

Monica Heary says:—

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BROUGHTON HAS ALL THE ESSENCE OF RURAL ENGLAND



AS I approached Broughton with "Swiss Cottage" on the left I was happy again about being in rural England—for where else in the world is there anything to equal the beauty of the Hampshire thatch?

Then in Broughton, too, I discovered all the beautiful private gardens. Even the graveyard was in bloom, with masses of colour.

Cherry blossoms had fallen all over the ground, blending with the green of the grass.

"Down under," we say: "Wait till the winter comes and the grass starts to get green again." In the northern hemisphere it's "wait for the spring!" and then here there's green of a luxuriance never known in Australia.

Directly opposite the charming thatches it seemed incongruous to have masses of red-bricked bungalows 1972 vintage. Yet the two styles blended gently with the countryside here in Broughton.

White clematis lay side by side and straddled the wall alongside a new type of thornless rambling rose at the "Brewers" home of Mrs. Cynthia Waldron and her niece, Miss Joanna Waldron. (Later I learned there are 23 different types of clematis grown at "Brewers.")

These flowers immediately strike the visitor, before the pigeon cote quickly diverts one's attention towards the birds. One type of beauty to another.

MEMORIES

A ramble through this beautiful patch of flower and path was one of the pleasant memories I'll carry with me of Broughton. The very hospitable Waldrons told me that they had literally built up the garden by hand, paths, pond and terracing brick by brick. Mrs.

Waldron designed the layout for the place and it was long her ambition to grow a thick hedge which looked to me a lot older than its 16 or so years.

Not only have the "Brewers" pigeons got names like Topsy, Bacchus, Noggin, Boozier, Little Tot, Bubbly, Vichy and Vino, but the robin who flitted into the greenhouse while I was there was also a regular visitor.

The women were quick to explain that they had named the pigeons only as a family joke. They had rescued a pigeon about five years ago and it was he who started the Waldron's genealogical "bird tree."

When shown into the room still fondly called "the bar" from days when the home was a pub, "The Brewers Arms," I saw books on Mediterranean flowers and on Crete lying around. Reason for these soon became obvious. The Waldrons had returned, a few days before, from holidaying in Crete, specially chosen because both are avid lovers of wildflowers,

and had wanted to see the island at this particular time of year.

The two women last year did a survey (Mrs. Waldron was field correspondent) for Hampshire Treasures, listing not only buildings but habitants, field earthworks, Roman remains such as the villa and road, as well as the old 'drome.

KING'S WAY

Among their accumulation of historical data are the facts that King George III used to pass through Broughton on his way to Weymouth, and the village was also the birthplace of the famous Baptist religious-music composer Anne Steele. The latter lived and did most of her work at Broughton House, her old home "Grandfathers" now being one of the better known tourist attractions of the village.

It was the unexpected that proved pleasant in Broughton. The photographer and I thought we'd have to call the fire brig-

Writing over one door revealed "All that remains of the old Malthouse." Next door is "Brigge House Garden Entrance" with a paper sign "Say Yes to Europe," and another sign nearby gave details of Musica di Roma at Salisbury Cathedral.

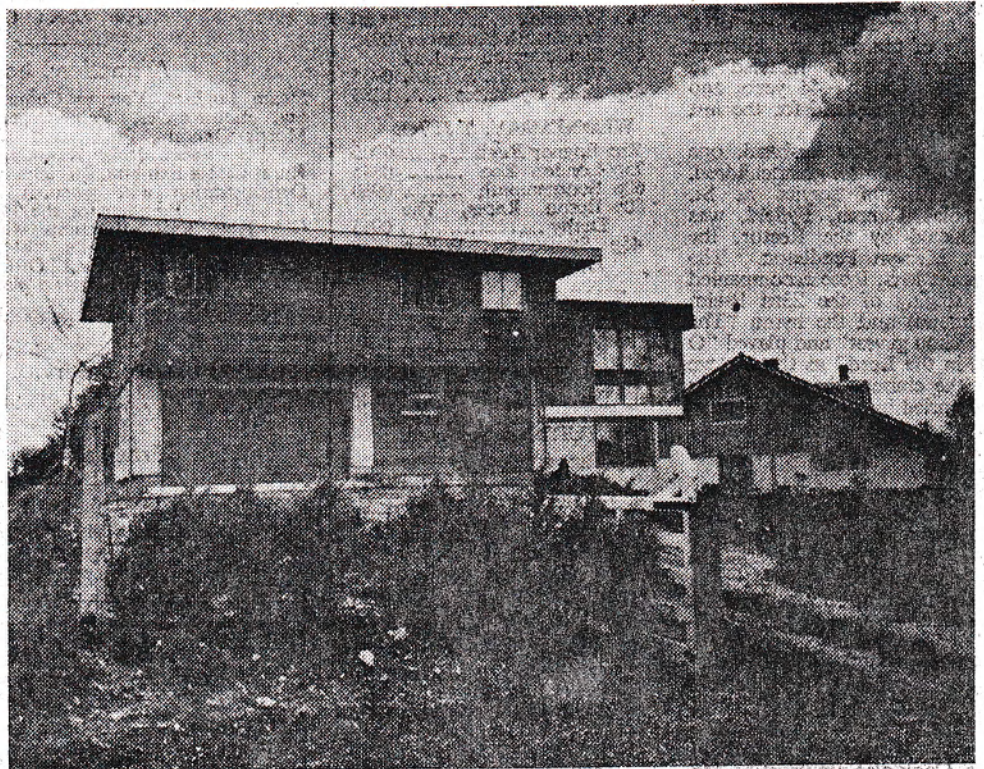
SURPRISE

Further along the road I got another surprise. Under tarpaulin was what appeared to be an old train engine. I ventured into the adjoining house—to find the owner was away.

His mother, Mrs. Vera Rock, told me the covered vehicle was actually a steam engine which her son, Peter, bought in 1966, and has fondly been caring for ever since. Peter is a mechanical engineer.

Each year he enters the engine in the local steam rally, and it also comes in handy to level the nearby football and cricket club pitch.

His biggest problem, of course, occurs every year when he tries to get it roadworthy and fit for the journey to the rally.



Some of the new housing development taking place at Broughton quite close to the older parts of the village

ade when we spotted a cat "It usually takes him about a balancing precariously on a week to get it where it has to rooftop.

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On closer observation we saw it was not a flesh and blood animal—but a crockery one perched ornamentally on the tiles.

Another piece of the local scene took my eye—the Hyde Farm Stud, but the sign "appointment only" somewhat dampened my spirit of adventure, and I didn't have the pleasure of seeing the inside of the stud.

Typical to me of the trusting nature of the village, on my travels around about, I saw an envelope addressed to a "Lawrence," left anchored by stones in a windowsill, and another scrawled note fastened to a wooden beam with a safety pin.

RHYME

I walked on stucco-like pavement a little distance before coming to this rhyme:

*"On parent knees a naked newborn child
Weeping thou sat'st while
around thee smiled
So living, though sinking in
thy last long sleep
Calm thou mayst smile
While all around thee weep."*

These lines, attributed to "Sir William Jones, from the Persian," I came across by chance, as was the case with so many other interesting aspects of the village.

I'd found the rhyme inscribed on a wall near a brick arch-shaped structure which I later found to be the remains of a wellhouse.

The rather obscure rhyme apparently referred to the erection of the well.

Another more informative notice told that the well was made in the drought of 1921.

It struck me as odd that England should ever have any drought, as I come from what must be one of the most drought-stricken countries in the world, and am well aware of the tragedy and heartbreak that parched earth can inflict on people.

The well was given by John Trude Fripp in memory of his son killed in action during World War I, the tablet being unveiled by Lady Fripp in 1926.

Then on past a house whose tiled undulating roof reminded me of ripples in a pond, past workmen rebuilding what was chalk-marked as "Beehive Cottage," and my attention went across the road.

To a house above whose door appears another door, but which is really an ornate window, white framed in wood, for dramatic effect.

To one side of this house is a lovely example of leaded windows, in latticed design, and later that day I was to meet the creator of such beauty.

These houses flanking the road, so unlike Australia where houses (you in England call them "bungalows") are set well off the road. The only time I remember seeing houses there with front walls onto or into the street was going through a little country ex-gold mining rush town (English village-size) called Lucknow and about 150 miles or so from Sydney, if my memory serves me correctly!

go. his mother jokingly exaggerated with a smile.

And, diagonally opposite "The Greyhound," the old market house, picturesquely and snugly situated on a corner, with lilac caressing its window front, and a stone toadstool at the side.

At the other end of the village I was a bit amused at the council warning "Try your Brakes," and crossed the offending ford (via the ramp) near the Hollow.

Another sign prohibited the washing of vehicles and agricultural implements in the water. A rustle in the weeds (no snakes here, I thought thankfully) and a peacock nozzled its way out of the bushes.

Further on a building contractor's sign made me realise I really hadn't been fortunate enough to escape from civilisation, and I turned back to the ford crossing, meanwhile brushing against stinging nettle (another pair of tights laddered!).

PUMPKINS

I couldn't bypass the Greyhound pub, noted for its annual "biggest-pumpkin-grown" competition.

It rather surprised me to find that these vegetables were grown at all in England. Back home they are a regular part of the roast Sunday dinner.

Greyhound publican, Mr. Lewis Joyce (65) has lived in the pub most of his life.

If his father had lived another 18 months he would probably have held 50 licences for the Greyhound.

Mr. Joyce remembers when a tot of whisky was three old pence, and a tot of gin cost two old pence.

A notice alongside the bar lists pumpkin club patrons, whose members pay 75p for a tie and 15p membership dues.