

## At Home



*The Dining Room of Froyle House, described in a sale prospectus of 1915, as, "Handsome Georgian Dining Room, measuring 22ft by 19ft. This apartment is typical of the period, with alcove recesses on each side of the fireplace and sideboard recess. Lighting by two large French windows opening on to the Terrace, marble mantelpiece with register stove and tiled hearth. Service Door and Lobby."*



### The Shrubbery

The Shrubbery, as we have already seen, was, from 1892, until his death in 1940, the home of Sir Hubert Miller, last Lord of the Manor of Froyle. Today it hardly seems part of Froyle at all, with the busy dual carriageway between it and the rest of the village. But, as can be seen in this photograph, taken at the turn of the last century, the road was much narrower and quieter in those days! Originally a river keeper's cottage on the river Wey, sale particulars of 1846 describe it as "a most eligible and justly admired villa residence with a garden, shrubbery and good garden interspersed with beautiful shady walks, screened by choice ornamental and valuable timber; having a fine cooling spring on the property, and a valuable trout stream for its boundary." It was auctioned at the Swan Hotel in Alton on Friday April 24th 1846.

While on the subject of this part of the river Wey, I will just mention the fish ponds in the valley below the house. These were a major feature of Monastic Estates and Theo Beck points out that, "although no documentary evidence has been discovered, the construction is likely to be c.1200. In the Middle Ages, fish was eaten in great quantities, not only during Lent, but also on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, which were usually fish days all the year round. Fresh water fish - especially pike - was a prestigious and costly food. The fish pond was probably stocked with roach, bream, perch and pike. The religious houses were very sophisticated in this field, and were well aware that by draining the

pond periodically, removing all the silt and allowing the pond to remain dry for a season, was an effective way to increase the fertility. The Lord of the Manor is stated to “...have the fishing of the whole water or river called ‘Froyle River’ from Mill Court Godhatch to Isington Moor, and, in Isington, so far as the land of the Lord extends.”

Across the main A31, we climb Hen & Chicken Hill, so named because of the public house at the bottom of it, into Upper Froyle.

### **The Manor House**

This house has had several names over the years - Froyle Manor, West End and Place Farm. Adjoining the grounds of Froyle Place, it most probably was the home farm house. The house, faced in early Georgian red brick, is a high, steeply roofed building, the evolution of which is difficult to deduce. Several of the rooms are panelled in bolection wainscot which, with the staircase, can scarcely be later than 1730. William Draper succeeded Gauden Draper as squire at Froyle Place in 1710; a big improvement of the home farmhouse may have been undertaken at that date. An unusual feature of the staircase is the decoration of the under surface of the upper flight with crudely painted landscapes, recalling distantly the ‘King of Grisaille’ scenes introduced by Thornhill in some of the lower surfaces of his painted hall and staircase at Stoke Edith, circa 1725. The photograph is from a postcard postmarked 1905.

In 2000 the Manor House is part of the Lord Mayor Treloar School.





### **The Barracks**

The five cottages that make up The Barracks were almshouses in the 18th century and it is still quite plain to see where the old doors and windows were, when it would have been 'one up and one down'. During the French Wars, French prisoners were housed here, hence the name 'The Barracks'. These prisoners are supposed to have quarried the stone in nearby Quarry Bottom to build most of the stone walls in Upper Froyle.

After the departure of the prisoners, the buildings were converted into cottages, and, in the census, people are referred to as living at 'Sir T.C.Miller's Barracks'.

A brief word here about the census. Censuses began in 1801 and were taken, as they still are, at 10 yearly intervals. Originally they were only concerned with numbers, but from 1841 names were recorded, and from 1851 the actual place of birth, thus making them invaluable for the local historian. The individual returns were copied by people called census enumerators into ledgers and these records are often very difficult to read. The Froyle Archive has photocopies of all the census returns from 1841 and we are eagerly awaiting 2001, when the 1901 Census will become available.

The Census for 1881 shows this family living in just one of the cottages in The Barracks; remember these then were ‘one up, one down’, with no modern sanitation, electric lighting or mains water.

<i>Surname</i>	<i>Christian name</i>	<i>Family</i>	<i>Age</i>	<i>Occupation</i>	<i>Where born</i>
Oakford	George	Head	44	Agricultural Labourer	Whiteparish Wiltshire
Oakford	Mary Ann	Wife	37		WinterbourneWiltshire
Oakford	George	Son	13	Scholar	Easton Hants
Oakford	Ann	Daughter	10	Scholar	Easton Hants
Oakford	John	Son	9	Scholar	Easton Hants
Oakford	William Charles	Son	6	Scholar	Stoke Hants
Oakford	Sarah	Daughter	5	Scholar	Froyle
Oakford	Kate	Daughter	4		Froyle
Oakford	Rosa	Daughter	2		Froyle
Oakford	Sidney Edward	Son	1		Froyle

For a short time after the Second World War, the name of the cottages was changed to ‘The Square’, but in 2000 it is, most definitely, ‘The Barracks’!

### **Gothic Cottage**

Belonging to the Froyle Place Estate, Gothic Cottage, was, in the 1920’s, the house which went with the job of Head Gardener. In 1928 it became the home of Harold and Hilda Horn. We will hear more of Mr Horn a little later, but, in the meantime, here is a photograph of his new bride at their cottage





### **Froyle House**

As already mentioned, Froyle House, pictured above in 1912, was built by Thomas Burningham in 1820 and became the family seat.

On Tuesday, 16th November, in 1915, the Froyle House Estate was sold at Auction by the London firm of Escritt & Barrell at the Forester's Hall in the nearby town of Alton. The Froyle Archive is lucky to possess a copy of the prospectus for the sale, and it gives a unique insight into life in Froyle House at that time. It is also a valuable point of reference for the rest of the village, as many of the farms and cottages were part of the estate. The house was sold "by direction of Mrs Burningham" and the estate is described as follows:

"A particularly Choice Freehold, Residential, Sporting and Agricultural Property, known as Froyle House, extending to nearly 1050 acres, including a Fine Old-World Georgian House, Gardens, Parklands and Woodlands, Five excellent Farms, Small Holdings, Cottages and Accommodation Fields. The whole let and producing £1,740 per year.....On two sides of the Residence is a Large Verandah with glass roof, from which charming views of the Gardens and Grounds can be obtained, and frequently used for afternoon tea. The residence is lighted by Petrol Gas from an excellent instalment."

In 2000 Froyle House is the headquarters of the Treloar Trust.



The Drawing Room is described as, "Spacious, measuring 25ft by 24ft, with large bay windows and French doors, giving access to the Verandah, marble mantelpiece, tiled sides and hearth and register stove."

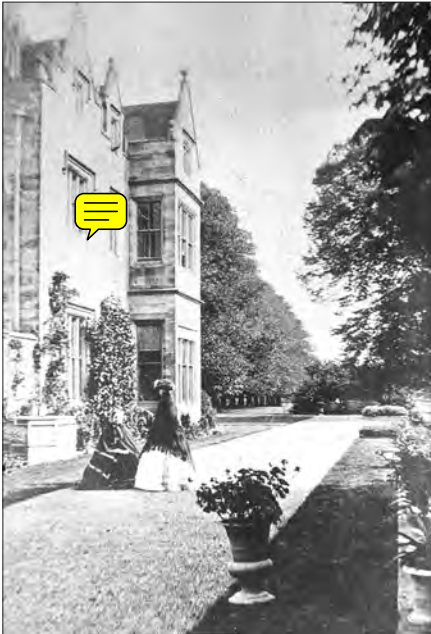
"A feature of the Ground is the Magnificent Pergola, with a Grass Walk and long Herbaceous Borders on each side. There is a quantity of Wall Fruit, Ornamental Archways, Vinery, Heated Plant House and a range of Forcing Pits."





### Froyle Place

Froyle Place stands beside the Church in Upper Froyle, the seat of the Lord of the Manor since the Dissolution of the Monasteries. The present building is said to have been built in 1588, but Theo Beck suggests that 1620 is a better estimate.



It is, in the main, a gabled U-shaped Elizabethan Manor House of the local clunch or hard chalk. A cellar at the north-west end retains two fine Tudor doorways, and an adjacent quoin bears a consecration cross. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, probably when bought by the Millers, sash windows were inserted, and the principal rooms modernised in the Adam taste; in about 1865 and later, further and, perhaps, less attractive alterations were made, including that of the centre between the wings on the south-east front.

This photograph of, I believe, Lady Katherine Miller and her mother in law enjoying the sun on the terrace, was taken in about 1866.



Not long after that photograph was taken the Miller family would leave Froyle Place, never to return there to live. As I said earlier, Sir Hubert came back to Froyle but never lived in this house again. The house was let to a number of tenants.

Mr F.B.Summers occupied Froyle Place from 1912 until 1926. In 1922 Froyle Place was a 'Hive of Industry', according to Tom Knight. He tells us, "In the house itself there was a butler, footman and quite a number of maids. Seven in the gardens, three chauffeurs and four keepers. The old ex-coachman attended to the dogs and poultry. If anyone threw a matchstick down in the yard he walked along and picked it up. The Racquet Court was fitted with a stage, scenery and footlights. Concerts and weekly dances were held here, with the old coachman in close attendance to see that everything was in order." This photograph is believed to have been taken around 1918, and judging from all the patriotic flags on display, could well have been at that time.



Mr Summers donated a considerable amount of money to Alton Cottage Hospital, for a new operating theatre. He wanted to be the first to be operated on there. Apparently it was an operation which was not absolutely necessary, and, tragically, he died in January 1926.

## The Gardens of Froyle Place

From the fascinating diaries of Harold F. Horn we learn a lot about the running of a large country house. Harold Horn took up his position as Head Gardener at Froyle Place on Sunday 27th May, 1928. He was given one day to look round the property by Colonel Innes, who was the tenant at the time, and then it was down to work



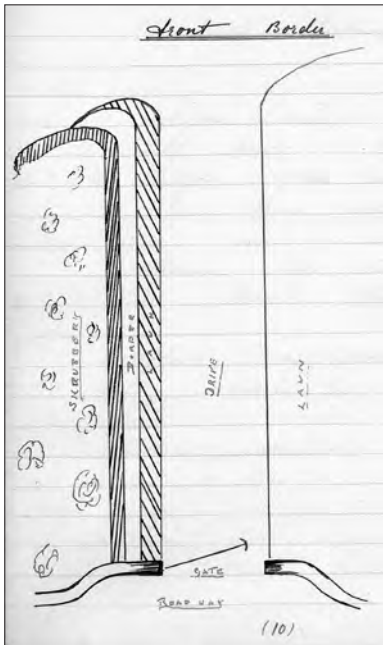
*Harold Horn's prize-winning melons*

on the Monday. Mr Horn had four gardeners working under him - George, Bill, John and Charles. Sadly, he never mentions their surnames, but I have the feeling that Charles was the youngest, as the only job he ever seems to be doing, according to Mr Horn, is turning the manure!! Harold, at this time a bachelor, seemed to have settled in well. He was asked to umpire the races at the Froyle Fête and was invited to tea on Sunday afternoons by different ladies in the village. On July 29th he took the day off to marry Hilda, but was back at work the very next day.

The diaries were loaned to the Froyle Archive by Mr Horn's sons, Derek

and Colin. The books are much more than diaries as they contain the 'Plans & Records of Froyle Place Gardens'. On one particular occasion he propagated 1,260 violas and 900 calceolarian. His job not only included growing the plants and looking after the garden, but he and his men were also in charge of decorating the house with flowers and packing boxes of fresh vegetables for the family to take on holidays to Scotland.

This page from his book shows the layout of the front drive of Froyle Place with lawn on the right, and shrubbery, border and lawn on the left. Harold was very keen on his melons and won several prizes for Colonel Innes in local shows. When Colonel Innes left Froyle in 1933 the Horns went with him.





*Yarnhams House in 1924*

### **Yarnhams**

Let us just leave the main street of Upper Froyle for a moment and, turning left opposite the Church, travel up the hill to Yarnhams. This house was built by Sir Thomas Coombe Miller as a Dowry House for his wife, in case he died before her. In fact Lady Miller was to survive her husband by some thirteen years, but she never moved into Yarnhams.

Returning to the main street once more, we pass the Vicarage, School, and old Post Office, which we will deal with in later chapters.

### **Park Edge**

This house, photographed here in 1912, stands on the site of Earls Farm. Little is known about the farm, but Tom Knight tells us that “the Earls were an old Froyle family going back to the 17th Century. Sarah Earl, an unmarried woman, gave birth to an illegitimate child, who was baptised Jonathan, and his father’s name is given as Jonathan Burningham. Her son was sent abroad, presumably as a remittance man, and settled in Salt Lake City, Utah, where he lived to a great age.”





*Blundens Farm House in 1836. The artist is unknown*

*Blundens Farm House at the turn of the last century*



## Blundens House

Originally a three-bay building with a single-bay Hall, c.1450, Blundens House is the most complete example, in the parish, of a Wealden House.

It is also the one house in Froyle where we can actual trace its tenants back almost five hundred years, thanks to the painstaking research undertaken by the late Theo Beck and his wife into the history of their home. They moved into Blundens House in 1981 and were able, through Court Rolls, Leases, Wills, Tithe Maps and various records, to trace the tenants back to 1545.

The earliest tenant that the Becks could find was a John Mixenbroke and references to the Mixenbroke family can be traced as far back as 1505. John Mixenbroke died in 1570. The inventory of his goods includes a painted cloth and a painted ceiling - the grand total is £24 7s. The copyhold passed to his widow Alice and on her death in 1581, to Thomas Forder (Furder).

Thomas Forder appears in the Lay Subsidy Rolls of 1586. He died in 1605, leaving his widow Alice his executrix. He is described as a yeoman and appears to have been far more affluent than John Mixenbroke. The total of the Inventory is £91 18s 8d, but he owed £56 16s 4d to various persons, including £5 to William Jephson (the Lord of the Manor), 11 shillings to the Vicar, Mr Knight, £40 to Helen Knight (presumably the Vicar's wife) and amounts varying from 4/- to 40/- to neighbours, local well-to-do people and what appear to be tradesmen. His 'wearing apparell' was appraised at 26s 8d compared with John Mixenbroke's "apparell and the money in his purse 10s".

His debts were as follows:-

to Sir Wm Jephson	£5 0s 0d	to Helen Knight	£40 0s 0d
to Stephen Write	24s 0d	to William Barnes	40s 0d
to Lawrence Gele	16s 0d	to Griffeth Morgan	24s 0d
to John Dene	10s 0d	to George Hawkins	28s 6d
to John Whetstone	12s 0d	to Mr Knight	11s 0d
to Thomas Newman	4s 4d	to Richard Loughe	7s 0d
to One Bumbrick	3s 0d	to Bulbrick of Alsford	4s 4d
to James Ledall	4s 0d	to Edward Pratt	14s 8d
to William Broman	10s 0d	to Robert Campson	12s 0d
to Wm Matthew of Alton	3s 0d	to John Powte	8s 6d

In his Will he left 3s 4d "unto the poor of Froyle to be divided amongst them" and to each of his children 20/- and the rest of his goods, "after my debts be paid and funeral expenses discharged", to his wife.

An Inventory of his goods at the time of Thomas Forder's death in 1605 makes interesting reading and helps us build up a picture of the house at the beginning of the 17th century.

	£	s	d
Imprimis in the Hall a table and chair			
3 framed stools a form a bench a back board			
2 trestles and a shelf board prised at	10	0	
Item in the Chambers 4 bedsteads a cupboard 4 coffers			
A shelf board prised at	37	0	
Item a feather bed 3 feather bolsters 4 feather pillows			
3 flock beds 2 flock bolsters 4 coverlets 4 blankets			
6 pair of sheets and 4 pillows prised at	9	10	0
Item 10 platters 4 pongers and saucers 4 porringers			
3 candlesticks 2 salts a mortar and pestle prised at	27	8	
Item in the Buttery certain barrels and timber stuff			
And other things prised at	20	0	
Item 4 bushels of wheat prised at	12	0	
Item 2 kee and 2 bullocks prised at	10	10	0
Item in the Kitchen 2 brass pots a cauldron 3 kettles			
2 skillets a chafing dish and other stuff prised at	3	0	0
Item the wood in the grate	20	0	
Item certain hurdles a scythe 2 prongs and a van prised at	5	0	
Item 6 hogs and 3 pigs prised at	42	6	
Item the hens and ducks prised at	3	4	
Item the geese and gosskens prised at	4	6	
Item 6 horses prised at	9	0	0
Item the carts ploughs harrows prised at	4	0	0
Item the wheat and other corn in the fields prised at	50	0	0
Sum is	91	18	8

Note: A prong is a hay fork and a van is a winnowing fan or food hopper.

The next tenant of Blundens, or 'Forders' as it was known then, was Henry Lucas. He had married Elizabeth, the sister of Sir John Jephson, and lived first at Banburies, being granted a 99 year lease by Sir William Jephson in 1609. The lease was renewed by Sir John Jephson in 1620, but somewhere between 1609 and 1620 Henry and his family moved to Forders and during this period the house was extended. Henry Lucas died in 1639, administration being granted to his daughter Elizabeth Bettesworth.

On the 28th April 1642 Henry Warner, Yeoman, was granted a lease by William Jephson of "all that copyhold tenement in Froyle aforesaid called Forders with all housings buildings orchard gardens gaterooms land pastures meadows feedings..... late in the tenure and occupation of Henry Lucas gent and now in the possession of the said Henry Warner containing by estimation three score acres." The timber was reserved to William Jephson (the Lord of the Manor). "All fishing fowling hawking hunting and all other Royalties" were also excepted. The lease was granted for 99 years to Henry Warner and Elizabeth, his wife, at a yearly rent of £20. Henry Warner was responsible, at his own cost, for the usual repairs and had to appear at every Court Baron as a 'Customary Tenant'. He also had to grind his grist 'of what sort soever' at the Lord's mill.

Evidence that the house has been considerably enlarged is shown in the Inventory drawn up on the death of Henry Warner in 1678. We now find items to the value of £110 10s in an Inner, Outer and Middle Chamber, as well as the Kitchen and there is also a Malt Loft, Malt House, Cheeseloft, Milkhouse, wheat barn and woate (oats) barn.

Henry's son William took on the tenure of the house. Times were obviously becoming a little more prosperous now as this is the first mention we have of servants. William had a maidservant and two man servants, who had their own Servant's Chamber. He did not marry and died in March 1706. In the Inventory items are listed as in the Inner Chamber, Outer Chamber, Servants Chamber as well as in the Hall, Kitchen, Drinkhouse, Bakehouse and Cheeseloft. A Barn at Mame (Malms Farm, Binsted) is mentioned as well as "the Barn at Froyle". His livestock comprised 5 horses, 3 cows and 2 heifers, 40 dry sheep, 7 couple of ewes and lambs and 5 dry sheep, 4 pigs. The value of these items was £380, including money due to him 'on bond'.

Born of a Quaker family of farmers, Thomas Heath came to live at Blundens after William Warner's death. His initials are carved on the beam over the fireplace. He was the son of Thomas Heath (senior) (1640-1718), who was already a farmer in Froyle. Thomas (senior) had married Joan Tribe of Froyle at the Alton Meeting on 26 September 1673. The Heaths remained Quakers and many are buried in the Quaker Burial Ground in Alton.

The Quakers had been founded by George Fox in about 1650. His disciples affected plainness in their dress, were frugal in their manner of living and very reserved in their conversations. Oliver Cromwell tried to suppress the movement but, in spite of this, the sect prospered. Many inhabitants of Froyle were among the early Quakers - their headquarters being in Church Street, Alton. This Quaker Meeting House was built in 1672 and is the second oldest Meeting House in the world still used by Quakers. Thomas, himself, was married at the Alton Meeting on 27th November 1702 to Hannah, the daughter of John and Mary Cager of Froyle.

On Thomas' death in 1751 came the tenure of the man whose name the house now bears, Adam Blunden, and yet, mysteriously, he is the one person Mr & Mrs Beck found difficult to trace.

On 30th May 1760 William Draper, then Lord of the Manor, granted Adam Blunden, "husbandman, a nine year lease from the previous feast day of St Michael the Archangel (1759) of all that messuage tenement or dwelling house formerly in the possession of Thomas Heath." The lease was obviously renewed because he was an Overseer for the poor in 1761 and 1765 and "for his farm" in 1773. In 1778 there is an entry, "Farmer Blunden the money that he overpaid in the Poor Rate 18s 2d." There is no reference to him after this date. In spite of extensive searches by the Becks no will or record of Adam's death can be found, but his initials A B are carved on the same beam as Thomas Heath's.

For the next century the house was occupied by members of the Simpson family. The Tithe Schedule of 1847 shows James Simpson as the occupier of Blundens House and Farm. James Simpson was followed by his second son James. Directories show a James Simpson at Blundens for various years from 1847 to 1880; described as farmer, hop planter and shopkeeper in 1847; farmer, shopkeeper in 1857 and 1867; farmer, hop grower, assessor and collector of taxes in 1875 and 1878 (shopkeeper not mentioned in 1878), and farmer, hop grower and shopkeeper in 1880.

The shop mentioned here was a butcher's shop, which was run by James' brother John, and which stood close to the site of the present day 'Chestnuts'. In the sale particulars of Park House Estate, the name Froyle Place was known by then, dated 1870, prepared by Daniel Smith Son and Oakley of Pall Mall for Sir Charles John Hubert Miller Bart., Blundens Farm is described as, "Let to Mr James Simpson, an old Tenant, who is under notice to quit at 29 September 1885 at the reduced rent of £250 p.a." The house is described as, "Old Fashioned Farm House, Brick, Half Timber, Tile and Thatch, containing 4 Bedrooms, Parlour, Kitchen, Back Kitchen, Larder,

Scullery, Cellar and Grocer's Shop; Wood House Board and Thatch, and



Garden.” He was growing over 10 acres of Hops, 3 acres Wood. The Farm is described as “a compact occupation of Excellent Arable, Pasture, Hop and Wood Land.” In fact, this sale never actually take place.

About 1880 John Simpson, who was James’ nephew, took over the tenancy of the farm, without Blundens House, in addition to the butcher’s business. This stayed in the Simpson family until 1926, when it passed to William Edward Andrew. He took up tenancy of “Blundens Farm, Butchers Shop and Land at Froyle” from Sir Hubert Miller on 16th September 1926. The witness to the deed was Gerald Robinson, who was “Gardener to Sir Hubert” and living at Turnpike Cottages. In 2000 William Andrew’s grandson Roy is at The Chestnuts.

But back to Blundens House. James Simpson, Yeoman, was buried on 18th August 1887 and James House is shown in the 1891 Census as living at the house. He was followed by Mrs Frances Leeke, Mrs Eric Simpson, Mrs Maude, and the Rev William Woodward and his daughter.

V.J.Gadban was tenant of Lord Mayor Treloar Trustees from 1953-1963, Blundens House having been purchased by the Lord Mayor Treloar Trustees in 1953 out of trust moneys “upon trust for sale”. V.J.Gadban was Clerk to the Alton Council. The House was sold to A.J.Maxse in 1963. The Maxses had Blundens House from 1963 to 1973. They were followed by D.J.Evans from 1973 to 1981 and, in 1981, the house was sold to the Becks.

*Upper Froyle at the turn of the last century, looking towards Blundens Farm*





### **Blundens Farm Cottage**

This pretty cottage has changed little over the years. The photograph was taken in the 1920s, but could just as easily have been taken yesterday. A typical yeoman's house, it is timber framed with brick infilling, possibly built in the 17th century. In the late 1800s it was two cottages, one up and one down, with a small scullery and lean to on the side. Downstairs there are two staircases and, upstairs, the two original buildings have been linked with a door between the beams, which is only a few feet high.

The saint, on the right hand side of the photograph, is the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Joan Andrew, who has lived in the cottage all her life, told me that the saint was specially presented to her father, Wilfrid Andrew, by Sir Hubert Miller sometime after 1926. Wilfrid was Sir Hubert's Head Server at St Mary's and was given the saint in recognition of his service to the Church. According to Joan, Sir Hubert called the statue 'The Bleeding Heart' and Joan's mother didn't like the sound of that. I think this must just have been the name Sir Hubert gave the statue, as its correct title is 'The Sacred Heart'.

Moving on towards Lower Froyle we pass, on our left, Bamber Lane, leading to Saintbury Hill Farm. It has always been assumed that this hill was so named by the Nuns of St Mary's Abbey, but I would like to put forward my own theory here. Throughout the village, as we shall see over and over again, houses and lanes took on the names of the people who were living there at the time. A lady who lived in the village many years ago told me, "We used to love to roll down

Simbury Hill<sup>9</sup>. Now I had already seen Saintbury Hill Farm called Simbury in the censuses from 1841-1871 and it made me wonder whether the name Saintbury couldn't have evolved from a Hampshire dialect of Simbury. If so, why Simbury? For my theory to work, there should be a farmer by that name, living at the top of the hill and - Yes! There is!

In 1657 the farm on top of the hill is known as Banburies and, interestingly, there was a Gilbert Bennebury farming in Froyle in 1415. But by 1679 the farm has taken on the name of Simbury and in 1760 a James Simbury acts as witness to the lease drawn up between William Draper and Adam Blunden!



*A small boy and an old man at 'The Beeches' in the late 1940s. Sadly, these magnificent trees which stood between Upper and Lower Froyle are no more. In the 1990s they were found to be diseased and felled. Their absence is a great sadness to all who enjoyed them!*



## **Brecklands**

We do not have a date when Brecklands was built but we do know that it was the old Workhouse. It was converted to cottages in 1835 when Froyle, with 20 other parishes, came into the Alton Union. Until relatively recently they were known as Workhouse Cottages, but the name has been changed to Brecklands. When it was a Workhouse, or Poor House as it was known, the Overseers of the Poor met here in turn with the Hen & Chicken and The Anchor. The photograph below was taken in 1938.

By the Workhouse Act of 1723 single parishes were empowered to erect workhouses and by 1776 there were about 2,000 in England. Generally the poor were restricted to the building apart from Sundays and often male and female members of the same family were housed apart.

In Froyle 'Overseers of the Poor' are first mentioned in 1750. Relief both 'in and out of the House' was given to poor families. This was paid to people with large families to augment the meagre wages of that time, so we have the beginning of our present day family allowances. The poor relief in 1774 was 4/- per month, and the clerk was paid 3/- for each parish funeral.

There was an epidemic of smallpox from 1774 to 1777. Various sums, including one of £24 7s 4½d, were paid to Samuel Hoare of nearby Crondall for boarding out people at the Smallpox Hospital, and the Church Registers of St Mary's record the large number of burials at this time.



Tom Knight provides us with a few entries from the Account Book for the Overseers of the Poor in the late 18th century.

	£	s	d
1767			8
1768			4
1769	11	0	2½
	3	4	0
	2	12	10
	2		8
1771	4		1½
	1		6
1772	10	0	0
	1	4	0
		1	6
	18		0
1773			6
	4		6
		1	0
	4		4½
	1		3½
			6
		1	0
		1	4
	4		8
1775	5		10
	2	2	0
1776	1		3
			6
1778		1	0
1779	1	10	0
1780		4	6
			2
1781		4	6
	2	0	0



### **Hadwick's Corner**

As you may have guessed, these two cottages in Lower Froyle, photographed here in 1947, are so named after the man who lived there. Henry Hadwick came to Froyle some when after 1851, as he was not shown in the 1851 Census. He married Eliza Taylor on December 2nd 1854 and they initially lived at Brocas Farm (1861 Census) and in one of the several cottages at the north end of Lower Froyle that were demolished at the turn of the century (1871 Census). The 1881 and 1891 Censuses show them at 'Hadwicks Corner', although the cottages were not called that then, of course, as Mr Hadwick had only just arrived there! They were previously known as Brocas Corner Cottages. The Tithe Records of 1847 also refer to them as 'Broccas Corner Cottages', as they were owned by Brocas Farm - that is probably how the Hadwicks came to live there. If one can accept that the order of the names in the census is the order of the houses, the Hadwicks lived in the left-hand part of the pair of cottages.

John Willcocks tells us that Henry was the 'length-man' in Froyle, which meant he was responsible for keeping the ditches and hedges in a fit state. Henry died in 1907, aged 74 and Eliza died in 1912 at the age of 76.

Today the cottages look exactly the same. All that has changed is that the road, which leads to Upper Froyle, has been widened on the corner.

## Warren Cottage

This cottage, on the far left of the photograph below, adjacent to the Prince of Wales public house, was probably named after one of its owners. Built in the 17th century, it really ought to be called ‘Cricketers’, as a man who had an important role to play in the history of the game was born here in 1714. His name was Aquila Clapshoe.

No doubt, like many others, he was a cricket player who made his own bats, but his expert craftsmanship put him in a class of his own and soon everyone was clamouring for one of his bats. In the garden of Warren Cottage there is still a very old barn and it has been suggested that this is where Aquila made those first bats. His son, also named Aquila, went one better than his father. He left Froyle and set up the Aquila Clapshoe workshop at Turnham Green, London, in 1780, making cricket bats. The Clapshoe firm, who by the 1800s had become Clapshaw, became ‘Aquila Clapshaw and Salmon’ in the latter part of that century, after taking into partnership one Louis Salmon. The business continued, in different locations, until the 1970s. It was dissolved in 1976. There is, apparently, an Aquila Clapshaw bat, dated 1860, in the museum at Lord’s cricket ground. At the time of writing, the Froyle Archive is in touch with at least four of his ancestors.

Aquila Clapshoe appears to have been quite a shrewd businessman and indentures of several cottages around this area have his name associated with them. On Aldersey Cottage, on the other side of the public house, there is a plaque inscribed A.C.1737 - could this be Aquila, I wonder?





Just past the turning to Well is Church Cottage, a pretty cottage so named because it stood alongside a temporary church, which we will read about later. Opposite this cottage is Aldersey Cottage, originally built, as I said, in 1737, but greatly extended in the early 1970s. As a small boy, Bill Elstow used to visit his grandmother, who lived, at different times, in both cottages, and he shares some memories with us.

### **Home Life in Froyle** by Bill Elstow

Every cottage had a woodshed, always brick built though the original roof might now be replaced with corrugated iron. Inside, always down a step, on the dirt floor would be an upright trunk of a small tree to serve as a chopping block, the top worn into a rounded dome from the continuous chopping. The choppers were always long hook-ended affairs quite unlike the square headed hatchets of the town.

There is nothing like the smell of burning kindling collected in the woods but an even more memory-provoking smell is that of rainwater being boiled. As every drop of water we used had to be drawn from a well, all the rainwater that could be collected was collected. Because the well water came from the chalk not only was it bright and sparkling and good to drink, it was hard. On the other hand the rain water was beautifully soft. It was used for washing, giving a wonderful lather especially with the little metal cage device into which were put the soap dog ends so that they would not be wasted. There were of course no baths in the cottages, washing down was done standing in a galvanised bath in front of the fire. En suite in those days meant that you had a painted table in the bedroom on which stood



a large jug in a large china basin for washing and a chamber pot under the bed to save you having to walk down the garden in the middle of the night.

Drawing water from a well is an interesting experience if you have not done it before. At the first cottage that my Grandmother lived in (Church Cottage) the well was in the garden, in the second (Aldersey Cottage) it was in the scullery of the attached cottage. Thus this backdoor always had to be left unlocked to provide access but as the front door of most cottages could be opened during the day by just lifting a latch this was nothing remarkable. Neither well was like the traditional representation of a well with a low surrounding wall. They were both round holes about four to five foot across in a one brick high plinth. When not in use the hole was covered by two wooden doors meeting at the middle. The doors may well have been the two hundred year old originals, they certainly would not have borne anybody's weight. The winding axle was a smooth log shaped piece of wood with an iron crank handle at one end.

To draw water you clipped your bucket to the end of the wire rope, leaned forward, opened the doors and let the bucket fall by its own weight. As it picked up speed and approached the water, (Gran's was reputed to be an extra deep well), you slowed its descent by resting your hand on the smooth winding axle but at

*Aldersey Cottage*



all times keeping clear of the flailing, arm breaking, wrist smashing, iron crank handle. Then came the long wind up and finally the lean forward over the hole to pull the bucket to the side to unhook it. At this point if you were careless it was possible to drop the bucket down the well. Fortunately there were 'experts' in the village who would then come along with a grappling hook and drag about for sometime, making remarks such as, "Its enormous down there, you could get a cart and horses in it". They very seldom recovered a bucket from Gran's well, it was too deep, though they frequently brought up remnants of much older buckets. A proper well bucket was shaped narrow at the top and bottom and wide in the middle like a plumb bob. It was much easier to draw up than a wide mouth bucket that would tend to sway. However it was much more expensive and the risk of losing it could not be contemplated. The sides of the well were constructed of chalk bricks all green and damp at the top and covered in cobwebs. Presumably all this debris joined the rusty buckets at the bottom of the well but I don't recall anybody considering this when drinking the water. All in all the whole process would be a modern Health and Safety Officer's delight.

Lighting was originally by paraffin oil lamps with a long glass chimney and wicks that had to be regularly trimmed to prevent the lamp from smoking. As a child I was always fascinated by the fact that you could light a cigarette just by holding it at the top of the glass chimney.

Keeping a cottage warm in winter was quite an art. The first thing of course was never to let the range go out, and to be sure that when you came down in the morning you could put on a handful of sticks, give the ashes a tickle with a poker, and bring it all back to life again.

Like many of the cottages in the village, you stepped down through the front door of my grandmothers first cottage, ducking your head as you did so, if you were a man, to avoid a head cracking. The floor was brick and you did not need to be told that there was no damp course if you were first down in the morning in bare feet on the damp bricks. My grandfather would often roll up the previous days' News Chronicle, light one end of it and go all over the bricks with it to warm the air up before breakfast was started.

Without a damp course it was impossible to consider wallpaper unless it was nailed to the wall. To make up for this we had folding draught screens decorated with magazine covers that you could put behind your chair if you sat between the door and the chimney. Mind you, the best efforts were made to block the doors with curtains and draught excluders. I don't recall any carpets but fireside rugs were made by cutting up old clothing into inch strips and looping them through a sacking backing so that the two ends came through to form a pile. The characteristic colours of these rag rugs were grey, blue, black and brown."

## Hodges Farm

Hodges Farm is another example of a yeoman's farm house, which has benefited from the prosperity brought about by the sale of hops and corn in the eighteenth century. There was quite a building 'boom' in the village at this time and, as we have already seen with Aldersey Cottage, a number of cottages and houses have dates showing them to be early, or mid-Georgian. Hodges was completely refronted at this time and it has been said of the house that it is "the most accomplished piece of brick building in the village."

There is a record of a Richard Hodges in 1657, but one can only presume that this is where he was living. From at least 1841 until 1871 Hodges Farm was run by the Mayhew family. In 1851 Hannah Mayhew, a 77 year old widow, was in charge of a farm of 220 acres, employing 6 labourers. Following her death, Hodges was run by her two sons, Shadrack and John, while their sister Elizabeth looked after her brothers as their housekeeper.

The 1881 Census shows the farm in the hands of Charles Collins, while at the turn of the last century William Towers Westbrook was farming there.

In 1912 the Andrew family moved from their farm in Thame, Oxfordshire, to take up the tenancy. All livestock and equipment was brought by road, using horses for transport. The Andrews remained at Hodges until 1926, when they moved to Blundens Farm, Upper Froyle.

*Hodges Farm and its barns, photographed for a set of postcards in 1912*





*Beechcroft in 1915*

### **Beechcroft**

Another of the houses built in the 1700s, Beech Cottage, as it is called today, has a stone set into it with the inscription R.C.1719. In the Tithe record of 1847 it is described as two cottages and the census details bear this out. But, at the beginning of the 20th century, it had become a single residence and the home of William Towers Westbrook and his wife. The Westbrooks came from a long line of local farmers, the name appearing in the Froyle Church Registers as early as 1652.

This article from the local paper of 1937 tells us a little about them!

“Froyle Golden Wedding  
Mr & Mrs W.T.Westbrook

Mr Westbrook, who is 81, married Miss Emily Alice Tame, who is 80, in 1887. Mr William Towers Westbrook was born at Rock House Farm, owned by his father, William Westbrook, now the residence of his brother’s widow, Mrs George Herrett Westbrook. The family have been farmers since Cromwell’s days and Mr Westbrook himself farmed at Hodges Farm for 22 years after his marriage. He retired to Beechcroft 25 years ago. Mr Westbrook has been a sidesman at St



Joseph's Church for fifty years. He can remember when, as a boy, he used to walk to Anstey Grammar School, now Eggars School, in Alton, every day.

He remembers the time when the only school in Froyle was a kindergarten run by a governess. Mr Westbrook also remembers when Sir Hubert Miller's father owned a bullock team. At the time of their marriage the Jubilee of Queen Victoria was being celebrated, and it is a coincidence that their golden wedding year should fall at the time of the Coronation. He saw the first motor car pass through the village. They have seen many changes since that Good Friday many years ago when they hurried down to the turnpike to watch the first motor car travelling down from London to Southampton. 'Three hours we had to wait -but now we just take cars as a matter of course'."

Sadly, just four months after their Golden Wedding, William Towers Westbrook passed away.

Before we go any further, let me introduce you to another member of the Westbrook family. Lilian Westbrook was born in 1900, the third child of Mr & Mrs George Herrett Westbrook. She married John Henry Smither in 1925 and moved to Farnham. She had a wonderful memory and, in the 1960s and 1970s wrote many articles about her childhood in Froyle. I was fortunate to meet her in the late 1970s and remember her with great affection. She always called me Mrs Booth, even though I was almost half her age, and would often ring me to find out if I had started putting together the Froyle history book that we had often talked about together. Well, Mrs Smither - at last, here it is!

Returning to Lower Froyle we head towards the northern end of the village and come to two modern houses standing on the site of a group of five cottages, which now only live on in people's memories. Luckily for us Mrs Smither wrote down her recollections of these very old cottages in 1962 soon after they had been demolished.



### **Westbrook Cottages by Lilian Smither**

“Oh, the pity of it. This group of five old cottages have been demolished by order of the Rural District Council. Old, yes, very old indeed, having been built in 1724, as shown on a tablet over the front door of the second cottage, and also bearing the initials T&W.C. Unfortunately the names of the persons commemorated cannot be established. They were built of stone and brick with timber supports and tiled roofs. Maybe they all had thatched roofs in 1724; the fifth cottage retained its thatch roof until recent years, and here and there a modern window replaced the old.

The cottages were known as Westbrook Cottages and were built round a bend in the road, so that when approaching the first cottage the fifth one was not in sight, causing a blind bend in the road for motorists. They were so planned that the front doors were quite separate, and not in view of each other, so that the occupants could not see who was calling on their neighbours. The first cottage stood back, the second juttied out, the third lay back, the fourth juttied out and the fifth again stood back.

They all had ample gardens, well stocked with vegetables and fruit trees and at one time were well cultivated and tended. Each cottage contained different accommodation, ranging from one to three bedrooms, with here and there a cellar. There were two wells, one inside the second cottage and one in the garden, which served all the cottages, until the water main came into the village about 25 years ago. One can imagine the gossip which went on around the wheel and bucket of those old wells. The sanitary arrangements in the garden were, of course, quite inadequate.

Now the cottages are gone completely and the motorist has a clear view and so will be able to travel even faster, at this point, through the little village.”



*Westbrook Cottages, once very much part of the Lower Froyle landscape*

Mrs Eileen Merrifield, née Stevens, lived in No 3 Westbrook Cottages as a child in the late 1920s. She was one of a family of ten and remembers that they would get frogs inside the cottages quite often - admittedly there was a pond on the other side of the road.

A little further down the road is another house, which is no longer here today and that, too, is associated with the Westbrook family.



### **Rock House Farm**

Rock House Farm, Lower Froyle, was built around the 16th century, mainly of grey sandstone from nearby Quarry Bottom. It was purchased by William Westbrook in about 1855 and the farm was worked by members of the family until 1936. In that year William's son, George Herrett Westbrook, died and, because he had no male issue, the farm passed to Henry Brownjohn, who was his nephew. This photograph was taken in about 1938. The young boy sitting on the wall is Mr Henry Brownjohn's son, David. The farm house was finally demolished in the 1960s.

Strangely, the deeds to our bungalow (built in 1962), contain an inventory for Rock House Farm, taken at a time when money was borrowed on the security of the land, a field named 'Adams', that the bungalows were built on.



### Rose Cottages

Rose Cottages were built by William Westbrook in 1902 and Mr Herbert White was the first tenant of No 3. His granddaughter, Pat Pritchard, describes him, “He was a village character, always known as ‘Hub’. He was very self sufficient, lining his shed every year with wood to keep fires burning through the winter, coppicing the hedges and producing bean sticks and pea sticks for most of the village, as well as clothes props. In this photograph you can also see my brother, Francis and mother, Mercy Milne. The picture was taken in about 1940. Dad had been called up into the RAF and we spent a lot of time down at granddads.”

With ‘Hub’ is his dog ‘Bonzo’, who used to travel the half mile or so to the shop with money in his mouth and bring back the paper or any other small item ‘Hub’ needed! Mr White lived in No 3 Rose Cottages until his death in 1959.

We have now reached the north end of the village which a hundred years ago was much more built up than it is today. This area changed dramatically around 1900 when many cottages were pulled down and a few new ones built in their place. From here we will retrace our steps and return to Hadwick’s Corner to look at the rest of Lower Froyle. Passing the Methodist Chapel and The Froyle Gallery, which we will return to in later chapters, we come to a house which, for many, is the ‘jewel in the crown’ of Lower Froyle.



## **Sylvesters**

Sylvesters is a beautiful yeoman's farmhouse, dating from the 14th century, which was extended in 1674, according to a stone plaque let into its back elevation. The house has seen little change since then. A Sylvester appears in the Church Registers in 1670. In 1800 Sylvesters was one of Sir Thomas Miller's farms.

The photograph below was taken from the sale brochure of 1915 when the Froyle House estate was sold. Obviously at some time between these two dates Sylvesters had changed hands from the Millers to the Burningshams.

### **Lilian Smither writes about Sylvesters**

"I was born at Sylvesters Farm House, Lower Froyle, on May 7th, 1900. My father rented this farm for 40 years, from 1894 to 1934. We were a family of four daughters. Our only brother, William George, died of pneumonia at the age of seven and a half years, a real tragedy in the family.

The first room on the right of the passage was the pantry, a large room with a small window high up under the ceiling. Inside one looked to the right to see a barrel of beer. Father never visited a public house as he didn't abide, as he put it, the smell and smoke, but he enjoyed a glass of beer at dinner time. I often filled his glass and on one occasion I tasted the stuff. How awful, how could Father, or anyone else for that matter, drink it? I was then about 12 years old.



Next stood the churn for butter making each week, 12 or maybe 20lbs, according to the amount of cream available. Lovely butter - sold at 1s 2d a lb! In the winter it was kept in the Dairy, in the summer carried to the cellar on slabs of slate. A large meat safe came next and two long shelves opposite, always full of good home made food.

Through the Pantry was the Dairy, a newer building than the house. A tiled floor, white walls and in 1910, on May 7th, Father bought a milk separator. This mysterious machine was quite something in those days. Father was not too pleased with it, he having to turn the handle. I was up early that morning, my 10th birthday. The Postman arrived with the news that King Edward VII had died, also bringing me a card without a halfpenny stamp. My Mother, in the excitement of the moment, and getting the postman twopence for the surcharge on the card, was late with the jug of hot water which had to be put into the separator before the supply of milk ran out. Father called, I ran for Mother to bring the hot water, and we met at the heavy curtains near the Pantry door. I screamed as the hot water went over my face and neck. Father hearing my scream, guessed what had happened, suddenly let go the handle of the separator, instead of releasing it gradually and broke a small part. In his concern for me with a scalded face and neck, he threatened to throw the new machine into the farm pond. Poor Mother, poor me, I sat in the kitchen, Mother dabbing my face with snow water, which she had saved from the previous winter. No scar was left on my face but my neck suffered quite badly.

Next on the right from the passage was the dining room. A very pleasant room, a long window occupying nearly the whole length of one side and looking out over the farm yard. Large shutters hung down below the window but these were never used in our day. Nicely furnished with an oak refectory table, large dining table and antique dining chairs. In the winter a large green heavy plush curtain was hung from the black beamed ceiling, touching the floor and about two thirds across the room to stop the draught from the front door which faced north east. The floor was red brick, covered with lino, later with a good carpet. A hanging oil lamp decorated the room, which gave both light and heat. A window high up on the inside wall, looked into the passage, a borrowed light.

Opposite this room, across the passage, was the drawing room, a good grate burning both wood and coal. A wide mantelpiece, full of ornaments, with a pretty material frill hanging from it. There were three windows, two with seats and when the winter curtains were up, one could sit in the window behind the curtains and not be seen. The whole house was a marvellous place for playing hide and seek. An oval walnut table with a centre splayed pedestal support, red patterned sofa, armchairs and six small chairs to match and of course, a piano,

complete with candlesticks. All four daughters had lessons, a teacher coming to the house from Isington.

Continuing along the passage we come to the cellar door, ten steps down, passing a small wine cupboard on the right; two rooms here, parted with a slatted screen of wood. Bottles and other debris lived here and a large drum of paraffin oil to supply the large and small lamps used around the house. We carried candles to go to bed.

We must return to the main passage, turn left along a short passage and a blocked up window, with small lamps standing on the window sill, and into the little room, where extra china was stored and a Rag Bag. Everyone in those days had a Rag Bag! Here we kept our bicycles when we were considered old enough to possess such means of transport. Back to the passage and now we reach the side door into the garden, with its massive bolt and chain.

We enter the large kitchen here, a very strong door with a very wide iron bolt. What a kitchen; no bedroom over, and walls continued up to the roof. A good kitchen range; high above your head was a bacon loft, which needed a ladder for entry. I never reached such heights, nor did my sisters as far as I know. A brick bread oven, the fireplace at floor level which Mother never used. The room was L shaped although we never thought of it in that way. A huge copper; what activity on wash days! The water in the copper had to boil to keep the white clothes white.



The hired washerwoman was a pleasant, kindly soul. Mother being short had to stand on a stool to use the copper stick to push the clothes under the boiling water. Bavins (bundles of kindling wood) were used to light and keep the fire burning. This wood stretched across the floor, brick of course, and whoever thought of it, just pushed them into the fire. The sink had to be seen to be believed, red brick, with a slatted draining board, and it was not uncommon to see a large slug come up from the open drain outside! Two pigs were killed each year, one pork, one bacon. The local pig killer was called and after the kill the animal was hung up for two days and then brought into the kitchen, laid on a long wooden bench and the animal cut into joints and carried to the cellar by Father and salted as necessary. Every part of the pig was used in some way; pork pies were delicious, liver and crow and brawn. The only part of a pig which cannot be used is the SQUEAK! I well remember standing at the kitchen door watching these gruesome proceedings, but I enjoyed the good wholesome food.

We return to the front stairs and main bedroom, which we girls occupied in turn, two at a time as we grew older. The room was stocked with useful furniture; all beds, pillows, bolsters and cushions were filled with feathers plucked by mother from numerous chickens, ducks and turkeys.

From the short passage at the top of the front stairs, turn right, through a doorway but no door, on to the back landing, a large dark cupboard, no window. I never went inside, only looked, to see a cot, cradle and wicker clothes basket. It was known as the dirty linen cupboard.

The back stairs ended here on this landing, with Mother and Father's bedroom door exactly opposite. A large room, window overlooking the farm yard, thatched stables and barn and a tiled cowpen, well-carpeted and adequately



furnished also with two cupboards. Through this room was the nursery, although we never termed it thus. It was the small children's room, with two windows high up, so as children we could not look out. This room faced the road. We all washed in the same water, hot or cold, according to the season.

Returning to the back landing, a very substantial door lead to three attic rooms, one with a ceiling. Here the cowman slept, a good friend and farm worker to the Westbrook family. I was twelve years old when he first entered our home and worked on the farm in all kinds of jobs, although he was officially the cowman. He stayed with the family until his death at the age of 86, a period



*Jack Day, the cowman*

of over 50 years. The other two attic rooms had no ceilings. One was entered by a very narrow board, approximately 4ft x 1½ft, which had to be lifted out for entry. I well remember looking in, but I never ventured to see what was beyond. I wish now that I had. The other room, if the wind was in a certain direction, let snow through the tiles and Father was not too pleased when he had to take a bath and buckets and sweep up the snow to prevent it coming through the ceiling of the main front bedroom.

Of course there was no electricity, gas or running water. Father had to draw all water from the well at the rear of the house and we bathed in a zinc wash tub with our knees up under our chins when grown up. The toilet in the garden, a double seater, was very convenient with a family of four girls, when one or other had to make the trip into the garden after dark. We all enjoyed and loved that old house.”

The Westbrooks left Sylvesters and moved to Rock House Farm in 1934.

In about 1900, as I mentioned earlier, there was quite a spate of re-building in Lower Froyle. William Westbrook took down thirteen old cottages and built three pairs of cottages and a single one - these were at the northern end of the village and included Rose Cottages and Rock Cottage.



A Mr Butler of Husseys built two cottages in Husseys Lane, and Mr Duncan of Coldrey built two at the corner of Park Lane on the site of two old ones. You can see these on the right of this photograph, taken in the 1930s.

In the 1861 Census, Park Lane was called Lawrence's Lane and we do find a family of Lawrence living at the far end of the lane - a Charlotte Lawrence was the Head of the family, and, we learn from later censuses, she was a dressmaker. By the 1871 Census the lane has become Croucher's Lane and there is a John Croucher, carpenter, living there with his family. At the turn of the century it was known as School House Lane and we are told there was a school there, but as yet, I have found no real evidence to support this. What the censuses do tell us is that there was a Day School just down the road in Husseys Lane in 1861, at the home of James Walker, a retired Pig Dealer. His thirty-nine year old daughter, Harriett, was the School Mistress.

By the time of this photograph Froyle was looking very much as it does today. In March 1930 eleven year old Jim Knight, a pupil at Froyle School, wrote an essay entitled.....

**“Modernising Froyle** - Electric light cables are being laid up the Hen and Chicken Hill in Upper Froyle, because some people want it. It is very convenient to have it, but it will be too dear for some people, as it costs ninepence per unit. At Lower Froyle gas pipes are being laid from Isington crossroads and I think

they are coming to Upper Froyle. The men have got as far as Mr Brownjohn's shop. After the men have finished laying the pipes and cables the roads are going to be widened and in later years I expect that the roads will be tarred. People will be able to have better lighting in their houses and some will be having gas stoves for cooking."

But back to Park Lane. One of the families who lived there were the Mills. A Charles Mills was living at Number 4 Park Lane in 1851, but the family pictured below came to live in the cottage in 1873 or 1874. George Mills and his wife, Jane, came from nearby Bentworth and settled in Froyle. They already had one son, George, and then had six more children while living in Park Lane. The youngest of those, Emily, was born in 1889, when Jane was 47 years old. Emily would grow up to play an important role in the village's Methodist Church. The other child I would like to mention is Charles, who was always known as 'Charlie'. The Census of 1881 tells us that his occupation is Printer's Apprentice, and, indeed, he would go on to set up the business of C.Mills, Printers, in Alton.

In the photograph below, loaned to the Froyle Archive by the present owner of the house and taken around 1908, are Jane and George Mills, seated, with their children, Emily, Jane, Annie and Charlie, outside what is now 4 Park Lane, but which was, at the time, known as Lilac Cottage.



Other houses in this part of Lower Froyle are dealt with elsewhere, but let's just look at two more, the first in Husseys Lane.

### **Fords Cottage**

Called Fords Cottage in the censuses, that isn't the name this cottage bears today and perhaps one would not recognise it now anyway, since, like many of the cottages in the village it has been restored and extended. It stands almost opposite Husseys Farm and, in 1841, was two cottages. I assume that they belonged to Husseys, as in one of them lived Jonathan Ford, who was a male servant. Jonathan appears to have been a widower and he lived with his fifteen year old daughter, Harriett, who was a dressmaker.



### **Coldrey**

The other house is Coldrey, a Georgian fronted residence, which dates back to the 14th century. It is not strictly in Froyle, being just outside the village adjacent to the original line of the A31. For many years it was described as an 'extra-parochial place'. It is now part of Bentley parish. A Roman farmstead was discovered here and Coldrey, which belonged to the Bishop of Winchester, was leased to various tenants. In the 14th century it was held by the Coldrithe family, and it is no doubt from them that the house gets its present name.