

Ewhurst History Society Journal



Welcome to the latest issue of our journal.

Sadly, we have lost a number of members since the last edition of the Journal. Beryl Peer, who was with us on our outing to Christ's Hospital visit (which is written up in this issue); Janet Price, who, in 2014, completed the NADFAS church recording, something that was very useful when I wrote the church guide book; and Audrey Wilson, at whose house we have enjoyed a number of summer lunches in her lovely garden.

In the first article Sylvia has found yet another interesting ancestor! Louise Haile has written up our outing to Christ's Hospital and, finally, I have reprinted an article on the history of Ewhurst Cricket Club, by the late Alan Smith., originally printed in 1990 in a cricket club programme.

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If you have an idea for an article (approx. 1,000 words and a few illustrations) please get in touch with the editor at janet.balchin@googlemail.com

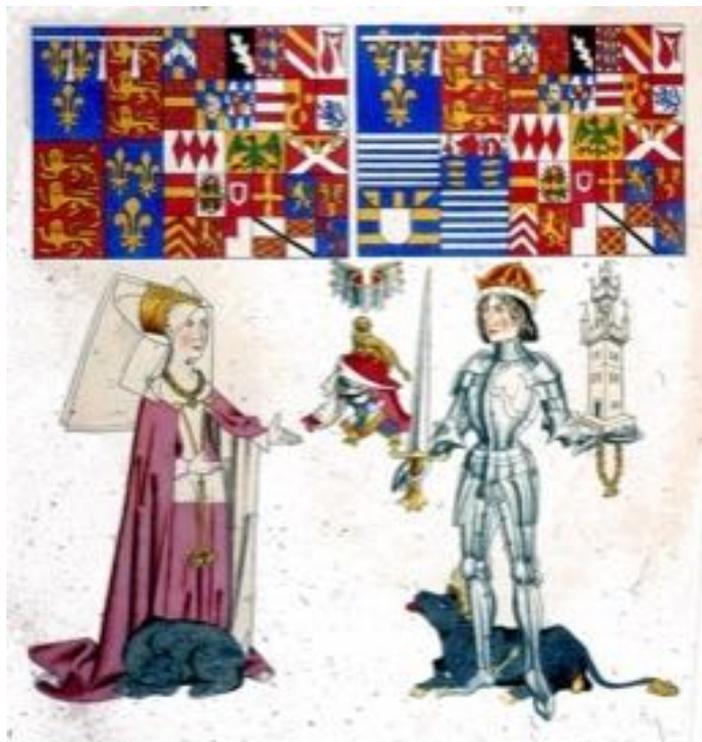
HOW I FOUND YET ANOTHER ANCESTOR

By Sylvia Wright

A historian I follow on Facebook sent me, and her other followers, an article a few weeks ago about Anne & Isabel Neville, the daughters of Neville, the Kingmaker...

Anne married Richard III while Isabel married George, Duke of Clarence. Isabel and George's marriage, while arranged, seems to have been very happy, but unfortunately Isabel died in December 1476 about 2 months after the birth of her fourth child.

In the article, it mentioned that Isabel's lady in waiting was found guilty of her death and hanged about 4 months after her death.



Right: Isabel & George

This intrigued me, so I looked into it. The lady in waiting's name was Ankarette Twyniho – there are some variations in the spelling, but that's the one I'm sticking to. Her dates were 1412-1477. She lived at Keyford Manor, just outside Frome, Somerset. Her husband had died by 1476 but I've been able to find a daughter, Edith and a son.

After the Duchess' death, probably from a mixture of TB and puerperal fever, about two and a half months after the birth of her last child, Ankarette left Warwick Castle and went home to her house just outside Frome. Four months later, on Easter Monday, the Duke of Clarence sent a force of 80 men to kidnap Ankarette and bring her to Warwick. When she arrived, a jury was assembled and within three hours - poor Ankarette was judged guilty of killing the Duchess with a glass of bad ale and hanged. Her daughter and son in law had accompanied her to Warwick, they were not allowed to stay the night in Warwick, by order of the Duke of Clarence, but had to stay the night in Stratford on Avon.

This judicial murder shocked everyone and was one of the causes of the Duke of Clarence's downfall. He was later hauled off to the Tower and found drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. Ankarette's Twyniho grandson later obtained a full retrospective pardon for his grandmother.

But to get back to poor Ankarette and her family. I double checked this story and there on Wikipedia, it said that her son in law's name was George Delalynde. I know that I have Delalynde's in my family tree, so I went back and sure enough, I have a George Delalynde married to an Edith Twyniho! It took me back another two generations.

George & Edith lived at Winterbourne Clenston, a small manor house, near lower Keyford, Dorset, that is still owned by some cousins of mine, as this branch of the Delalynde family died out but one of their

daughters brought the manor to her husband, a Morton and then a Morton heiress married a Pleydell and the Morton Pleydell's married into the Mansel family.

Ankarette is my 15th great grandmother!



A picture by W.W. Wheatley, showing Winterbourne Clenstone in 1849

LOCAL HISTORY IN ACTION: AN AFTERNOON AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL SCHOOL

By Louise Haile

Laid across a glorious 1200 acres of Sussex, quadrangles and cloisters of mellow Sussex stone and brick, teeming with almost 900 enthusiastic students: welcome to Christ's Hospital, and a rather special insight into this little piece of extraordinary history right on our doorstep. Surely, we've all noticed the youngsters in Horsham, their anachronistic medieval garb and sometimes rather noble swagger? Perhaps like me, you've known at a distance, pupils who've attended, or been to concerts, heard whispers of famous past-pupils even? How much more there is to know, it seems, and what better way to learn than on a jolly Ewhurst History Society outing?

It was a pleasure to experience this gracious and rather special educational oddity with an afternoon tour run by the students themselves, soaking up the atmosphere, absorbing the layers of history that it represents, and enjoying the joyful company of enthusiastic sixth formers, sharing their sense of pride in the school. From the start they enjoyed humanizing the history, infusing it with their own sense of fun, including walking backwards in front of us, in recompense, apparently, for earlier students' failure to show this respect on our late Queen Elizabeth on her visit in 2003, to commemorate the 450th anniversary of the school's Royal Charter. They delivered their information, both historical and quirky, with gusto and genial competitiveness, embedded in a vocabulary littered with an almost private coded communal language (Grecians = 6th formers, the Sicker = the Sanatorium) which they happily explained. The overall impression was communal pride and warmth; a sense of the privilege of taking part in the rituals of this world, including the marvellous lunchtime Band Parade that opened our visit. It was a rather breathtaking sight: all the pupils marching into lunch to the stirring enthusiasm of the school band, all drums, twirling batons, smiles and focused discipline in the gorgeous autumn sunshine.



The Band at the beginning of the Lunch-Time Parade. (Photo Miles Thompson)



Above and below: we split into two groups for a tour of the school, (Photos Janet Balchin & Miles Thompson)

What followed was a stroll in and around the extraordinary range of different buildings, with their remarkable statuary and artwork, learning something of the school's many famous pupils, an impressive array of famous movers and shakers, from Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge to the poet Leigh Hunt.



We were also treated to a comprehensive deconstruction of the remarkable school uniform, one that has changed very little over the last four and a half centuries. In spite of the rather obvious drawbacks of the medieval woollen frockcoat - 'too hot', 'too cold', and 'wet-dog smelly' when wet - there was

pride in the sense of tradition, and a particular pleasure in seeing that, with small variations, it worked as well for the girls as well as for the boys. It also stands testament to the sustained commitment to co-education over the centuries that is surely part of the school's great legacy.



From its founding in 1552, by the young Edward VI in a charter for the provision of 'a little learning for fatherless children and other poor men's children', the school is one of the oldest boarding schools in the country, maintaining a tradition of continuous co-education over four and a half centuries. Beginning life in the heart of the City of London at Newgate, the school has weathered the trials of history through the Great Fire, plague and, of course, the Civil War. Closely connected with the real world of work, in the form of the Guilds and Liveries, there have been significant shifts of campus, including separating at times the education of boys and girls. Our tour made clear the grounded mutual benefit of bringing together so many youngsters from such varied backgrounds and with such extraordinarily different talents.



Top right: the cloisters; Top right: the old library.

Left & Above: The chapel with murals by Fank Brangwyn

(Photos by Janet Balchin and Miles Thompson)

A tour highlight was a totally delicious afternoon cream tea enjoyed by us all alongside our faithful student guides, in the magnificent Dining Hall. Did we all feel like we were in a Harry Potter film? Beryl and I both did, not least because it felt like nostalgic living history. Loaded with tasty sandwiches, cream scones and cake, our last stop was the remarkable school museum where some of the 100,000 artefacts and archives are laid out and shared with us in what used to house the original school sanatorium. It is a tribute to the warmth of the curator and staff of both the museum and school, that we all lingered so long, absorbing more detail of the fascinating human and societal educational experience of around 67,000 children over the centuries.



Above: the Dining Hall where we later enjoyed a delicious tea. (Photo Janet Balchin)



The famous Verrio Painting, (Photo Miles Thompson)

Across the arts and sciences and clearly including wonderful sporting challenges and opportunities alongside academic excellence, we saw a happy, secure, richly varied community bedded into a world of extraordinary cultural and artistic endeavour. From the famous painting in the Dining Hall (one of the largest in the world) by Antonio Verrio, and commissioned by Samuel Pepys no less, to celebrate the opening of the Royal Mathematical School in 1673, to the beautiful murals by Frank Brangwyn in the chapel, this was a treat for us all. We left, each with a little bag of Christ's Hospital mementos – a CD of beautiful school music, a concise history of the school – but more importantly surely, a sense of meaningful achievement through education, community and shared values. In a world of shifting values, and often hollow rhetoric, it was great to meet optimistic youngsters, fully aware of their individual privilege, and see great educational principles still at work after over four centuries. Hurrah for Edward VI I say. Your dad must have done something right!

THE STORY OF EWHURST CRICKET CLUB (First published in 1990)

By the late Alan Smith

We have no knowledge of when Cricket was first played on Ewhurst Green. What we do know is that we found an article in an old Surrey magazine of 1947 which said cricket had been played on Ewhurst Green for at least 100 years. This must mean we are nearly 150 years old. Also, the cricket historian Tom Bing, who lived in Rudgwick, said he had found evidence that cricket had been played between the two villages back in the late 18th century.



Above: A cricket team from 1898 consisting of six Barlow brothers, four Weller brothers, and Henry Street, a brother-in-law of the Barlows. The Barlows were the sons of the Rector John Mount Barlow who had ten children.



Above: Cricket on the green in the 1950s

I have a minute book that tells us that organised cricket was played from the turn of the century up to the outbreak of war in 1914. It then started up again in 1919 and continued right through to 1942 when the club closed down through lack of young men in the village. I have memories of the green in the war years when all us boys from Ewhurst School were allowed to play on it on a Friday afternoon. Also, I remember the Home Guard having matches against Oakwood Hill Home Guard. The Canadian soldiers stationed at Garlands also used it for baseball.

The Club started up again in 1946 and has continued to play every year since. The old wooden pavilion, which had a tea room added to it in 1948 from proceeds from the Ewhurst Village War Memorial Fund, lasted until 1968 when the Club, with help of a grant from the Sports Council, built the existing pavilion. This building has been added to by the building of the beer and bar store and then with the new roof extension recently completed.



Above: the old pavilion with Bill Taylor



Right: The bar in the old club

Below: Alan Smith with the bonfire of the old pavilion

Below right: digging the footings for the new pavilion



The Ewhurst Club has always had a good reputation for the standard of its pitches. After the war they were very firm and fast but safe. In dry weather you had to bat first if you won the toss as they always crumbled after tea, allowing a good spin bowler to wreak havoc.

Right: The team with the Dunlop Plate in 1955.

(Alan seated 4th from left)

Wellers, Warringtons and Osgoods, are the names of a few local families who have served the club with distinction over the years. One of the finest local cricketers to play for Ewhurst since the war was Bernard Hollowood who, in the fifties and sixties, was an author, broadcaster, cartoonist and economist of distinction, and for



several years editor of *Punch*. Also, Gerald Seymour, who did work for ITN as a news reporter, and is now one of our best-selling thriller writers, was the best leg spin bowler to ever play for the Club.

I don't think the Club has been a great one for keeping individual records. We do know that the highest innings by a Ewhurst player on the green is Muir McMath's 150. The highest total by a Ewhurst side must be the score of 300 plus, made against Cranleigh II XI back in the early sixties.

Almost certainly the greatest day in the club's history was last summer's [1989] match against a full Surrey XI on the green in aid of Grahame Clinton's benefit and the home club. Also, a great day for me was seeing two England fast bowlers, the great John Snow and John Price, opening the bowling on Ewhurst Green for the charity side SPARKS.



Below: An annual dinner in the Bulls Head Barn. Alan, 2nd from right with his sister, Daphne, and parents