceptre binding depicting matchstick figures of Celtic deities and their associated animals (such as dogs and ravens), small enamelled model stools (probably for incense or something similar) and a chain headress (currently on display in Guildford Museum). The temple stood in a sacred polygonal enclosure marked out by a wall (not currently visible: the banks and ditches surviving today are almost certainly medieval in date).

Other nearby discoveries include a Roman oven and pottery kiln, Neolithic axes, Bronze Age axes and Iron Age and Roman coins. It is possible that all these things were in some way related to the making of offerings at the temple in the Roman period, although they may hint at an earlier sacred use of the site.

The temple was probably adjacent to a Roman road which is known to have branched off Stane Street (the London-Chichester road) at Alfoldean just over the county boundary in Sussex. The road probably continued north-westwards to Staines or somewhere further west. Like other Roman period rural temples the one on Farley Heath was probably relatively isolated.

The site is a scheduled ancient monument, which means that any disturbance is against the law unless it is carried out with the written permission of the Secretary of State for National Heritage. It is also forbidden to use a metal-detector in the protected area which includes the sacred enclosure and therefore covers a considerable area around the temple. Nevertheless it seems that people frequently dig on or near the temple site. Recently it is clear that there has been a major raid by treasure hunters and holes have been dug into and near the temple. Although it has been excavated, parts of the site have been left untouched so that information could be preserved in situ, and these attacks are slowly but surely destroying what is left. There are two sorts of damage: objects are stolen from the site and sold to the less scrupulous dealers in antiquities, and damage is caused to archaeological layers when they are dug through, in both cases information is lost without record.

It is very difficult to police sites like Farley Heath to prevent damage caused by a small irresponsible and greedy group of people. Anyone seen digging there should be politely informed that the site is protected by law under the Ancient Monuments and Archaeological Areas Act of 1979.

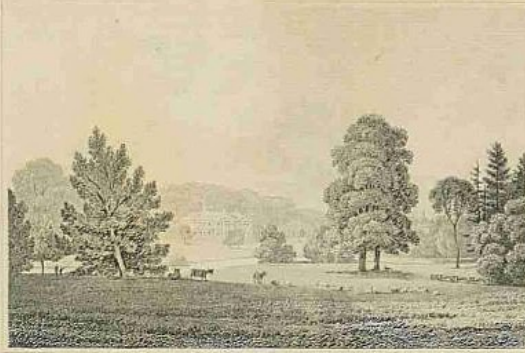
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ALBURY PARK.
The Seat of Dr. Drummond, Esq.
STEVENS.

The Notes and Recollections of Newdigate Burns who was in charge of the congregation of the Catholic Apostolic Church in Albury have proved to be of great interest. (They were originally published in the 1898 Parish Magazines.)

The series continues with Newdigate's consideration (in two parts) of Albury Park.

ALBURY PARK

In the matter of dwelling houses the parish has undergone as great a change (if not greater) than in any other of its outward aspects; almost every house has been built, rebuilt, or considerably altered during the past sixty years.

Look at a view of the Manor House as it appeared some sixty years ago and you will see a perverse mingling of architecture. This was the house that became Mr. Drummond's in 1819. Then recall to your mind's eye, or take a walk and look at the stately dignity of the same house, remodelled and recased in mellow brick work with stone facings as it now stands. This change was carried out first by Mr. Drummond, under Pugin's advice, in the forties, and further improvements both to the elevation (west front) and to the interior, by the Duke of Northumberland, in 1868-9.

Our beautiful Cathedrals and Churches fell into neglect and decay after the great wave of destruction which passed over them under Henry VIII, and our great houses, and still more the Churches, suffered from the strife between King and Parliament in the 17th century; and later on a debased style of architecture was introduced from the continent, under the Orange and Hanoverian dynasties, from which Mr. Pugin may be said to have been the first in England to bring us deliverance.

To Mr. Drummond, therefore, in the first instance, and subsequently to the Duke, we owe the improvement in the architecture of the parish, inaugurated at the Park, and particularly the beautiful chimney stacks of that and other houses, which are quite a feature of the place; notably the circular moulded brick chimneys of various devices at Weston House, the house on this heath now occupied by Mr. Ashford, the Master's house at the new Schools, etc. etc., besides those in another style, though equally fine in their way, at West Dene and Hare Dene.

Brayley and Walford thus, though in other words, sketch the history of the Manor House and its transfer from family to family. In 1327 it appears to have belonged to the family of D'Aubemon and subsequently to have passed to the family of Bray. It is a long jump from 1377 to 1557, when after the death of the second Lord Bray's mother, the estates were divided between her six daughters and co-heiresses. How dreadful! After several transfers it was mortgaged to George Duncumb, Esq., of Weston, who joined in a conveyance of the Manor in trust for

Thomas Earl of Arundel. In 1653 (four years after the execution of King Charles I), it was conveyed to Henry Howard (the grandson of the above Earl Thomas) who became Duke of Norfolk in 1677. This was during the reign of Charles II, who had been restored 17 years earlier. By him the old timber-built Manor House was enlarged, and the park and grounds laid out in a style and character which they yet retain.

Here, I think, we get some clue to the age of the house. If it could be called then the old timber-built house, we may, perhaps, put it back 200 years (you scarcely call 100 years old for a principal House) or about the reign of Edward IV.

The Duke of Norfolk died in the winter of 1683-4, and his son and successor sold the Manor to Heneage Finch, created Earl of Aylesford in 1714. The house was burnt down and rebuilt while in his possession; this was in Queen Anne's reign (1702-14). His descendant Heneage, the fourth Earl, sold it to his brother, Captain, afterwards Admiral, the Hon. Clement Finch.

I suppose we must take the above account of the devolution of the estate as correct, but I really can't say as I wasn't there at the time. The most certain and satisfactory part of its history to us, however, is that which dates from Mr. Samuel Thornton, to whom it was sold after Admiral Finch's death in 1794, to the present time. Mr. Thornton was Governor of the Bank of England and M.P. of Hull.

Then in 1811 it passed by purchase to Mr. Chas. Baring Wall, and from him as widow it was purchased by Mr. Henry Drummond.

Manning and Bray tell us that one of the first public-spirited things, Mr. Thornton did was to widen and make the road (previously only a cart track) from Shere to Newland's Corner, in the way to Guildford, at his own expense, a thing long wanted for the public accommodation. It cost him £250 in money, representing a much larger sum in those days than now, besides the labour of his servants, horses, and teams. At the General Election in 1807 he was chosen for the County.

Mr. Thornton made considerable alterations in the house in the beginning of this century, not for the better, I opine, in its outward aspect, judging from the strange medley of classic and domestic something. What there was of beauty further west, he must have spoiled by that north front with those coupled Ionic Pilasters.

West Side Story

Among the many improvements made by Mr. Drummond was the one which places the principal entrance in the west front, surrounding it with a courtyard entered under a handsome archway, and a new gate, equally to be admired for its solidity and handsome design, and the delicate way in which it is hung, so that a child may swing it open.

In connection with this gateway, I must here relate a thrilling incident as told to me by the late Mr. Caird, who was living at the park at the time. He was returning from the village rather late one very dark night, and had just got inside the lodge gates, when he was accosted by an ill-looking footpad with a dark lantern and a "life-preserver", who also seized and pinned his arms and demanded his watch and money. "How can I give you either?" said Mr. Caird quietly, "if you hold me like that?" The fellow let him go, expecting this kind, harmless looking gentleman to hand them over to him; whereupon Mr. Caird struck him a tremendous blow in the face with his umbrella, and set off to the house as hard as his legs would carry him. Once inside the courtyard he knew he would be safe if only the gates were open, and he did not think the usual hour had come for closing and fastening them. On and on he went - his feet had never carried him faster - followed by this rascal (a younger man) who appeared to be rapidly gaining upon him. It was too dark to see a yard before him, but on reaching the point where the two roads diverge, one to the house and the other to the stables, he felt the time had come to make one supreme effort for his life. He did so, closely followed by this man, when, in a moment, crash went his head against the ponderous yew gate which had just been closed; stars and fireworks flashed across his eyeballs; he

fell to the ground, stunned, giving himself up for lost. At this moment he awoke, and found it was a D-R-E-A-M!

Altogether the house, though perhaps somewhat sombre and monastic in its character, is a thing of beauty and dignity with its circular and twisted chimneys of moulded brick; its oriel, stone mulioned and domer windows; the finely broken outline of its north front; its handsome octagonal corner buttresses, and the heightened west front which the Duke added to it in 1867-8. It is a fine exterior.

Some of the books speak of a tower which Mr. Drummond built. I suppose they mean that projection standing upon open arches on the north front, and forming a garden entrance from the library. This was a fine addition, which adds to the picturesque break in the outline of the lengthy north front. Those are fine windows lighting the dining room, but so well proportioned to the whole that they appear much smaller than they really are.

It is an impertinence to go inside any house but one's own without permission, and therefore any description of the interior is beyond the limit I have fixed for myself in these papers, but perhaps I may be permitted to mention that during His Grace's improvements and decoration of the house in the sixties, some encaustic flooring was discovered beneath the dining room, which seemed to point to its early monastic character as the probable refectory for which the fine proportions of the room would seem so well to fit it. But here we should be launching into the dangerous sphere of probability and conjecture which is not history.

John Evelyn

The books are very fond of quoting Cobbet on Albury Park and Gardens, as if it required a Cobbet or anybody else in particular to tell us "the Park and the Gardens were the prettiest he had ever seen". Thus far we are all Cobbets though I don't think the expression "pretty" comes up to the mark in this connection. The Gardens are simply delightful, combining as they do so much of the simplicity of natural growth, with the formality (away from the house) of two grand terrace walks, one under the shade of the famous Sylva Wood and a South wall with its thousands of nail holes more than 200 years old, and another beneath an umbrageous yew hedge, both upwards of quarter of a mile in length. Think of these when planned and planted by Evelyn in 1657. The wood with its small saplings and rows of stiff little pines, the wall brand new, and the hedge formed of a line of Yew sticks two or three feet high, and look at them now!

William Cobbett (1762-1835) was a politician and controversialist. His famous *Rides* were published in 1830. As he came to these parts Constable Publishers of London have given permission for extracts from *Rural Rides* (abridged by E.R. Chamberlin) to be printed.

RURAL RIDES - SEPTEMBER 1822 and NOVEMBER 1822 by William Cobbett

To come to Chilworth, which lies on the south side of St. Martha's Hill, most people would have gone on the level road to Guildford, and come round through Shalford under the hills. But we, having seen enough of streets and turnpikes, took across over Merrow Down where the Guildford race-course is, and then mounted the 'Surrey Hills' so famous for the prospects they afford. We steered for St. Martha's chapel, and went round at the foot of the lofty hill on which it stands. This brought us down the side of a steep hill, along a bridle-way, into the narrow and exquisitely beautiful vale of Chilworth, where we were to stop the night.

Dorking 30 November 1822

I came over the high hill on the south of Guildford, and came down to Chilworth and up the valley to Albury. I noticed, in my first Rural Ride, this beautiful valley, its hangers, its meadows, its hop-gardens, and its ponds. The valley of Chilworth has great variety and is very pretty, but after seeing Hawkey every other place loses in point of beauty and interest.

This pretty valley of Chilworth has a run of water which comes out of the high hills and which occasionally spreads into ponds. This valley, which seems to have been created by a bountiful providence as one of the choicest retreats of man; which seems formed for a scene of happiness and innocence, has been, by ungrateful man, so perverted as to make it instrumental in effecting two of the most damnable of purposes, namely the making of *gunpowder* and *banknotes*! Here, in this tranquil spot, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England; where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring, where no rigour of season can ever be felt; where everything seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness; here has the devil fixed as one of the seats of his grand manufactory; and perverse and ungrateful man not only lends him his aid, but lends it cheerfully!

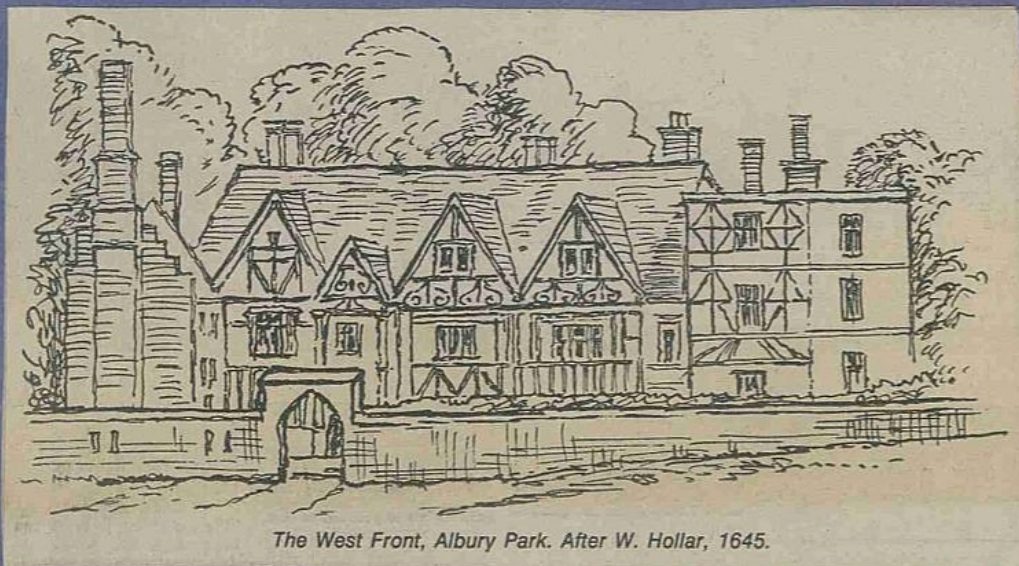
As to the gunpowder, indeed, we might get over that. In some cases that may be innocently and, when it sends the lead at the hordes that support a tyrant, meritoriously employed. The alders and the willows, therefore, one can see, without so much regret, turned into powder by the waters of this valley. But the *banknotes*! To think that the springs which God has commanded to flow from the sides of these happy hills, for the comfort and delight of man; to think that these springs should be perverted into means of spreading misery over a whole nation;

and that, too, under the base and hypocritical pretence of promoting its credit and maintaining its honour and faith! There was one circumstance, indeed, that served to mitigate the melancholy excited by these reflections; namely, that a part of these springs have, at times, assisted in turning rags into registers!

Somewhat cheered by the thought of this, but still in a more melancholy mood than I had been for a long while, I rode on with my friend towards Albury, up the valley, the sand-hills on one side of us and the chalk hills on the other. Albury is a little village consisting of a few houses, with a large house or park or two near it. At the end of the village we came to a park, which is the residence of Mr. Drummond. Having heard a great deal of this park, and of the gardens, I wished very much to see them. My way to Dorking lay through Shire, and it went along on the outside of the park, I guessed, as the Yankees say, that there must be a way through the park to Shire; and I fell upon the scheme of going through the park as far as Mr. Drummond's house, and then asking his leave to go out the other end of it. This scheme, though pretty bare-faced, succeeded very well. I sent in word that, having got into the park, I should be exceedingly obliged to Mr. Drummond if he would let me go out of it on the side next to Shire. He not only granted this request but, in the most obliging manner, permitted us to ride all about the park and to see his gardens, which, without any exception, are to my fancy the prettiest in England, that is to say, that I ever saw in England.

They say that these gardens were laid out for one of the Howards, in the reign of Charles II, by Mr. Evelyn, who wrote the *Sylva*. The mansion-house, which is by no means magnificent, stands on a little flat by the side of the parish church, having a steep but not lofty hill rising up the south side of it. It looks right across the gardens, which lie on the slope of a hill which runs along about a quarter of a mile distant from the front of the house. Between the house and gardens there is a very beautiful run of water. At the back of the garden is a wall probably ten feet high which forms the breastwork of a terrace. And it is this terrace which is the most beautiful thing that I ever saw in the gardening way. It is a quarter of a mile long and, I believe, between thirty and forty feet wide; of the finest greensward and as level as a die. The whole thing is a great compliment to the taste of the times in which it was formed. I know there are ill-natured persons who will say that I want a revolution that would turn Mr. Drummond out of this place and put me into it. Such persons will hardly believe me, but upon my word I do not. From everything that I hear, Mr. Drummond is very worthy of possessing it himself, seeing that he is famed for his justice and kindness towards the labouring classes, who, God knows, have very few friends among the rich.

I saw in the gardens of Albury Park what I never saw before in all my life; that is, some plants of American Cranberries. I never saw them in America, for there they grow in those swamps into which I never happened to go at the time of their bearing fruit. They grew in a long bed near the stream of water which I have spoken about, and therefore it is clear that they may be cultivated with great ease in this country.

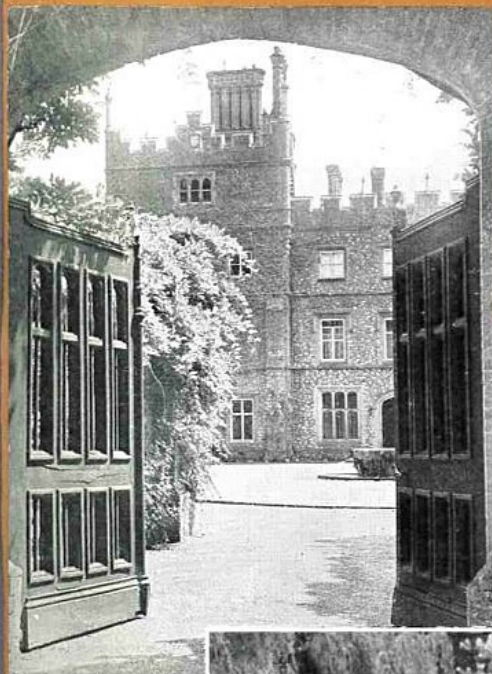


The West Front, Albury Park. After W. Hollar, 1645.

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Above: A view of Albury Park through the front gates. The present house, once half-timbered, was refaced by Pugin in the nineteenth century

Helen, Duchess of Northumberland in the gardens of Albury Park in which she takes a great interest. She has recently completed a classification of every ancient tree on the estate



ANOTHER beautiful home which has recently been opened to the public is Albury Park, near Guildford in Surrey, situated in the valley of the Tillingbourne, a tributary of the river Wey.

The estate dates back to 1042 and was later recorded in the Domesday Book. In the seventeenth century Albury was the home of Thomas Howard, afterwards Fifth Duke of Norfolk, from whom it passed to his brother, and about 1682 was sold to Heneage Finch, Earl of Aylesford, and remained in the possession of this family until 1800. In 1819 it was bought by Henry Drummond, whose daughter married Lord Lovaine, eldest son of the Earl of Beverley, later the Sixth Duke of Northumberland. On Mr. Drummond's death, the estate was left to Lady Lovaine, and when she died, passed into the hands of the Percy family.

The earliest reference to the house itself is a print by Hollar dated 1645, but much of the old building was destroyed by fire in 1697 and rebuilt by the Earl of Aylesford. It was refaced by the architect Pugin in the mid-nineteenth century, and on the east wall he inscribed a Latin quotation which reads "Unless the Lord build the house their labour is but vain that build it."

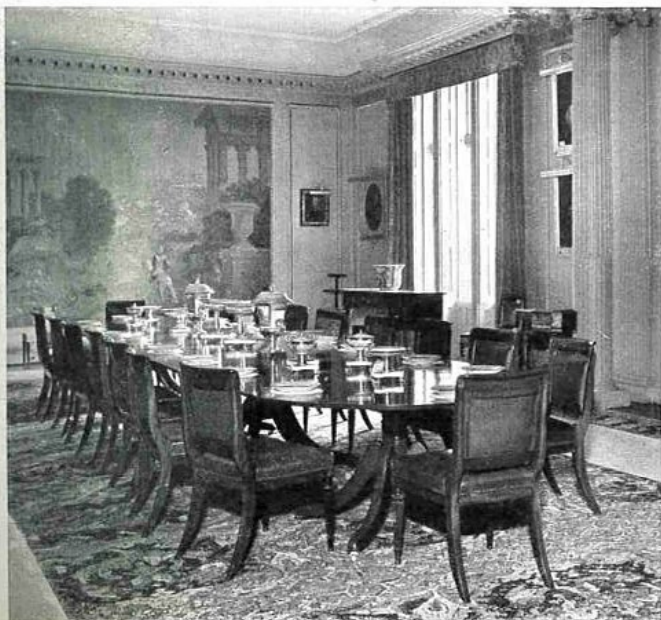
The house, which is remarkable for its charming and friendly atmosphere, due perhaps to the fact that each of its successive owners seems to have been particularly attached to it, contains valuable collections of Old Masters of various schools, beautiful china, antique furniture and several outstanding chimney pieces.

Particularly notable is the garden at Albury which was described by William Cobbett as "the prettiest garden that I ever beheld". John Evelyn, famous diarist and landscape gardener, who lived a few miles away at Wotton, laid out the Albury gardens for his friend the Duke of Norfolk, and much of his work at Albury still remains, notably the Yew Walk and the quarter-mile long Terrace above it. The grounds contain rare trees and shrubs, many of which are of a remarkable size; there is a tulip tree which is 120 feet high and 14 feet 8 inches in girth, a cucumber tree, a London plane 129 feet high, and, the tallest of all, a black Italian poplar, 138 feet high and 17 feet 6 inches in girth, believed to be one of the tallest trees in England.

The village of Albury, about a mile from the Park, is itself famous for its beauty—Newlands Corner and the Silent Pool, St. Martha's Church on the Pilgrim's Way above the valley—and in these surroundings Albury Park has a perfect setting.

The house and gardens will be open to visitors until September 30th, from 1.30 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

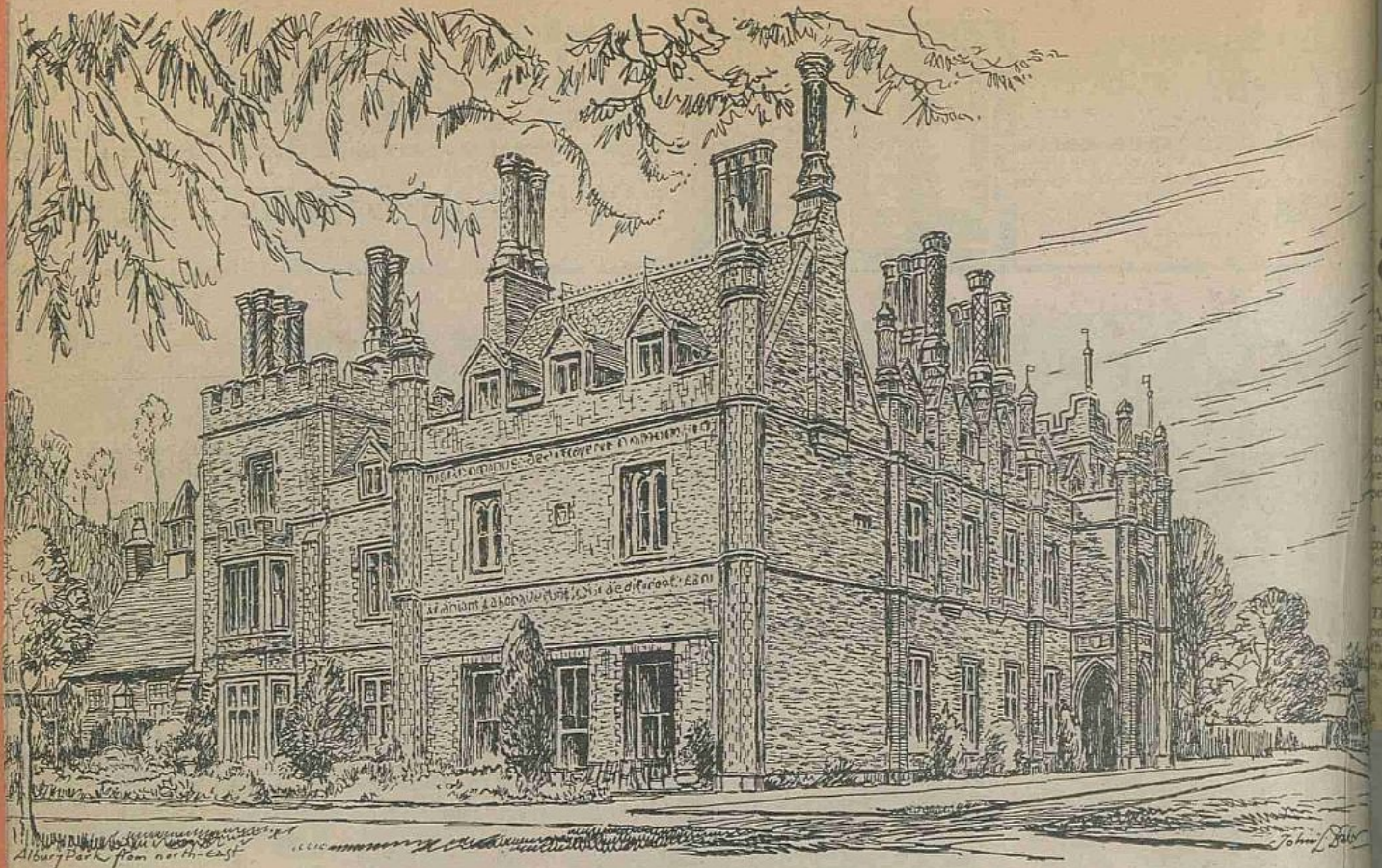
Albury Park will also be open on the following Sundays: September 3rd and 17th, October 1st, 15th and 29th, and during the winter months on two days a week: Wednesday and Saturday.



Right: The Norman Church in the grounds, which still bears traces of the church originally mentioned in the Domesday Book, was closed by Act of Parliament in 1840

Left: The large Dining Room. The Soho tapestries woven by Paul Saunders and dated 1758 were formerly hung in Northumberland House. The dessert service was made for the Duke of Northumberland when he was special Ambassador at the Coronation of Charles X





Albury Park from north-east

ALBURY, named Eldeberic in the Domesday survey, was held both before and following the Conquest by Azor, a Saxon. The present old church undoubtedly stands on the site of the former Saxon building to the west of which the original village of Albury became established, but of which only one house now remains.

It is possible that the present Albury Park mansion covers part of the site of the ancient house shown in my small drawing taken from one of six views of the park made in 1645 by Wenceslaus Hollar.

A German artist, friend of Inigo Jones, and with him a fellow sufferer during the siege of Basing House, he was noted for the excellence of his topographical drawings and produced many prints of notable buildings, in particular Old St. Paul's before the Great Fire, and Westminster

by John Baker

Parliament House in 1647.

Hollar's drawing shows the west front of the Albury mansion which then appears to have been a large medieval hall house brought up to date by the addition of a brick frontage with three gables, also a gabled porch decorated with strap-work ornament of late Elizabethan appearance, and with Renaissance-style pilasters flanking its first-floor window.

Continuing in my assumption that the mansion was a hall house changed by addition, the off-centre position of the porch could indicate the site of the entrance to a cross-passage in the old house. Furthermore, the numerous chimneys could suggest that, by the date of the drawing, an open hearth previously in use had been

dispensed with — second-floor windows indicate an upper floor.

These suppositions are based upon slight evidence offered by the great size of the main roof and must remain conjectural.

At the north end of the house Hollar shows an obviously later addition of perhaps a little before 1645, and which, to continue my conjecture, would have been built at the high end of the medieval hall — thus the siting of the porch which I suggest indicates the position of the cross-passage just where it would be expected — at the low end of the hall.

It is of further interest to note that the arched opening in the perimeter wall shown in Hollar's drawing has been reproduced by Pugin in the

1850s. Or was it Hakewill, an earlier restorer of the mansion?

The house engraved by Hollar was extensively altered in the mid-17th Century by George Evelyn, only to be damaged by fire in 1697. The house was rebuilt in the early 18th Century and thus it remained until around 1800, when Sir John Soane made alterations and improvements.

The main staircase is his work, also the former library which still has the exquisite fireplace designed by him with carving by Flaxman. No external evidence of Soane's work may now be seen.

The transformation of the house to the Gothic taste commenced about 1815 when, during the ownership of Charles Wall, work was carried out by Henry Hakewill. Father of a family or architects who could turn their talents to the Classical

or the Gothic style, they were much engaged in church restoration work.

Henry Hakewill designed St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and the Plowden Buildings in the Middle Temple, London. A. W. Hakewill, son of Henry Hakewill, and four years older than A. W. Pugin, wrote a pamphlet vigorously opposing the use of the Gothic style for the new Houses of Parliament. Pugin's chagrin was demonstrated by an erudite response!

Henry Drummond, who became the next owner of Albury Park in 1819, was born in 1786 on of Henry Drummond the banker and partner in Drummond's Bank. Young Henry, also a partner in the bank, was MP for Plympton Earls, then in 1847 he was elected Member for West Surrey.

His purchase of Albury Park took place in 1816 and later, in 1826, fervour aroused by the "happenings" associated with the prophecy of a Second Coming gained his involvement.

Meetings were held annually at Albury Park from 1826 and at the age of 47 Henry Drummond was called to be an "apostle of the Church." IN 1838 a ministry was organised at Albury and the Catholic Apostolic Church was built there in 1840 — as described in my previous feature.

Augustus Welby Pugin was commissioned in 1839 by Henry Drummond to design the Drummond Mortuary Chapel in the south transept of the ancient Albury church. The work was completed in 1847, and it naturally followed that the same architect

should be consulted regarding the extensive changes envisaged for Albury Park Mansion.

Unfortunately, by 1847 Pugin's health had begun to rapidly deteriorate, and he died in 1852 aged only 40. However, a drawing in the collection of the RIBA dated 1849, and executed by Pugin, shows a front elevation for the new house.

Alterations are indicated upon it suggesting that Pugin's son, Edward, might perhaps in the 1850s have undertaken to oversee the completion of a modified and poorer version of his father's design.

It has been reported that an iron verandah on the main front was in place in 1872 but, apart from this, the claims by critics that the house is very poor by Pugin's

standards as seen elsewhere are often too severe.

It should be remembered that the present house resulted from a remodelling of a building already composed of various "builds." Also Pugin's son, Edward, was only 18 years of age when his father died. This left him with the task of completing the work alone, and one can easily imagine that Drummond, his senior and client, might have influenced him to make modifications detrimental to his father's design.

The 63 chimneys show Pugin's astounding ingenuity as a designer — the fact that no two are alike always provides a good talking point. Inside the house the entrance hall retains a similarity to an A. W. Pugin design in the wallpaper and the panelling which is complemented by a

Dutch overmantel of wood carved in high relief.

However, apart from a few obvious internal details the work of different periods is now so interwoven that it is difficult to identify it for certain.

A print of the park made some time after 1819 shows the mansion in relation to the old church, confirming that the view was taken from the north-east. Soane's house of 1800 and Hakewill's Gothic work of 1815 are shown.

Soane's work faced north, while Hakewill's formed a continuation of the north front and then presumably turned to form a frontage coinciding with the present main front. Hakewill's work does not look unlike the present Pugin tower occupying the north-west corner.

This style appears again in the east front. As may be seen in my drawing, the crenellated section to the left has dressed stone for quions and window openings, but brick is used for this detailing in the remainder, giving it a totally different character.

In Albury Park, by Helen Northumberland, we read that cellars and vaults exist beneath the present house, and old beams remain in some portions of the building, evidently part of the medieval house. Unfortunately, I have not inspected these features. My appetite remains unsated.

I wish to thank Country Houses Association, the present owners of Albury Park, for their kind co-operation, also Mrs. Mallabar for kindly conducting me through the house.

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Ancient beech plays role in film

1981

about Churchill

A SOLEMN group of men standing in a muddy field, watched silently as a camera was positioned in a shallow pit, and was covered by OGS.

This bizarre scene was, however, only a technical prelude to the next. As the cameras rolled, a huge beech tree, believed to be 400 years old, crashed towards it and landed perilously close.

The setting was Albury Park Estate where a film crew from Southern Pictures was recording early on Tuesday morning a tree-felling sequence for a forthcoming drama serial.

The series entitled *Winston Churchill - The Wilderness Years* is being shot mainly on location at Chartwell and Blenheim, but the scene where Churchill's wife, Clemmy, has his favourite tree chopped down while he is in America posed a problem.

As there were no suitable trees in the area, a location manager had to find a substitute

in a place that was reasonably similar to Chartwell Park where Churchill lived.

The badly-diseased and dangerous beech in a field near Shere, was chosen, and Ace Garden-Tree Surgeons of Send were hired to fell it.

Hours of preparation setting up sound-recording equipment and cameras were necessary for the shot, as there was no second chance if anything went wrong!

Film editor, Lesley Walker, explained that this sequence was for the first episode, but they had already shot scenes for later episodes at Newlands Corner and Polesden Lacey.

The tree fell exactly as planned, and the camera below ground escaped unscathed.

The series is to be shown in October on ITV stations, and has an impressive cast.

Winston Churchill is played by Robert Hardy, with Sian Phillips as his wife, Clemmy. Peter Barkworth is Baldwin, Eric Porter plays Neville Chamberlain, and Edward Woodward is Sam Hoare.



1991

LIVING IN ALBURY PARK by Elizabeth Ramsay of The Mansion.

To live in Albury Park is instructive. There are so many layers to examine and understand. On the one hand it is a site lived in from ancient times, changing constantly, but always inhabited by the people of each epoch. In the 17th century the Duke of Norfolk called it his "darling villa", and George Evelyn designed the library and somehow left a ghost in it. In the 19th century Sir John Soane supplied elegance and Pugin the chimneys. Now, in the 20th the Country House Association has turned it into flats.

The present inhabitants are drawn from several European countries and many professions, which in the course of their careers have taken them to most corners of the globe. And, surrounding it all are the other inhabitants - as from time immemorial.

The redlegged partridges hatched their families under the windows and their babies, the size of golfballs, took their first exercise hopping up and down the front doorsteps (less painful than the gravel). Their parents, mindful of the sparrowhawks, perched on the roof, brought their families indoors whenever a door stood open. Unfortunately the human inhabitants took strong objection, and soft brooms were used to push them out. So the sparrowhawks had many dinners and only five out of the twenty-one of this covey grew to maturity.

These were guarded night and day by their devoted parents and the bedtime parade became a daily entertainment.

As they grew older, their father had become guardian to the remnants of other coveys so at nightfall they were all summoned by his strident calls. When they were all present and correct, further instructions were given before they all marched off to bed, mother leading and father bringing up the rear. The ceremony generally took an hour.

In the late autumn he decided his work was done and he and his wife departed for a quieter life. The first night the deserted family rushed frantically up and down, but they had been well trained. And so finally they carried out the practised routine and went to bed.

These families never flew, they would walk down to the river, cross by the bridge, walk on to the canal and cross by the centre bridge. (Once some independent spirits crossed by the upper bridge, but were sternly called back by father and made to retrace their steps and cross by his

chosen span). They would then continue up the slope and walk carefully up the steps to the top terrace.

Father thought he had taught them everything. But though a Veteran, he had forgotten THE GUNS. The first dreaded November day that unfortunate bird walked the whole way back, (to fly would have been fatal) and standing in front of the guns, raised his voice amid the din to warn and collect his terrified family. Several had fallen, and it took three days before he collected them all. Then after much advice, he left them again. But they had learned their lesson. At the next shoot they were seen, crouching down behind a low parapet - each little head peering carefully over, to watch the exact location of the guns.

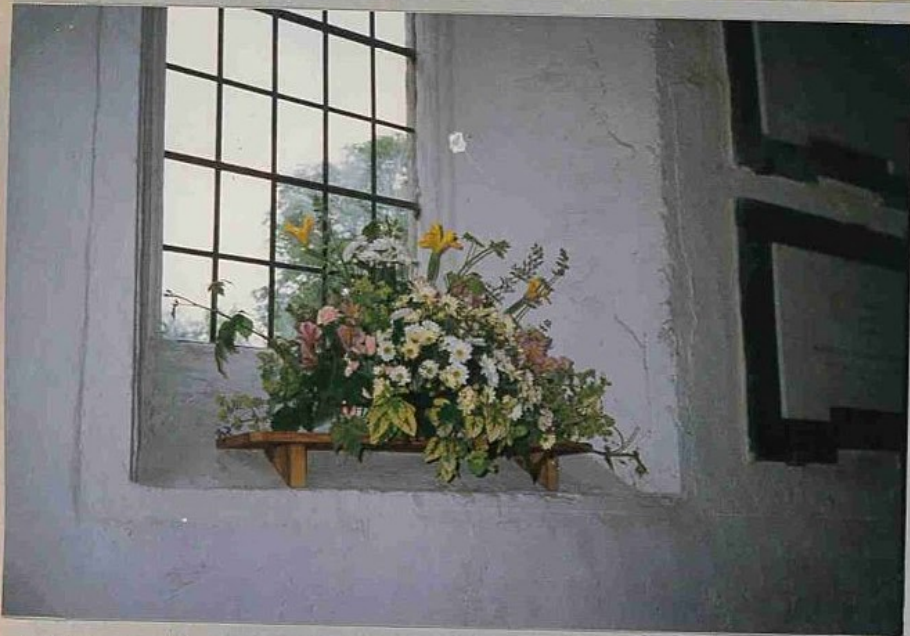
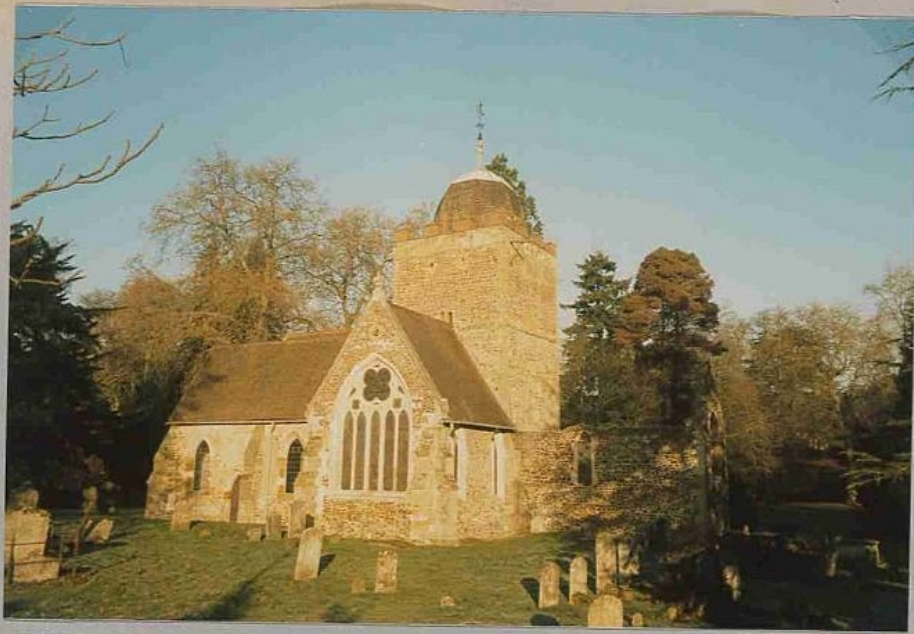
Ducks

The ducks come up from Shere to nest on the banks. Until last season the mink also came up and killed every duckling. But now the ponds have been enlarged and deepened and the noise has driven the mink away, but not one exceptionally small duck. She hatched out twelve eggs in a secluded corner, and proudly led a flotilla of twelve tiny dots.

In the late autumn they were still solemnly swimming behind her but such was the richness of the newly dredged pond, they had all grown to twice the size of their mother. Eight stalwart sons and four daughters, enough to make any very small duck proud.

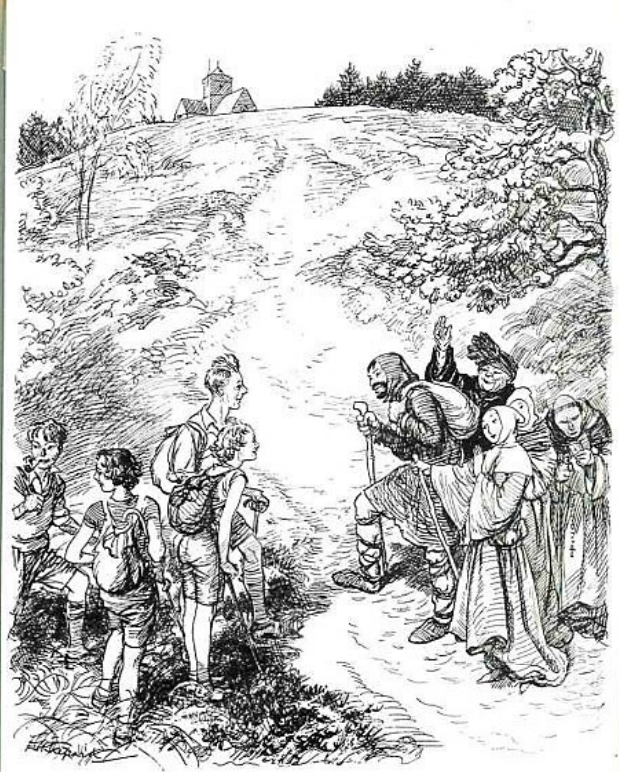
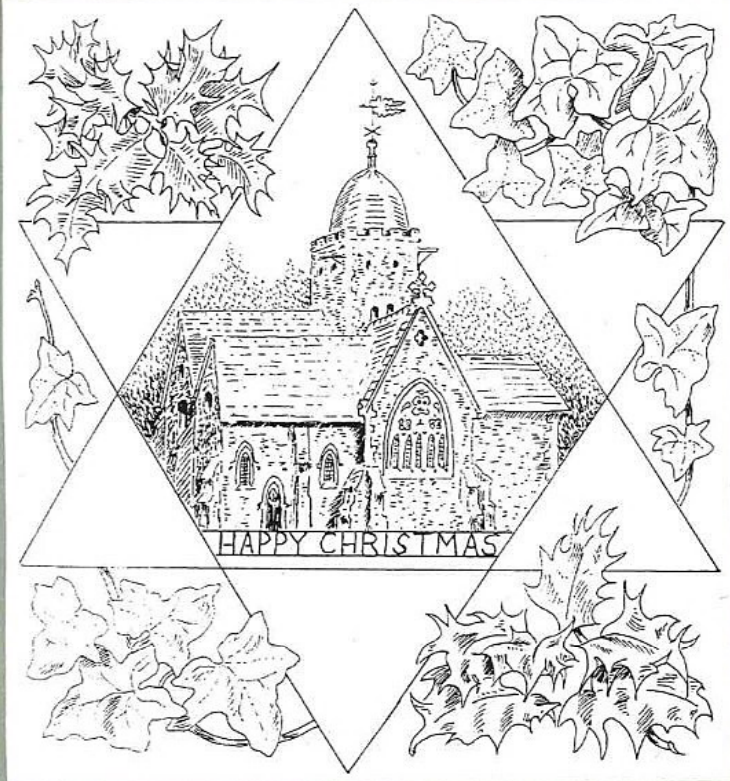
So life and death go on. A terrible night of poaching late last Spring, must have left fawns to die of starvation, and the sparrowhawks, a protected species, have killed every ground feeding small bird. But come the Spring and Summer the owls hoots will be mingled with cuckoos, the ground will be covered with bluebells and the roses will come out, to the great delight of the deer.





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ST. MARTHA'S PILGRIMS - NEW AND OLD



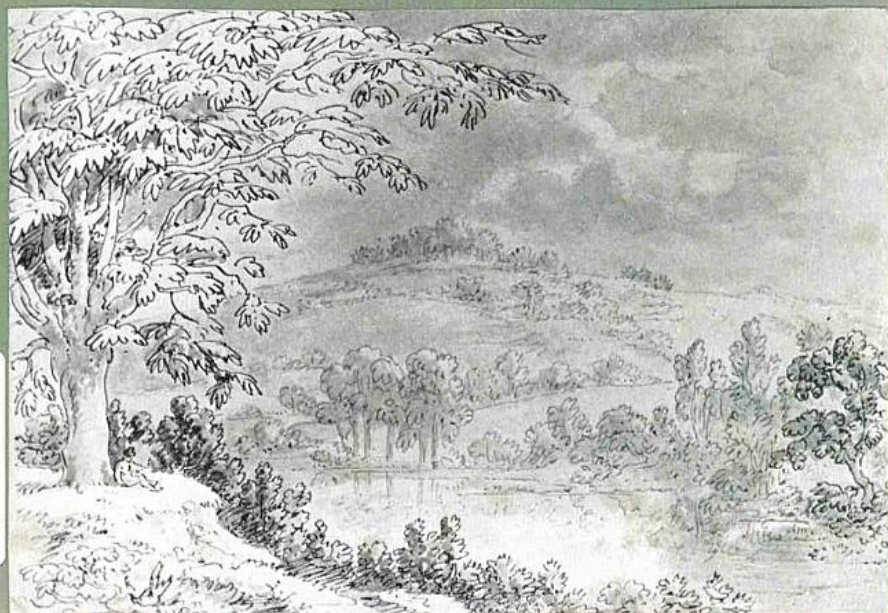
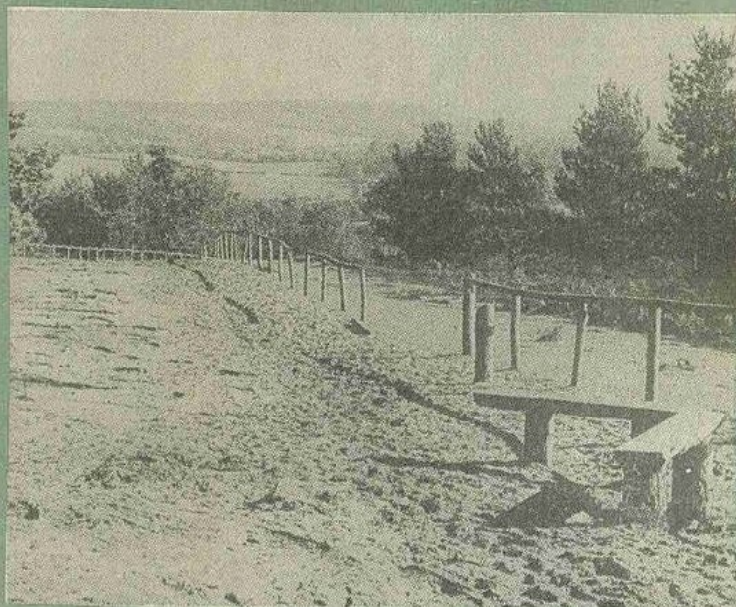
Parishioners of St Martha on the Hill have said farewell to their Chaplain, Rev Alwyn Wragg. Mr Wragg, who is retiring, has been at St Martha's since 1974 and will be living in Guildford.

Mr Wragg first retired in 1970, after serving for 30 years as a Chaplain in the Royal Navy, serving both at sea and on shore based at home and abroad. He has been Chaplain of the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, Staff Chaplain of the Fleet at the Admiralty and was for two years Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, which entitled him to wear a scarlet cassock on special occasions. He was awarded the MBE in 1963 and from 1970 was Honorary Curate at Holy Trinity Church in Guildford, before coming to St Martha's.

The new Chaplain is Rev. John Gordon Clark, who has been ordained with his priestly work on a part time basis.

The tiny hill top church can be reached from two sides of the hill and is open on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, Sundays and Bank Holidays. It stands on the ancient Pilgrims Way and is part Saxon, fell into ruin in the 16th century with the Dissolution of Monasteries and an explosion two centuries later at Chilworth Gunpowder factory did further damage.

St Martha's has been a parish since before the Norman Conquest. The church was camouflaged with fir trees during the 1914 war and is now floodlit during Christmas week. 1981



ST MARTHA'S AND WATERLOO POND
BY ANTHONY DEVIS WHO
LIVED IN ALBURY HOUSE
FROM 1780 - 1816.

This fourth instalment of the Notes and Recollections of Newdigate Burns (in charge of the congregation of the Catholic Apostolic Church in Albury) was first published in The Parish Magazine for Albury and St. Martha of 1898. It is kindly made available now by Bob and Retta Casbard of Albury History Society.

The third instalment described Albury Parish Church. This latest concerns St. Martha's. And fascinating it is.

ST. MARTHA'S-ON-THE-HILL

The foundation, history, and even the name St. Martha's are involved in obscurity - there are various opinions and suggestions, but all is uncertain except this one satisfactory circumstance, namely, that this interesting building, no longer a neglected ruin, crowns the top of the beautiful hill as it did probably from 700 to 800 years ago.

Possibly some records may yet be found in the archives of the old mansions with which this county abounds, which may elucidate its history, and dispel the uncertainty at present existing. When doctors differ who shall decide? And the case is not easier when historians, or rather in this case, writers, (which isn't quite the same thing) disagree.

Tradition has a certain value, if you can trace it back to some sort of root - history is of no value unless supported by well ascertained facts and contemporary witnesses.

I have lately been reminded of a saying attributed to Horace Walpole, "Don't read history to me, for I know that is not true."

St. Martha's is a case in point - most of what has been handed down to us is little better than surmise, and its credible history has yet to be written.

Looking into my Topographical Dictionary of the year 1808 I find it described as "an extra-parochial chapelry" - a sort of "peculiar" - a no man's land in particular - and this I have always understood to be the case - facts and understandings however cannot always be reconciled.

I look into Brayley's History of Surrey, kindly lent me by Colonel Malthus, and there I find it described as a "small parish" - further it says, quoting from old Aubrey, "this place belongs to the Manor of Chilworth, a single house below, to which it is a burial place".

Then the same Topographic Dictionary describes Chilworth as "a small hamlet to the parish of St. Nicholas, Guildford" - so we are at once landed in a nice mess by these Topographers!

We can only attempt to reconcile such cross statements on the assumption that the place, being extra-parochial, depended formerly upon the Lord of the Manor of Chilworth to provide the clergy to do the duty, and later on upon the Bishop of the Diocese, to arrange among the neighbouring clergy to serve it; for I recollect when it was served by the clergy from West Horsley, Clandon, Wonersh, Albury and Shere.

It would appear then that St. Martha's is the parish, and Chilworth a small hamlet - I venture to make this statement standing hat in hand, humbly asking pardon of our Chilworth friends if I am hurting their susceptibilities or treading upon a jealously guarded corn! And I only introduce St. Martha's in this paper on consideration that from an ecclesiastical, or Church, point of view it now appertains to Albury, its services having been supplied for many years by the Rector of this parish.

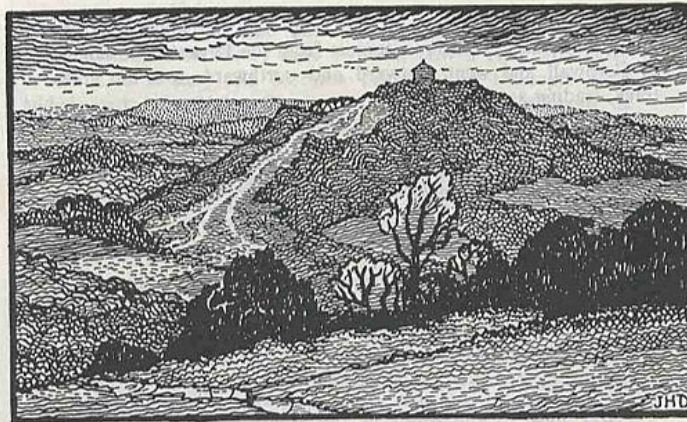
St. What?

As to the name, all that has come down to us is the French "on dit" (it is said) - it is said to have been dedicated to St. Martha and All Martyrs, etc. etc. This is only popular belief, and popular belief does not rank for much unless it is supported by some reasonable hypothesis, in the same way as an argument is unsatisfactory and inconclusive which does not start from a reasonable premise.

So we will leave the latter name out of the question. If indeed there were ever any sufferers for the faith of their Lord and Master on this spot - if the blood of the martyr has watered the earth here, we who have profited by it, may indeed thank God for their constancy, and say from our hearts, peace be to them!

We will now leave the past and come on to our own time, and speak of an event which has happened within our own knowledge during the sixty years reign of our Gracious Queen - a wonderful time of peace and progress in happy England.

On a glorious spring day - the 15 May, 1850 - the countryside was astir with groups of interested people wending their way towards St. Martha's. From all directions they came - from Guildford, Clandon, Wonersh, Albury and Shere, as well as from places still farther off, for this interesting building, which had been for centuries a point of sight for the country round, within a radius of many miles, was to be opened, and a clergyman appointed to take charge, who was on the same occasion to read himself in.



THE STORY OF MERROW DOWNS AND ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL

The Oldest Road in England.

*"There runs a road by Merrow Down
A grassy track to-day it is,
An hour out of Guildford town,
Above the River Wey it is."*

Rudyard Kipling wrote this of the old road which goes over the Downs, and, according to Hilaire Belloc, is part of the oldest road in England.

The grove of yew trees which shades the green track near Newlands Corner is mentioned in the Domesday Book; but long before that was compiled (and it was begun in 1086) there was a green road on the top of these Downs.

No one knows when it was first used, probably by men so primitive that they lived in caves, and for their only weapons had axes, spearheads and arrow points made of flints, for there are traces of these in the chalk downs.

Last working mill on the Tillingbourne

by Jane Garrett 1990

NEWS of the closure of Albury Mill, the last working mill on the Tillingbourne, spread like wildfire among Surrey animal owners.

Flour milling had been phased out quietly six months ago, but when signs sprang up announcing the closure of the animal feed business, the response was overwhelming.

Amazed and delighted at the firm's popularity, Mr. Charles Botting, descendant of the Charles who established the mill in 1911, has now agreed to continue supplying animal feed at the cash-and-carry shop.

He notified customers by letter last week, acknowledging the "unprecedented requests" for the business to keep going.

Banknotes

Milling will now only take place occasionally, using the high-tech extruder installed two years ago, to produce speciality fish foods.

Technology, in fact, ran ahead of the traditional milling process some 20 years ago, when electrically replaced the old water-powered turbines.

Nor is the mill a stranger to the fickle demands of fashion and economic pressure.

At various times the site was used for a Rock mill, using the by-products from the textile industry to produce materials for quilting, and as a paper mill for the printing of banknotes.

The paper was water-marked, using the spring water at the mill.

"The mill goes back hundreds and hundreds of years," said Mr. Botting, "but my family only came to Albury in 1880."

Mr. Charles Arthur Botting moved from Brewhouse Mill in Loxwood to the old mill in Albury, now Albury Laboratories, in 1880, only switching to the present mill site in 1911.

The old mill also goes back centuries, and there is a story that once the miller set fire to the buildings. He was caught, tried and executed for the crime, and historians believe that this was the last time that capital punishment was imposed for a case of arson.

At the present mill, investment paid off. The 1911 flour mill was followed in 1923-4 by a flour warehouse, and the mixed feed business was launched.

During these years bakeries were to be found in every village — Albury had two — and deliveries were made by horse and cart.

Mr. Guy and Mr. John Botting still remember how carts needed a third horse for the long haul up over Newlands Corner. Once safely at the top, the trace horse was sent home.

A long, low building at right angles to the present feed store at the mill once provided stabling for up to eight horses.

The pace was slower, but accidents still happened. Two horses which bolted across the bridge spanning the Tillingbourne at the back of the mill both fell in and, trapped by the cart, were drowned.

In 1930 the silos were extended, and by 1939 a separate feed mill had been built.

In that year the mill won the Miller Challenge Cup for flour produced from wheat grown by Mr. H. Miller, of Lane End Farm, Peaslake.

Albury was still milling his wheat when that side of the business closed at the end of last year.

The Bottings made their contribution to the war effort by keeping the flour mill going continuously day and night for 30 days in 1940, to compensate for the bombing of the London mills during the blitz.

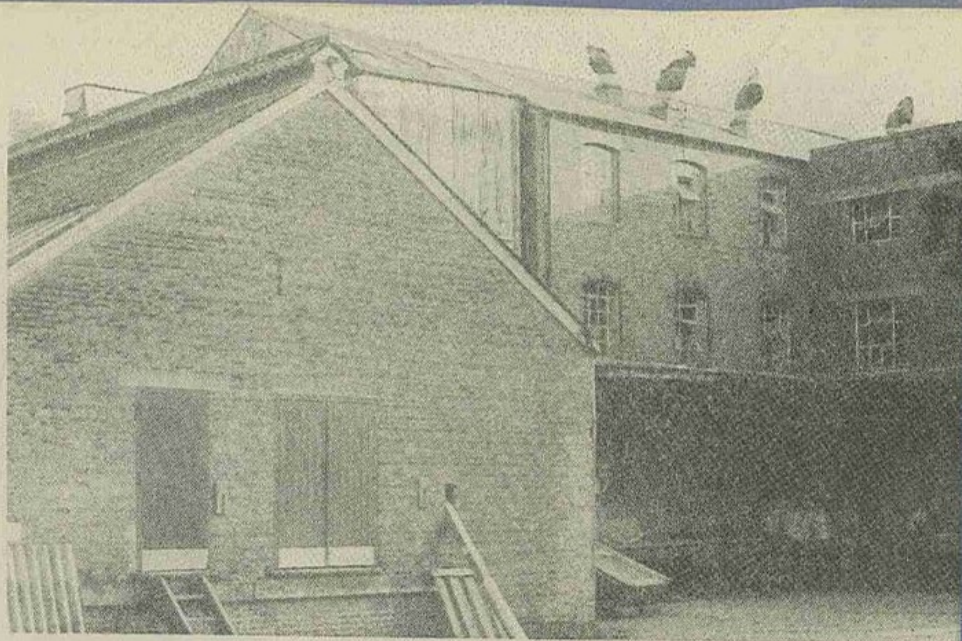
In 1962 a new feed mill was constructed, and in 1976-7 the family branched out into fish farming, rearing trout in the clear Tillingbourne water round the side from the mill.

It was during excavations for the fish farm that the Bottings discovered the remains of the old flock mill.

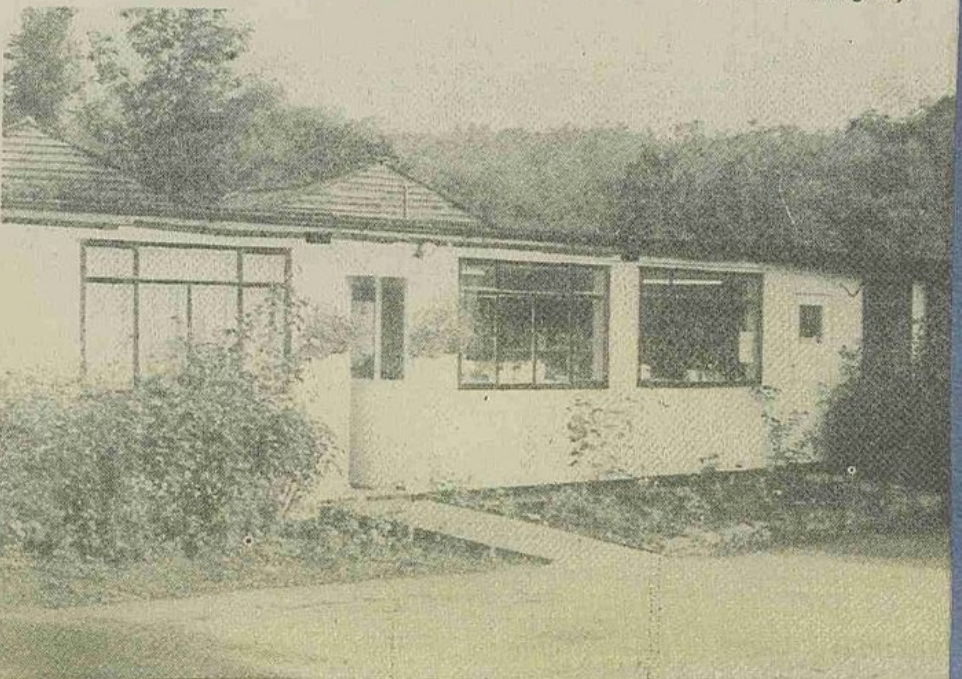
A high-tech extruder installed in 1988 brought the mill bang up-to-date, but competition from the big mills put the future of the Albury business in jeopardy.

A disastrous fire last year delayed the launch of a new specialist fish food for a year, and this month came the news that all the basic animal feeds will be milled at the Berks, Bucks and Oxon mill at Twyford.

At least this week's news is good — that the shop is being kept open by popular acclaim.



The front of Albury Mill approaching from the main road, showing the old loading bay.



Local farmers and animal owners will be delighted to hear that the cash-and-carry feed shop, pictured here, will be continuing business as usual.

A TREAT OF TROUT

Albury can now supply fresh trout in the time it takes to catch, despatch and package it when you visit the Tillingbourne Trout Farm at Albury Mill. Your chosen size and weight of trout can be chosen from the myriad fish in the pools.

Mr Charles Botting started his fish farm almost by mistake. He was still at college when a friend asked him what he thought of fish farming, he replied that he might consider it some time but was told the fish were available right then. So he took a chance. Friends helped him through the very difficult task of starting such a project and now he can provide trout as a treat for any mealtime - his farm is open from 9am to 7pm seven days a week.

He is pictured with a friend, with a net full of fresh live trout.

Millions of gallons of Tillingbourne water flows through his farm which is inhabited by thousands of fry and fingerlings (young trout at different stages) growing towards higher poundage and Mr Botting will also supply attractive recipes if requested.



ALBURY MILL, MILL LANE from Charles Botting

The Botting family started milling at the present "Albury Mill" in 1909 after running out of room at the old mill in the village - what is now known as Albury Laboratories.

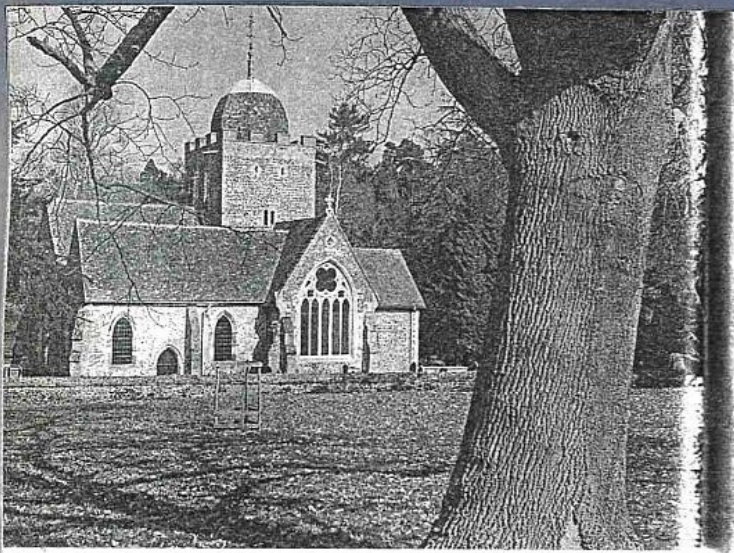
Prior to the installation of mains electricity the mill relied on Tillingbourne water-power, running a turbine and a producer gas engine to provide the motive power to the stones and roller mills.

During the '30's C.A. Botting and Sons, became involved in the production of animal feeds, buying local farmers' crops, (i.e. "grist to the mill") storing these grains in silos, then blending them with ingredients obtained from all over the world: soybeans from America, maize from Canada, fish-meal from Peru and Chile and rice-bran and groundnut from India and Africa.

These animal feeds were supplied back to the farmers and local small-holders to feed their stock. Unfortunately over the past twenty years there has been a steady fall in the number of families keeping a few hens and a cow on a smallholding. The small village bakery has all but disappeared and farms have changed beyond recognition. Feed and flour mills are now massive operations. The result has

been to put small family businesses under increasing pressure.

Reluctantly the Botting family decided to cease operations last year, which left a vacant mill building and surrounding outbuildings. It was decided to place the development of the site in the hands of experts and thus Clarendon House of Winchester and Robert Shaw and Partners of Guildford were commissioned to investigate further uses of the site. The architects, Messrs. Lam Watson and Wood, recreated a Victorian mill building which has received widespread acclaim and this plan was accepted by the planning committee at its recent meeting. The use has been granted for both light industrial and office space. 1991



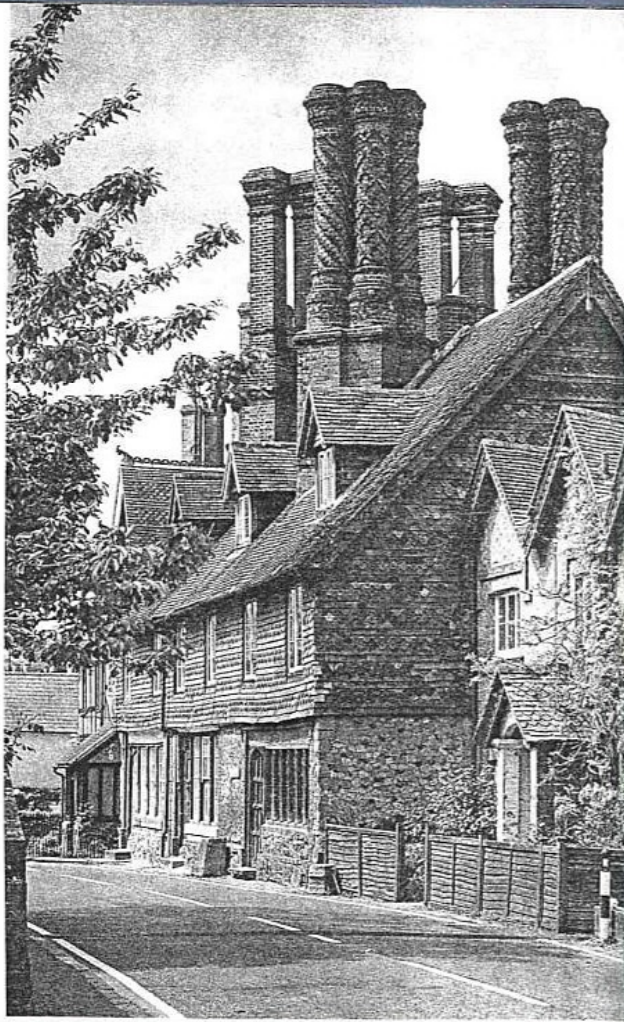
The ancient church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Albury Park in Surrey, was closed in 1842, when estate-owner Henry Drummond had a new parish church built in the village of Albury, half a mile away. The mansion in the park was then extensively remodelled by Augustus Pugin, whose taste for numerous Tudor-style chimneys was echoed in his later houses in the village (right).

Churches and chimneys

Words and photographs by **Bob Collins**

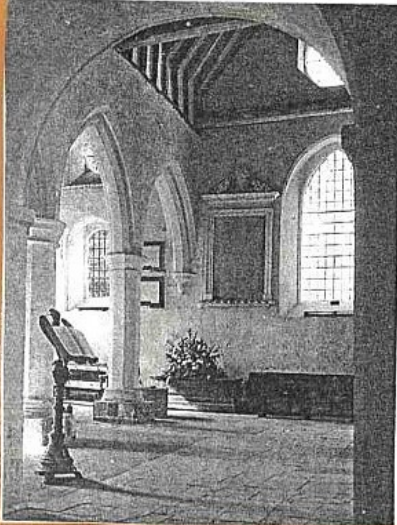
SHEEP GRAZE peacefully beneath a scattering of oak trees; pheasants strut well-tended green slopes around an ancient, redundant church and a Victorian mansion; these offer visitors to Albury Park a prospect as blissful as any in Surrey. Cradled in the valley of the Tillingbourne, five miles east of Guildford, Albury Park is a secret place with a past.

Albury Park mansion, now owned by the Country ▷

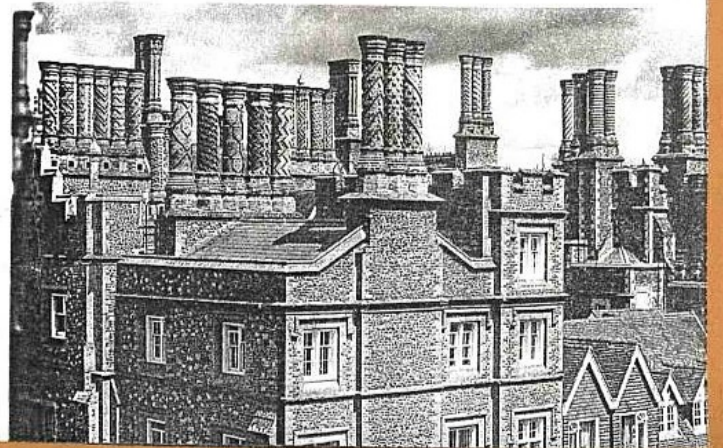




Houses Association, and home for some 40 retired people, stands red-bricked and castellated, with 63 extraordinary chimneys, at the end of a gently winding drive. The first house on the site was in 1042, the present structure being largely the design of Augustus Pugin who, in the mid-nineteenth century, was commissioned by its then owner, Henry Drummond, a well-known London banker.



The Irvingite church in the park was designed in 1840 by William McIntosh Brooks, assisted by Pugin. It has long been closed, but the original parish church, also in the park, can be visited (left). The mansion of Albury Park (right) is notable for its extraordinary array of 63 huge chimneys in variegated Tudor style. The mansion is open to the public during the summer months. Above right is a view of the library.



THE COUNTRYMAN

Returned to Parliament as MP for West Surrey in 1847, Drummond was a man of some complexity. Thomas Carlyle thought him '... a singular mixture of all things — of the saint, the wit, the philosopher — swimming, if I mistake not, in an element of dandyism'.

Drummond also built, at his own expense, two new churches: one a parish church in the 'new' village of Albury and the other a Catholic Apostolic Church a few hundred yards from Albury Park mansion. The latter, built in 1840, was the result of his deep commitment to Edward Irving's sect, of which he was a joint-founder.

About the time of Henry Drummond's birth in 1786, Albury Park mansion was fronted by the original village of Albury, a bustling community of labourers' cottages, an inn and a church. Visitors today will find little evidence of it, for two previous owners of the estate, clearly seeking more privacy, between them demolished almost the entire village, banishing the villagers to newly-built cottages a half-mile distant in what was then Weston Street, and is now called Albury. Apart from the old parish church, Cookes Place (now a much-altered private dwelling) and the old George Inn, which has been converted into two cottages, are all that remains of the original village.

In the same year that Drummond built the Irvingite



One of the few original buildings left in the park, since the village was moved away in the late eighteenth century, is Grange Cottage, which was once the George Inn of the old village.

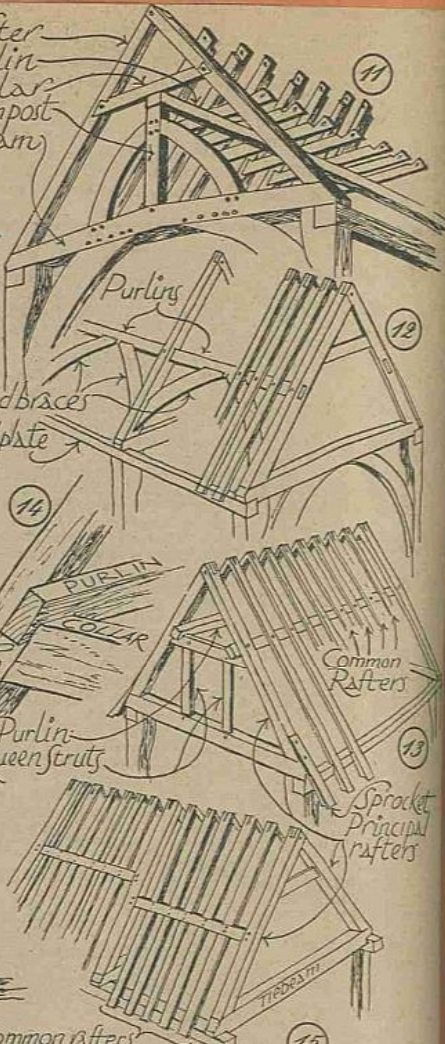
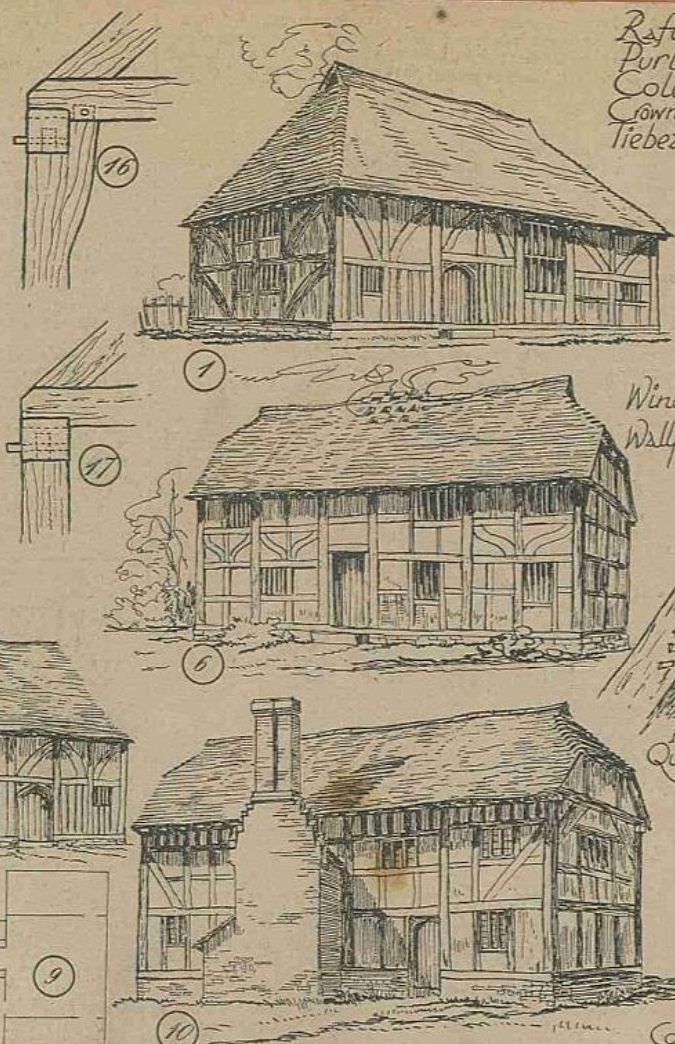
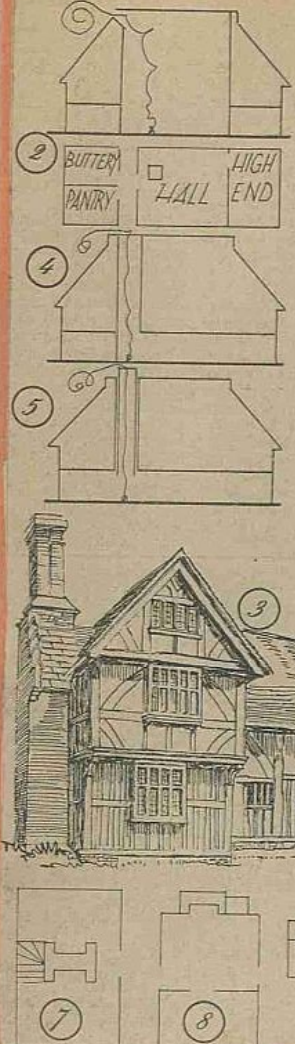
Victorian literary celebrity Martin Tupper, who lived in Albury, resented the old church being closed. He contrived to have his name put on a family vault in the old churchyard, although he was eventually buried in the new one, half a mile away.



church, a 30-year-old writer and his wife took possession of Albury House, in the new village of Albury. The newcomer was Martin F. Tupper, a literary celebrity whose fame then rested on a single book. *Proverbial Philosophy*, published in 1838 (described as 'maxims and reflections couched in vaguely rhythmical form'), was a literary phenomenon, selling well over a quarter of a million copies in Britain and a further million in the USA.

Tupper's parents had owned Albury House since the 1830s and Martin had grown to love the old parish church in Albury Park. He was, therefore, greatly incensed when he learned that Henry Drummond wanted to close it and build a new one in Albury. When, in 1839, Drummond obtained permission from the bishop to proceed with his plan, Tupper gathered signatures for a petition to get the decision reversed, but with no success. The old church was closed in 1842 and has remained so ever since.

More bitterness was generated in 1855, when Drummond supported a local council proposal to close the old churchyard in Albury Park. Tupper vehemently protested and claimed an '... inalienable right of burial'. Drummond is said to have replied: 'You may come and be buried here as soon as you like'. The order for the closing of the churchyard went ahead.



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These notes refer to the houses of small farmers and artisans, not to the great houses. But it must be remembered that the ideas originated in the big houses of quality and percolated down to be adapted and modified to suit more modest requirements.

The study of vernacular domestic architecture is greatly assisted by one of man's most notable traits—he is slow to change.

Having devised a certain manner of procedure through trial and error, he tends to stick to it. Hence, by the time of the earliest houses now extant in Surrey, man had arrived at an arrangement for his house that, in its fundamentals, varied little from house to house (1).

Kitchens

The plan and elevation of such a "standard" mediaeval house of the 13th, 14th and 15th Century is shown in (2). A central hall, open to the roof, with open fire for heating. (Cooking was done in the open, or in a separate kitchen detached from the main house, even if only by a foot or so.)

Floored sections were at each end. One end, the "high" end, was the master's, the ground floor room—where he slept—was entered from the hall by a single door placed at the side.

A stair out of the master's room gave access to the room above which is sometimes referred to as the "solar".

The other end, the "low" end, was divided into two rooms below, and one above—a buttery and pantry, with a store above, gained by a ladder from inside or outside. Two doors, placed side by side at the centre gave access from the hall to buttery and pantry, sometimes a third door placed to the side gave access to the stair. Also, in large houses, there was a central door, placed between the buttery

and pantry doors, this lead out down a corridor and may often have lead to the outside kitchen.

Bricks

To make an extra upper room the open hall was partly ceiled and the smoke from the fire was restricted to a smoke bay (4). When brick became more freely available in the 16th and 17th centuries, a brick chimney was built within the smoke bay area and the house floored up to the stack (5).

Throughout this period of change, the practice of building additions in the form of independent structures placed alongside existing work is very noticeable—two principal posts alongside each other usually indicate this. Also the crosspassage was carefully retained where possible.

Although old houses were remodelled rather than demolished, new houses were being built incorporating new ideas current at the time. Houses were built with smoke bays, in the example (6), the smoke bay does not extend across the full width of the house, but allows space for a passage through—both at ground floor, where the door is situated, and at first floor level.

Such houses may have attic accommodation, and in these access across the smoke bay may be found at the upper level also.

Many houses of the later 16th century were built with chimneys placed centrally, or at the end (7 and 8).

In the 17th century, many chimneys were put on the long side of the house, and another feature of this period is the placing of the ceiling of the upper rooms below the eaves

line. This gave added headroom in the attic where the servants slept (10).

The stairs in such houses could be within the main structure, or in a laterally placed stair turret—as at the Horse and Groom, Merrow.

It is in the later houses that the role of the hall was changed to farmhouse kitchen. The cooking was done at the large open fire, now under a degree of control either in the smoke bay, or later, in the large brick fireplace.

These large open fireplaces must have been a remarkable sight in the farmhouses of the 16th and 17th centuries, with large dogs to support the logs, the spit machine, the stew pot, and at the side, a bread oven. In a recess carefully devised in the stack to receive the wood smoke rather than the heat from the fire, was a bacon smoking chamber—now all too often thought to be a priest's hideout—poor priest!

Crown post

Roof construction followed a sequence of development and the earliest type of roof had no longitudinal support, no purlins. The cladding alone

served to hold it rigid. Summers, at West Horsley, has such a roof. Examples are frequently to be seen in the churches, where they are set upon stone walls, but the principal is the same

The glory of South East England was the crownpost roof (11), in which there is a central longitudinal member—the collar purlin. Although crownpost roofs appear to be most favoured in this area, examples are to be found in the Midlands and counties to the West and North. It may be that this form of roof has its origins in the carpentry of Romanesque Europe. Its origins certainly cannot be the same as those of the cruck traditions of the West and North.

The side purlin begins to appear in the early 16th century Surrey houses, but can be found in its most beautiful form in Hampshire—Basingstoke Parish Church, 1464. It progressed eastwards to reach Surrey, and in its early form it can be seen as butted in line between the principal rafters and with windbraces (12). There is a good example at St. George's Chapel, Esher.

Then followed side purlins,

clashed by a collar supported by queen struts, this was the roof of the early Elizabethan Surrey (13). A modification of the same structure, but with diminishing principal rafter (14), came in during the later part of the 16th century.

Conversions

This is often associated with the conversions of open halls to smoke bays, that is, when the hall house had a side purlin roof of an earlier form to begin with.

By the 1600s, butted side purlin roofs had come back again. But they were not placed in line, and the common rafters were butted into the purlins (15).

Although found a little earlier, it is convenient to associate this roof with the Civil War, the Commonwealth and the Restoration. It can even be found in the early 18th century.

Roof construction, together with provision for an open hall, greatly influences the appearance of a house. Early houses always appear to be enveloped by a large roof (1).

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Crosswing

The crosspassage is always to be found and was between the front and back doors—always at the low end of the hall. Sometimes it is called the "screens passage" because a screen, varying in elaboration according to the status of the house, divided it from the hall.

A crosswing (3) can often be found as an integral part of the original building, or more frequently, as an addition. It was by subtractions, followed by replacements and additions, to the fundamental medieval plan that the growth of any particular house occurred down the centuries.

Since a framed building is composed of pre-fabricated sections, or bays, a bay can be removed without detriment to the remainder of the structure.

Thus an old low end can be demolished, and a crosswing built to replace it as a new high end, then the old high end is converted to become the low end.

This changing of ends can recur with the erection of a new wing at the low end which then forms the high end. This results in only the centre part—the old hall—remaining and such a process is not uncommon. It happened at Vine Cottages, Shere.

With changes in social attitudes in the last 15th century, the open hall, in which servants and dependents lived and slept, was becoming more unacceptable. Separate rooms were wanted for more privacy, it was nothing to do with an attempt to escape the smokey atmosphere of the hall with its open hearth, although this followed as a bonus.

They sit comfortably in the landscape like a large lady with ample skirts. A later house has higher walls, necessary to give headroom in the upper rooms, and a smaller roof, like a tall man with a small hat (10).

Soot

Open hall houses were being built as late as the early 17th century. But the 16th century was generally a period in which hall houses were converted to smoke bay, and new houses were being built with smoke bays, or at least with two bay halls of which one bay only was open. By the end of the century houses were being built with brick chimneys.

The construction of the roof is an important factor in dating a house, while the presence of soot and its position in the roof is an indication of open hall and/or smoke bay.

Size of timber is a pointer also. Large square section timber is usually early. With an increasing shortage and cost, timber was used more sparingly and in smaller sections; also as time went on, it was used more scientifically as it was found that sections of greater depth in relation to width, gave economy plus strength when used as tiebeams, and particularly as rafters.



Vale End garden, Albury, Guildford GU15 9BE is open annually under the National Gardens Scheme, usually one Sunday in June and July.



Carol, Daphne & Sarah
invite you to the Big O Party

A circular photograph of a lake and trees, framed by a green border.

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Rhododendrons and azaleas in full bloom

POSTFORD House at Chilworth opens for the National Gardens Scheme on Sunday, May 23 and 30.

This extensive woodland garden (pictured above) of some 25 acres has an excellent display of rhododendrons and azaleas.

Wander along the side of the wide stream, which is flanked with mature trees and shrubs.

Cross over one of the stone bridges and through the bog

garden with its lush planting. Closer to the house is a formal rose garden and kitchen garden.

The garden is open from 11am to 5pm. Admission £2 with children free.

Morning coffee and home-made afternoon tea will be available.

Plants are for sale. Postford House is in the centre of Chilworth village. For more details, phone 01483202657.



THE extraordinary atmosphere of wartime London is movingly captured in the recently discovered reminiscences of an Albury woman, who died in 1977 after a lifetime of service to the community.

Helen Lloyd, who lived at Western Lodge, Albury, was an unlikely maiden aunt — fashion conscious, sporty, globe-trotting and in the social whirl. But she is best remembered for her public service.

In 1938, she set up the WVS in Guildford with Mollie Liddell, and she served on Albury Parish Council from 1946-70.

As a WVS volunteer, Miss Lloyd

"THE shrill ringing of the telephone bell broke rudely into the family conversation at the supper table: 'Will you cancel all engagements for the weekend? We have been asked to send cars to London to help get returning prisoners of war to their homes.'

It was Sunday afternoon when final instructions were received to go to Euston immediately, where trains would be arriving.

Once there, the problem was parking, as vehicles had been assembled in great numbers to cope with the transport. There was a long wait and the rain was relentless, and owing to the bomb-shattered roof, the station was

as wet as outside.

A cheer broke the long dull silence as the first train finally pulled in. It was full of overflowing, row after row of soldiers' heads were silhouetted against the lighted windows.

As the train stopped, the carriages seemed to explode, doors burst open, kit bags were hurled through windows and men and luggage poured out in a cascade.

With all their excitement there was a curious calm. Reunions took place with dignified restraint and there was complete absence of hysteria and noise.

At last the official passengers arrived at the car:

A prisoner of war and his airman brother. Thank heavens they were going on a known route as the nightmare of having to grope her way in the dark through unfamiliar parts of London had haunted her.

Once in the car the prisoner began to tell his tale of how he and his fellows had been beaten by the camp commandant after the Japanese had surrendered.

'The Americans were marvellous when they arrived, and having shot the camp commandant they could not do enough for us,' he said.

'We went from the camp to a hospital ship, then by destroyer, air, flying over

(pictured left) spent the war years organising the London civilian evacuation, helping soldiers on transit through the district and finally, homing returned prisoners of war.

Her experiences were documented in detailed diaries and this short story. She was moving in literary circles before the war, and was a member of the Pen Club, having helped co-author the autobiography of South African pioneer, Elsa Smithers in 1933.

This is an abridged version of her story, based on her experience of taking home a former POW.

the devastated Hiroshima, on to the Philippines and from there by ship.

"I met some WVS ladies while in the Philippines who came to give us news of home. It was the one thing we wanted. While in the camp we had been told the Germans had invaded England, killing all the women and children. We had no news for two years."

Suddenly the car reached the right road and a beam of light shone out from a house. 'Meg said whatever time you came home you would find the front door open,' he said.

The prisoner got out and walked in, where a small boy was standing in the hall. The silence concerned her, but carrying in his kit bag, there in the hall, motionless, stood the man and his wife in each other's arms.

Putting down the luggage as quietly as possible, she tiptoed out of the house. It was not only the rain that blurred her vision on the drive home."



War effort: Helen Lloyd with a Civil Defence group during the Second World War.



SUMMER WALK JULY 1998

Mary Gallop: Red Cross stalwart

WITH the recent death of Mary Instone-Gallop, of Farley Green, the Surrey Red Cross has lost a loyal and totally committed officer who has given service to others spanning well over 50 years.

Enrolling in 1941 as a VAD in Detachment S/10 (Shere) and then S/50 (Albury), part of her service in the Second World War was as one of the first members of the Red Cross to join the National Hospital Service Reserve.

In 1952 she was appointed director of Tillingbourne Valley division, a position she held until 1959 when she transferred to the City of London branch, subsequently holding appointments as branch officer and welfare officer.

On returning to Surrey in 1971, Mrs Gallop con-

tinued her membership in Tillingbourne Valley, becoming officer in charge of the members' group and later welfare officer and organiser for the Shere centre.

In 1981 she was appointed their medical loan officer, a position she held for 11 years. Her welfare work in the community will be remembered with gratitude and affection by everyone, particularly in the 13 villages within her locality.

Mrs Gallop's long and efficient service received the recognition of Red Cross national headquarters by the award of the society's badge of honour for devoted service and life membership. She also gained the voluntary medical service badge and subsequent clasps.

Contributed

First woman veterinary graduate dies

THE first woman to be awarded a degree in veterinary science, Edith Taylor has died at Brook, near Albury, aged 98.

Known to her friends as Teddy, she was a pioneer in equality for women, overturning taboos and carving out a career in a very male preserve.

A tomboy with a passion for horses, in 1914 she turned her back on the comfortable life as a headmaster's daughter and went to work as a farm labourer in Buckinghamshire.

Her father persuaded her to study agriculture at Reading University and, after her diploma, she worked in the Dairy Research Laboratory, publishing a paper on clean milk production.

Then, fired with the ambition to become a vet, she finally persuaded the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons to change its charter to admit women. She caught up on her school work, passed the London Matriculation examinations and entered Liverpool University Veterinary School, still a tomboy with short hair, trousers, a motor-cycle and smoking a pipe.

She was the first woman to qualify academically as a vet, though Aleen Cust, who had been in practice as a vet for 23 years, was allowed the honour of being the first official female veterinary surgeon.

Mrs Taylor qualified as a vet by achieving membership of the Royal Col-

lege of Veterinary Surgeons in 1923 and graduating with the newly-instituted Bachelor of Veterinary Science degree in 1926.

In finding work, she had difficulty in overcoming male prejudice, but after two years with a practice where she had worked as a student, in 1928 she set up her own practice in Dorking. Soon afterwards she married Ernest Leonard Taylor who became director of the Central Veterinary Laboratory in Weybridge.

When the demands of her three children took over, she sold the practice to her partner and threw her energies into family and home.

She was a talented painter and exhibited annually at Guildford Art Society shows, and she was still looking after her one-acre garden at the age of 95.

She leaves three sons, Roger, Kim and Jan, eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

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Living quietly in Albury, the Dutchman who risked his life to rescue wartime Jews

THE village of Albury woke up this week to the fact that a war hero has been living quietly in its midst for more than 40 years.

Henk Huffener is well known to local residents for his kind and affable nature - but few realise that Henk is now an internationally-recognised hero.

On February 3, Dutch-born Henk was officially honoured for his bravery in helping hundreds of Jewish families escape Nazi death camps during the Second World War.

Henk was awarded the title of "Righteous Among the Nations" by the Yad Vashem Committee at a ceremony held at the Israeli Embassy in recognition of his aid to Jews during the Holocaust.

His story is one of almost unbelievable heroism.

It began in his home town of Utrecht in 1940 when, aged only 18, he agreed to provide infor-

Mary Bishop meets the man whose bravery, stealth and determination has now been officially recognised by the State of Israel

mation to the Allies on German troop movements throughout occupied Holland. But his contact, a Dr Brouwers, was quickly discovered in possession of a radio transmitter and shot by the SS.

Although this ended Henk's career as an Allied agent, he immediately changed tack and became known as "The Man With No Name".

In an exclusive interview with the *Surrey Advertiser*, he said: "I became a kind of 'non-person' as I did not wish to incriminate my family by my activities."

Determined to continue to protect Jews from death in German concentration camps, he hid Jewish families in safe houses and secured an escape route to Switzerland and Spain, a route also used by allied pilots and Jews, as well as

for smuggling out secret documents.

His most spectacular mission involved the evacuation of an entire German Zionist kibbutz in Loosdrecht.

A Dutch resistance group had received a tip-off that the Germans were to raid the kibbutz.

With Henk's help, the Jews were disguised as hikers and cyclists and spirited away to safe houses in just three weeks.

One very dangerous moment was when he picked up an hysterical German girl who did not want to leave her parents. "She just would not calm down, and we were eventually noticed by a German patrol," he said. "The situation was a bit desperate, so I pulled her to me and gave her an enormous kiss."

"It was the only thing I could think of - but it worked, as the Germans

thought we were a courting couple and let us go."

Partly because he could speak fluent German, he quickly came to spot the plain-clothed SS officers who routinely boarded the trains searching for Jews. If Henk had a party of Jews on board, he simply waited for the SS police to get on the train and then promptly got off with his charges and waited for the next one. "The SS never searched two trains in a row," he smiled.

His ploy in acting the part of an ignorant student who did not understand the German rules, was not far short of miraculous. His innocent demeanour and "apparent lack of aggression" hoodwinked the Germans time and again.

It even enabled him to save two children - one with Down's Syndrome - whom he placed in safe houses for the duration of the war. Both were later reunited with their parents.

Eventually, however, his luck ran out and he was arrested and sent to a labour camp in The Ruhr, Germany. "I ended up in a steel works loading scrap iron into railway wagons," he explained. "We worked 16 hours a day and our only food for the day was three slices of brown, unleavened bread, smeared with some kind of dripping, plus a mug of

roasted barley, which the Germans said was coffee."

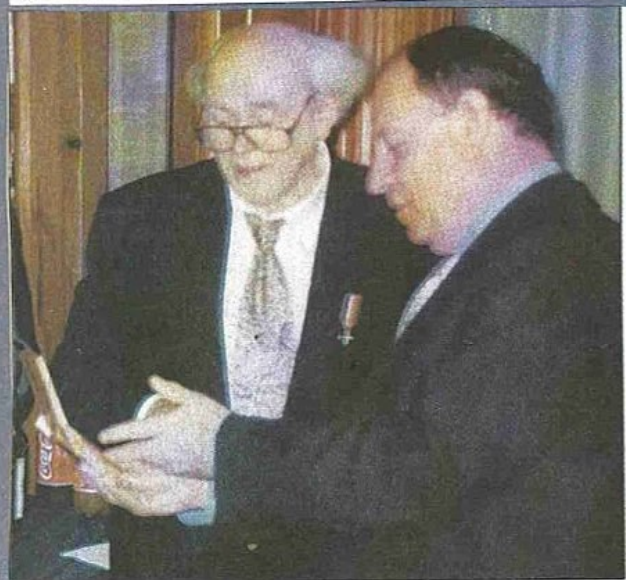
During this time, Henk's weight went down to seven and a half stone - but he was determined not to give in.

"Thanks to my fluent German, I managed to get myself transferred into the dispatch room, processing orders for new ship parts." Henk's charm allowed to eat with the other dispatch workers in the canteen. Eventually, he escaped, got back to Holland and made himself disappear again. There, he continued to risk his life to save Jews.

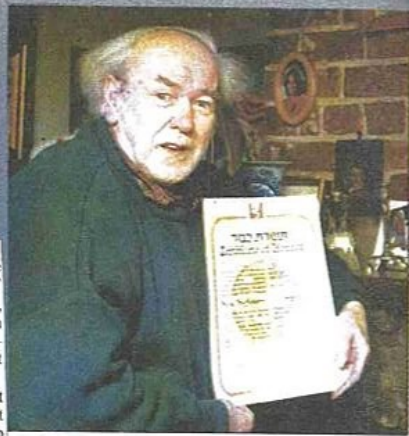
When Holland was liberated, he worked as a psychologist with UNESCO in France until 1950. He then moved to England and married his wife, Margaret, who lived in Pewley Hill, Guildford. Henk and Margaret have three children and one little granddaughter, Saraya.

Giving the citation, Dr Mordecai Paldi, director of the Department for the Righteous, told Henk: "Your heroic deeds are astonishing."

"With no thought for your own safety you saved the lives of countless number of Jews and non-Jews. On behalf of the State of Israel, representing the Jewish people, we salute you and thank you from the bottom of our hearts."



Righteous: Henk Huffener, wearing the medal, is presented with his citation by Dr Mordecai Paldi. Below: Henk as a teenager during the war. He became known as The Man With No Name.



THE village of Albury woke up this week to the fact that Henk Huffener, who has been living quietly there for more than 40 years, was a Second World War hero, risking his life to rescue Jews destined for Nazi death camps. This week, the Dutchman was honoured by the State of Israel for his bravery, determination and stealth. Full story on page 5.

1945 Temple dig disappoints

ROMAN coins, a few brooches, but little else has emerged from the second archaeological dig at Farley Heath.

Surrey County Council archaeologist Rob Poulton, leading the excavation which is funded by English Heritage, insists the dig has not been a total disappointment, but he admits that they had not found anything of real significance to add to what is already known about the Romano-Celtic temple.

"We found a reasonable range of finds - coins and brooches, one with some nice enamel decoration, which might be ritual deposits - and evidence that the temenos walls (enclosure) was clearly polygonal," he said.

"The temple is the only one in the country, but so far there are no clear signs of any structures related within the enclosure. I am a bit disappointed."

Hopes that the old Skemp Pond 50 yards away from the temple on the other side of the road would yield more exciting results were dashed when excavations drew an almost total blank.

Mr Poulton had hoped that the pond would at least show evidence of a paved Roman lining, and at best reveal evidence of religious ritual activity. The team was optimistic because they understood the pond had not been plundered by amateur archaeologists and treasure hunters in the same way as the main temple site has suffered over the centuries.

Unfortunately, it was so barren of interest that they abandoned the pond and returned to the main site.

The dig, the second tranche after an initial excavation of the temple itself in the spring, was due to end last week.



Not much doing. An archaeologist makes a thorough search of a section of Farley Heath dig. (c)



GUILDFORD
CATHEDRAL
FESTIVAL OF
FLOWERS
16-19 JULY
1987
ARRANGEMENTS
BY MAVIS SAVAGE
& JOY RICHARDSON



It's a whopper! A delighted Paul Yeoman with his prize-winning cabbage.

Fifty years on, Wynne comes first

THIS month sees the 50th anniversary of the Albury produce show, first held in 1946, in the modest setting of the Welcome Home Huts, Brook.

Now, half a century on, the annual show has now become a real focal point of village life, with a large marquee hired at great expense and erected on Albury Heath.

The golden jubilee show lasted all day with prizes in 120 categories, side shows and competitions, and a sell-out barn dance and barbecue took festivities well into the night.

The horticultural show was dominated by Paul Yeoman who swept the board in the vegetable classes winning, among others, the cup for most points scored in the show, and the Banksian Medal of the Royal Horticultural Society.

Much has changed over

the years. The old village life of landed gentry with professional gardeners that still existed after the war has now largely gone, and with it the show's distinction between professional entrants and villagers.

Formal floral displays have replaced the "flowers in jam jars" section, and the 1947 programme makes no mention of the computer aided pictures by children judged this year.

Some things would have been familiar to those who remember the old days though, as some of the original categories, such as a dish of six potatoes boiled in their skins, were brought back for the anniversary, complete with old prize money in shillings and pence.

This was won by Wynne Browne, 92, who, as founder member of the Albury Produce Association, came second in the same category back at the very first show.



EDWARD HENRY
FAHEY. 1877
"STILL WATERS
RUN DEEP"

ALBURY FROM
GUILDFORD 1790
ANTHONY DEVIS



SURREY HACKING FROM

BROOK FARM

EXPLORE THE BEAUTIFUL
SURREY COUNTRYSIDE
ON HORSEBACK



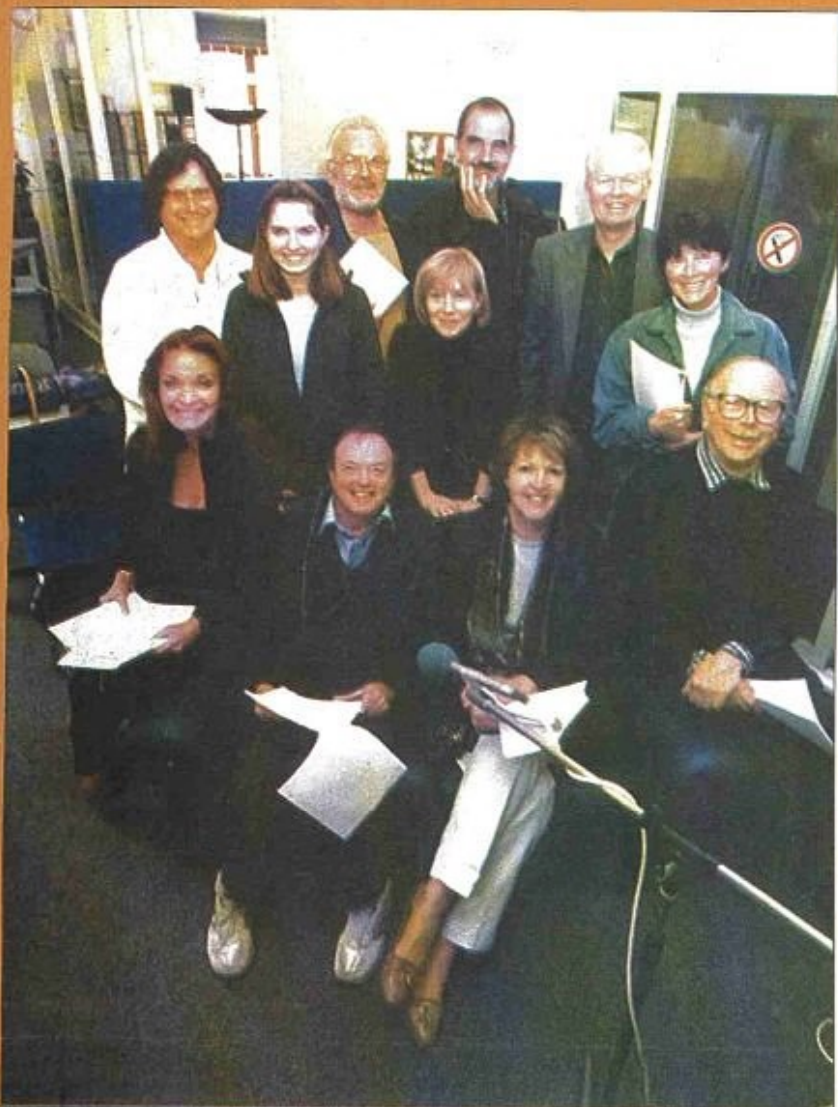
The Albury Church 1999 Appeal



ST PETER & ST PAUL'S

The church in the hills

Appeal Patron: Her Grace, Elizabeth, Duchess of Northumberland



Pictured (front, from left): Kate O'Mara, James Bolam, Penelope Keith, Edward Hardwicke; (middle, from left): Amy Williams, Belinda Carroll and Susan Jamieson; (back, from left): Richard O'Callaghan, Martyn Read, Gary Raymond and Michael Cochrane.

Actors lend their voices to the story of Albury's Millennium

A VERITABLE host of distinguished actors, actresses and scriptwriters gathered in Bramley on Sunday to record the soundtrack for Albury's magnificent *Son et Lumiere*, which will depict 1,000 years in the life of the village.

The extravaganza is due to take place in the grounds of Albury House on Friday and Saturday, September 1 and 2 and the organisers are pulling out all the stops to ensure that the event will be one never to be forgotten.

Brainchiks behind the show are Pat Grayburn, the University of Surrey's arts administrator and university representative on the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre Trust, and Geoffrey Elms, chairman of the Albury Trust.

Between them, they have managed to bring together famous act-

ing names including James Bolam, Penelope Keith, Michael Cochrane, Susan Jamieson, Edward Hardwicke, Belinda Carroll, Gary Raymond and Richard O'Callaghan, who will be interpreting various dramatic incidents chronicled in the village's history over the past 1,000 years.

The production has been written by BBC radio playwright and actor Martyn Read, who readily agreed to the project after being recommended by the director of the Yvonne Arnaud, Jamie Barber.

The gathering of the acting "clan" on Sunday was a feather in the cap for Michael Bartlett, managing director of Business Sound Ltd, based in the Bramley Business Centre, Station Road. He told the *Surrey Advertiser*: "We were so lucky to get a 'window' when all

these prestigious actors were available on the same day - so we just went for it."

Mr Bartlett explained that they spent the afternoon recording the soundtrack for the performance, which will act as the backdrop to the story of Albury's past Millennium.

"They were all so good," he declared. "We had a fantastic time and I think everyone enjoyed themselves."

Pat Grayburn said: "Everything is going really well. I know this event will be an unforgettable experience and to know we have such distinguished actors, producers and scriptwriters willing to be a part of it is just wonderful."

Proceeds will go to the Royal Surrey County Hospital's Abacadabra Appeal.

Albury Conservation Area



**GUILDFORD
BOROUGH COUNCIL**

March 1989

...IS it a stone? Is it a statue? No, it's a, um... well, decide for yourself!

This unusual and original carving from a dead tree trunk now graces land at the edge of Albury village car park as a permanent Millennium memorial.

It was created by internationally renowned sculptor Giles Kent, who spends his days shaping both standing and windblown trees with a chainsaw.

He was commissioned by Albury Parish Council to sculpture a carving for the Millennium from a tree from the Albury Estate blown down in the Great Storm of 1987.

Giles' originality stems from the fact that he has no pre-conceived idea of what he will end up carving when he undertakes a project.

"I just go with the flow and use the tree's natural contours as I go along," he said.

His past commissions include carving out seven tall Scots pine trees (some about 30 feet high) in the Gardens of Gaia, Kent, along with tree carvings in Akerby

Sculpture Park, Sweden, Norbury Country Park, Surrey and Grizedale, Forest, Cumbria.

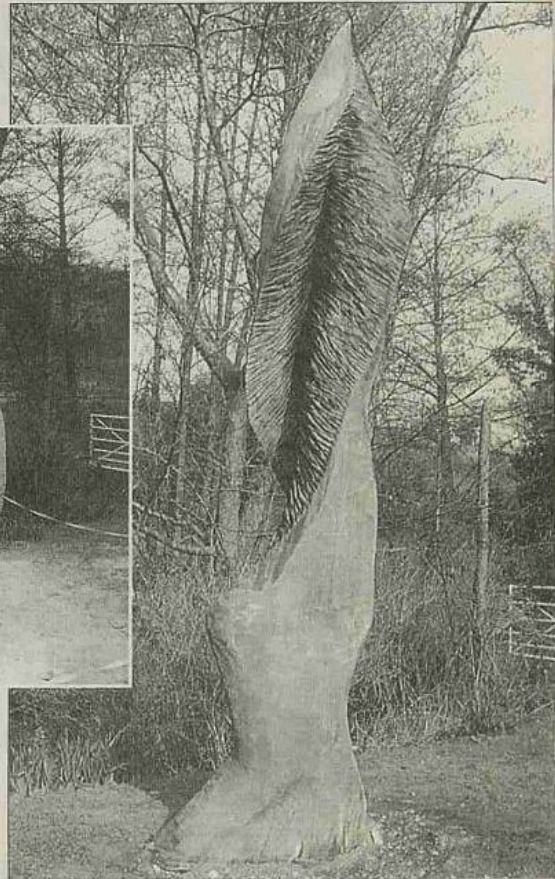
Exhibits of his work have also been on show at the International Wood Sculpture symposium in the Czech Republic.

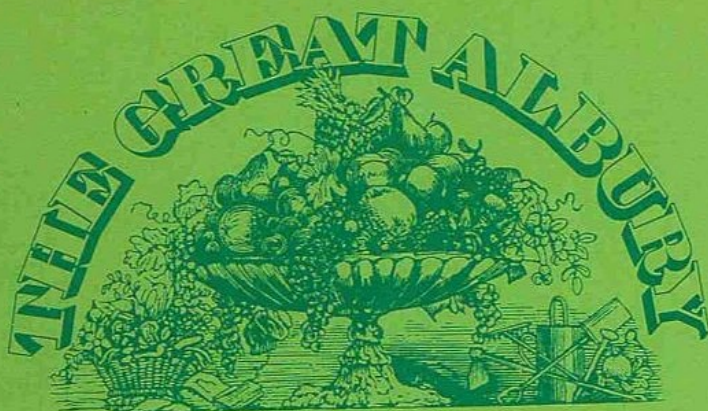
However, his esoteric interpretation of sculpture received a rather doubtful response from one passer by who remarked: "It looks a bit like Thunderbird One to me."



Above: Giles Kent working on his unusual wood carving that now stands in Albury village hall car park.

Right: A work of art, or Thunderbird One? The Millennium memorial, carved from wood, which now stands in Albury village hall car park.





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Mary Sherman

Mary (Sherman) died peacefully shortly before Christmas in the Old Rectory Nursing Home in Ewhurst. Owing to covid restrictions she had been unable to see many of her friends during the last months of her life, which was a great sadness to both her and them. Although all those who knew her will need no reminding, here are a few notes on her life and time in Albury.

Mary first came to the village during the war, she was sent here from London to avoid the bombs. She stayed with her Godparents who lived at Haredene on Albury Heath. After the war ended she continued to visit and eventually met and got engaged to Gerrard Sherman. The engagement was not without controversy because he was almost twice her age : one side saying he was too old, the other saying she was too young. In the end a Victorian compromise was reached and Mary was sent away to *reflect*, for six months, after which she returned to Albury got married and lived happily together for more than fifty years.

For the first thirty five they lived in Farley Green from where Gerrard commuted to London and Mary immersed herself in village life. After Gerrard retired they moved to Kingsbridge in Devon and for ten years ran the local shop and Post office. They then returned to Albury and lived at Whitecroft and then downsized to Millennium Cottage both in the Street. After Gerrard died in 2004 Mary continued living in the village until she moved to the Old Rectory in Ewhurst for the last years of her life.

Mary rarely volunteered for anything, she was too modest, but if asked to help she was always first in line and was therefore involved in almost everything that happened in Albury. An incomplete list would include;

A founder member and first secretary of the Albury Trust. A member of the Parochial Church Council. On the flower rota for all three Churches. Helping at the Albury Café. An enthusiastic member of the History Society, and a supporter of the Saxon Church

She was also a member of the bell ringing team and a talented but extremely modest artist. She designed the cover of the Parish Magazine for many years

Her hospitality was legendary her, kindness boundless and her response to any problem, was “ how can I help “

Anyone who knows Albury knew Mary and anyone who knew Mary, loved her.

It's really as simple as that.

Shopping

A minister took his young daughter to the grocery store with him. In addition to the healthful items on the carefully prepared shopping list, they returned with a box of sugar-laden biscuits. The minister noticed the glare of his wife and quickly said, “It's okay, this box of biscuits has one-third fewer calories than usual.”

“And why is that?” she asked.

“Because we ate a third of them on the way home,” he replied.