



# The Giant

**Brede & Udimore  
Parish Magazine**

May 2026

## ***The Giant: the Brede & Udimore Parish Magazine***

**... BUT MORE THAN JUST A PARISH MAGAZINE!**

The editorial team consists of Benjamin Barnard, Darryl Bird, John Crook, and Nick Weekes. Contacts: benno.barnard54@gmail.com or john@john-crook.com

We welcome articles on a wide variety of subjects. It must therefore be understood that the views expressed do not necessarily represent those of our two churches. If you disagree with the opinions expressed in an article please approach us. We welcome debate and are happy to publish a rejoinder.

Material for publication must be submitted between the 1st and the 15th of the month prior to publication. Items sent later may not be included.



**The Giant Writes:** I thought you would like this old picture of my little house, Ford Place—or Brede Place as people call it now. I inherited the property from my older brother, Thomas Oxenbridge, who died in 1497. I then added the big porch you can see here, and the projecting bay to the right of it.

*Front Cover: 'The other artist was so much better', acrylic by Darryl Bird*

## **Welcome to Brede Rectory!**



*The Reverends Francesca and Hugh Reid move into their new home*

On 15 April—a miserably damp morning—our new incumbent elect, the Revd Fran Reid and her husband Hugh, the future Priest in Charge of Salehurst, accompanied by Fran's mother and several removal vans, arrived at the Rectory.

The Revd Fran comments : 'It has been very exciting to move into our new home and we have been very warmly welcomed by all. We were particularly grateful for the gift of some delicious cookies and cakes made by Wendy, which fortified my husband and me, my mum, and all the movers in the chaos and rain of our moving day! We are delighted to move into the area and are looking forward to getting to know everyone in Brede, Udimore, Beckley, and Peasmarch. In the meantime, onwards with the unboxing!'

## The Benefice of Brede with Udimore and Beckley and Peasmarsch



### Benefice Clergy

We are pleased to announce that the Revd Francesca Reid will be licensed as Rector of Brede with Udimore and Beckley and Peasmarsch at a Eucharistic service in St George's Church, Brede, on Tuesday 19th May 2026 at 7.30 p.m. All are welcome.

#### LAY READER

Mrs Lesley Curtis  
Fairlight View, Udimore Road  
UDIMORE TN31 6BG (T 07506 780044)

#### RETIRED CLERGY

The Revd Dr Bill Dolman  
Little Belhurst Cottage, Hobbs Lane  
BECKLEY TN31 6TT (T 01797 260203)

### Church Officers

**ST GEORGE'S BREDE** [www.stgeorgesbrede.org.uk](http://www.stgeorgesbrede.org.uk)

#### CHURCHWARDEN

Mr David Oliver  
2 Bellhurst Cottages  
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[davidoliver489@gmail.com](mailto:davidoliver489@gmail.com)  
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#### CHURCHWARDEN & ORGANIST

Mr Duncan Reid  
Perryfield, Stubb Lane  
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#### TREASURER

Mr Steve Edwards  
[treasurer@stgeorgesbrede.org.uk](mailto:treasurer@stgeorgesbrede.org.uk) or 07702 173839

#### CAPTAIN OF BELLRINGERS

Mr Colin Mitchell  
Contact via the Secretary : Mrs Wendy Burchett  
[wendyhayler@outlook.com](mailto:wendyhayler@outlook.com) or 01424 882727



**ST MARY'S UDIMORE** [www.stmarysudimore.org](http://www.stmarysudimore.org)

#### CHURCHWARDEN

Mr Hugh Pye  
[hughpye@hotmail.com](mailto:hughpye@hotmail.com) or 07484 709316

*Udimore requires another warden. If you are interested in this role please contact Hugh Pye for further information.*

#### TREASURER

Mr Harry Curtis  
(Honorary Treasurer)  
Fairlight View, Udimore Road  
UDIMORE TN31 6BG  
[harry@ecooffice.tax](mailto:harry@ecooffice.tax)  
07572 878858



### May Services at St George's Brede

- |                                      |  |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Sunday 3rd 10.00 a.m.                | Benefice Eucharist at Peasmarsch, celebrated by the Revd Bill Dolman |
| Sunday 10th 9.30 a.m.                | Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Yvonne Adam                 |
| Thursday 14th May<br>(Ascension Day) | TBC  |
| Sunday 17th May 9.30 a.m.            | Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Barry Carter                |

**Tuesday 19th May 7.30 p.m. Eucharist with the Institution of the Reverend Francesca Reid as Rector of Brede with Udimore and Beckley and Peasmarsch** by the Right Reverend William Hazlewood, Bishop of Lewes, and the Induction by The Venerable Russell Dewhurst, Archdeacon of Hastings.

**We have a new Rector and that is a very good reason to celebrate. Please join us. Everyone is very welcome to attend!**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Sunday 24th May 9.30 a.m.<br>(Whit Sunday)    | Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid |
| Sunday 31st May 9.30 a.m.<br>(Trinity Sunday) | Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Francesca Reid |

Each morning at 8 a.m. (except Sundays), a small group gets together for informal worship, which includes singing a hymn. All are welcome to come along and share any thoughts on the readings, and join in quietly praying for those we know who are in need.

## Forthcoming Events, St George's Brede

Wednesday 6 May 1.30 p.m. – 3.00 p.m. **Mothers' Union** (Tea and conversation) at Rose Lodge, Stubb Lane, or in the Church Room. Call Rhiannon on 01424 882037 for more information. All are welcome!

**4 Charities Drop In:** Friday 1st May at 10.30 a.m. The venue is Udimore Community Hall. Participation is £5 and donations are gratefully received. To book a seat on the FLEXIBUS if you need transport, please contact Steve Edwards on (01424) 882222 or email [steve@chitcombe.co.uk](mailto:steve@chitcombe.co.uk).

**Little Giants** (Baby & Toddlers Play Group), and **Dragons** (Sunday School), are on hold until further notice.

**Easter Eggstravaganza:** A huge thank you to everyone who supported the Easter Eggstravaganza. We raised over £300 and it was well attended. A special thank you to everyone who helped on the day, especially to Wendy for all her baking. The singing by Gary and his choir was really enjoyable as was hunting for all the dragons in return for a chocolate egg!

We hope you all had a wonderful Easter.

Jo Oliver



## Flower Festival – August Bank Holiday

With just four months to go until our annual Flower Festival, the PCC and others are busy finalising our plans for this year. If you have lived in the village for some time, you will know that the August Bank Holiday weekend is Brede's social highlight of the year, as our Flower Festival is also shared with the Painting for Pleasure's Art exhibition at the Village Hall, and The Steam Giants' open weekend down the lane at Brede Waterworks. So it's well worth visiting Brede that weekend. For us at St George's it's also our main community fundraising event, and we need as many volunteers as possible!

This year we are taking what worked well last year, and adapting the schedule to make it as enjoyable as possible for everyone, from tiny tots to those who like a more relaxed visit. Our theme will be Crafts and Skills, so all the flower arrangements will be based on this, and in addition we will have external stalls on the Saturday selling and demonstrating their crafts and skills. If you would like a craft stall on the Saturday (10 a.m.–4 p.m.) or have a skill to demonstrate, please contact us using the details below. On the Sunday we have more demonstrations in mind, but these are yet to be confirmed and will be of a completely different nature from the day before.

Of course we have all our usual favourite stalls: Louise's *Granny's Attic*, Gary's Books, David's plant stall, and the Grand Raffle. Over at the Scout Hut Jo will be doing refreshments, lunches, and loads of cakes, as well as some preserves, quiches, and more. On the Saturday we will also have Gario's Pizzas, so please do come and enjoy! There is always plenty of free parking in Stubb Lane.

If you can help with any of the following, please do get in touch with us: we would love to have your help. Arrange flowers to depict the Crafts & Skills theme (Thursday / Friday). Bake a cake or two; help man a stall; steward in the church; help in the scout hut with refreshments. Help promote and advertise the event, erecting signage, putting up posters, or just sharing things on social media. Sponsors are also needed! Help setting up, especially tents, and taking them down again (this is usually done on the Wednesday evening and then on Tuesday morning, depending on the weather).

In short, there are lots of ways you can help, beforehand or across the weekend. All help is really appreciated, no matter how small. All volunteers and sponsors are also invited to our preview party on the Friday evening as a thank-you gesture, and because many of you work so hard across the weekend, this could be your best opportunity to see the wonderful arrangements for yourselves all finished.

Please email [st.georges\\_brede@outlook.com](mailto:st.georges_brede@outlook.com) or call 07946 513983 and leave your contact details and how you can help: it will be passed on to the relevant department leader who will contact you. Thank you!

Jo Oliver

## May Services at St Mary's Udimore

Sunday 3rd May 10.00 a.m.	Benefice Eucharist at Peasmarsh, celebrated by the Revd Bill Dolman
Sunday 10th 11.15 a.m.	Family Service and baptism, led by Lesley Curtis
Sunday 17th May 11.15 a.m.	Parish Eucharist, celebrated by the Revd Barry Carter
Tuesday 19th May 7.30 p.m.	Institution and Induction of the Revd Francesca Reid, at St George's Brede
Sunday 24th May	TBC
Sunday 31st May	TBC

## St Mary's Community Hall Management Committee Notice of Annual General Meeting

Notice is hereby given of the Annual General Meeting of St Mary's Community Hall Management Committee, which is to be held as follows.  
Date: Wednesday 27th May at 7.00 p.m.  
Venue: St Mary's Community Hall

All members of the community are warmly invited to attend. Nominations for committee positions and any items for inclusion under Any Other Business should be submitted in advance to the Committee. For further information, please contact Zoë Wilmoth (Secretary): [wilmoth@btinternet.com](mailto:wilmoth@btinternet.com)

## THE PARISH OF UDIMORE

### St Mary's Community Hall – Classes and Activities

**PILATES: Monday to Thursday 9.15–11.15 a.m. (Term time)**  
*Susan Taber: 07858 518504 [susantaber66@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:susantaber66@yahoo.co.uk)*

**ELEVATE YOGA: Flow Yoga suitable for all. Tuesday 7.00–8.00 p.m. (all year round)**  
*Rachael: 07921 854105, [elevateyogaclass@googlemail.com](mailto:elevateyogaclass@googlemail.com)*

**SLOW FLOW TO YIN YOGA: Monday 7.00–8.15 p.m.**  
*Jo-Jo Hancock: [jojo@yogacreative.co.uk](mailto:jojo@yogacreative.co.uk)*

**STUDIO JAMIE BALLETT: Tuesday 11.00 a.m.**  
*Aysha Jamieson: 01424 883238, [studiojamie@icloud.com](mailto:studiojamie@icloud.com)*

**VINYASA FLOW: Friday 8.00 a.m.**  
*Jo-Jo Hancock: [jojo@yogacreative.co.uk](mailto:jojo@yogacreative.co.uk)*

*All classes in term time stop over half-term and school holidays  
Enquiries contact Community Hall Booking: [udimorehallbooking@gmail.com](mailto:udimorehallbooking@gmail.com)*

## St Mary's Community Hall Hire

Our hall, nestling next to the Church, is set amidst apple orchards. It is bright and modern with central heating, a large car park, a well-fitted kitchen, and facilities for the disabled.

**Monday – Friday** £15.00 per hour (*Events 1 to 6 hours duration*)  
*Events on Friday may have to finish by 2.00 p.m. if there is a weekend wedding.*

**Saturday and Sunday** £20.00 per hour (*Minimum Booking of 3 hours*)  
**Bouncy castle use at the hall surcharge:** £10 (internal use), (£20 for external use).

### One Day and Evening Hire

<b>Sun to Thurs</b>	08.00–23.00 (max 15 hrs)	£240.00
<b>Fri and Sat</b>	08.00–23.30 (max 15.5 hrs)	£350.00

Hire charges for some events over 6 hours may be negotiable.

### Weddings

For information and hire charges email: [udimorehallwedding@gmail.com](mailto:udimorehallwedding@gmail.com)  
For all further details and booking, email: [udimorehallbooking@gmail.com](mailto:udimorehallbooking@gmail.com)

## Readings for May 2026

**Sunday 3 May  
Easter 5 (or 4th Sunday after  
Easter)**

John 14: 1–14 (Jesus the Way,  
Truth, Life)  
Acts 7: 55–end (Stoning of Stephen)  
1 Peter 2: 2–10 (The Living Stone)

**Thursday 14 May (Ascension Day)**  
Matthew 28: 16–20 (The Great  
Commission)  
Acts 1: 1–11  
Ephesians 1: 15–end

**Sunday 10 May  
Easter 6 (or 5th Sunday after  
Easter)**

John 14: 15–21 (The Promise of the  
Holy Spirit)  
Acts 17: 22–31  
1 Peter 3: 13–end

**Sunday 17 May  
Easter 7 (Sunday after Ascension)**  
John 17: 1–11 (Jesus Prays for  
His Followers)  
Acts 1: 6–14 (Waiting in Jerusalem)  
1 Peter 4: 12–14; 5.6–11

**Sunday 24 May**  
**Pentecost (Whit Sunday)**

John 7: 37–39 or John 20: 19–23  
Acts 2: 1–11 (The Coming of  
the Spirit)  
1 Corinthians 12: 3b–13

**Sunday 31 May**  
**Trinity Sunday**

John 3: 1–8 (Nicodemus)  
Isaiah 6: 1–8 (Isaiah's Vision)  
Romans 8: 12–17

**Knowing God: Hope**

*by Duncan Reid*

A couple of months ago the churchwardens of our benefice heard from the bishop's assistant: Bishop Will, it seemed, was unexpectedly free on Maundy Thursday and Good Friday—would we like him to come and preside at a service or two? My initial, inner, response to this surprising offer will remain top secret, but, fortunately, my colleagues were much more positive and welcoming. Thus, we were lucky enough to have '+Will' leading both our Maundy Thursday Service at Udimore and our Good Friday Reflection at Peasmarsch.

For some reason, Maundy Thursday did not include the usual washing of feet, a pity, perhaps, but no-one complained about that. (A quick diversion here, ignore if you wish... Very recently we went up to Tate Britain to catch the Constable & Turner Exhibition. Marvellous, of course, but a particular highlight for me came as we wandered into the Pre-Raphaelite room in another part. Amongst a number of gems was the painting by Ford Madox Brown of Christ washing Peter's feet. Jesus is completely engrossed with the task in hand, seemingly oblivious to everything else. Peter is decidedly uncomfortable...) Bishop Will is an excellent speaker: no notes or props, he simply stands there and talks without hesitation, repetition (well, a bit, for emphasis, perhaps) or deviation. In his sermon he was saying that, at the Maundy point of the Easter narrative, there is a kind of pause where we are not in a good place; if we are in the moment and don't look towards Easter Day, it can be pretty bleak. He expanded that thought to the state of the world as it seems at present.

That set me thinking about two particular things. One is a constant personal theme, that of Clare Sheridan's *Madonna and Child* sculpture in St George's. Often, during a brief morning discussion (remember the informal 8 a.m. service!) of world events, we ask her, 'What do you think, Mary?' She remains silent, in her own thoughts, and forever concerned with her infant child.

The other thing that came into my head was a poem by Thomas Hardy. A new commission that was sung by the choir of King's College Cambridge at last year's service of Nine Lessons and Carols was a composition by Rachel Portman: a setting of Hardy's *The Darkling Thrush*. I looked the poem up; it is so moving: the poet is outside, it's winter and it's cold and desolate, the last day of the year 1900...

*The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament...*

It is hopeless. But then a voice arises from overhead...

*In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom...*

The poet cannot understand the cause for such carollings, all he can think is that the bird's happy, good-night air is inspired by 'some blessed Hope', known to the thrush but of which the poet is unaware.



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## **Buzzard**

*by Stephen Wrigley*

Its wing-end primary feathers splayed,  
I watch the buzzard hanging on the wind.  
Sliding off the point, it wheels and calls,  
Top range A or thereabouts, one note  
Which falls away. Falconers found the bird  
Could not be manned, for them a matter  
Most bizarre – source of the name today?

So, these hawks are left to circle  
And to call, not disturbed by human  
Nearness, hood or jess or swinging lure;  
To mark out territory in spring,  
To hang on the wind as they might wish,  
Dark shapes that draw a curious eye,  
Hidden calls that raise a searching face.

## **Darkness**

*by Liz Miles*

Don't  
Move.  
Curl tight in a ball.  
Make yourself tiny,  
Much smaller than small.  
And try not to breathe,  
Not one soft gasp of fear,  
Just one terrified sound  
Will signal you're here.  
Lock your brain tight,  
Try not even to think,  
Don't move a muscle,  
Not even to blink.  
The shadow looms large  
As it searches the room,  
Then turns, shoulders slumped,  
It moves off through the gloom.  
Quick, quick now, move,  
Find some safe place to hide,  
A space you can watch  
If it comes back inside.  
Quickly now, quickly now,  
Under the bed,  
'Hey, who are we hiding from?'  
The growly voice said.

*Suggestions for new poems... lizmiles77@outlook.com*

## **Out & About**

*by Gary Marriott*

There is a cold wind today, which is not a surprise for April. Two weeks ago it was shirts off in the garden, then three days later wrapping up warm and needing the fire. At least we have had a little rain for which we 'wannabe' gardeners are very grateful, as the wind has dried everything out so much, particularly the pots.

Life is certainly picking up in the open and in our gardens; my broad beans seem to be enjoying themselves much more now than they did through the winter: they look healthier. The smell of the trees in flower and the blossoms is quite something, especially when the sun shines. Hardly anyone notices the blossom of the field maple, a very small yellow to green cluster of flowers rich in nectar, or the oak flower, which is small, catkin like, pollen laden, and dispersed by the wind. I have to be honest and admit that I didn't know these trees and others held such delicate insignificant flowers—I suppose I imagined the acorns and helicopters appeared by magic, but take a look and you will see an abundance of them now and you will be sweeping up their remains soon.

Having said the blackthorn is my favourite, I suppose that is because it is one of the first to show, but now we can take pleasure in the crab apple and all the different types of cherry blossom. There is a splendid cherry blossom on the north side of the church; it is probably too big now, but it is situated next to an equally splendid camellia, I think he needs a trim too! If you are lucky enough to live near a laurel that hasn't been trimmed you will have benefitted from their abundant white blossom spikes and their scent. Make the most of them, as like all things that are free and beautiful, they are fleeting.

Spring does something wonderful to a naked tree: it can make it more beautiful as it starts to show the very first of the small pale green leaves and shoots, almost accentuating its nakedness but at the same time enhancing the beauty of its shape and grandeur. I could not help admiring the plane trees in Chelsea the other day, where whole streets of twenty to forty trees had been pollarded: they were completely bare with not a leaf in sight, yet, set against the blue sky and the attractive Georgian buildings in that area, they looked like a magnificent silent army slowly marching down the street. Their stark nakedness rather reassured me about my roses which I fear I may have pruned far too late. But if the London plane will recover in that hot harsh city environment I am sure my roses will recover from their recent shock.

Who, locally, could fail to notice the changes brought about by the commencement of the development of the Sant Roc site along Cackle Street? One can only hope that enough soil is left behind to hold the trees that are carefully detailed on the plans. It was good to see that the planted environment was important enough to include for the planning application. Let us all hope that the plan is enacted and comes to fruition for the enjoyment of the future occupant and all those that live around. I am sure we can all think of homes which are crying out to be softened by the majesty of a tree or two. Maybe planners and developers can work harder to include more trees in their future developments. Then we can all benefit from the beauty of life changing through the seasons, in balance with the newly built environment.

## **An Orchard in Pottery Lane**

*by Chris Spencer*

Should you wander along Pottery Lane, and seemingly pass the last houses, you might notice that behind the hedge on the southern side of the road there stand the remains of an orchard. In need of some serious work with a chainsaw, and showing the evidence of considerable nibbling by roaming deer, it is now, sadly, only a poor reflection of the productive ten-acre commercial fruit unit it once was. So whose was it, and how did it get to be there?

In the summer of 1954, a young and enthusiastic fruitman by the name of Peter Spencer took a job as assistant fruit manager at Oxenbridge Farm in Iden. He was 24, having completed his national service as a radio operator in the RAF, a two-year Higher National Diploma from Sutton Bonnington Agricultural College, and a year's experience on the most northerly fruit farm in England, owned by Sir Richard Starkey in Newark, Nottinghamshire.

His employer was Colonel Bertie Buchanan, who had seen active service in South Africa during (I think) both the Boer and First World Wars, and was an accomplished artist. He and his delightful aristocratic wife Kate had purchased the 250-acre mixed farm a few years earlier, and had plans to increase the acreage of apples and pears. At that time, like many Sussex farms, you would have found there sheep, dairy cows, beef cattle, hops, cereals, and fodder crops, together with a few fruit trees of various kinds.

Over the next twenty years, riding a wave of developing demand and scientific research, Peter led the way to developing fifty acres of productive apples and pears. He became well known and well respected in fruit-growing circles across Sussex and Kent, and regularly took prizes at the prestigious Marden Fruit show.

Peter's move to Rye, and an invitation from new friends to dinner dances at the Rye Conservative Club ('nothing to do with politics, just a great place to meet people!') soon led to a happy romance with the daughter of Brede farmer, Ben Fryer. This led to Peter's early association with Brede, spending increasing amounts of time visiting Barbara at Church Farmhouse (now Church House), next to St George's Church. They married there in August 1957, in a short lull before the harvest of early apple varieties...

As an enterprising young man, in around 1960, Peter began to wonder whether he shouldn't seek to go into fruit growing independently, but instead, he decided to ask the Colonel (as he was always known) whether he could rent a patch of ground on the farm at Oxenbridge to start his own orchard. The Colonel's encouraging response was 'Capital idea, my boy, nothing like losing your own money for sharpening your wits!'

So for a peppercorn rent of £1 a year (which I'm not sure he ever actually paid) Peter obtained his first orchard. Just one acre, known as 'The Patch', on a sloping field looking across the Rother valley to Wittersham. Without much money for investment, and since he had the skills to do so, he raised all the trees himself. Rootstocks developed by East Malling Research



*Peter Spencer and his son Christopher*

Station (M9 and MM106) were bought from a nurseryman, but Peter grafted the fruiting varieties from bud wood taken from the trees at Oxenbridge. This was all done in the garden of Church Farmhouse in Brede, where the house Orchard End now stands.

Peter managed 'The Patch' on Saturday mornings and summer evenings, turning it into an efficient productive unit. However, he still had plans. Two or three years later, having looked over the fields of Church Farm in Brede, Peter approached his father-in-law to ask if he could rent a four-acre field in Pottery Lane, which he had noticed was sheltered by the trees of Park Wood, and a couple of degrees warmer than the rest of the farm. As a result, in 1964, Peter could be found on a Saturday morning planting up the first trees, which are the ones still there now. He did also put in a few blackcurrant bushes for a more rapid cashflow, but their harvest in early July effectively prevented him from taking any holiday in the summer, so they didn't last all that long...

Another four acres were rented alongside the existing orchard in the early 1970s, to create an eight-acre orchard, which remained the size of the enterprise until 1984, when Peter decided to make the move he had been planning for many years. He was finally able to reduce his working week at Oxenbridge, build his own small farmhouse in the orchard at Brede, and move on to his own land. This he now bought, together with a further two acres of land, with the help of an Agricultural Mortgage and an inheritance from his Aunty Doris. With more apple trees, and more alder and poplar windbreaks, the orchard was established to its full extent.

Very sadly, he was only able to enjoy his new home and independence with Barbara for a short seven years before she succumbed to cancer at the age of fifty-four. Nonetheless, he continued to manage the orchard, producing a few early dessert varieties but mainly Cox and Egremont Russet. This he did until his final commercial harvest in 2004, just before he turned seventy-five. The following winter, all but the remaining acre or so of trees were grubbed up, leaving the orchard as it is now.

Those of you who remember him will know that in these latter years, he still tended this remaining patch and had the fruit juiced and bottled. 'My Own Stuff' (as he branded it) was available at the Brede Farmers' market and from Iden Village stores, and by personal request.

There are no plans to remove the remaining trees, nor to farm them commercially. The deer are welcome to nibble the new shoots, and a few apples can be harvested from above shoulder height, but this is the story of the orchard on Pottery Lane, and how it comes to be there. If you are wandering down Pottery Lane, you might just still catch the lovely sight of the trees in their soft-pink blossom.

## Eat the Seasons May – British Asparagus

by Gill Potterton

The British asparagus season formally starts on 1 May and lasts for little more than six weeks; depending on the weather, it can start later, or as early as mid-April, but the season traditionally ends on Midsummer's Day. Due to its fleeting appearance in the culinary calendar and a certain mystique surrounding its production and the best way to cook it, asparagus has a somewhat aristocratic reputation as a gourmet British delicacy.

This elegant vegetable may certainly be deemed the most delicious of all greens for its delicate taste and tender texture. It was already widely cultivated and highly esteemed by the Greeks, Romans, and Arabs for hundreds of years, before becoming popular in England. By the seventeenth century, London was surrounded by asparagus growers who fed the city's appetite for the delicacy. As London sprawled outwards, swallowing up agricultural land, its cultivation moved to the market gardening area in the Vale of Evesham. Today, Evesham remains identified with asparagus, and 'Sparrowgrass' is the local name there, even though most commercial cultivation is now in the east of England.



There are several different ways to cook asparagus and endless ways to serve it. Depending on the thickness of the stems, it may be boiled for 2–3 minutes, steamed for 4–6 minutes, blanched briefly then chargrilled on a griddle pan, or even oven-roasted, which really sweetens its flavour. Whether the stems are thick or thin, the crucial point is that they are very *fresh*, as the longer asparagus hangs around, the duller and ultimately more bitter its flavour becomes. The fact that it does not keep or store raises the gourmet status of British asparagus still further; once cut its quality deteriorates rapidly because, like fresh peas, its tasty sugars soon begin

converting to starch. Unlike peas, however, it does not freeze well, so to enjoy asparagus at its very best you need to eat it as soon after picking as possible. This means that growing your own or touring the growing areas for roadside stalls in May are the best options; seeking out good greengrocers, Farm Shops, or Farmers' Markets is second best; and buying supermarket asparagus, even in season, comes third.

Having obtained the freshest asparagus you can find, bend each asparagus spear until it snaps at the natural 'snapping point', to remove the woody end (these are great for stock). It is only necessary to peel the spears, working from tip to base, if they are really thick, or if you wish to shave the spears to a point for presentation. Forget the unnecessary degree of complexity that often surrounds the cooking of great gourmet foods; asparagus can be served very simply, or combined with other fresh seasonal ingredients, or used in a variety of classic recipes. Here are some ideas:

- Steam asparagus until just tender and serve immediately with clarified butter (flavoured with lemon if desired), hollandaise sauce, or herb vinaigrette.
- Combine steamed asparagus with warm Jersey Royals, watercress, rocket, or young spinach leaves, and serve as a warm salad (rather than cold), dressed with mustard sauce, tartare sauce or vinaigrette to accompany fish, especially wild trout or salmon.
- Arrange roasted asparagus spears in a gratin dish, top with cheese sauce and sprinkle with your favourite cheese and a few crispy breadcrumbs before finishing in the oven.
- Add blanched asparagus, either as whole spears, or chopped, to an omelette, quiche, or puff pastry tart, with Goat Cheese, or other soft cheese such as Brie or Camembert.
- Asparagus also makes a superb risotto, if the chopped stalks are added early for flavour and the blanched tips stirred through right at the end.
- For a very British starter, wrap blanched asparagus spears with fingers of Somerset Brie in Cumbria air-dried Ham to make little bundles, before roasting in the oven to crisp up the ham and melt the cheese.



## Smog and Me

by Mike Bone

The late forties and a much of the fifties will be remembered by a few of us—mainly from the urban and industrial areas of the UK, and certainly around London—as being prone to occasional days of prolonged dimness caused by seasonal fog. A dimness of nature, and not that experienced by many still coping with post-war recovery, rationing, and unfulfilled expectations of a faster return to pre-war life. At this time of national rebuild, good old-fashioned Dickensian fog would tend to embrace the increase in industrial smoke emissions, added to by the domestic coal-fired hearths. Add smoke to fog and you have smog.

It's funny how giving a phenomenon a name makes it more tolerable or less threatening. Certainly, whether called mist, fog, or smog, there was absolutely no noticeable change in the habits of the smoking public. They kept smoking: indoors, outdoors, or on public transport; many of course having developed the habit to help them endure the war.

Smog, let alone smoking, was considered to be deleterious—as opposed to a 'pure air': a mixture of nitrogen (~78%), oxygen (21%), and a smidgin of argon—particularly for people like me, who suffered from a chronic bronchial asthmatic condition.

One of my early prescriptions was Potters Asthma Power, which was inhaled as a small smouldering little pile under a blanket: this certainly relieved the bronchi. I suppose this was a good sort of smog. Older sufferers would actually indulge in this powder in cigarette form. My schoolboy and early teenage days would restrict me to a large plastic hand-pumped nebuliser.

As an apprentice, and when fit enough, I would cycle the 5–10 miles to and from a factory. I remember returning one smoggy evening when I became conscious of the build-up of a peloton of motorists who were relying on me to keep to the road. Headlamps are useless in fog and my cycle rear lamp was leading the way (being a cyclist I had a slightly more direct view of the road).

Prior to my apprentice days, in 1947–1950, I was selected for a couple of stays at St. Catherine's Home for Delicate Children in Ventnor, Isle of Wight (I'm still delicate). As a seaside location in the south its air rejuvenated the bronchi. There was also the morning line-up of wheezing boys who were given a dose of Ephedrine and Franol pills.

There were the paddle steamer crossings from Portsmouth to Ryde, and I remember the red funnel contributing—to the delight of the artist's soul—a

mixture of steam and smoke: a very acceptable degree of 'good' smog. Then came Ryde Pier. In those days Victorian steam tank engines would ply on a single track to Ventnor, with their corridorless coaches and leather strap windows and their matching *fou artistique* of steam and smoke, which again, I suppose, was an expected and accepted degree of 'good' local smog. This was especially, and dramatically, displayed as the engine burst like a confined dragon out of the final 1,000 metres of Boniface Tunnel and into Ventnor Station.

For those who know the Island, Ventnor will be remembered as overlooked by Boniface Down, which in the fifties was still crowned by the war-time Chain Home (CH) radar masts. Three steel transmission masts, over 100 metres high, and three wooden receiving masts of similar height.

On a foggy morning in November (later established as 20th November 1947) the news spread rapidly around the Home of a mail plane crash following a collision with one of the radar pylons.

My memories are of bundles of air-mailed newspapers with front page pictures of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip having just got married.

Eventually I'm back at an almost forgotten home, with London enjoying the Festival of Britain.

It is October 1952, there is the occasional foggy day, and I'm once again commuting by steam train to my school at Headstone and routinely crossing the footbridge at Wealdstone station. However—stop! Something is very wrong: people are turning back—why? And why is there the side of a



*The Harrow & Wealdstone Rail Disaster (c) BBC*

Pullman railway coach sticking up through the footbridge with a London to Glasgow route sign? It was then that a policeman (old style bobby) turned me round ('This way, young man') and guided me back, down to the platform. It was also only then that the earlier glimpsed clothes lining the platform edge became shrouds, with passengers and rescue workers helping to free injured people and recover corpses.

Further along the platform and under the bridge, before being escorted out of the station, I beheld the full devastation of 'Harrow's Horror': the Harrow and Wealdstone train disaster. I will never forget the sight of high piles of wreckage, coaches, bogies, in some cases wheels still turning, amidst coal from the tenders lying along and over the track and platforms, and the sight of the three derailed main line express locomotives lying like slain but noble beasts, steam and smoke rising from their last dying gasp; this scene was set in my mind against the eery horror induced silence and a dramatic curtain of smog.



Cartoon by Mike Bone

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## She was only a Line Dancer's Daughter...

by Ro Gardner

Once upon a time, around the turn of the century, when I was young and feckless (that's when you don't give a feck), I used to write a weekly column for *The Observer*. In fact, I was the 'Village Voice' for Broad Oak and Brede.

Taking my obligations seriously, for that's what I did in those days, I would write a weekly feature on village life. This sometimes involved seeking permission to attend a meeting of one of the village groups and then to complete a report for the following week. The Women's Institute is still refusing me permission to observe them in action—I can't think why. Perhaps the action is too sordid for my delicate sensibilities?

Anyway, one week I decided that the *Brede & Broad Oak Line Dancing Club* were next, so I duly turned up on a Thursday evening at the Village Hall. I thought I had entered a time warp—perhaps Dodge City, 1882?

There was a battle-scarred Joanna in one corner and a quite tatty Sharon in the other. The hall was festooned with Western ephemera and the bar was complete with a flyblown floozy (78-year-old Elsie Williams).

I moseyed over to the bar (I could have walked normally but decided to mosey), whilst wondering if I still had my Roy Rogers suit in the attic.

'Shot of redevye, Doll,' I spoke out of the side of my mouth, like I'd seen John Wayne do. The barkeep (Elsie) sent a shot of redevye (cup of tea) sliding down the bar. Unfortunately, my attention was distracted by Six Shooter Sid, who I was thinking looked a bit like John Inman, and when I missed, he was spattered by the redevye.

'If you've got stains on my chaps, I'll be livid,' he screeched.

'You should be so lucky,' I muttered.

At that moment the country music started emerging from the speakers at ear splitting volume. Now I can't claim to be an aficionado of this particular genre, but I do know my Molly Carton from my Mandy Dinette.

At last, the dancers lined up and started strutting their stuff, under the direction of the lineshooter. You couldn't hear yourself think for the rattle of rhinestones. Now I don't wish to get technical, but there were twenty-three dozeedoez and I quite lost count of the number of lumptybumps. After about thirty minutes of this, the point of which I was completely missing, they took a break and the honky-tonk Joanna player swung into action.

I was chatting to Six Shooter and he was telling me about an outbreak of cattle wrestling down at Church Farm. I was just asking him if Big Dogie was

still champion when, almost mid-note, the piano player stopped playing. The batwing doors crashed open and there, silhouetted against the sunset was ...*The Stranger*. I noticed that the piano player's hand disappeared beneath the keyboard. I knew that he was groping for his Derringer. His mother had warned him about possible blindness, but he didn't care.

Before carnage ensued, I realised that *The Stranger* was Barry the plumber and he explained that his van was blocked in by one of the covered wagons. So that was all right then.

When the evening was over and my hearing had returned almost completely, I chatted with a few of the participants. I wanted to find out what some of them did in their normal lives. It transpired that quite a few of them had never been normal, so I left it at that.

As I left, the Line Dancer's Daughter was negotiating with the caretaker as to how much extra he should be paid for sweeping up the three inches of jettisoned rhinestones.

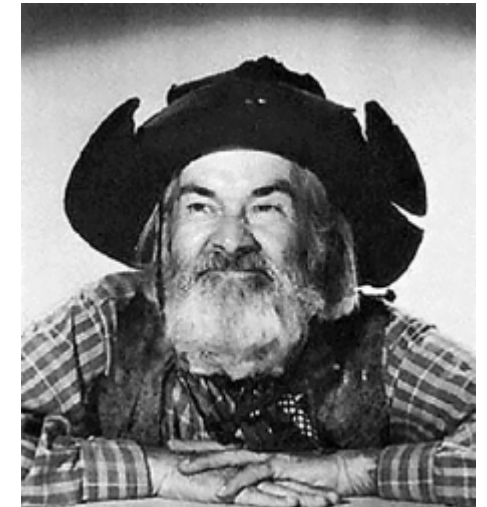
Those were the days when people knew how to enjoy themselves!

That night I had a nightmare. There was a line of beautiful women – blondes, redheads and brunettes. 'What's scary about that,' do I hear you ask?

I was the third blonde from the left.



This was taken when I was King of the Line Dancers. (circa 2001)



This is how I look now

## National Trust Rye & District Association | Monthly Flyer

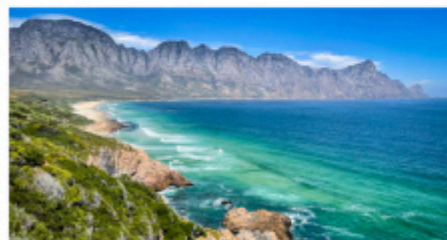
We offer a range of enjoyable events each month to members and non-members of our association in support of The National Trust.

### Walks September-June | Talks September-June

Our 5 mile circular walks cost £3 and begin at 10.00am. All walks end with a rewarding pub lunch and a quiz. Our talks with popular guest speakers cover a range of topics and are held from 2.00pm at Brede Village Hall, and cost £5 for members/£10 for non-members – including refreshments.



### Talk | South Africa's Garden Route Thursday 16 April



'Not Just Safaris – The Beauty of South Africa's Garden Route' Using personal experience and images, Sue Flipping takes us on a trip through South Africa's Garden Route – from green winelands and huge ostrich farms to caves deep underground and glorious hills. Exploring aspects of 21st century culture, finding out why South Africans are so proud of their fynbos.

### Spring Lunch | Flackley Ash Hotel Saturday 9 May 12.30pm



This year we return to the **Flackley Ash Hotel**. A charming privately owned Georgian Country House Hotel set in 5 acres of mature gardens. There is a three course menu, for a special price of £39.50 pp (including coffee, mints and gratuities). A wonderful opportunity for us all to get together and enjoy good food and conversation.

### Outing | Penshurst Place Tuesday 15 September



**Penshurst Place** is the birthplace of Sir Philip Sidney who is remembered as one of the most prominent figures of the Elizabethan age. The medieval house is one of the best surviving examples of 14th-century domestic architecture. Price is £49.00 pp which includes a guided tour of the house on arrival, and a free afternoon to look around the walled gardens.

**SOME FUTURE EVENTS TO ADD TO YOUR DIARY:** Walk: **The Bull Inn, Rolvenden** Tuesday 14th April | **Annual Fun Golf Day, Tenterden Golf Club** Friday 11th September.

**Contact:** Dee Williams (membership) 07760 115413 [membershipryenationaltrust@gmail.com](mailto:membershipryenationaltrust@gmail.com)  
Julie Etches (bookings) 01797 225317 [julie.etches054@btinternet.com](mailto:julie.etches054@btinternet.com)

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## Brede Residents 75 Years Ago

by RoseMary Musgrave and Jennifer Sparkes

... continuing our series of the recollections of Jennifer Sparkes and RoseMary Musgrave, daughters of Eric and Margery Winch, who compiled these childhood memories of local residents as a COVID lock-down project in 2020–21. Their historic perambulation through Brede resumes opposite the Old Rectory, in Stubb Lane.



Rectory Lane and Stubb Lane, from the 1929 25-inch Ordnance Survey map

**PERRYFIELD** was built by our grandparents, Thomas Matthew Winch and his wife Emma Evelyn, in 1926. They had two sons: our father [Thomas] Eric (b.1908), and Geoffrey John (b.1911). Their garden continued along the south side of the lane to include where Laforde now stands, on a plot of land given to our parents to build on. Our grandfather died of peritonitis in 1929. Our father, who was intending to go to Reading University to read agriculture, took over the running of the farm instead. In 1935 uncle Geoffrey joined the Southern Rhodesia Police Force and remained in that country—later called Zimbabwe—for the rest of his life, working as head of the post office at Umtali (now Mutale) and running a small-holding.

Also living with them was Miss Alchin, a member of our grandmother's family, and after our grandfather's death they were joined by Miss [Katherine] Winifred Bannister, a friend of our grandmother from when they lived in London and attended St Jude's Church in Finchley. Her mother had been principal of Royal Holloway College, which later became part of London University.

Our grandmother was organist at St George's Brede for all the time she lived there; in fact, she started when they were living in Sandhurst before

coming to Brede. She remained organist until she and Miss Bannister moved to Lymington (Hants) in 1959.



Perryfield from the east, c. 1982

The garden at Perryfield was large and designed by our grandmother and a friend of hers, Marion Cran, who wrote gardening books and articles; Marion was the first radio broadcaster about gardens in Britain. Our grandparents had moved from Sandhurst in Kent, and Marion lived close by at Benenden. It was an ambitious plan that worked on the site, which ran downhill from the house and had a fairly heavy clay soil. The central path from the house down the length of the formal garden (before it reached the vegetable garden) was lovely to walk up or down in the summer: in early summer roses and a wisteria went over part of the path, followed by highly scented honeysuckle and more roses.

Below the vegetable garden was the pumping station from where fresh water from an underground supply was pumped by an electric pump to Perryfield and Laforde. It had to be turned on and off manually in the shed. The water was pumped into large tanks in the attics of the houses. As children we would be asked to go and turn the pump off. I never liked doing this: the shed was dark, the pump was noisy and I thought I might fall down the pipe—totally impossible of course! All this is now under one of the houses built there.

Beyond and slightly to one side of the pumping station had been a grass tennis court. The layout remained but I don't think it had been used since pre-war days. Sometimes we kept chickens on it. The path from the pumping station to Laforde was skirted on the lower side by a small shaw (narrow strip of woodland) above the fields. This is now all built over.



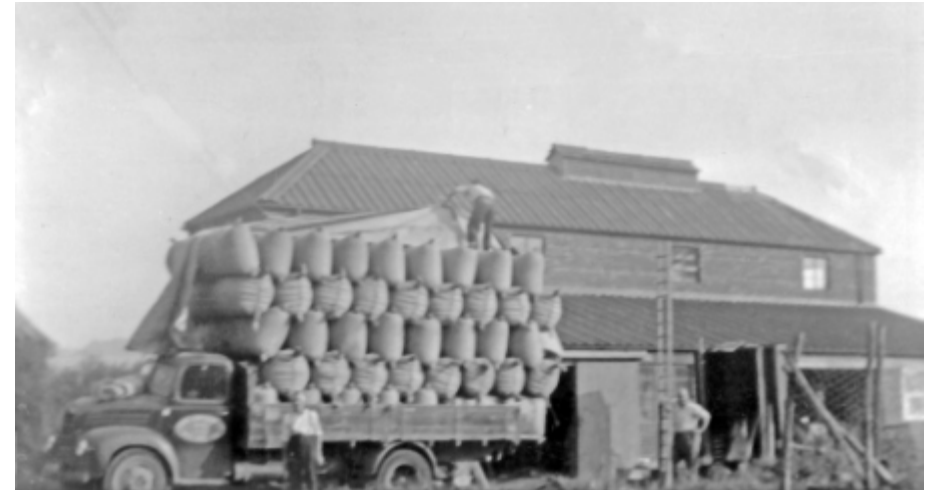
*Laforde today*

**LAFORDE** was built at the far end of the land that ran down the side of the lane from Perryfield to the woodland of Hare Farm. Our parents, Eric Winch and Margery Adeney from Pickdick Farm, were married in 1936 and the house was built by them. We were born there, Jennifer in 1939 and RoseMary in 1942 and lived there until 1955 when we moved to Marley.



*Brede valley from Laforde. Christopher Adenay (1929-2000)*

The garden was mainly developed by our mother. During the war there was a chicken run, and much was given over to vegetables. Sometime in the late 1940s we bought the piece of woodland below (now completely cleared) and a triangle of field that to square up the boundary with Hare Farm. Our family sold the farm to John Edwards of Moorsholm, Brede.



*The American Oast c. 1950. Loading hop pockets, to be taken to the Hop Marketing Board at Paddock Wood. Tom Goodsell stands beside lorry; Eric Winch with ladder.*

Opposite Laforde was our American oast house, built in the late 1940s. It is now a private house. We sold Laforde to Mr and Mrs Compton and their daughter, who was probably then aged about 40. She and her father were staunch churchgoers. In May 1958 Mrs Compton died in a tragic accident. One dark evening she went up to post a letter at Brede Green and on her return was run into from behind by a cyclist—a young man from Hare Farm—she did not recover from her injuries. This happened between the gate to Marley Farm and Shearfold Cottage. Mr Compton died about 7 years later (13 Feb 1965) and we do not know how long their daughter lived on at Laforde on her own.

My earliest memories of THE OLD RECTORY are during the war when it was a base for Canadian soldiers. Iron gates were across the entrance and there was a fully uniformed guard, complete with rifle, standing by them. I was intrigued because one of them was the first black man I had ever seen. We could look at them from the end of our garden and used to see the lorries come and go and the deliveries. They also had an ambulance—maybe it was a medical corps. They sometimes gave us sweets and biscuits.

The Tanner family moved in after the war. They lived there for about two or three years before moving to Pangbourne. There were four children: John



*The Old Rectory in 1912*

(who was in the army), Josephine, Clive, and Anne—who was about our age. When they left the Bolton family bought it. Glorney Bolton was a journalist and biographical author: a genial, outward-going character. He met his wife, Sybil Rutherford, in Canada; she was the grand-daughter of a self-made Yorkshire millionaire but had become somewhat estranged from the family. There were two children, Julia and Richard. Julia was born in 1937 and Richard in 1940.

They took in what in those days were called 'Paying Guests'. One of these guests was a blind man, Norman Beyfus, who lived there for several years. His younger daughter Drusilla became a well-known etiquette writer; her daughter Alexandra Shulman was editor-in-chief of *British Vogue* 1992-2017.

Sybil had problems with alcohol and finally they sold and she moved back to Canada and Glorney went to live in Rome. Julia married a US academic (Holloway) and had three sons. She became a nun for a while at the Anglican convent of Holmhurst St Mary, Baldslow, Hastings, where all of us had been to school. When the convent closed she moved to Florence where she keeps her religious way of life and ministers to the Roma people. She also wrote and lectured on St Julian of Norwich, Dante, and others. Richard went to Canada with his mother but returned to work in Rome where he died quite young and is buried near his father in the Protestant Graveyard there. Once when I was in Rome I visited the graveyard and found their graves not far from those of Keats and Shelley.

In the early 1950s the King family bought the house. Mrs King was a petite and forceful character. They moved in when she must have been in her late seventies or early eighties. She had nine children four of whom lived with her there: Arnold, Louie, Margery, and Kathleen. They were still there when we left Brede in 1959.

To one side of the house there was a flat above the garages. In the 1940s a Canadian couple (Bavarre) lived there with their infant son Ricky. Later it was lived in by Mr and Mrs Lowry and their schoolboy son Clive. Mr Lowry we think was the gardener and his wife helped in the house, she was also an upholsterer.

Either the Boltons or the Kings had part of the upper floor at back of the house turned into a self-contained flat with the entrance up a flight of outside stairs. At one time it was let to a mother and her daughter—the mother lived to be over 105.

Near the outside staircase there was a large mulberry tree that bore much fruit. Since our day two houses have been built in the gardens; the former rectory is now a nursing home.

Beyond Laforde, Rectory Lane became Stubb Lane (which, like so many Bredites, we always called Stubbs Lane). On the right, just before the lane descends steeply towards Groaning Bridge, a drive leads down to **HARE FARM**. It was a classic farm set up with the farmhouse facing the end of the drive, with a small front garden. To the left were old barns, with lovely tiled roofs, and slightly to the rear the oast house; to the right a cattle shed with a big pen in front where the cattle would over-winter, and further on a row of two or three cottages for the farm labourers. Most of the hop farmers did not have a dairy herd, perhaps just three cows for milk and to breed some calves. The pastures were used for raising bullocks for beef, often bought in from markets, and they would have been over-wintered in the pen. Rather unusually Hare Farm did have quite a large flock of sheep. Pig farming was not a business; many farms might have a few that they raised and used for personal consumption. Everyone who could, whether on a farm or in a garden, had chickens. At the start of the war—certainly for farmers or owners of large flocks of poultry—the order was that there was to be no increase in the number of chickens. I think my father said that this number was registered by the village police officer (Mr Watts). I do not know for sure if this applied to those who kept them in their gardens, but I think it did.

Hare Farm was owned by 'Hopper' Levett, a hop factor at Paddock Wood and a well-known Kent cricketer. The farm was run by a farm manager, one of whose sons—probably in his early 20s—was tragically killed while trying to unravel some weeds jamming the rotovator he was using.



*Hare Farm in the late 1920s.*

The Cruttenden family lived in one of the cottages. Their son Ron was a soldier in the war, and I can distinctly remember seeing him in full uniform and carrying his bag walk past our house on his way home after demob. I had no idea who he was nor of the significance of his return. He stayed on and worked on the farm and was in charge of the drying of the hops.

Moving on and starting down the hill at the top on the right are a pair of cottages now combined into a single house, Mount Pleasant. The one nearest the road was lived in by siblings Ena, Teddy, and Dick Jewhurst. By the time I can remember them they were all probably past working age. I don't recall much about Ena as she rarely left the cottage. Teddy wandered around, he was harmless but got bees in his bonnet and did go shouting down the lane. He died in St Helen's Hospital in July 1955, aged 72. Dick was the last to be alive, he was a gentle and kindly person. Sadly in December 1956, aged 68, he was found drowned in the underground water tank in their garden—everyone hoped that it had been an accident, but the coroner returned an open verdict.

The other cottage was occupied by various families who worked at Hare Farm.

*In the next section of this series we shall go down the hill to Groaning Bridge, haunt of the Brede Giant.*



*Ewe & lambs below Redlays Farm. Photo: John Crook*



*The Three Graces. Photo: John Crook*

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## Brede and Udimore Luncheon Club

The first day of Spring had just passed and Easter was on the horizon when the Lunch Club met in March at the Red Lion in Brede. Our chef, Spencer, served us all a lovely lunch of sausage and mash with seasonal vegetables and onion gravy, and a generous dessert of sticky toffee pudding. Thank you to all the staff for their excellent service and for looking after us all so well.

The Lunch Club meets on the fourth Tuesday of each month at 12.30 p.m. at the Red Lion. The next Lunch: Tuesday 28th April.

For information about the Club please contact me on 01424 8820

Frances Parnham (Membership Secretary)

## Brede Women's Institute

Brede WI celebrated its 99th Birthday in April, and it was a pleasure to welcome new members, our guest visitor, Susanna Way, from the East Sussex Federation, and our entertainers, BUGS ( Battle Ukulele Group ), to share in our special occasion.

Following the singing of 'Jerusalem', and the short business part of the meeting, it was time for our visiting musicians to get the party going! Led by Sally Dickinson, the fun began as the group entertained us with a medley of well-known songs. Armed with our singalong books and maracas, we were soon foot tapping, shaking and joining in, and dancing our way through the lively programme of music. A rousing chorus of 'Happy Birthday Brede WI' eventually brought the entertainment to a close. Joy Wild thanked BUGS for a most wonderful afternoon of music and fun.

A delicious party tea was then served, with the beautifully decorated birthday cake taking centre place, and our happy and memorable birthday celebration came to an end.

Thank you to Lesley Curd for making the special birthday cake and to all the members who contributed in any way to make it such a successful occasion for Brede WI.

Our next Meeting, on Wednesday 13th May at 2.00 p.m. in Brede Village Hall, is an 'Open Meeting and Seed Plant Sale'. Friends and family are invited to join us and hear our speaker, Kristina Clode, who is a garden designer. The Competition is 'Something Purple'.

For information about Brede WI, please contact Sue Orchard (Joint President) on 07305 693745

Frances Parnham

## News from Trinity Methodist Church, Broad Oak

**Church Services.** We meet for worship every Sunday at 10.30 a.m. When there is a fifth Sunday in the month, an informal Service is held in the Hall at 3.30 p.m. (The next fifth Sunday is 31st May.) All are welcome to join us and stay for refreshments after the services.

**Community.** 'Wednesday Welcome' is held every week, at 2–4 p.m. in the Hall. Come and join our friendly group for a rolling programme of crafts, activities, and discussions. Afterwards, relax and chat over tea and cake. A warm welcome awaits you!

**Out and About.** It was a pleasure to return to Whitegates Care Home and share an Easter time Service with the residents and staff in mid April, and enjoy tea and chat afterwards.

David Swales, our Community Lay Worker, along with friends from Trinity, will be leading a singalong at Roselands Care Home at the end of April.

For further information about Trinity Methodist Church, Broad Oak, please visit our website: [www.trinitybroadoak.org.uk](http://www.trinitybroadoak.org.uk)

Frances Parnham



## Brede Friendly Circle

In April nine of us journeyed to the Hawkurst Fish Farm. The weather wasn't brilliant but that did not matter much as we were inside. We certainly enjoyed each other's chatter and the food we bought. Sadly a few of our members had other engagements but hopefully they will be able to join us next month.

Our next meeting will be on Wednesday 27th May, one week later than initially planned, due to two of the drivers not being available. We're going to the 1066 cafe as requested by some members. We leave the village at 10 a.m. If you would like to join us please contact Carol on 01424 883262.

Our cars are more or less full now if everyone comes; so a driver out there who would like to join us will be welcomed with open arms!

Rhiannon Oliver



## Brede Design with Flowers

Last month we created a spring design in a basket without floral foam. This month, on Monday 11th May, we will be doing a Hogarth Curve, for which we need a tall candlestick or vase with a narrow neck and a candle cup in it. We will have to use floral foam but only a tiny amount. Foliage and flowers need to be small; and please look for foliage that has a natural curve to it, as we are going to try to do a 'lazy S'. It may be a bit challenging, but I love doing this design.

Please contact me if you are interested: 01424 882037 or [rhiannonoliver20@gmail.com](mailto:rhiannonoliver20@gmail.com)

Rhiannon Oliver



## Brede Mothers' Union

Last month we did not meet, as one of our members was away with her family. This month we will meet on Wednesday 6th May at 1.30 p.m. Hopefully at Sheila's home, but if that isn't possible we may use the Church Room.

Join us and join in, you will be very welcome. Please contact me: 01424 882037 or [rhiannonoliver20@gmail.com](mailto:rhiannonoliver20@gmail.com)

Rhiannon Oliver (Branch Leader & Bexhill District MU Chairman)

# TIBBS FARM



Café open Tuesday to Sunday  
9am - 4pm  
Breakfast - Lunch - Coffee - Cake



Seasonal - Local - Fresh

Open weekly on Friday evenings from 6:00pm



To book, please email: [tibbsbookings@gmail.com](mailto:tibbsbookings@gmail.com)  
or call us on 07469 056088 (9am - 4pm)

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*Rear cover by Graham Johnson*



# WHERE'S WALDO?

ADVANCED

REJECTED

An excerpt from  
*Rejected Books - The Most Unpublishable Books of All Time.*  
By Graham Johnson and Rob Hibbert