

ETCHINGHAM PARISH MAGAZINE



VILLAGE AND CHURCH NEWS

June/July 2020

Special Lockdown Edition

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Etchingham Parish Magazine

Friends, readers,

Welcome to this 'Lockdown Edition' of the Parish Magazine. With our usual fill of meeting reports and event notices in short supply we have been able to publish more general articles; in particular the range of memoirs from the ladies of the village prompted by the VE day commemoration a couple of weeks back. As a counterpoint, Frank Smith's description of his German 'family' reminds us of the need to build bridges and friendships that will sustain us through difficult times now and in the future.

In addition we have a light-hearted take on mountaineering in Sussex (p33) as a way of getting our permitted exercise and some tips from Rachel Letham on staying mentally and physically fit through this difficult period (p27). I would also draw attention to the very useful summary of how Burwash surgery is operating at this time (p36). In fact we have been generously provided with more material than we can put in one issue, so watch out next time for Allan and Pennie Howard's news from The Gambia, a look back at 'the sweets we used to suck', and a nostalgic glance at some old programmes from local amateur dramatic productions.

In the circumstances we are arranging to distribute this edition of the magazine completely free and have arranged to print extra copies so everyone has some reading material while stuck at home. Unfortunately we can't afford to do this every time, so if you would like to become a regular subscriber please contact us at etchparishmag@btinternet.com or call us on 01580 819434. Can we ask that you please support our loyal advertisers with your custom, both now and when lockdown eases, as it is the advert revenue that makes the magazine viable.

Meanwhile stay suitably distanced, safe and well, and enjoy the opportunity to enjoy our Etchingham countryside with a reduced level of noise, traffic and exhaust fumes. What is indeed clear is that the virus emergency is a unique opportunity for us collectively to reset our relationship with the natural world, to do things differently and make a real effort to reverse the trends of climate change, pollution and loss of wildlife. Let's make that the silver lining to this current cloud.

Best wishes, *the editorial team*

The Assumption of Blessed Mary & St Nicholas, Etchingham

Churchwardens : Caroline Moore 01580 819272
 Jeff Kirby 07975 783593
Treasurer : Phillip Hinde 01580 819434

For general enquiries relating to church matters please contact the Churchwardens

**For Baptisms, Funerals, Weddings and for Pastoral Matters please contact
Rev. Sally Epps on 01435 882301 - sallyaepps@btinternet.com**

Dear Friends,

As the world oh so slowly emerges from the grip of Covid 19 we are being told to be prepared for a “new normal” – whatever that might mean. But, as we do so we need to continue to put our trust in the government, scientists and medical professionals who are working together to try and keep us safe.

Humanity can have difficulty in trusting situations and other people unless we know all about them. What do they do, how they work, what difference they will make to our lives. But there are some things that will always remain a mystery and in the doctrine of the Trinity, which the church celebrates on 7th June, Christians encounter one such mystery

The Holy Trinity—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit—is a mystery that theologians have pondered for centuries. However we think about it, look at it from different angles, try different illustrations to explain, we can’t quite figure out how there can be one God eternally existent in three persons.

The Collect for Trinity Sunday reads

Holy God, faithful and unchanging
enlarge our minds with the knowledge of your truth,
and draw us more deeply into the mystery of your love,
that we may truly worship you,
Father, Son and Holy Spirit,
one God, now and for ever.

We want to understand everything because we want to be in control and, in our changing world in which we continue to follow restrictions and guidelines. perhaps that loss of having control over the freedom we have been used to and how we are to lead our lives is weighing heavy. But the first line of the Collect reminds us that even in our changing world there is something which has remained unchanged and will continue to be so. God, faithful and unchanging.

The wonderful mystery of God the Father who loves enough to create you and me. God the Son who loves enough to save the world from sin and separation so that we might be joined to that love forever. God the Holy Spirit who loves us enough to be the guiding light inspiring and strengthening our lives. In faith we believe those things which for now remain a mystery.

God Bless

Sally

Rev Sally Epps
Rector of Burwash, Burwash Weald & Etchingham

Revised Instructions for Churches

Alongside the slight lifting of the lock down restrictions recently announced by the Prime Minister there has been a revision to the instructions relating to churches. Priests are again permitted to enter churches for private prayer and maintenance as long as we follow the safety guidelines.

The government has stated that places of worship may possibly be able to re-open, whilst maintaining strict social distancing and other safety procedures, at the beginning of July. Until then all public church services remain suspended. I will be continuing to say Morning and Evening Prayer either in one of our churches or at home. If you have somebody you would like me to pray for, please let me know either by telephone or e mail.

There are a number of different church services available on the television or radio and services are also being streamed through social media. Links can be found to these via the Diocese of Chichester website or You Tube.

Rev Sally .



*Barn Owls Pre-school, Parsonage Croft, Burwash Road,
Etchingham, East Sussex TN19 7BY*

Telephone: 01580 819218 Mobile : 07507 483313

Not your usual report from Barn Owls full of the children's activities!

We closed when instructed by the government but stayed open theoretically for key worker children. However, the demand was simply not there so we did close our doors.

However, as staff we have kept surprisingly busy – we have all been catching up with our paperwork, 'attending' many online courses, and reviewing policies.

Not only that, we have set up a Facebook page so that we can still engage with the children – we take it in turns to read a story and suggest activities to do for the day. This has been very well received and we know that many older siblings have been enjoying this too. It has provided a link so that we will not be a distant memory when the children return to us. At present this is for June 1st and as staff we are reviewing the guidelines and making the necessary changes.

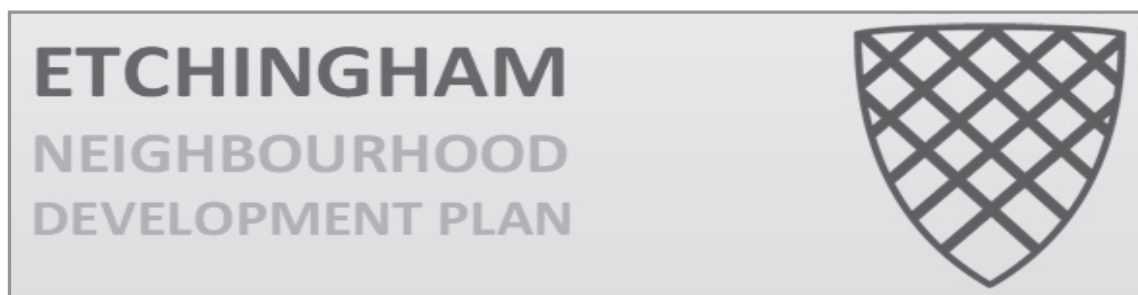
Individually we have been going in to the setting and deep cleaning – also sorting out the toys and resources. It is very strange and quiet without the children there! The wagtails did end up nesting and they all fledged when one of us was there to witness it so that was special. The sweet peas are quite incredibly large and plentiful – amazing given that they were just seeds pulled off the old plant and poked into the ground by little fingers!

We are able to say that the Ofsted report is available to read now – we were very happy with the 'Good' result. The report highlighted our strong and effective work to improve communication and language skills, literacy and mathematical and problem solving skills and noted that the children were happy, independent learners who were making good progress.

All of our leavers have been notified as to which primary schools they will attend – there are 11 different settings for us to liaise with!

Finally, we do still have spaces for September and if you would like to book a place,

please e-mail helen@etchinghambarnowls.co.uk



The next stage for the draft Plan is the full consultation, including public meetings - needless to say everything is now on hold during the lockdown.

The draft Plan has, however, been thoroughly examined by an employee of Rother District Council, who was, until recently when his contract came to an end, heavily involved in Neighbourhood Plans, and he has very kindly recommended all the wording changes he thinks we should make so that, hopefully, when the final Plan goes to Rother for approval, and then to an independent examiner, it will be totally acceptable.

We will, of course, set things moving again just as soon as possible.

Frank Smith
Chairman - Neighbourhood Plan Steering Committee



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NATURE NOTES



Following a long wet spell in February/March, and then a very dry (and quite warm) April, so many flowers and shrubs are doing extraordinarily well. The bluebells were again extremely beautiful, albeit only for a relatively short time - after just a couple of days of rain, at the very beginning of May, they very soon started to die down. We, incidentally, had a few white ones among them and, indeed, one or two pink ones. There was an article in the Daily Telegraph about albino bluebells being seen in Hertfordshire (as if that was something entirely new!), but we have certainly seen them around here before.

I have, as usual, had some reports of "Firsts" of Spring sightings:

<u>Date</u>	<u>sighting/hearing</u>	<u>Reported to me by</u>
29th March	Swallow in the garden	Mary Barnes
8th/9th April	Blackcap & Willow Warbler	John Symons

I have had one more report, not of "Firsts", but an extensive list of sightings: Phillip and Phillipa Hinde have identified no less than 43 species of birds seen while walking out from their home in the High Street since lockdown began, plus Tawny Owl heard, but not seen. Some of those listed are, if not rare, certainly not spotted every day, including Blackcap, Bullfinch, Chiffchaff, Cormorant, Greenfinch, Green Woodpecker, Kestrel, Pied Wagtail, Reed Bunting, Skylark, Tree Creeper, Whitethroat, and Yellowhammer. They have also seen a toad and a slow worm in their back garden, and further down the village others have seen a Kingfisher where the footpath crosses the Dudwell.



Living in a wood, we also see some birds that are not commonly seen elsewhere, such as Jays and a Sparrow Hawk, which has nested in one of our owl-boxes for the last year or two, and have recently seen a Raven and a Red Kite. We have heard both cuckoos and nightingales since the end of April, and the nightingales especially have been most entertaining - Barbarann has heard them several times in the middle of the night, which is most unusual. We have often heard them when walking the dogs down the road at the end of the evening, but never heard them before from inside the house.

We have, for the last year or two, put hair (mostly dog's hairs) out in a bird feeder, and the birds seem to enjoy taking them to (we assume) help with their nest-building. This Spring we have also had several incidents of birds trying (sometimes successfully) to take string, (that we have used to tie up plants) - presumably for the same reason.

Some years ago, we were asked, by a botanist, if she could look in our woods, because she was aware of a mention of coral-root bitter cress having been seen under a wild service tree, near to Etchingham, in 1648, and she had noticed we have such a tree (not to say two or three thereof!). We were able to show her exactly what she was looking for, and we have really quite a lot of these lovely, somewhat rare, flowers in our woods. This year, as mentioned above, so many plants have really thrived, and the bitter cress have indeed been more prolific than we can remember.

FHS

With most of us at home in lockdown it has been a wonderful time to appreciate Nature and how lucky we have been to have such sunny and warm weather. How fortunate we are to be living in such glorious countryside too - what a contrast to the unfortunate people in cities particularly those without gardens.

There are many reported sightings at this time of year and we begin with John Symonds who spotted 2 green sandpipers by the river on 2nd April. These are a freshwater species and one of the few waders to nest in trees. On 5th April Brian Hilton and Marie Niven heard a cuckoo from their garden and on 14th April They heard nightingales at the bottom of the garden. They continue to hear both quite frequently. Sam Newington heard a cuckoo in Fysie Lane on 7th April and saw swallows a few days later. I have only heard a cuckoo twice thus far but on a few nights heard 3 nightingales singing from my bedroom window around midnight. It was hard to get to bed!



Christine and Christopher Ahrens still have the pair of Egyptian geese and they have produced two goslings this Spring. Simon Irvine (and Willow and Isabelle) found a dead hawfinch in the woods in April. It was amazing to see it's bill at close quarters - steely looking and so thick and large that you could understand how they crack cherry stones open. Last week they found an extremely large male mink in a tree by the river which held it's ground at very close quarters.

Last week Rob and Sam Newington saw a honey buzzard flying low over Burgham which is a very rare migrant to Britain. They mainly eat nests and larvae of wasps and hornets which is why they are frequently seen at low levels and often in woodland. Their feathers have a chemical deterrent to prevent attacks from wasps and they are larger and longer tailed than the common buzzard.

On the home front the hedgehogs here are making regular appearances. Every night I see the large male and at least one of the smaller females and there has been a lot of noisy mating after which they have a nap side by side and then go their separate ways. I do hope to see some offspring later in the Summer.

Stay safe, MN

As ever, please do not hesitate to report anything you feel worthy of mention in our notes to either Frank Smith (819326) or Mary Newington (819498).



To an invisible foe

We have this sticky problem that's burst into our life,
A nasty little virus that's caused much stress and strife.
It crept in very silently and worked its wicked way,
And now it's hit our islands it seems loath to go away.

It found its way from far off lands and hit the world for six,
For this nasty little virus and humans do not mix.
So now we're all in lockdown our wings are truly clipped;
No flying in those aeroplanes, no cruising in those ships.

Now there's a dearth of pudding basins as the barbers cannot work,
But captive clients that won't keep still make scissors apt to jerk.
Of course no one's responsible, no one will take the blame,
But Mum has worked her magic and all now look the same.

Of course the serious side of this is that firms have had to close,
How many will recover – sadly no one knows.
The gentle hush across the land, for how long will this extend,
The full and final outcome is hard to comprehend.

To every front line service at the centre of the storm,
For their stoic contribution working way above the norm,
We thank them for their bravery, the sacrifices made,
Their skills and dedication simply cannot be repaid.

So we must try to count our blessings, though it may be hard to find
That elusive silver lining to ease the troubled mind.
The bright side is the springtime – the glorious shades of green,
The countryside is pristine – the best it's ever been.

So we will fight this in the countryside, we'll fight it in the town,
We'll carry on as best we can – not let it get us down.
For better times will surely come when we'll again be free
To travel where the spirit moves, by land and air and sea.

NAME THAT TREE – and why some trees have been felled in Queen’s Garden

I know that some of you will have seen the tree work going on in the Queen's Garden early in May. It is with much sadness that Parish Council has had to proceed with felling trees that might appear healthy and beautiful but using a modern technology known as sonic tomography that can identify rotten parts of the trunk, it is possible to assess the health of the tree and the risk of it falling.



Sound waves travel better through healthy wood so by tapping with a hammer and then collecting the acoustic readings from a series of probes around the trunk an expert can create a cross-sectional picture of the condition of the tree on a laptop screen. If the size of the tree and the girth of the trunk are factored in, the likelihood of the tree falling in a high wind can be predicted.

Looking forward: having lost a couple of trees in Queen's Garden for these safety reasons, the Parish Council is going to replace them as soon as it can with native deciduous species - we will take expert advice on the best choices for our soil, location and aspect. Meanwhile remedial work is taking place on other trees to make sure that we can keep them for the next generations.

It has been the custom in the Garden to commemorate special events with the planting of a tree and this will be no exception. One of the replacement trees will be dedicated to the recognition of the amazing work the NHS and all the other front line services are performing and continue to perform to keep up safe and well at this time. So this doesn't get forgotten some sort of suitable plaque will be installed so future generations might be reminded about the sacrifices being made around us right now.

In view of this, and Council has been considering this for some time, it would seem a good idea to 'label' the other commemorative trees in the garden as well. I am not aware of any definitive list so if we can gather the information now from the collective village memory we'll be able to put everything in place without any further delay later in the year. Every tree that the Parish Council is responsible for in the Parish was tagged with its allocated number when the in-depth tree survey was carried out last year so hopefully there won't be any confusion identifying the individual trees. To help you, help us, there is a map on the next page with the trees and their numbers clearly indicated.

If you have neighbours who are unlikely to see this magazine and you think they might have a few answers ,we'd be grateful if you could take the time to ask them (at a safe distance of course).

Answers, comments, questions to the Clerk please on paulette.etchinghampc@gmail.com or on my mobile 07801 844 671 as I am mainly working from home at the moment.
A huge thank you in advance and – Stay Safe.

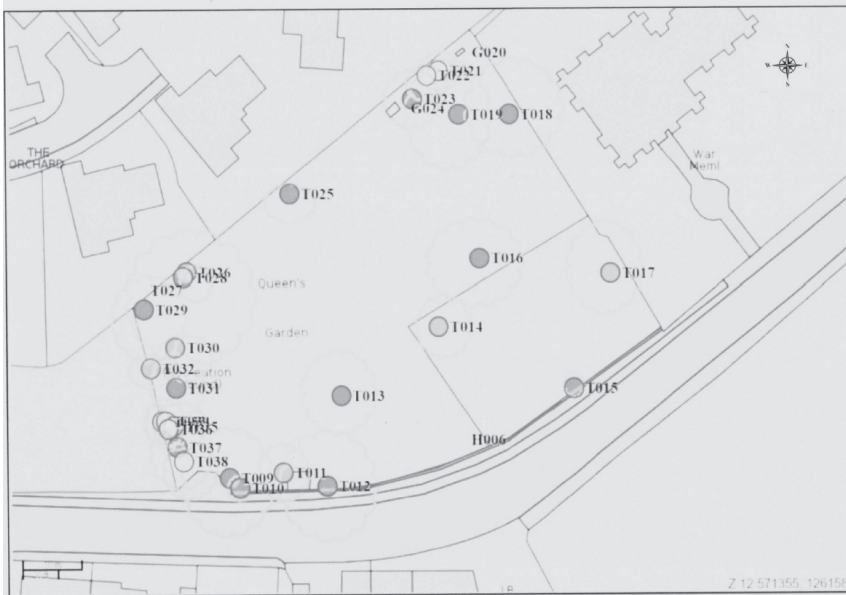
Paulette Barton
Parish Clerk

Meanwhile, next door in the churchyard.....

.....one of the old yews next to the public right-of-way through the churchyard has been giving concern. Yews are remarkable plants, able to live for hundreds of years, highly poisonous (even yew sawdust can make you ill), and if branches split away from the main trunk as was happening in this case, they can then heal themselves. But the proximity to the public footpath meant the Parochial Church Council couldn't just let nature take its course, so the tree surgeon has removed some uneven limbs that were threatening to tear the tree apart, cut out some deadwood and braced the two main stems with 'cobra' binding. With luck the work will give this tree a new lease of life; however the one big threat to this hardy species is waterlogging leading to foot rot –hopefully the winter's saturation will not have done too much damage. At least it hasn't experienced what the UK's reputed oldest yew, the Fortingall Yew, has reportedly done, which is started to change sex! But I guess after over a thousand years in a Perthshire churchyard, the Fortingall tree fancied trying something new!

PMH

MAP OF TREES IN QUEEN'S GARDEN



This diagram gives the references for all of the trees in the Queen's garden. If you have any thoughts or information about any of the trees then please let the Parish Clerk know so that she can collate the information. Perhaps you were there when they were planted or remember for which reason they were planted.

We must admit the copper beech is looking particularly fine this year.



TREFOIL GUILD

Like all other Organisations, we have had to put our meetings on hold, but I am doing my best to keep in touch with everyone with a monthly newsletter, which includes ideas of useful items which can be made for various departments of our Health Service as well as quizzes and general news. Unfortunately the lockdown means we are unable to visit our member in Glottenham Manor, and will not be able to visit for her 80th birthday, but plans are underway for a special present and lots of cards. Happy Birthday Doreen! Meanwhile, our condolences go to Cherry Redhead, whose husband has recently died.

Our contact in Eastbourne who has our milk bottle tops is not accepting them at the moment, but I have room in my garage to store any you wish to drop off! Used stamps are now going to Guide Dogs for the Blind, and I have envelopes to pass them on, so keep them coming. New members are always welcome, so if you have an interest in Guiding and would like to know more about us, please contact Barbara by e-mail: barbiemeads@gmail.com or phone: 01580 819124.

Barbara

DON'T CUT YOUR LAWN!

Nearly everyone who has a lawn thinks you have to keep it neat and tidy, so overgrown lawns covered with "weeds" are seen as a sign of laziness and slovenliness. At this time of year our country peace is interspersed with loud machine noises.....

About four years ago, worried by the decline in wildlife, we decided to "re-wild" our lawn and only mow it once a year. Bees are in serious decline, and the number of insects overall is going down by about one per cent a year. Only two per cent of our old flowering meadows remain, driven into decline by industrialised agriculture. If everyone re-wilded their lawns some of this loss could be restored.

Now we have a continuous display of flowers on our lawn, mostly from seeds and bulbs that were already present or blew in. In Spring we have wood anemone, bluebell, bugle, snake's head fritillary, followed later by orchids (the number doubling each year), bird's foot trefoil, knapweed, ox-eye daisy and betony. We are seeing far more bumble bees, honey bees, butterflies and day-flying moths than before. The most beautiful time is the end of May and June when the grass is high.

And we only have to cut the lawn once a year! More time to admire nature. Why don't you find an area of grass that the kids don't want to play on and try rewilding? You can always cut round the edges and cut paths through to make it look like a show lawn.



Deirdre Parrinder and Don Nicholls

ROTHER VALLEY FRIENDSHIP GROUP

This new group was inaugurated in January 2020 by amalgamating the Rother Valley Ladies Club (formerly the W.I.) and the Etchingam Friendship Club (formerly the Darby and Joan). The group is open to ladies and gentlemen of any age, though most of the present members are in their later years. We normally meet once a month for a programme of selected speakers, sometimes entertainment provided by our own members or others, a discussion of pertinent topics, a quiz and at one summer meeting a popular strawberry tea. Usually there are also several outings during the year to places of particular interest or just to pleasant gardens or lovely sites in the countryside, sometimes including tea or perhaps a lunch. At our 'home' meetings the members take turns providing us with a lovely tea. Occasionally some of the members meet in each other's homes for a particular purpose such as knitting blankets to send overseas or to sharing poetry readings or musical favourites or book reviews. Our 'home' meetings are on the first Wednesday of the month at 2.30 pm. in the Parker Hall. Our annual subscription is £15.00, but do come as our guest to a taster meeting whenever you like! We are always pleased to welcome new members. If you would like to join us or would like to find out more information, please ring Julia Barrow (secretary) on 01580 819475.

Of course meetings are on 'hold' for the time but for now :

THERE IS MORE!

Members of the Friendship Group had planned to share their wartime memories as a part of commemorating the recent 75th anniversary of VE Day. However, with their meeting cancelled, they asked if they could publish them in this magazine and we feel quite privileged to have been the first to read them. Hope you enjoy them as much as we have

The Day War Broke Out

Remembering the comedian Rob Wilton's monologue, "The Day the War Broke Out", I recall that I was not quite 5, and had been told that if it happened my Dad, who was a RN Sick Berth Chief Petty Officer, would have to go away, so when it was announced I cried a lot.

Within a week Mum and I were on an evacuee train to Wales, me with the school I should have been starting that September and Mum as an adult helper on a railway carriage full of 'infant school' children. We were housed in a row of small miner's houses in a village called Maesycwmmwr, with a Mr and Mrs Matthews and 3 children. There was an outside toilet of sorts in a dirt yard; Mum hated it and within six weeks we were home again in the Medway Towns just five miles from the R.N. Barracks and the Dockyard.

It was an exciting time for a child; we had an indoor Morrison shelter in a second cellar that my Dad and Uncle dug out under the sitting room, with an escape door to the garden, it was like a large table top with a spring underneath and our mattress on and we all slept there to begin with, then Dad transferred from Chatham to Dover where the Royal Navy had requisitioned the East Cliff Hotel as a shore base, HMS Lynx. We spent summer and other school holidays in Dover staying with the civilian ambulance drivers families and when France fell, the Germans launched shelling raids on the coastal towns. The siren signal was different from the bombing raid siren and after the 'all clear' the children used to run out to gather up the shrapnel fragments, which could be used to build up your own collection and to swap with friends. If a raid happened when we were near the R. N Sick Headquarters we took shelter in the caves behind the building with the 'walking wounded' service men who were being treated there.

Back home in Gillingham we got so used to the disturbed nights that we just used to lie in bed (having abandoned the cellar) and listen to the drone of the bombers on their way to London, and in summer stretched out on the grass staring at the sky. Sometimes the planes were so low you could see the swastikas on the wings and you knew they were there, but when the V1 and V2 Doodlebugs started coming over they could take you unawares. I remember being out with a group of friends walking down a country lane when one started coming towards us and we ran away from it until a man called out 'Run towards it you silly little buggers' and it was a good job we did. A very proud moment came in 1943 when we went to Buckingham Palace to see dad invested with the B.E.M. for bravery, presented by the King.

Near the beginning of the war, our corner shop sold off boxes of ice cream cones and my mum bought one. She made a saucepan of thick custard and cooled it on a marble slab in the cellar (we didn't have a fridge) and the next day my friends came round to enjoy the rare treat of a custard cone. I also remember when the weekly rations were collected from the Co-op I used to beg for just one slice of bread with 'real' butter before Mum mixed our 2oz. each allowance with the 4oz of margarine to make it go further.

pto...

When I was about 8 or 9 the British Restaurants opened (known as feeding kitchens) and sometimes I walked the mile from school to meet my Mum there for lunch and to get an extra meal with meat, some of it very strange, including whale meat which I hated.

The war rolled on and I listened to the radio a lot; Workers Playtime, Children's Hour, Itma (It's that man again), Music Hall and on Sundays Forces Favourites. We were very excited when VE day came and we could put the lights on without the blackout curtains and we had a party in the school hall, but VJ DAY in July was a big celebration and I went to a large firework display at the RN Hospital (now the Medway Maritime).

My Dad came home and gradually more food was available but it was years before sweets and chocolates were unrationed.

Rita

MEMORIES FROM GRETA CRANE

I was 9 years old when war broke out. My parents had taken over the 'de Etchingham Arms' the year before. We had many troops stationed in the village: the Canadians were at Haremere Hall, other services were in large houses along Sheepstreet lane and a search light was based in one of the Church Farm fields.

Etchingham was under the bomber flight path from the Continent to London. If the crews had any bombs left they would be dropped in this area as the planes headed home.

I was at Etchingham Primary school until I moved to Tunbridge Wells County Grammar School at 11 years old. I remember there were trenches in the small wooded area behind Etchingham School to which we sped when the siren sounded. There was an unexploded bomb in Church Farm Cottages garden and part of the village was evacuated until it was defused. The family stayed at Burgham Farm overnight and Mum came through the churchyard to take me there.

I sometimes cycled to school and when I got home I left my bike at the back door by the ladies toilet. There was a big solid wooden fence by the gate and a German pilot fired at me with his machine gun and I still remember the 'rat -a -tat' as the bullets hit the fence. A plane was shot down at Brookside Farm; apparently by Jack Hargreaves who was a farmer who helped with an anti-aircraft searchlight unit, and eventually it was dug it out years after the war. My father was a farmer which was a reserved occupation so he and his business partner, Bill Oliver, ran the home guard. I was a messenger and rode my bike between the two bases.

I don't remember much about the V.E. celebrations but there was a big procession through the village at some point and I was dressed as Queen Victoria and was carried on a float. I am sure there was a bonfire too as Etchingham always loves a good bonfire!

IN NORTH LONDON

At the start of the second world war I was five years old and my sister was three. We lived in a North London suburb. To begin with we were evacuated to Wales in 1940, our parents staying in London because of my father's work at the Bank of England. I started my school life there. The teacher hated the English and on my first day I was expected to write in pen and ink! I hated it. After a few months we returned to London as our parents felt it better for us all to be together. We had an air raid shelter built in the garage and my mother said the bombs would bounce off the top. One other thing I hated was being woken in the middle of the night and being taken down to the shelter. My uncle, who was working at the War Office, was staying with us as also a pregnant friend of my mother's. One air raid my uncle said who is this vision appearing before me? It was my mother's friend clothed glamorously in a frilly negligee and wearing a lot of jewellery. I hated going to the shelter and even today the sound of the siren sends shivers down my spine.

But apart from that, thanks to our parents and our friends' parents the war did not affect us as we had not known life before the war. We played hopscotch outside on the pavement, rode our bikes up and down the road, no cars of course. Except we did have the use of an Austin Seven as our grandfather lived with us and was allowed petrol. Our father would drive us and friends from one side of the road erratically much to our amusement. We walked two miles to school, back home for lunch, two miles back to school and then two miles back home again. At one time all school children were given chocolate powder to take home for cooking. You can imagine how little was left by the time we got home. We did our exams in shelters, books on our knees and later the staff told our parents that standards had not dropped at all. On our way back home we passed a book shop and I was always looking for the latest Enid Blyton title. My nose was always in a book as it still is. Despite the war I felt I had had an enjoyable early childhood. The greatest thrill after the war was to eat a banana and ice cream and read books that had illustrations, were printed on nice paper and had a dust cover.

Ann Smith

A Scottish Wartime Memoir

"Come away in, Mr. Swanson." George stood aside to let his friend into the Signal Box and closed the door behind him.

"Mustn't let Archie out", he said. Archie was his pet blowfly who lived in the Signal Box at Pitlochry Station.

"George, can you help?" Jim Swanson looked worried. He offered his friend a cigarette, lit it for him and took one out for himself. "Alister's fixed me up for some fishing at the end of the week and damn fool that I am, I came up without my rods."

"Och, you were mebbe thinking of something else when you left", said George, drawing deeply on the cigarette. "I heard Alistair had fixed you with the boat. They've been getting some big sea trout at Logierait".

Jim Swanson waited while his friend did a little thinking. "Is there anyone can put the rods on the train at Euston, Mr. Swanson?"

"Well, I could ask Herbie Morrison if he'd get them on for me."

"Just you do that, Mr. Swanson. Get him to give them to the guard on the 7.30 night train on Tuesday and you be here on the platform at 7 o'clock on the Wednesday. Just wait at the Perth end."

Jim Swanson left the signal box and called in at the Saloon Bar of Fishers Hotel, to carry out vital transactions.

The Wednesday morning saw him at the far end of the Up platform. George was in his Signal Box, just finishing a mug of tea. At 6.50 a.m. the single track began to hum as the Euston to Inverness night train slowly approached the long bend before the station. At that moment the red signal came down into the horizontal position. The driver saw the unexpected warning and applied his brakes. With a shrieking and jerking the express halted, expelling steam. George had come out of his signal box and over the line to the platform. The driver and fireman leaned out of the cabin. "What's up?"

"There's a coo on the line at Killiecrankie", said George. At the rear of the train the guard pulled down his window. "Mr. Swanson?" he enquired. "Aye, that's me."

A long green rod case was handed out and in return a bottle, carefully wrapped in brown paper, was passed into the guard's care. George had by now crossed the line and closed the door of the signal box behind him. After a few minutes he poked his head out of the window.

"She's away back to her field - the line's clear."

The green signal flicked up into the "Go" position, heads at sleeper windows withdrew and with pistons slowly pumping the Night Express drew away to its allotted stop at Blair Atholl.

Jim Swanson stopped at the signal box, gripped George's elbow and passed him a bottle, carefully wrapped in brown paper.

"Good fishing, Mr. Swanson!"

Alison Vernon



(The signal box was retired last year but if you ever find yourself on Pitlochry station then we can recommend the second hand bookshop in the station buildings- Ed.)

September 3rd 1939

The sofa felt scratchy to my legs in summer shorts,
Mustard-coloured, it was.
This was not what we usually did
On a Sunday morning -
Sitting, in the Drawing Room, with Mum and Dad,
Waiting.

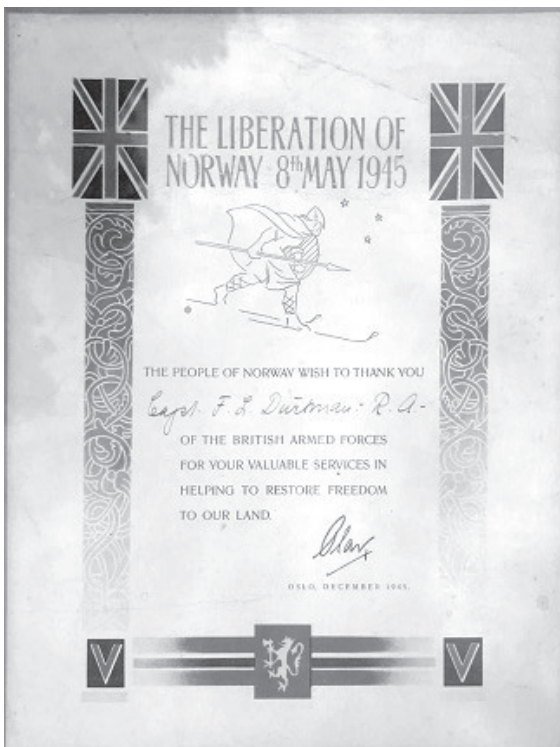
You could get Daventry and Hilversum on our wireless,
A big brown beehive,
Standing on the left of the fireplace.
The sound came out of a rising sun.
Today we wanted London, and the Prime Minister.
I kept still.

Eleven o'clock.
War has been declared. Mum was crying.
I'd never seen her cry before.
It made me frightened.
"What are we going to do?" she said.
Then Dad put his arm around her.
Everything was different.
I didn't feel my scratchy legs.

A.V.



Sue Mumford tells us, "I'm not old enough to remember the war and of course I was in Canada, but this is a picture my mother took of me, aged 2, holding the VE Day newspaper on which you can clearly read the headline "Germany Surrenders."



Thanks to Marian Child for the photograph of the certificate.

A Tale of a Battle of Britain baby

I have often thought that I should have asked my mother what thoughts were going through her mind when she produced her first child with the Battle of Britain raging literally overhead. In those days the father certainly wouldn't have witnessed the birth but my father was doing his bit with the Royal Artillery. He had been at TA camp when war was declared so immediately volunteered. He was in a reserve profession but, nevertheless, thought it his duty. My mother told me much later that it was the biggest argument in the whole of their long marriage.

My father would have had home leave to account for my brother (born early 1944) and me but I have very little recollection of his visits. We were a female household with my mother's unmarried twin living with us, travelling daily to London to work in the bank and driving an ambulance at night.

But, moving on, my recollection of any celebration in May 1945 is vague. Once again my father was away. He had been commissioned to lead a mission to Norway to repatriate the many German soldiers who had been occupying the northern part of the country. His assignment lasted about 5 months.

A very precious souvenir of the armistice is a letter from Prince Olav, later King, thanking my father for his role in the liberation of Norway.
Sheila Parker

WARTIME IN RURAL KENT

Living in Kent the war was never far from our back door. The memories I have of those years are the perceptions of a young child that resurface from time to time. My father does not feature in many of these episodes because he was serving in the R.E.M.E. and rarely on leave and came home a stranger. I remember the Morrison shelter, a large metal box with wire mesh sides. My mother and I slept in there most nights, the land-girl that was billeted with us, slept on a mattress next to it and dived in whenever there was danger. One night my mother in a hurry to get in the shelter, didn't duck low enough, she only had night wear on and she scrapped the skin off the centre of her back from neck to waist.

One summer afternoon the farm-hands had been working in the field at the back of our house cutting the corn. The corn was baled up and stacked to make a haystack, very like the ones Monet painted. That night the drone of a doodle-bug overhead reached our ears. These pilot-less flying bombs were sent across the channel with just enough fuel to get to London or very near. When the fuel ran out the bomb dropped and exploded. We listened the sound stopped, there was a great whoosh as the newly constructed haystack ignited into a great fire ball. We watched the blaze from the bedroom window. A few days later it wasn't a haystack but the house across the field and another friend, another life lost.

I have some shadowy memories of hushed voices speaking of a farm-hand going into the stable and finding a badly injured pilot, in full flying kit lying near dead in the straw. What his fate was, what colour his uniform was, I was too young to know.

For a brief time during the war Canadian soldiers were camped in the shallow wooded area the Goudhurst side of The Peacock Inn. They were very good to the local children (the cowman had six). Our "Got any gum chum?" almost always resulted in sweets of some description being given to us.

Another 'prize' was discarded cigarette packets. These often had colourful names like 'Passion Cloud'. Some collected the packets but most treasured the small cards they contained. Pictures of planes, cars animals etc. No matter how many 'swaps' you did, you never seemed to get a full set.

Hops were picked by hand during that time. I have memories of playing in a coppice that bordered the hop field, where my mother picked the hops into a 'bin'. Our game was stopped by the roar of a plane in trouble. Faces turned to the sky, we saw the plane aflame and metal dropping from sky. It swerved and fell away in the distance. Friend or foe, another young life ended.

Years later when we returned to England from Australia and lived on Romney Marsh. Walking the lanes it was not uncommon to see a small stone marking the spot where a once celebrated birth had ended in young death. On such occasions we paused and said a silent, God Bless You.

In Perth, Western Australia there is a beautiful park full of native trees and wild flowers. The road verges through the park have been planted with eucalyptus trees and in front of each one is a plaque honouring those service men who died during action or as a result of wounds received; there are 1600 of these plaques. The roads are called Honour Avenues.

Sheila H

My memories –

I was five when the war started and going to Etchingham School. My teacher was Miss Ellis, Mrs. Cockerall when she married. There were no school dinners but as I lived at the top of Burgh Hill I went home for lunch. We did though however have a small bottle of milk each day supplied by Mr. Kemp in Hurst Green. As a family we were lucky for food – I had an uncle who kept chickens at Red Rose and my Dad shot rabbits and grew most of our vegetables. There was a well outside the back door which was lovely and cold and never failed us. The thing I hated most was cod liver oil and malt. We also had a powder to make into hot chocolate but we used to eat it.

Dad dug us a shelter for us outside, down some steps. We had our dinner there when the Blitz was on. Indoors we had a shelter, a sort of metal box*, which we slept in. I remember waking up with my face feeling funny as I had caught Mumps. Luckily my brother didn't catch it. We were lucky to live in the country as most of the bombs went over but a Doodle-bug was destroyed overhead and blew out the front windows. I had a happy childhood in spite of the war. Dad wasn't called up as he worked on the railway and no one in our family was killed.

* Probably a Morrison Shelter, as opposed to the corrugated Anderson Shelters placed in people's gardens

Wartime Memories from Kath Hassall

Our little village (Newick) was relatively unscathed by WW2 although things did happen above and around, and one night a bomb was dropped fairly near, close enough to shake buildings, break windows and badly damage the house at the end of the row. Also an incident happened on a train from Lewes one afternoon as children were returning home from school when a German bomber strafed the train. A very brave lady from the village protected the schoolgirls and was badly injured herself, bearing the scars permanently. We grew up used to the noise of planes and could easily tell the difference between ours and the German ones, who often dropped their unused bombs over the south on their way back to base.

We went to school as usual, always carrying our gas masks; in the event of an air raid we had to get under our desks. Dinners were usually stews, curries, and the interminable corned beef (which I still dislike) and of course, spam a lot. On our way to school we had to pass a large house where Italian prisoners of war were based and there was always a group of them by the roadside as we went past. They were very polite and posed no threat. They used to mow the cricket pitch which was opposite our house.

There were frequent long convoys of army lorries rumbling through the village ferrying soldiers to and from the transit camp at Maresfield. Our air raid warden lived in our lane and raised the alarm when an air raid was imminent. He also had to check that no lights were shining through the blackout curtains.

As in thousands of other families, my father who was in the army, was absent for several years. My mother was brilliant and tried to keep things as normal as possible, and only got us out of bed if things got too lively in the skies above. With three young children, no electricity nor hot water on tap she had to cope with all the usual childhood illnesses, the garden and growing vegetables, food rationing (yes, we had no bananas!) as well as all the usual tasks to keep the home fires burning.

There were at least three families evacuated from London and of course the children soon made friends among us and got used to our quaint country ways. They must have liked rural life as two of the families settled in our village permanently. Dad was duly demobbed and although it was good to have him home again it was a little strange for a short while.

So now we have our own war to wage against an unseen and insidious foe with all its attendant challenges. Of course our hearts go out to all those who are or who may be affected and wish them all speedy recoveries. But we must endeavour to be focussed, count our blessings and look for the silver linings until we can all meet up again and have a jolly good knees up.

Till then, God Bless and keep safe. KH

3rd September 1939. Bethnal Green London E2 - The Journey

We were up earlier than usual that morning to get ready for our trip to the country. Our usual thoughts of the countryside were of Epping Forest, where we used to go for day outings. This time it was called Evacuation.

First stop was Daniel Street School. Here, we were all issued with a gas mask and name tag. It was crowded there with children trying to form orderly lines. Lots of mums were crying, but our mum was allowed to come with us, as my brother was only four years old.

We walked in crocodile file to Liverpool Street Station, which was crowded, very noisy and smoky. We had no idea where we were going, but, for us children, it was all very exciting.

Our first stop was Bury St Edmunds, where we changed trains. There, we were greeted by ladies in green suits, who handed everyone a carrier bag containing food, fruit and all sorts of goodies; I have never forgotten their kindness and generosity.

Our journey ended at a village called Elmswell in Suffolk, journey's end, for a while....

Patricia Fleming,
Church Farm Close. Etchingham

OUR GERMAN "FAMILY" - and FRIENDS

In the 1980's, a number of pupils from a school in Pinneberg (near Hamburg, and close to the border with what was then East Germany), came to Uplands Community College in Wadhurst, for a short stay in the Summer holiday, and arrangements were made for them to stay with local families. In 1988 a girl from East Germany (whose name is Daniela) was able to come with the party; she suffered badly from asthma, and the lady from the school who made the arrangements was having difficulty finding a family who were happy to have this young lady, in view of her health problem. The organiser was a personal friend of my wife, and knew that Barbarann also suffered from asthma, so we were asked if we would agree to have her, which we did. The following year, the same girl came again, as did a fellow pupil (named Ina) from East Germany, and we happily entertained them both.

Shortly after the Berlin wall came down, in 1989, we were invited to visit the home of our first visitor, and we went to Schwerin, where we met her family, including her younger brother Dirk. We became friendly with the family, and exchanged visits a number of times, including, incidentally, a visit to Berlin, which was quite an experience. Many of the Russian soldiers, who had been posted to East Germany, were still there, virtually abandoned by their country and, desperate for money, they were selling anything they could - including army equipment.

Not long after this, Daniela and Dirk's parents split up. The separation was very traumatic for the children, and we began to help them (by, for example, letting them talk to us about their problems). As time went on, we saw them both, and became very close friends with them. They came to stay with us many times, and indeed we got to see more of Dirk than Daniela.

Coincidentally, Ina came to England again; she was aiming to spend a year out working, and had a job in the Midlands, as - effectively - an au pair. Things did not work out at all as she had hoped, and she was very unhappy. We had a phone call from her father, who was very worried about the situation, and asked if we could help, perhaps by collecting her and putting her up for a short while until she could go home. We did as asked, but Ina particularly wanted to stay in England, and we ultimately got her a job, working for the company that employed one of our daughters, and she stayed with us for a year.

Ilse Baker, who was, of course, our next-door neighbour, and was German, and had lived in England for many years, heard from us about how much we had enjoyed meeting these young people, and that led to some of her family asking if we could have their children (or, in one case, a friend of one of them) to stay with us. Again, we got to know the youngsters very well, and exchanged visits them and their families.

We are still in very close touch with Daniela and Dirk, and Ina, and particularly with another of our regular visitors - Martina - who lives in the very South of Germany, close to the border with Switzerland, and we have often visited her and her family on the way to and from our camping holidays in both Western and Eastern Europe.

Our ties with Daniela and Dirk have been particularly close, over the years, much closer indeed than their relationship with their parents (with whom they rarely have contact). Daniela was married, for a relatively short time, and the relationship was not at all happy; she therefore often telephoned to speak to Barbarann, and very much appreciated the opportunity to talk. Dirk is now married, with two daughters (now aged 7 and 10) and we have been on holiday with the family several times. Both Daniela and Dirk have referred to us as parents on numerous occasions, and Dirk's girls refer to us as their grandparents. We indeed feel equally close to them, and they are just like family to us. Ina and Martina are both married, with now grown-up children, and we keep in very close touch with them and their families.

Ilse Baker's husband died in the 1980's and, as she had no family in England, we became close friends, inviting her, for example, to spend Christmas with us every year. Through that connection, we met many of her German relations, and have remained very close friends with her niece Dagmar (and her husband Bernhard), and have exchanged visits - and been on holidays - with them, many times.

We regard ourselves as being extremely fortunate to have so many close German friends, and have had an indescribable amount of pleasure from these friendships. On the anniversary of VE Day, Dirk e-mailed us and, amongst other things he said: "It still is a miracle how the world and Europe let Germans be part of the good side again, so this is also the day of delight of all Germans!" - and, as far as we are concerned, it is equally a delight for us.

FHS

Footnote :

Many will recall the late Theo Becker, our very own German paratrooper, who had fought on the Russian front and then became a POW in Robertsbridge, having been captured as the British advanced through Holland towards the end of the war. He worked at the Gypsum Mine and stayed on in Sussex, but his family had been twice bombed out of their home in Germany. And those of us who have visited Hiroshima, Dresden or Wurzburg, 'the grave on the Main', will appreciate that whatever the causes of the war, the sufferings of ordinary people in all of the combatant nations were immense.

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The last couple of months have been somewhat surreal as we all try and come to terms with the impact of the COVID-19 pandemic. Our hearts go out to everyone who may have been affected by this dreadful virus, directly or indirectly. I think we all know someone who has family or friends working on the frontline in the NHS or in care homes and every Thursday evening at 8pm we stand outside the Bistro and take great pride in participating in the 'Big Clap' that can be heard echoing along the High Street.

At the Bistro we have tried to adapt to this new world that we find ourselves in and would like to take this opportunity to tell you how humbled we are by your amazing support. Due to popular demand the Bistro is currently producing take-away pizzas four evenings a week; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Over the last month we have served in excess of 150 pizzas each week and would like to say a huge thank you to you all.

We are currently opening every weekday from 9.30am-2.00pm and Saturday's 11.00am-2.00pm for take-away coffee, breakfast rolls, panini, homemade soup and homemade frittata. To keep up with the unprecedented demand, we will continue to serve take-away pizzas on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from the earlier time of 6.00pm. Please telephone your order in advance to enable us to book you a collection slot and keep you all protected.

We are continuing to strictly adhere to the social distancing and hygiene guidelines laid down by the Chief Medical Adviser and will continue to follow official guidance from the government and health authorities; the wellbeing of our customers and staff remains paramount to us. Please take care of yourselves and we will continue to serve you through these uncertain times.

Regards

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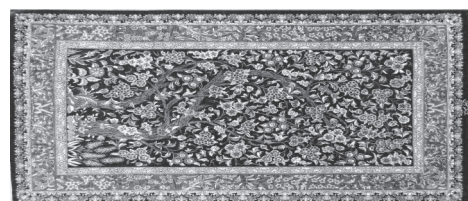
Our Heroes

The worlds gone mad I hear you utter
 From your casket we all know as home.
 The hapless thoughts of life in the gutter,
 The reality of abandoning your throne.
 The strands of hope we cling to each hour
 Only cushion our passion to breathe;
 The hope of dancing cheek and to jowl
 The hugs, hands we held - now bereaved.
 Hold on - we cry, we have heroes in place,
 Our army of National and Health.
 Our gallant troops at the front of the line
 No interest in self aid or wealth.
 Pride in those souls who jump to the mark
 The crowds line the streets from their gates.
 From the base of our heart to the brim of the sky
 Grateful are all - your hands - our fate.....

Johnny Page March 2020

*This is an old poem,
 perhaps known to many of you:
 but it seems particularly worth recalling
 in our present circumstances.*

Not till the loom is silent
 And the shuttles cease to fly
 Shall God unroll the canvas,
 And explain the reason why
 The dark threads are as needful
 In the Weaver's skilful hand
 As the threads of gold and silver
 In the pattern He has planned.



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A difficult pilgrimage – thank-you and first steps!



A big thank-you to everyone who has already supported my Christian Aid fundraising walk. Although my full route to Canterbury is on hold until lockdown is further eased and I can make my planned overnight stops on the way, I was able on 12th May (my original Christian Aid Week start date), to step out on the first stage from Etchingham to Salehurst to mark the generosity of sponsors to date – including the e-giving and some other donations we have at time of writing raised over £1000. In fact I walked the extra half mile along to the site of Robertsbridge Abbey where from the 12th to the 16th centuries a pilgrim like myself might have sought refreshment! That's Mr. Walker my mascot on the wall of the Abbey grounds, the building through the trees was once the Abbot's house.

The coronavid pandemic is stretching the resources of Christian Aid and all other international medical and aid agencies, not only in dealing with the coronavirus but in tackling other health problems claiming thousands of lives such as malaria, measles and inadequate pre and post natal care, as well as water shortages, environmental pollution and the effects of climate change.

Please contribute direct via myself or on my e-giving page:

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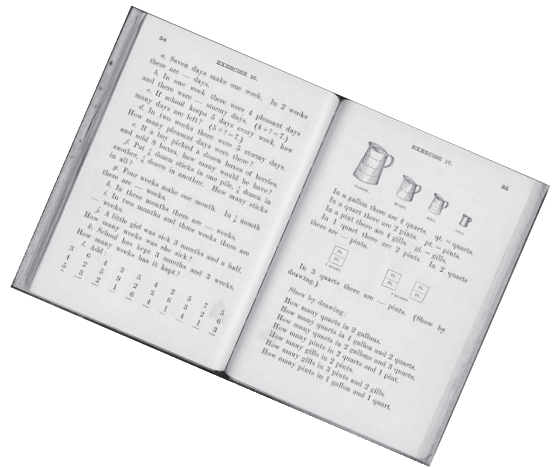
Two and Two makes Five

Dear Miss Allen,
 I thought I should write after all these years
 Just to let you know
 That the damage you did has remained unaltered
 Right up to the present time.
 I am talking about Arithmetic, Miss Allen.
 Class Lower Three, if I remember rightly,
 Nineteen thirty seven - I was nine.

If a man painted a room that was fourteen foot square
 Using $4\frac{1}{2}$ pots of paint, how much did he need
 To paint one wall? Or maybe it was lemons and oranges!
 How many to fill a basket in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours?
 I put my hand up, Miss Allen, because I didn't understand,
 And you came down and stood beside my desk, regarding me.,
 You twiddled a pencil in your right ear, and I knew, Miss Allen,
 That you thought me a simpleton,
 Hardly worth bothering with.

For once, the answer came clearly.
 You think I'm a fool, so I won't bother you any more;
 Pretend I'm not here, and I'll do the same.
 Ever since that morning in Lower Three 2, Miss Allen,
 I have been unable to consider the joy of, say, figure 7.
 I leave it to others to fathom the price of $5\frac{1}{2}$ sheets of plywood
 At fourteen and elevenpence halfpenny a sheet, or its equivalent nowadays.
 And I will sign off, Miss Allen, after a calculation, but I could be wrong,
 Of twenty five thousand, five hundred and ninety days.
 Yours truly,

P.S. I do not expect a reply, because I have worked out in my head that you may not be still in the building!



AV

SUSSEX QUESTIONS?

Did Rotherfield knock Hadlow Down
 To fall in Jarvis Brook?
 Was Crowborough Cross, and did he frown
 When Mayfield came to look?

It happened by the old Stonegate,
 But did Wallcrouch down?
 Whiligh in such an awkward state
 En route for Wadhurst Town?

Did Withyham and Eridge Green
 Give Cross-in-Hand a slap
 For not appearing in this scene
 Through sitting on Gills Lap?

Was Steel Cross when he had Blackham
 Instead of nice Boars Head?
 While Danegate got in a jam
 Had been Forestalled he said!

Did Colemans Hatch their batch of chicks
 And what did Chuck Hatch chuck
 To put Motts Mill Hill in a fix
 And cause Lye Green bad luck?

Was Mark Cross sad about the land
 And hacked Five Ash Down?
 Till only five were left to stand
 The landscape there to crown.

Did Maresfield get a little horse
 Like one that Ticehurst Road
 To where the Rother weaves its course
 Past Etchingham's abode?

Who was it said that Cousley Wood?
 And what did Burwash Weald?
 So Robertsbridge quite understood
 That he should never yield.

E.H.R

Both Mary Newington and Colin Boylett drew our attention to this poem and Colin kindly typed it up for us. Thanks to each!

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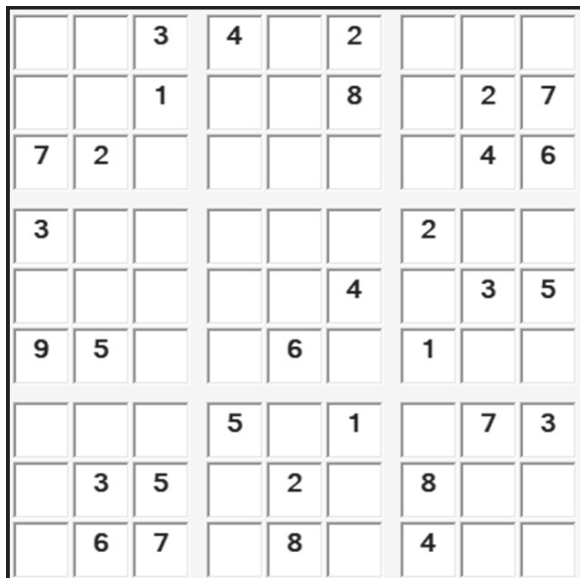
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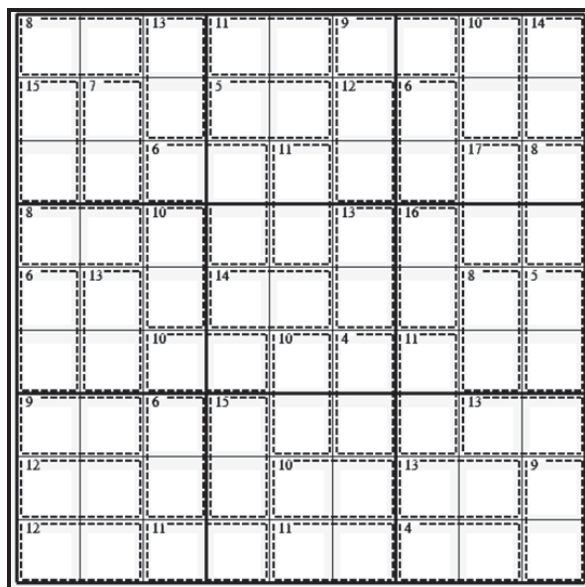
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SUDOKU



Easy Sudoku - target time 12 minutes:

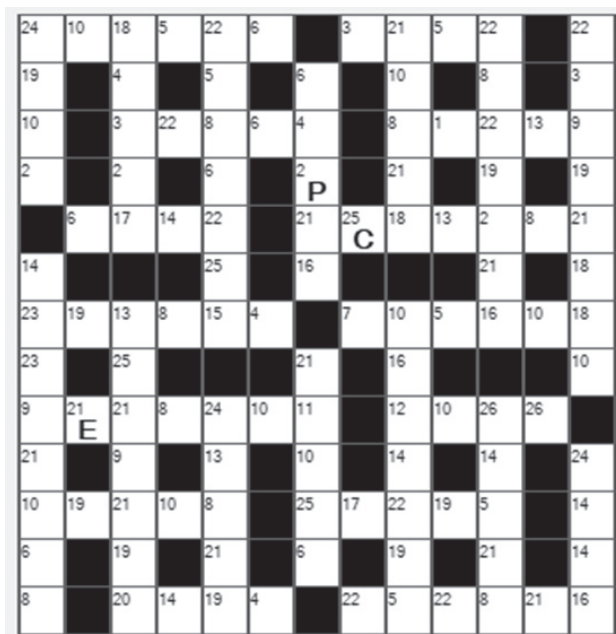
Fill in the square so that each Row, Column and small 3 x 3 square has the numbers 1 - 9 in it.



Killer Sudoku - Like Sudoku, in Killer Sudoku fill the grid with the numbers 1 to 9, such that each row, column and each 3x3 group of cells contains each number only once. Also, a Killer Sudoku grid is divided into cages, shown with dashed lines. The sum of the numbers in a cage must equal the small number in its top-left corner. The same number cannot appear in a cage more than once.

Hint: The board is split into nine 3 x 3 squares, 9 rows and 9 columns - each has the numbers 1

CODEWORD



A codeword is a crossword with no clues. Every letter of the alphabet has been replaced by a number, the same number representing the same letter throughout the puzzle.

Using the letters you are given work out which letters are represented by the other numbers to find all the words in the puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	P																			E				C	

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HOW TO BOOST YOUR WELLBEING WHILST WORKING FROM HOME



As a coach and business owner I get to work from wherever; I have a favourite coffee shop, there's a hotel lounge I'm rather partial to for meetings and I share a home office with my husband. I've always enjoyed the fact that I can coach and work from wherever I like. Now, with COVID-19 and the need to stay at home, I realise how lucky I was to be able to have that flexibility. I love working at home but the novelty wears off when you have to do it for a prolonged period of time and can't have that trip to the favourite coffee shop for an almond croissant and extra shot Americano!

For many of us who are now self isolating, social distancing and having to work at home whilst we get through this pandemic - this is a new thing, something you're not so used to and it can be difficult. There's no division between home and work, often the days are blurring into one and the weekends - well without being able to go out anywhere and enjoy "normal life" it can all become just a little overwhelming.

I wanted to share with you four tips for how to boost your wellbeing whilst working from home. It's important for your own self care, your mental health and your wellness to make time to adjust to this temporary new way of living and working. I hope you find these tips helpful.

Check in with people

Are you missing the daily "hello" or "good morning" that you usually get as you walk through the office? Why not have that first meeting of the day as a google hangout, zoom call or WhatsApp video session with your colleagues where you share ten minutes of your day to talk about how your evening was, what you watched on TV, catch up over coffee or have that "water cooler moment" virtually.

I know a lot of people who are doing this because they miss the office interaction of their colleagues. It's not having a business meeting, with an agenda or covering off a task - this is simply bringing into your day the social interaction you would normally have in an office. Perhaps this is a great way to start and/or end the day? Who can you do this with and can you set it up to start tomorrow?

Have you thought about your desk set up?

It's hard to make yourself work at home sometimes.. the novelty will wear off eventually - so make sure that your working environment is the best that you can have it. Think about your set up - is it at a desk in an office space, is it at the kitchen table or is it on the sofa? This is somewhere you will spend a lot of time, think about your seat, your posture, your environment and what you need to be efficient, effective and happy.

Also think about having healthy snacks at your desk, having a whole bottle of water where you can track how much are you consuming every day. Having a plant near you that's giving off oxygen, making sure that your working environment looks good, feels good. Can you see out of a window or are you just staring at a wall? Getting up and stretching your legs is super important, whether that's going to the kitchen to make a cup of tea/coffee or grab a glass of water or having a walk whilst making phone calls. Try not to be sat at your desk/kitchen table/on the sofa *delete as appropriate* for too long.

Remember to take a break

It can be so easy to work from the moment you get up to the moment you realise you need to eat some dinner. However, it is so important to make sure that you take regular breaks throughout the day. Give the day some structure. Don't start working on emails from your bed. Have a schedule similar to if you were going to the office - get up, dressed, ready for the day. Give yourself regular breaks and get outside if you are allowed to where you are. It's important to give your mind a break, change the situation and the set up. By setting your timing for the day - start, breaks, lunch, end of the day; this will give you the division between work and home without the commute.

End the day strong

A good way to find more balance is to have a way to switch off from the day. One key way to close the day is by writing out what was the success that day - what went well and what didn't go so well. This is a great way to clear it out of your mind. Write it all down on a piece of paper. Then you can either keep that piece of paper for the next day or screw it up, chuck it in the bin, and then you've cleared out to your mind. By doing this you can go home without having the day running through your mind, it allows you to go home not mulling things over, not taking your work home with you.

Ending the day strong means you can also start the next day afresh and give yourself the division of work time from home life. Write your to-do list for the next day so that you know where you're starting and that you can be clear on what you're doing. Understand what you want to achieve for the next day. Set yourself some goals and targets. Then at the end of each day, you can see how did you do on your goals and targets. This helps to give some structure to your day.

Once you've logged off for the day and moved away from your desk area, allow yourself some time to unwind. If you have a job that involves using technology a lot at work, when you finish for the day try and have at least two hours of no technology, ideally the whole evening.

Build your own good nighttime routine. What do you need? Is it having a bath before bed with some lavender, and relaxing music? Is it doing some meditation? It could just be watching TV. If that is what helps you unwind, but I recommend not watching TV immediately before bed. You need at least half an hour, if not an hour, to just have some time to yourself. No technology, helping yourself to get the best night's sleep you can.

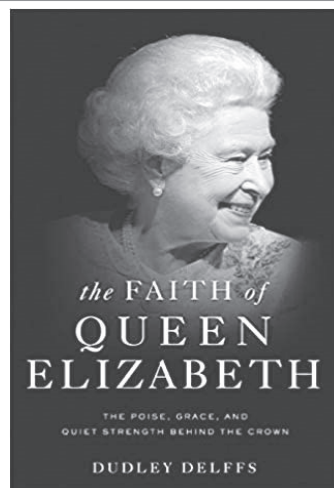
If you need further help in boosting your wellbeing - be sure to sign up to my fortnightly Self Care Survival Kit newsletter at www.selfcaresurvivalkit.co.uk. Hitting mailboxes globally, every other Friday - bringing you a dose of Self Care inspiration with two easy to apply tips, a mantra or a reading recommendation from our book club - sign up to receive it for free.

Rachel Letham is a successful business and career coach who works with clients to share the tools they need to lead more fulfilling lives and careers. Based in Etchingham, Rachel helps clients build their positive mindset for success, gaining clarity in their direction and purpose in business and their careers. Find out more at www.rachelletham.com*

** and recent first-time Mum - congratulations - Ed.*

A Book Well Worth Reading

For me, one of the good side effects of the coronavirus lockdown has been to have more time than I usually do to read some books. The one I have just finished has a lovely smiling picture of the Queen on its cover and is entitled "The Faith of Queen Elizabeth". The author, Dudley Delffs, takes the reader delightfully and sympathetically through the story of Queen Elizabeth's life in a series of thematic chapters. He shows, by recalling many of her experiences and relationships with all kinds of people, how her personal faith has been the steadying anchor through them all and how her humble commitment to follow Jesus' example has guided her thinking and her actions through good times and bad in her personal as well as her public life. This glimpse into Her Majesty's faith is based on historical archives, royal biographies and accounts of interactions with historic figures as well as some amusing interviews with ordinary people the author happened to meet in ordinary places as he did his research. He also quotes the Queen herself, from speeches she has made over the years.



In one of her recent Christmas broadcasts (2014) she said "For me, the life of Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace...is an inspiration and an anchor in my life. A role model of reconciliation and forgiveness, he stretched out his hand in love, acceptance and healing. Christ's example has taught me to seek to respect and value all people, of whatever faith or none."

Many years earlier in a similar broadcast (1957), she said "I cannot lead you in battle. I do not give you laws or administer justice, but I can do something else. I can give you my heart and my devotion to these old islands and to all the peoples of our brotherhood of nations."

And so she has done through all the changing scenes of her long and busy life.

You can get the book from Aslan Christian Books for £10.99 Phone 01373 823451 or e-mail customerservices@aslanchristianbooks.com - or you may borrow my copy, if you like.

LOCKDOWN WORDQUIZ

How many words can you make from the letters of **ETCHINGHAM**
(Words must be 3 letters or more)

Target: 80 Words (there are more than 160 possible)

Solution page 34

Etchingam Trust for Sports and Recreation



At the time of writing we remain in lockdown and the village halls remain closed for all activities due to the continuing Coronavirus crisis. Like everyone else, we are following Government advice. We are sorry that the halls are not being used and that so many people are missing the many and varied activities that take place every week. Similarly we are sorry that planned activities have been cancelled or deferred and we thank everyone for their help in dealing with these matters.

Closure of the halls deprives us of the great majority of our income - the only exception to this being the monthly 100 Club Draw. Ironically, before closing our doors, the first half of the financial year 2019-20 was proving to be a good one for ETSR. Benefiting from talks by Charles Moore, Nick Smith and the Autumn Quiz Night, income was ahead of expenditure. Core income from hirings was also up and the 100 Club continues to contribute well each month.

Having lost income from hirings at the halls, the Trustees have focused their attention upon containing and reducing costs and doing everything possible to protect our cash balances. Some people have asked why we continue to incur significant costs during closure. The fact is we must continue to pay for Site Management, cleaning, electricity, insurance, facilities testing and many more regular items. The benefit of these actions is that we will be ready to open as soon as we receive the appropriate clearance.

Crucially, we have taken advantage of two support measures offered by the Government and the District Council. We have used the Job Retention Scheme to place Catherine, our Administrator, on furlough (currently until the end of June) whilst the halls are closed. Secondly, we have applied for and received a Business Support Grant from Rother District Council whilst has bolstered our funds and materially improved our chances of surviving the crisis.

The Coronavirus has, in extremis, highlighted the importance of supplementing income received from hire of the halls through other activities. We are delighted that once again Mary Barnes and Eleanor Knowles will be holding their annual plant sale, with all funds raised going to ETSR. Whilst social distancing might not allow people to gather for tea and cakes as has been the case in the past, a system for ordering and collection/ distribution of the plants will be organised. The intended date for sales of the plants will be 18-20 June. Please make a note of this date in your diary and look out for more details shortly. Mary and Eleanor have worked extremely hard to get the plants ready for sale and we hope that everyone will support this lovely initiative.

Last, but definitely not least, our March winners in the 100 Club Draw were Rob Beeney, Brian Hilton and Rachel Latham and in April, Alison Vernon, Ken Thomas and Sandy Nokes, with Sandy kindly donating the prize to ETSR. We would like to say a huge thank you to everyone who supports the Draw. As we have said many times it makes a really valuable contribution to our income and it's fun too !

If you would like to join the Draw please contact paulstott@live.co.uk or nicky@homebirth.net

We hope that circumstances will soon allow the Village Halls to open again and for all our activities to get back to normal. As soon as this is the case we will contact all our regular users and everybody who has a date already booked in the diary. It may well be that social distancing will still be required for activities and we will do everything to assist if this is the case. It will be great to see the halls back in use and we look forward to welcoming back our regular users and those using the halls for the first time. Our aim remains to do everything possible to encourage full use of the halls and to see them at the heart of village events.

Patrons
Tom Avery
Robert Bathurst
Harry Hill
The Lord King of Lothbury, GBE
Charles Moore
Sir Frank Sanderson Bt. OBE
Rt.Hon. The Lord Young of Graffham, DL

In the meantime ETSR send their very best wishes to you, your family and friends.

Trustees:

Paul Stott – Chairman, John Barnes, Paulette Barton, Joe Kilgallon, Nicky Menzies, Steve Millea, Nicolas Smith

Catherine Richards - Administrator, contact: Email: admin@etchinghamtrust.org.uk Tel: 07855 239848

Correspondence Address: Etchingam Trust for Sports and Recreation, c/o Etchingam Community Halls, Parsonage Croft, Etchingam, East Sussex TN19 7BY

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Further adventures of a Bichon called Sammy

Well, I thought Christmas was a puzzling time of the year, but the last few weeks have been very strange! First of all Mum disappeared very early in the morning before I was up, and stayed away for nearly three whole days. I did my best to help look after Dad, but I kept looking for Mum – then suddenly, she was back, but I was stopped from jumping up to welcome her home, and she had these two metal poles that were always getting in the way. I got trodden on by them, and hit when Mum left them propped up somewhere and they fell, and they were generally a real nuisance! She wouldn't take me for a walk, and I had to rely on Fin, which meant I never knew when I was going out – so I often refused to go! However, at least all that is back to normal now, Mum is taking me out, but says I'm driving her mad because I'm so slow! I haven't been back to the Vets, and having my teeth sorted seems to have been forgotten. The other thing that seems to have been forgotten is my trip to be clipped, which I'm not at all sorry about – but every time I sit down near Mum she picks up the scissors and chops off some of my hair! I'm quite glad about that, as I have been getting very hot, but I'm not sure I'm looking my best! I even had to have a shower! Mum says all the birds will have lovely snug nests this year, as she puts my fur out on the grass, and it quickly disappears

The other thing that has been so strange, and about which I've been pleased, is that they haven't been out and left me alone for weeks. We have been out in the car just a couple of times, and even those trips didn't end up at the Groomers or Vets, or even a stop for a cup of tea! Just a little ride, and back home. There's also the puzzle that when we're out, I'm not allowed to go and say hello to my friends, either doggy or human, and Mum has these conversations with people across the road or standing far away from them; all very strange.

Of course, because they've been at home all the time, I haven't had much chance to be up to mischief, but I did manage a hot cross bun, and yesterday had a chocolate marshmallow! I've also managed to repeat my cup trick at bedtime, when they found me in the middle of their bed with an empty cup that had originally been on the tray with milk in it! I've been in big trouble twice though! Mum got out this box with lots of pieces of coloured cardboard which she spent ages joining together and it started to make a picture. She then popped out, and I was anxious to see where she'd gone, so jumped up on the table; when she came back shortly afterwards, I was so excited that the pieces of what is apparently called a jigsaw, went in all directions, and mostly landed on the floor! They were put back in the box, after I'd had a good telling off, and haven't been seen since.

Two days ago, after snuffling round the garden, I jumped over the little fence on to the vegetable patch, as I could smell that a cat has been there and left an offering; I had just located it when Mum came out and crossly tried to pull me away – and in the process, slipped and fell, knocking off her glasses and banging her head, as well as cutting her finger and her leg!! There was some very colourful language, and 'her next door' had to come in and bandage her up – and has she got a funny coloured eye! I did feel a bit guilty after that, and haven't dared go on the vegetable patch since!

Well, I can only wait and see what excitement the next few weeks bring.

Bye for now,

Sammy

'Safe Space for Victims' relaunched in 'lockdown'

'Safe Space Sussex' is an online directory of local victim services, created by Police & Crime Commissioner Katy Bourne. In response to the 'lockdown' and concerns raised around crimes like Domestic Abuse, this site has been upgraded and advice has been shared on social media (@SussexPCC) to help victims covertly reach out for help whilst stuck in isolation – search **#SafeSpaceSussex**.

It's vital that residents are aware of the support that is still available if they need it. Safe Space Sussex has been equipped with a new search tool so that within 10 seconds, victims of any crime can find the service they need. It also has a 'leave site now' button that users can press to quickly exit the site.

Tailored guidance has been shared across social media community groups on how victims can access the new website covertly, using incognito tabs, as they may be living with their perpetrators during 'lockdown' and their search history may be monitored as a result. Victims can also covertly let Sussex Police know they are in danger. The '55' technology is in place for those too scared to speak, to alert a call handler to the fact they need help by pressing 55 on their mobile phone once they've dialled 999. There is still help and support available for all victims of crime during the Covid crisis.

If you find yourself in an emergency where you think you or others may be in immediate danger dial 999. Sussex Police are always there for you when you need them. Don't suffer in silence. If you would prefer not to contact the police you can report a crime anonymously via Crimestoppers online:

<https://crimestoppers-uk.org/give-information/forms/give-information-anonymously> or by calling: 0800 555 111

www.safespacesussex.org.uk has all the information on support services who can help any victim of crime across Sussex.

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collects surplus food from supermarkets and distributes it free of charge to those in and around the area who are seriously disadvantaged as a result of Covid-19 or the emergency restrictions.

They may include people who are isolated or disabled and cannot readily venture out for shopping, or people who have lost their incomes because they have fallen between the various benefits offered by the Government.

Please pass this information on to anyone who you think could be affected.

**Please contact Ray Williamson on 01435 882091 or
ray@electronicmedia.plus.com**

The Ascent of Etchingham

The difficulty

Lockdown! It isn't new for mountaineers and hillwalkers to face curbs on their outdoor passions. The heights of the Himalaya were off limits for many years when Nepal was closed to outsiders, one reason why Mallory's ill-fated attempt on Everest was from the northern Tibetan side. Closer to home, restrictions by landowners to the moors of North Derbyshire inspired the Kinder Scout Mass Trespass of 1932 which ended in arrests and jail sentences. Now the current virus controls limit our roamings and cut the Sussex summiteer off from the craggier heights of Britain and beyond. So what to do - go and look for different challenges closer to home!

Poring over the maps of deepest East Sussex an idea emerged - to trek from the point in the parish of Etchingham nearest to sea level, to its highest peak. This would take the adventurer along deep valleys, through marsh and forest and over lofty ridges to the mystical mountains of Myskyns.

An epic of such proportions would have to be spread over two days, not least to stay close to government exercise guidelines, but to ensure we were not overcome by exhaustion from the immensity of our task.

The march in

With just one trusty companion I headed, 'all in the April evening', for the plains of Rother, where in the fields below the remote farmstead of Squibs, close to the parish's southern frontier, the cartographers record an altitude only 12 metres above the height of the foaming ocean. Fierce birds of prey circled overhead and immense bovine creatures menaced our path. Our route crossed twice the mighty Rother, still bearing the flow of the winter rains, and ran beside an ancient trade route where an iron way carried creaking vehicles of steel over hill and vale towards the great city to the north. We saw the flowering crataegus tree, symbolic of fertility to the peoples of these parts; they are allowed to take off their clothes once this plant blossoms. As we moved away from the river we came over a gentle rise and saw a peaceful hill-girt hamlet, with its venerable temple where, reputedly, shaven headed acolytes from the great monastery further down the valley once chanted incantations for the soul of William, ancient overlord of these parts.



Animal hazard



Blazing fire at the homestead

Dusk was upon us so we sought shelter for the night. The half-timbered rustic tavern is long shut down, the shebeen further through the village closed by the pestilence. But a quaint homestead was open to us; we found a roaring log fire and sipped a much loved local drink, an infusion of camellia sinensis laced with a white fluid culled from the beasts of the valley.

The climb

Wise hillmen start early to avoid the risk of avalanches as the sun warms through, and to be sure that intrepid walkers are not benighted before returning to the safety of the lower slopes.

We were therefore up betimes, with the frost still whitening the fields. Barely time for a bowl of traditional crunchy-nut cornflakes before we headed out. We were climbing alpine style, with a minimum of kit for speed, and equipped only with chocolate bars and our trusty Leki sticks, which we would need to ward off more of the fierce quadrupeds that barred our path by the site of the ancient forge. Then a steep uphill, past territory once ruled by the legendary Ilse, to the trackway along the ridge. Exotic songbirds, carduelis carduelis, black, red and gold, honouring the ancestral homeland of worthy Ilse, sang in the trees and the sun shone across the vale to the distant heights of Tice's Hurst.

The trail dipped down to a meeting of the ways, in a low pass or col. In Tibetan this might be called the Lo-La, perhaps the inspiration for balladeer Ray Davies' anthem, still sung in karaoke bars across the Weald. Finally the rugged path-way soared up towards the hilltop pastures of Myskyns. This is the home of the farming gods, so like the first climbers

on Kanchenjunga, we respectfully avoided the absolute summit, the highest point of the parish of Etchingham, contenting ourselves with the point where the main trail leaves the parish, a dizzying one hundred metres above the distant sea. But we pressed on a little further, for the very highest point hereabouts is just over the border in the neighbouring Land of the Stony Gates. In the field beside our road my companion's altimeter recorded an elevation of no less than one hundred and fifteen metres.



Historic pillar in the brambles



100 metres up – the road leads ever onward

Ancient maps suggested the existence close by of a great pillar once used by surveyors (gromatici to our Roman forebears) as a mark to measure the hostile lands to the north. In these more peaceful times it has fallen out of use and was hard to find, but still it stands, though cloaked in bramble, a worthy goal and end to our odyssey.

The return

Explorers from Captain Scott to Chris Bonington have often found the return journey the most hazardous. So, as the sun blazed higher in the sky we turned cautiously back, returning, like the Wise Men in the Bible, by a different route. We found a more westerly path that looped round Mount Myskyn on its southern flank, and later a track along the side of the valley to reduce the risk from bovine obstruction. Here we sought the carpeting blooms of hyacinthoides non-scripta, truly one of the natural wonders of this remote region; some specimens were in flower but it wanted perhaps a week for the peak of this remarkable botanical extravaganza.

Our pace was slowing, but as our trek neared conclusion, the prospect of bacon sandwiches lifted our muddy boots on each step towards base camp.....

PMH

WORDQUIZ SOLUTION 163 Possible Words (there may be more!)

<i>ace</i>	<i>ache</i>	<i>aching</i>	<i>acing</i>	<i>acme</i>	<i>acne</i>	<i>act</i>	<i>acting</i>	<i>age</i>	<i>agent</i>
<i>aim</i>	<i>amen</i>	<i>amine</i>	<i>ant</i>	<i>ante</i>	<i>anthem</i>	<i>anti</i>	<i>antic</i>	<i>ate</i>	<i>cage</i>
<i>cam</i>	<i>came</i>	<i>can</i>	<i>cane</i>	<i>cant</i>	<i>cat</i>	<i>cent</i>	<i>chain</i>	<i>change</i>	<i>chant</i>
<i>chat</i>	<i>cheat</i>	<i>cheating</i>	<i>chi</i>	<i>chime</i>	<i>chin</i>	<i>china</i>	<i>chit</i>	<i>cinema</i>	<i>cite</i>
<i>each</i>	<i>eat</i>	<i>eating</i>	<i>eight</i>	<i>eight</i>	<i>emit</i>	<i>enact</i>	<i>enigma</i>	<i>eta</i>	<i>etch</i>
<i>etching</i>	<i>ethic</i>	<i>ethnic</i>	<i>gain</i>	<i>gait</i>	<i>game</i>	<i>gamine</i>	<i>gate</i>	<i>gem</i>	<i>gent</i>
<i>get</i>	<i>giant</i>	<i>gin</i>	<i>gnat</i>	<i>hag</i>	<i>ham</i>	<i>hang</i>	<i>hat</i>	<i>hatch</i>	<i>hatching</i>
<i>hate</i>	<i>hath</i>	<i>hating</i>	<i>heat</i>	<i>heath</i>	<i>heating</i>	<i>height</i>	<i>hem</i>	<i>hen</i>	<i>hie</i>
<i>high</i>	<i>him</i>	<i>hinge</i>	<i>hint</i>	<i>hit</i>	<i>hitch</i>	<i>ice</i>	<i>image</i>	<i>inch</i>	<i>inmate</i>
<i>itch</i>	<i>item</i>	<i>mace</i>	<i>machine</i>	<i>macing</i>	<i>magic</i>	<i>magnet</i>	<i>magnetic</i>	<i>main</i>	<i>man</i>
<i>mane</i>	<i>mange</i>	<i>manic</i>	<i>mat</i>	<i>match</i>	<i>matching</i>	<i>mate</i>	<i>math</i>	<i>mating</i>	<i>mean</i>
<i>meant</i>	<i>meat</i>	<i>meg</i>	<i>men</i>	<i>met</i>	<i>meting</i>	<i>mica</i>	<i>mice</i>	<i>mien</i>	<i>might</i>
<i>mince</i>	<i>mine</i>	<i>mint</i>	<i>mite</i>	<i>nag</i>	<i>name</i>	<i>neat</i>	<i>neath</i>	<i>neigh</i>	<i>net</i>
<i>nice</i>	<i>niche</i>	<i>nigh</i>	<i>night</i>	<i>nit</i>	<i>tag</i>	<i>tam</i>	<i>tame</i>	<i>taming</i>	<i>tan</i>
<i>tang</i>	<i>tea</i>	<i>teach</i>	<i>teaching</i>	<i>team</i>	<i>teaming</i>	<i>ten</i>	<i>tench</i>	<i>than</i>	<i>the</i>
<i>them</i>	<i>then</i>	<i>thigh</i>	<i>thin</i>	<i>thine</i>	<i>thing</i>	<i>tic</i>	<i>tie</i>	<i>time</i>	<i>tin</i>
<i>tine</i>	<i>ting</i>	<i>tinge</i>							

How did you do: **Less than 20 – Join the kids for an online lesson**

40 – Spending too long in front of the TV

60 – Spending too long in the garden

80 – Well Done – reward yourself with a good book

100 or more – Brilliant

BERTIE'S BEAT

Tales of a country dog

Thankfully, by the middle of March the terrible wet and windy weather had ceased, but before long our days would change again as that nasty virus arrived on our shores. With everyone trying to work from home there have certainly been a lot of different people, and doggies, about. Mum tells me we should be grateful to the emergency services and the NHS and all the other people who help us. So glad the post office is still open to get my doggy food and Nigel the butcher is still selling meat and I have a good sniff as I go past! I like seeing all the children about but feel sorry that they won't be able to sit their exams this year.

Before all this happened the blackthorn was in full bloom and the pussy willow was bursting out ready for Palm Sunday but sadly the church would be ordered to close by that day. On Easter Sunday walking up Church Hill, we saw twenty or thirty cows in the long field but they were all walking in a straight line back towards the stile near Forge House. It was if one of them had said "all together please, in a straight line, back up the field". We saw a couple of Canada geese in a small pond and wondered if they were nesting there, and then a couple of days later a pair of swans flew right over us.

We have found walking about much safer while we don't have to walk around the commuter parking and we enjoyed reading messages children had left on the wooden gate between the marsh field and Forge House. The station carparks seem so quiet without any cars. The primroses have been spectacular this year and Mum thinks they have been extra beautiful to cheer everyone up. And now the bluebells are shooting up to take their place.

The brown cows have suddenly reappeared in the fields and I must admit to not liking them very much! For a change one day we decided to try walking from the Rother by the railway station over to Fysie Lane. We crossed the field with the seven rescue horses and made it over the bridge to follow the line of the electric fence but standing by the gate into Fysie Lane was a great herd of cows and although we were annoyed, I was glad when my folks decided we should turn back.

We heard the cuckoo for the first time on 16th April when we were in the field behind the 'Old Stores'. We have noticed a lot of tree surgery work being carried out around the village but I know you will be reading about that elsewhere in the magazine. However, on 21st April we noticed that the huge oak tree close to The Orchard had been felled and just the stump was left. The contractors told us that the roots had been affecting the nearby houses and that a new tree would be planted, but we wonder if it will be an oak. Mum wondered how many different members of her family had walked past that tree during its lifetime. More recently the horse chestnut trees have come into flower. It is strange that the tree with red blossom at the entrance to Church Farm Close never seems to shed conkers in the Autumn but the white blossomed trees at the Old Rectory and by the Bistro often have conkers falling from them.

The warmer weather has brought out the barbeques and I must admit to having had a few tasty titbits whilst ours has been in use. The garden has been busy, one day a collared dove landed in the bird's water dish on the feeder and wondered if he was trying to wash his feet or cool down. We had certainly never seen this before and then we were surprised when a jay landed on the fence and proceeded to try his luck on the feeders. Later the great spotted woodpecker and nuthatch put in an appearance, maybe looking for food for their new families.

We heard an owl hooting in the daytime as we made our morning walk by Forge House the other day. Mum remarked that Mr Owl must have a problem with his body clock as it is unusual to hear an owl in the daylight hours. It however brought back memories of when Mum's twin brothers had found a baby owl in burgh wood which had fallen out of its nest. He survived and lived in a large cage in the garden and would come out at night but he was never able to fly. He was called Ossy and eventually he had to be put to sleep because of paralysis.

The azaleas have been particularly good this spring and we have enjoyed looking at a few in School Hill but we were sad to see that even more of the fencing has blown down with all the easterly winds we have been having. I feel sorry for those doggies and people in the towns that can't enjoy lovely views and open spaces like we can whilst we are being encouraged to stay at home. Having the rest of the spring and summer to look forward to really helps. See you out and about

BERTIE



Huge Thanks go to our printers, ScanTech in Hastings. They have been working hard throughout this crisis and always give our magazine 'The Professional Touch'. They even brought the previous edition to our doorstep the day after the government told us to stay at home. So thank you ScanTech, you are doing a great job

PATIENTS OF FAIRFIELD SURGERY - PATIENT PARTICIPATION GROUP

Dr Thomas has now retired from the Practice as previously planned. He has found himself increasingly immersed in the Cancer and End of Life Care management changes during this period and so could not maintain his input into the Practice whilst doing this. Fortunately, we have Dr Robertson and Dr de Heer who have taken up the reins and will manage the Practice through the current crisis and into the future.

A message from Julie Watson, Fairfield Practice Manager which she issued a month ago so this may not have been seen in Etchingham:

As I write this it looks as though the number of corona virus cases nationally are starting to flatten out. It has been an interesting time for us all and we would like to start with a big thank you to all our patients for bearing with us, while we have made adjustment to our services and opening times. We would also like to say a big thank you to everyone who has volunteered to support those in the community who are shielding at home. We would like to give particular mention to the Parish Council for providing a delivering and shopping service, but I know there are many others who are collecting and delivering medication on a more informal basis. Also thank you to PPG ladies for all their support with getting internet café running as an extra clinic room.

At the moment we are providing the following services. We are available to answer your telephone queries in the usual working hours of 8am to 6.30pm. However until the end of June at least we are only open for collection of prescriptions and face to face encounters 9am to 12pm and 2pm to 5pm. If this causes any problems as people begin to return to work, then can they please contact the surgery to discuss alternative options. For repeat medication requests, you can pop your requests through the letter box and you can register for online access to enable you to make your medication requests without leaving home. The application form is available on our website.

All GP appointments are being booked as telephone consultations in the first instance and GPs will then decide if they need to see you in person. In some cases, we are using video consultation via your mobile phones. To make this easier please try to set up your phones up to do wifi calling, this makes the connection more predictable.

It is our aim to keep the surgery as infection free as possible and this means that we can safely continue to see some patients for essential appointments face to face if needed. For those patients who have been advised to stay at home for their own wellbeing, we are asking them to come to the car park once they have arrived then phone and let us know, we will then telephone when we are ready for them and let them in the back door to minimise the number of people they interact with.

Additionally, to help us keep the surgery infection free, we have borrowed the internet café from the parish council and set it up as a clinic room. There we are seeing anyone who is demonstrating a fever, cough, colds, sore throats etc, but we don't think has corona virus. However for those patients who we believe may have the corona virus we have the option to see them in the local Hot Hub, this a specialist centre which has been set up close to the hospital to see patients who may have corona virus, it has all the correct protective equipment and is set up in such a way as to protect both the patient and clinical staff treating them.

I am sure that you are aware that keeping services safe and functioning has been quite a challenge for us and we would like to thank you for your patience in these difficult times.

Claudette Neville, PPG Secretary
01435 883 043 nevilleclaudette@gmail.com
Facebook -- Burwash Surgery Patient Group.

DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR NEAREST DEFIBRILLATOR IS? THIS COULD SAVE A LIFE.

BURWASH - outside the Burwash Village Hall, to the left of the entrance.

BURWASH COMMON - outside the Burwash Common Pavilion to the left of the front door.

ETCHINGHAM – in the telephone box on Market Square, next to the School
– at the station on the wall outside the Bistro's gate
– on the wall at the Post Office.

Organisations & Facilities in Etchingam

Groups for Children and Young People

Brownies - Carole Jacobs Tel: 01580 819404

Guides: Burwash Common - Bev Boakes Tel: 01435 883473

1st Robertsbridge Guides – Jo Questier Tel: 01797 343996

Barn Owls Pre-School and Toddler Group

Contact : 01580 819218 in term time

Barn Owls Etchingam Pre-School: contact helen@etchinghambarnowls.co.uk

Baby Barn Owls (Toddlers): contact beth@etchinghambarnowls.co.uk

Other Groups

Etchingam Improvements Committee (EIC) - Events & Entertainment for the Village.

Contact: Chas French 819567 email: etchingham@ymail.com

Etchingam Military & Aviation - 1st Thursday in month, except January & August at The Etchingam Club 7.30 for 8pm, Peter Thompson, 01435 882856

Etchingam Trust - Catherine admin@etchinghamtrust.org.uk

Etchingam & Fontridge Cricket Club - Chairman Mike Shillabeer, Club Secretary Anthony Burke 01580 819529

Friends of Etchingam School - Contact the school Tel: 01580 819218

Etchingam Music Festival - Chairperson, Mary Newington:

www.etchinghammusicfestival.co.uk : 01580 860199

Royal British Legion - 1st Thursday in month 8.00 pm Etchingam Club.

The Tuesday Club - 2nd Tuesday in month, Linda Neve 01580 819223

Rother Valley Friendship club - Greta Crane. Tel 01580 819304

Friends of Burwash Surgery - Contact Jill Copland 01580 819321

(NB: Requests for transport or delivery of prescriptions should be made via the surgery 01435 882306)

Churches

Etchingam Parish Church, Church of England

See contact details towards front of this magazine.

Christ The King Roman Catholic Church, Burwash

9.00 am Sunday Mass 9.30 am Tuesday and Friday Mass.

Fr. Brian Lowden, St. Catherine's Flat, Holy cross Priory, Lewes Road, Cross in Hand, Heathfield, TN21 OST Telephone 01435 862191

The views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the Editorial Team.

The copy date for the next Etchingham Parish Magazine
will be **Friday 17th July**

Editors: Phil & Phillipa Hinde, Englefield, Etchingham, TN19 7AG

01580 819434

etchparishmag@btinternet.com



The Parish Clerk, Paulette Barton, will work from the new Parish Office at Parsonage Croft and will be available between 10.30 – 12.30 pm on a Monday, Wednesday and Friday each week.

The Telephone number is 01580-819048
and e-mail address is -clerk@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Getting information into your local newspaper

Get publicity for your special event in the village columns of the local newspaper. I want to hear about all your special events, fund raisers, Fetes, Coffee Mornings, Jumble sales, Boot Fairs and any other special and important celebrations that would be of interest to our readers.

Please do not wait until the event is about to happen, send your information as soon as you have it available, the sooner it arrives the more publicity I can give your event.

Please also remember to send a report of your event for inclusion the following week



Your information needs to arrive by 10pm on Monday prior to the Friday publication date.

The preferred method is by email, to minimise any risk of errors during copying, but you can use any of the methods below to get the details to me by hand or post them to 2, Park Farm Close, Etchingham.

Telephone 01580 819532 or 07484 635014

E-mail colin.boylett@googlemail.com

ETCHINGHAM E-BULLETIN:

If you would like to receive / send information relating to Etchingham by e-mail, then please contact nicky@homebirth.net and I will add you to the list.

All names and addresses remain confidential

Parish Council 2020

<https://etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk/>

Chairman:

John Barnes 01580 819142

cll.jbarnes@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Vice-Chairman:

Colin Boylett 01580 819532

cll.boylett@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Mary Barnes 01580 819142

cll.mbarnes@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Simon (Sid) Barrow 07989 065702

cll.barrow@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Robert Beeney 01580 819552

cll.beeney@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Douglas Lambert 07984 455438

cll.lambert@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Roma Turner 01580 819369

cll.turner@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

Parish Clerk:

Paulette Barton 01580 819048

clerk@etchinghamparishcouncil.org.uk

{Office hours; 10.30 – 12.30 Monday, Wednesday and Friday.}

Parish Council updates – to receive email information updates from the Council enter your name and email address at the bottom of any page on the Council website. Emails are all sent Bcc and are in addition to information sent on the village e-bulletin.

ETCHINGHAM NEIGHBOURHOOD PLAN – YOUR VILLAGE, YOUR FUTURE, STEERING COMMITTEE

Chairman	Frank Smith	langsmith_@hotmail.com
Vice Chairman	Caroline Moore	caroline.moore.etch@gmail.com
Treasurer	Richard Childs	achildsmistletoe@hotmail.com
Publicity Designer	Barbarann Smith	langsmith_@hotmail.com
Funding Co-ordinator	Sue Westbrook	sue17756@gmail.com
Acting Secretary	Paulette Barton	paulette.etchinghampc@gmail.com 01580 819048

THE ANSWERS

6	9	3	4	7	2	5	1	8
5	4	1	6	3	8	9	2	7
7	2	8	1	5	9	3	4	6
3	7	4	8	1	5	2	6	9
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