

BURLEY 1958

IF only the generations-old cottages of Burley could talk, what weird and wonderful tales they would tell. Of Lovey Warne, the woman who signalled to smugglers with her red petticoat from Castle Top, and of farmer Burt Chubbs, who diverted the Excise Officers from his barn where smugglers were in hiding. Romantic tales too, no doubt, but the thick, solid walls remain silent and the secrets of those to whom Burley owes its history are held fast for ever.

A Burley resident who has spent many years delving into the history of the village is Miss F. Hardcastle, of "Atkins Plot". Her efforts resulted in "Records of Burley", an authentic book published in 1950.

MUCH HISTORY.



Local historian and authoress, Miss F. Hardcastle. She believed in Burley as a village of historical interest. C.T. Photos

Miss Hardcastle, who came to Burley in 1918, has always been interested in the village. "I believed there was material here although it was not on the surface. People think that because there is nothing to see there is no history, but there is a lot—in the old families, place names and fields," she said.

The village, in the modern sense, only started to exist about 1500. The Manor, which was Royal, existed in Norman times and life merely centred around that. Last Lord was Col. Esdaile, in whose family it remained until about 1936 when it was converted into a hotel. There is now nothing left of the original Norman Manor

Miss Hardcastle's cottage is known to date back to 1790 but is believed to be even older. Its 18th century owner was Thomas Atkins, after whom the cottage is named.

In her book, Miss Hardcastle devotes a full chapter to the old smuggling days. And she tells the story of farmer Burt Chubbs, who came to the rescue of smugglers, being chased by Excise Officers from Christchurch. When he saw what was happening, the farmer opened his barn door. The smugglers, with their waggon of loot, drove in and the door was secured. Burt then went into the road and told the Excise men that his leg had been broken by the waggon as it dashed past him in the direction of Burley!

RECRUITED.

The smugglers were not confined to a certain type of villain or wastrel, but for the most part were industrious farm workers or tradesmen who were recruited to help land the goods on the nearby coast at Christchurch Bay and transport it to pre-arranged hiding places in the Forest.

For this hard and dangerous work they received about 10/- which does not seem a very handsome reward until you remember that the average wage for farm hands of the last century was 8/- a week.

A recent discovery beneath the floor of the stable bar at the Queen's Head Inn was a hidden cellar. The presence in the cellar of pistols, bottles and coins leads to the belief that this was one of the hiding places of the "free traders".

The old yew tree in Pound Lane was known as the "dockyard", this being the place where the pack ponies were tethered while the goods were taken to safe hiding.

Records show that the Queen's Head was already known as such in 1715, although the actual Queen to whom it refers is not known.

The inn has recently been taken over by Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Austin, who are retaining its old world character. An addition to their priceless collection of old armour is an old percussion cap walking stick gun, unearthed by workmen in the old coach house.

Reputed to have one of the largest collections of horse brasses and furnishings, the inn was chosen by the B. B.C. for the world broadcast during the Festival of Britain as the perfect example of an old world English inn.

The church of St. John the Baptist was built in 1839 and is a plain edifice of brick, consisting of chancel, nave, vestry, south porch and a western bellcote containing one bell. The chancel, vestry and south porch were added in 1886-7 from designs by Mr. W. Butterfield at a cost of £1,500.

One of the first villagers, to be buried in the churchyard was Lovey Warne, and the story is told that she wanted her pony to be buried with her. This was not granted and the pony was buried in the middle of a ring of fir trees outside the churchyard.

Jimmy Welsh, the actor, who died in 1917, is also buried there.

Vicar of Burley is the Rev. E. J. A. Easten, who came in 1947.

He has many interests, including the village "Kool Kats" Jive Club, formed last September because, said



Burley Cross, centre of this picture postcard village where beauty even commands the winter-time. Hundreds of cars pass through in this modern age but none can ever hope to bring more character to a village than a horse. C.T. Photos

Secretary Miss Roxalynne Dilnott, "there was nothing in the village for the young people".

At the moment the youngsters dance to a record player but they hope soon to have their own skiffle group. And this is where the Rev. Easten will take an even greater interest.

"I have always been bored with dancing but would very much like to take part in the skiffle group," he said.

NO DANCING.

The Vicar takes his turn at the door when the "Kool Kats" meet every Monday evening in the village hall and instead of dancing "mends his socks". At the Christmas party the young people presented him with a darning "mushroom" to assist him in his efforts. Burley is probably best known in the surrounding area for its weekend cricket. Visit School Green any Saturday or Sunday evening in the summer time and you will enjoy friendly cricket in the most perfect of settings.

Every Sunday there are between 150 to 200 cars parked round the field. Mingle with the crowd and you will hear the familiar shouts of encouragement, words of advice and murmurs of criticism!

"Well bowled," you will hear the veteran shout. But with a sparkle in his eye, he will turn to his old comrade and whisper: "Not half as good as, old George Law. He was a bowler for you. He would have knocked all three wickets for a six".

"Aye," will come the reply, "cricket's not what it used to be."

GREAT CRICKETERS.

Then if you take an interest in the conversation the old gentleman will proudly pour out such names as Jack Roberts, the Rev. B. Cummings and the Rev. Scott—names that will go down in village history as great men of Burley Cricket Club. With a final sigh, the veteran will add: "But we've got to give 'em encouragement, you know. After all, their fathers and grandfathers were good players so it should be in 'em!"

The same words will be spoken in 20 or 30 years' time when the names of Roy Garratt, John Stirnson, Clive Broomfield, his brother John, and George Broomfield and so on are added to the list.

George Broomfield is also fixture secretary, a position he took over from his father, Mr. Stanley Broomfield, who held it for 20 years. President is Mr. T. W. Alway, and secretary, Mr. F. G. Cartwright.

A "feather in the cap" of present day players is their fine performance two years ago against the Hampshire County team. A great achievement in that match, which will give future veterans something to boast about, was Roy Garratt's seven wickets for 76 runs. To mark his success, he was presented with the ball of the match by former County captain, E. D.R. Eagar.

Burley Football Club have also a long and proud history, but one thing the footballers cannot understand is the fact that Cricket Club have sufficient players for two teams while they can only field one

PROMISING PLAYERS.

Secretary of the club, Mr A.G. Hutchings, well-known sub postmaster, told me the team had not been doing too well lately but "we have a lot of promising young players and once they are trained we shall be a force to be reckoned with".

The club has produced some fine footballers. The four "Teds" will always be remembered. Ted Wort, known as "the ton of coal up" because he could kick a ball nearly out of sight. Ted Ranger, Ted Summerell and Ted Tucker, not forgetting Reg. Boyall.

These men played in the days when "we had a rattling good team", I was told.

Present captain is Wally Medd, and Arthur Browning has held his position as goalkeeper for the past four years. President is Mr. F. G. Cartwright.

The club's keenest rivals are Alderholt. "When we play them we have a terrific set to," said Mr. Hutchings. One of the team's strongest supporters is Mr. Ted Barter, who turns up as linesman every week except when he has to turn out with the Burley Silver Band!

Mrs. A. M. Powell helps the club by sweeping out the hut and providing refreshments at dances and they would not be without Miss D. Goddard, who provides both teams with a welcome cup of tea after every match.

SILVER BAND.

Burley Silver Band was formed sometime in the 1800's but has been re-formed several times since. It was last re-formed in 1945 at a meeting called by secretary Mr. A. R. Moyle.

Under Bandmaster Mr. S.E. Crutcher, the band has won several contests and has become well known for its work for charity. At present there are 20 members and that figure includes nine-year-old cornet player, Kathrin Adamson, whose father is the band's solo cornetist.

Responsible for the formation of Burley Players seven years ago, was Mrs. H. Hornsby, who is the producer. This group of villagers, including farm workers and tradesmen, usually present three plays a year in the village hall, where they have greatly improved the stage through the proceeds of their efforts. A play they presented some time ago had a local flavour and went down very well in the village. Written by local man Mr. C. G. Harris, it was based on—smuggling!

CARNIVAL.

The village carnival is an annual attraction, started 10 years ago with the idea of providing entertainment for the children. They are given a tea, and prizes are presented for fancy dress. President is Mr. Jack Shutler, but to give youth a chance Miss Elizabeth Dean and Miss Ann Dober have been

appointed joint secretaries. They will help to organise next year's carnival and will go all out to break all records.

Cyclists are catered for in the Cycle Speedway Club, formed by Mr. Vic Lonnen, of the Burley Cross cycle stores, who is secretary-treasurer. The speedway is located at Clay Hill on a piece of Forest land which is rented for 10/- a year.

The Women's Institute, Red Cross Society and British Legion all play their part in the life of Burley and Miss P. English, Girl Guide Captain, and Mr. Harry Law, Scoutmaster, are proud of their movements.

SCOUTS.

The Scout Troop, formed in 1909, was one of the first groups in Hampshire.

Burley is a friendly village and newcomers are soon welcomed into the "fold".

Mr. C. J. Rowley, the local newsagent, who moved in six years ago, was soon "feeling at home". He came to Burley from London and "would not go back for anything".

The village is widespread but has a compact centre with a good selection of shops. One of the first businesses to be established was F. Moorman & Son, the butchers. Another is the Manor Farm Tea Rooms, established over 50 years ago by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lewis. It is now carried on by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Paxman. Catching the eye of tea room visitors is an original old fireplace with an open chimney. The building is believed to be over 400 years old and although several people have copied the fireplace and chimney in exact detail, they have still had trouble with smoke. Burley has a number of well-known national personalities among its residents. Col. Mackworth-Praed, of Castle Top, is one. An expert on ornithology, he is the joint author of the Standard Works on African Birds and has a fine collection of British moths and butterflies.

Mr. Edward Shackleton, well-known broadcaster and former M.P., and son of Sir Edward Shackleton, the famous explorer, lives in the village and until recently Lord Russell of Liverpool made his home in Burley for a time.

PROUD.

Proud of their village are two 13-year-old schoolgirls, Georgina Dean, of Warnes Lane, and Janet Wyllie, of Forest Glen. They go to school in Christchurch and although they think life is a little dull in the winter time, they "enjoy Burley in the summer".

Enjoy it too, do the thousands of holidaymakers. Burley is picturesque all the year round. It is a little village which can claim to be one of the prettiest in the country.

BURLEY'S MISS HARDCASTLE DIES AT 85

Article from 1988



MISS FELICITE FRANCES HARDCASTLE, B.E.M., well-known Burley historian, lecturer and naturalist, and great-granddaughter of the astronomer Sir William Herschel, died on Tuesday at the age of 85. She was born in Oxford where her father, Joseph Alfred Hardcastle, was a lecturer to the Oxford Extension Delegacy. Mr. Hardcastle, like his illustrious grandfather, was to make astronomy his chosen field. He was secretary of the British Astronomical Society from 1904 to 1910, and in his 49th year was appointed Director of the Armagh Observatory, but died before he could take up his duties.

Miss Hardcastle's mother, Theresa Selina Bayley, was born in India where her father, Sir Edward Olive Bayley, was for 36 years a statesman and archaeologist. With several generations of ancestors on both sides of her family having been involved in the natural sciences, it was perhaps inevitable that Felicite should manifest similar interests in her own life.

When her mother retired to the New Forest in 1920, Miss Hardcastle immersed herself at once in a variety of activities. She developed a keen interest in young people and for nearly three decades was Cubmaster in the village, a service that earned her the Scouting Medal of Merit.

Just before the outbreak of the Second World War she contributed the first of her "Nature Notes" to the Burley parish magazine, and she continued this column until 1986.

During the war Miss Hardcastle volunteered to be a telephonist in Burley. With a major air base nearby, Allied troops stationed within the parish, and a small armaments industry in the village itself, the enemy might have had good reason to know what was going on in the area. But Britain's shores were never safer, from penetration than when she manned the switchboard.

In 1951 her local history, *Records of Burley*, was published. The volume was unusual for its extracts from deeds from virtually every home in the parish. These included historical background, chronology of title changes, acreage and precise geographical location. Though rarely found in local histories, this feature was not the only noteworthy one in her book. Recognising that older inhabitants possessed the only record of village life over the past three generations, she quickly and methodically set about recording their impressions and taking their photographs. During most of the past year, although confined to her room at Highcroft nursing home, she revised and expanded the history, which was reprinted and distributed nationally in December.

Miss Hardcastle was a parish councillor and school governor for many years and, as archaeologist, took part in rescue excavations organised by the New Forest section of the Hampshire Field Club and Archaeological Society.

When the local horticultural society years ago established annual floral arrangement competitions to be judged according to standards set forth in national handbooks, she displayed her contempt for rule-bound exhibits by inaugurating a floral arts competition that would be decided only by public vote.

She lectured widely on the history of the New Forest and its natural sciences. Her eager listeners included thousands of young people who came every year to the nearby national youth, centre at Avon Tyrrell. Many of them were handicapped or from deprived urban areas, and they were to gain lasting impressions of the wonders of the New Forest from her lively illustrated talks.

An optimist as well as a fierce individualist, Miss Hardcastle never lacked faith in young people. She was quick to spot the promising boy and girl and invite them to tea (itself an "institution") and offer inspiration, example and assistance at the crucial moment of their development. Deeply religious, she was ever generous and outspoken when injustice threatened.

She was awarded the British Empire Medal in December. In the official citation she was called the "grand old lady of the New Forest"