

BASINGSTOKE ARCHAEOLOGICAL & HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BAHS

Newsletter 201
November 2012

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An evocative find and a modern replica – what is it? *See page 9*

A Victorian Christmas at Church Cottage!

A reminder that our seasonal get-together is on Thursday 13th December and this year we are running a Victorian theme.

So bring your carriages, crinolines and top hats and come along to our Victorian evening. Dress up, just accessorize, or come as you are, anything goes. The more the merrier and everyone is welcome, and of course a special invite is extended for our workhouse friends with promises of something better than gruel... there will be no Scrooges here!

A Victorian Christmas Party



*7.30pm at Church Cottage
Thursday 13th December 2012*

*Finger buffet (including one free drink)
Raffle*

Tickets £2.50 available from 8th November

Tickets are available at our 8th November talk at Church Cottage or can be reserved by phone or email and paid for on the door. Please contact Penny (pennypitstop53@hotmail.com and 01256 321423), Mark (mperyer@f2s.com and 780502) or Ginny (01420 550028 and ginny@powntleycopse.co.uk). Please let Margaret (Porter) know if you would like to help with providing food for the finger buffet (margaretporter333@yahoo.co.uk and 01256 356012)



HOUSEKEEPING NOTICES

When you come to Church Cottage, please don't park in front of the double gates of the Church Offices (the little cottage on your right as you face Church Cottage).

And a warning - please don't leave any bags or belongings in the kitchen or in the hall, as the front door remains open during meetings and it is easy for someone to walk in quietly to see what they can find.

Fieldwork Report

Mark Peryer – Tel: 780502 Email: mperyer@f2s.com

We have obtained permission from Natural England to investigate the possible burnt mound at Greywell Moors nature reserve. We have been given until March next year to complete the work since it will take place in a sensitive habitat and we need to work during the dormant part of the year. We plan to dig a 5 x 1 m trench across the area to confirm whether the surface scatter of burnt flint we have found is from a more substantial deposit. Whilst digging, we shall have to be very careful about minimising the disturbance and making good when back-filling.

The dig will take place **from the 30th November to the 2nd December**. Our work needs to be co-ordinated with the reserve warden in order to move the herd of cows that graze on the moor. Since space is, quite literally, limited there is room for only a small team to work on this dig. If you would like to take part please let me know.

There will be a F.O.A.M. day **at Danebury Hill Fort on Saturday 17th November**, kindly organised by Marjoleine Butler. The objective is to remove scrub from the area of the fort. Volunteers should meet in the Danebury Hill Fort car park by 10 am and expect to work until about 4 pm. Hampshire County Council will be providing tools and supervision, but if you have your own loppers and bowsaws please bring them with you. There are no facilities at the site so you will need to bring a packed lunch, although the county will be providing hot drinks. If you would like to take part please contact Marjoleine (**01256 701192** marjoleine_2000@hotmail.com) or myself so that we have an idea of numbers.

eNewsletters – It's the future

Mark Peryer

You will be able to receive the January 2013 Newsletter onwards as PDF attachments to emails rather than by post. The added bonus of the electronic edition over the printed version is that all the pages are in glorious colour, rather than just the outer pages.

I shall certainly be receiving my Newsletters by email. I find that it will be more convenient and I shall always know where to find my copy. If you would like to do the same, please send an email to Bob Applin (bandbapplin@btinternet.com) so that he can take you off his posting list and add you to the email list That will also make sure he has your current email address.

We are also putting back numbers on our website (bahsoc.org.uk) to provide a growing archive for those times when you start to feel nostalgic or want to find that gem but can't seem to locate the right edition of the Newsletter. It will also show non-members what we have been up to. There is also an email link on the website for you to send your contributions in to the editorial team.



Questionnaire re Areas of Expertise

We hope as many members as possible will fill in this questionnaire so that we can invite you to take part in projects that interest you.

A Course on Giving Presentations

Several members have expressed an interest in this course offered by Ian Williams. In his various careers he has given such a course many times and we feel it will be very useful to anyone who is willing to give talks – to our Society or any others.

It will be on three Saturday mornings, not necessarily consecutive, 10 am to 12.30 in the meetings room of the Newbury Building Society in Festival Place.

If you want to take part and haven't already told us, please ring/e-mail me **NOW** so that we can get it organised: barbara.applin@btinternet.com **01256 465439**.

“Meet the Archive Conservators” at the Hampshire Record Office on 28 September

Barbara Large

This was a really fascinating visit to the “back rooms” of the HRO, by a small group of people, including Barbara Applin, myself and Jennie Butler, and an insight into something which we possibly tend to take for granted when we visit the archives. Tim Edwards, senior conservator, showed us various badly damaged documents, maps and books, which had succumbed to the vagaries of time, damp, mould, insects and general bad treatment, and were no longer suitable for handling – including some items from Winchester Cathedral which were very likely trashed by Oliver Cromwell's men!

The main emphasis in conservation is using like-for-like materials, organic and natural, as much as possible, acid-free paper and cardboard, natural fabrics and leathers, along with a basic flour-and-water paste adhesive for repairing paper.

Paper documents are tested to check if inks are water soluble – if they are, they have to be “fixed”. Then the documents are washed in purified water to remove stains and grime, and then tiny pieces of Japanese paper are pasted in to replace gaps - this paper is so fine that the pieces can be torn rather than cut so that they blend in with no edge. We were able to watch conservator Martin Bray doing this precise and painstaking work. Repairs to parchment are made with specially shaped pieces of parchment and documents treated this way can be strengthened with a membrane made from the lining of a calf's stomach. Larger maps are given a cloth and paper backing, and stored rolled around the outside of big cardboard tubes and wrapped in linen.

Fragile items and photographs are put into transparent folders made from a special, chemically stable polyester – the usual PVC used in modern stationery releases chemicals as it degrades over time, which would damage the contents. The covers of big ledgers and books are repaired using natural materials, so that they look as good as new. Where these old books have been damaged by insects, such as woodworm, the item is encased in polythene and frozen for about a week at -50° C, which kills insects and eggs.

The HRO also has equipment to digitise big documents, such as the Pipe Rolls which they are working on at the moment, so that the images can be stored and accessed by the public on CD and eventually online.

This was an amazingly interesting visit, and I would recommend anyone joining it when it becomes available again, on 13 March 2013. A big thank you to the staff at HRO for their time and patience.

See Picture Page

A Small Matter of Ritual

Little Straggler

What do Avebury's Red Lion pub, Silbury Hill car park and a small group of ramblers have in common?

We met in the car park at Silbury Hill on a fresh and bracing Saturday morning. The sky was clear after several days of murk, ideal for panoramic landscape viewing.



It was difficult not to stare at the thin willowy figure slowly waving her limbs. She was poised on the grass behind the parked cars, a delicate balancing act in the making as she attempted to invoke various natural elements. She was completely oblivious to us, which was just as well as we were adorned with silly bobble hats and the like.

Having done the ritual head count, we duly set off on an amazing landscape walk. We admired the sheer scale of Silbury Hill, not just its height, but the ginormous footprint it occupies. We were spared the steep climb to the top as the Hill is now out of bounds, so pressed on up an easier slope to the West Kennet long barrow where we squeezed together into the mysterious inner chambers - thankfully lit by a couple of small sky lights.

There was not a lot to see because it was dimly lit - all the human remains had long ago been ritually removed by some archaic archaeologists. So we exercised our imaginations and decided bright sunlight was a more cheerful attraction. From the longbarrow we could see Windmill Hill to the northwest and it seemed the two sites might have been more or less contemporary in their time, but we observed that the enigmatic shape of Silbury Hill, a gigantic cone, quietly reigning in the valley bottom, would have been built a good thousand or so years later by a different society.

We made our way back down the slope from the longbarrow and walked along a rather muddy track, eventually finding our way back up on to the A4 to a hilly point where a place named The Sanctuary had been fenced off. Up until then I had thought The Sanctuary was some kind of expensive spa treatment off Covent Garden. This was altogether different, though, concentric rings of blue and red concrete blocks and wooden posts, marking a Neolithic monument on the hill overlooking the Avebury landscape.

No welcome foot massage here - pity! – but fantastic views instead. There was some talk about an Avenue linking this to the famous Avebury stone circle but, after leaping from marker to marker, we opted to enter the Ridgeway, another mysterious track that would eventually lead us to Reading. We chickened out about half a mile along, though, and dipped down along the shoulder of the hill to the valley floor below, climbing a stile to enter the sacred West Kennet Avenue, where numerous pairs of huge sarsen stones stood like silent sentinels guiding us towards the magic Avebury henge and stone circle.

A quick glance at the heavens and the Neolithic gods of wrath heaved heavy hail stones upon us. My nose stung as they bounced off my face, - for what crimes was this punishment due? Remarks were

made about how evocative of ancient sanctity etc the walk along the Avenue should be, but personally I was busy attempting to prevent my hood flying away in the sudden storm. We continued along the Avenue, waterproofs shielding us, until we found shelter within the trees marking the entrance to the henge.

Another ritual head count to check no-one had been left drowning in mud anywhere along the route (bog bodies were undesirable). It was time to imbibe the sacred offerings from the temple in the centre of the stone circle. By this time we were thirsty with tummy rumbles in the making. The thought of the warm temple fires and a chance to dry out our sodden robes was almost too much to bear.

And so we finally arrived at the Red Lion, the central place. But what were the temple guards in their splendid security uniforms doing parading the perimeter boundary? What's more, there were six feet high metallic barriers preventing us from entering within! Shock and disbelief bounced around our company. Surely the temple could not be off limits?

One of the guards deigned to communicate with us. He informed us the high priest had just married the high priestess – wow! - and they were throwing a private celebration for all their fellow clergy. Common travellers and worshippers of the flames were not welcome – not good news. But hey ho, thank goodness for the National Trust. No welcome fires, nor alcoholic libations, but some tasty grub at reasonable prices. And to polish all this off, some ritual partaking in mugs of tea before escaping the warm and cosy barn and hitting the high lane to Windmill Hill.

We stayed awhile, though, to admire the bank and ditches and huge sarsen stones of the sacred henge before taking a seriously winding route through fields and across numerous stiles to the north of Avebury. A long slog up to the top of Windmill Hill, with one or two more showers to guide us on the way and a fantastic vista greeted us from the top. Avebury stone circle and henge, Silbury Hill, the West Kennet longbarrow, - what a truly ritual landscape. There were numerous Bronze Age round barrows of various types dotted around on top of the hill and we had fun guessing which was the bell barrow, the saucer barrow and so forth, climbing each one like a bunch of children.

How time flies when having fun – the sun was falling away to the west and it was time to head back to our start point. It looked like a very long way away from the top of Windmill Hill. So we descended from the home of those Neolithic causeway enclosure builders and followed various tracks and lanes across the countryside skirting to the west of Avebury. We stopped to admire more sarsen stones, this time at the sacred site of Beckhampton. Some of us sampled the mud baths again, but were warned they would be excommunicated from travelling by chariot home if they allowed themselves to become too messy.

More stiles, more fields, more cows, more sore feet, and then the final furlong along a tributary of the Kennet leading back to Silbury Hill. Our little group had straggled out a little by this time, but we kept going until we all finally arrived back at the car park, tired but happy.

Much to the relief of some, our chariots were still in mint condition with no broken glass or missing parts. The girl with the willowy arms had gone, as had her tatty chariot-home, but in their place was the blue and yellow smart chequered chariot of another uniformed temple guard, - this time having his ritual afternoon snooze in the failing sunlight of an autumnal Saturday afternoon...

*Many thanks are due to Mark Peryer for guiding our procession
and allowing humble BAHS members to join the sacred company
of the Oakley ramblers on one of their ritual outings.*

Strawberry Hill, 8th August 2012

Wendy Spruce

On a sunny August morning members of BAHS braved the eccentricities of the Twickenham road signage to visit Strawberry Hill House, the mid-eighteenth century creation of Horace Walpole and the first house to be built in the Gothic Revival style. If its whitewashed crenellations, tower and turrets look exotic now in their setting of suburban streets, how much more alien they must have appeared amid Thames-side meadows and trees at a time when contemporary architecture was strictly classical in style.

Horace Walpole first rented the house then known as Chopp'd Straw Hall, with its five acre estate, in 1747. In 1749 he bought it and set about enlarging and "Gothicising" it to create a treasure house that would not only be beautiful in itself but would provide a setting in which to display the paintings, ceramics, medals, coins, miniatures and antiquities that he obsessively collected. All the contents of the house were dispersed after his death, in a sale in 1842, and the house had fallen into a serious state of disrepair when the Strawberry Hill Trust took it over on a lease in 2007 with the intention of restoring it to Walpole's original design. This aim is made possible by the many contemporary paintings and documents that survive describing the house as Walpole created it.

Restoration has advanced to the point where it is now possible to be guided through the house, as we were, following Walpole's concept of a journey. We progressed from the gentle "gloomth" (gloom plus warmth!) of the entrance hall and Refectory, up the stairs into the more elaborate upper rooms. We found a Hampshire connection in the Library, whose bookshelves were designed by John Chute of The Vyne. John Chute was a friend of Walpole and one of a small "Committee" assembled by him to oversee the alterations to the house. The Holbein Chamber, with its screen based on the design of one from Rouen Cathedral, now lost, is splendid, while the vaulted Tribune, named after the room in the Uffizi Palace where the most precious treasures were displayed, is delicately beautiful with its gold leaf tracery. The sumptuous climax to the tour is the Gallery, lit by large windows and resplendent in scarlet and gold..

The Trust is still restoring other rooms in the house as well as acquiring appropriate contents to take the place of those lost in 1842. Much of the estate has been lost to new building so that there is no longer a view of the Thames but the gardens are being re-designed to complement the house and already give it an attractive setting. *For photos, see the PICTURE PAGE*

One Thing Leads to Another

Bob Applin

From time-to-time the Society receives requests for information or help in research; these are usually passed to Barbara and myself as by default we seemed to have become the Society's 'experts'. A previous newsletter carried a report of our researches into an Australian request for information on 'Bayley House in Sherborne Road' which turned out to be The Red House (now Maryfields convent) in London Road, Hook. Two other requests that we have dealt with are of interest.

About two years ago Steve Johnston in Australia contacted the Society asking for information about St Paul's church in Basingstoke as it is referred to in a diary kept by his grandfather before and during WW1 when he served as RFC & RAF ground crew in France. Steve is using the diary as the basis of a semi-fictional trilogy about WW1. It turned out on his closer reading of the diary that the entry was referring to a performance of Mendelssohn's St Paul oratorio at Old Basing by a choir based at the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion church in Wote Street. Over the next few months Steve came back with more detailed queries (such as pre-WW1 how were the streets paved? – with crushed flint mainly, although there was some wood block paving in the Market Square area). I occasionally sent

Steve photos and other snippets of information that I thought might be useful, one of which was this photo of a workroom in Burberry's workshop behind London Street.



We do not know what the occasion being celebrated was, but from the style of dress it could be George V's coronation in 1911. It turns out that that the man in the front is William Johnstone (with an "e"), Steve's great grandfather who was a foreman cutter at Burberry's. He lived at 52 Worting Road. Steve's mother, who is still alive, identified him and Steve has sent this photo of him and his wife in later life.

In the 1901 census William is 33 and a Tailor's foreman, with his wife Alice, son Fred aged 8 (the author of the diary) and daughter Dorothy aged 4; they also have a lodger.

Steve has sent me a copy of the second book in the trilogy. It is available for loan to anyone who wishes to read it.

A more recent query from David Young in N Wales was about the Primitive Methodist chapel that used to be in Flaxfield Road almost opposite the Pear Tree public house.

David lived in both Worting and Basingstoke until going to Cambridge University. He has this late 19th c photo of the front and wished to know if there were any other photos.



We were able to supply a copy of a photo of the corner of New Street and Flaxfield Road after it had been cleared for building the Queen's Parade shops in the early 1930s which had the chapel in the background and a modern view. The building has since been demolished.





David followed this up by asking about a chapel in Newnham at which he had preached in the early 1960s.

The building still exists as part of a private house and is used as a studio. Luckily we were able to provide current photos of it and put him in touch with the owners who have been most helpful.

Lots of People and a Ship *(To Say Nothing of the Dog)* Nicola Turton

In 1982 I gave my 12- year-old heart away as, with some 60 million other people around the world; I watched the *Mary Rose* lifted from the cold waters of the Solent. Remember how dreadful it was when part of the supporting cradle slipped? Even today I'm moved to welling up eyes when I see that film again, and *crushed* that I was too young to dive.

When I moved to Hampshire in the late 1980s, I finally got the chance to see her. My TV memory was of a tiny raft-like section of the glorious Tudor ship. One almost wondered why they were bothering to disturb something so small, which was also a war grave. But increased tidal scouring and erosion on the sea bed was causing the wreck site to deteriorate and any recovery of the precious artefacts would expose the ship even more and speed her destruction. So leaving her alone was not an option. Bruce Parker recalls interviewing Alexander McKee in the 1970s: he returned to the BBC office saying that McKee was a charming chap, but completely with the cuckoos, as "...he said he was going to raise the *Mary Rose*!"

But I'll never forget my first real life sight of her. The first and most surprising thing is that she's so much bigger than one expects. She was being sprayed, probably at that time with fresh water to remove the accumulated salt, and she was impressively spectral as I looked at her through the gloomy mist.

It will be at least another five years until I finally see her face-to-timber, without a layer of glass between us, but on 13th October 2012, I finally entered the new *Mary Rose* museum.

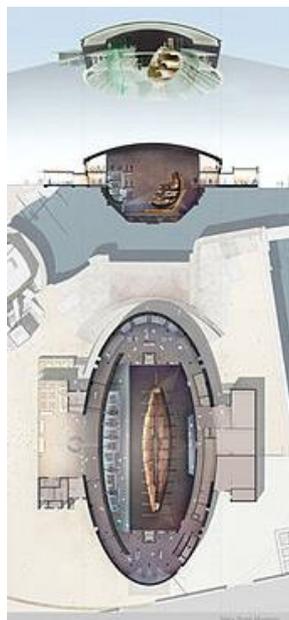
The stats are mind boggling and I think what bravery it was to even contemplate the project, but it comes to this: thirty-five million pounds were needed for the new museum, and twenty-one million was eventually granted by the Heritage Lottery Fund. That, if you care to calculate, leaves 14 million

pounds to be raised by people who have *Mary Rose* written on their heart (if you remember Mary and Calais). And we've pretty much done it. Many talks have been given in countless village halls, cakes have been baked, books sold, and all manner of sponsors have been charmed, but it was all Because She's Ours.

As David Starkey says, the *Mary Rose* is like stepping into a Holbein painting; you can see silk ribbons that bear a boson's call (the mystery object on page 1 of this Newsletter) or a jerkin with grease down the front where the owner wiped his hands. You can even look into a pot of ointment and see the finger marks left by the barber surgeon. Everywhere are the traces of the men who lived and worked and ultimately died on Henry's favourite ship.

We also have a local link, as 'our William', the first Marquis of Winchester, was there when she sank. Additionally, the Great Barn at Basing is made from wood from the same forest as that used in the *Mary Rose's* refit in 1536 (presumably a few trees fell off the back of a wagon as they went past Basing House).

So, I took a breath and thought, "Here goes," and I stepped into the empty museum. Of course it isn't really empty, as the heart of oak is still there, where she was built and where she was brought home to at last in 1982.



From one set of windows one may see the stern of Victory and just beyond is poor old neglected M33 (but that's another article). If you think of the *Mary Rose* as a doll's house with the front taken off (thank you, Prince Charles), then imagine a replica half of the ship, so that one walks between the two. In the replica cabins will be the artefacts. There are three decks, as there are on the ship, and at the stern is a lift which will afford dramatic views of the *Mary Rose*.

I was sorry not to see the ship, as it's been some years now, but the *Mary Rose* is in a 'hot-box' where she continues to be treated with polyethylene glycol (PEG). The PEG was due to be turned off in May/June 2012, but we should remember that the *Mary Rose* is one giant experiment and time-frames change. It is hoped that the PEG will be switched off in February 2013, and then the drying process will run until about 2017.

This is a conceptual plan from the architects, and is in three parts. The bottom oval image shows an aerial plan, and the middle and upper sections shows different cut-through projections. We weren't allowed to take photographs, so this is the best I can offer.

From the outside, the new museum looks like a giant mussel shell (if you ask me) and the prow of a ship (if you ask Alan). The glass cases are the biggest in the world and will house the largest and finest collection of Tudor items. It's fairly dim in the museum and rather eerie, especially as a door kept opening and closing with no-one standing near. The cases have anti-boarding netting over their tops, and in the excitement of being in the museum at last, it was a sad reminder that 90% of the men couldn't escape when she started to sink, because of the netting which so effectively kept off the enemy, but proved fatal to our own men.

There will be some human remains displayed in the museum, for the lost men are integral to the story, and the skeleton of Hatch the dog will also be there. Hatch is so named as she was found under a hatch. It is believed that her mother was a greyhound type and her father a small terrier (with a ladder?)

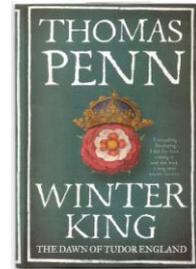
The *Mary Rose* – launched 1511, rebuilt in 1536, and lost in the Solent in 1545 with over 700 men on board. Recovered in 1982. Once belonging to Henry VIII and now belonging to us.



Winter King *The Dawn of Tudor* *England*

Review by Peter Stone

Thomas Penn - 442 pp - Allen Lane
2011 £20.



It is no exaggeration to say that Henry Tudor – or Henry VII, the first Tudor king of England – is overshadowed in the popular mind by his son Henry VIII and his grand-daughters Mary I and Elizabeth I to the extent that very few people know much more about him. Yet his importance ought never to be underestimated if the events of succeeding reigns throughout the 16th century can be understood. This biography is therefore welcome.

Henry VII had a difficult life. He was born Henry Tudor in 1457 but the dynastic quarrels between the descendants of Edward III had culminated in open warfare two years earlier when the failure of the Lancastrian Henry VI to rule effectively at the close of the Hundred Years War led directly to the outbreak of open hostilities between the rival Houses of York and Lancaster. A shaky settlement achieved by Richard Duke of York, who established the succession of his House to the throne in 1460, was not to last and sporadic warfare continued for another twenty-five years until in 1485 when Henry had become the Lancastrian claimant. In that year at Bosworth Field he defeated the last Yorkist king, Richard III, and was crowned Henry VII. He had brought an end to the “Wars of the Roses”.

Henry, however, was not to know that and he was very much aware that he had a very shaky claim to the throne. On his mother’s side his royal ancestry was the illegitimate Beaufort line descended from Edward III, which was barred by law from succession. On his father’s side the male line descended from a marriage (which may never have taken place) between Edmund Tudor, a royal household official from Wales, and Catherine de Valois, widow of Henry V.

The book describes how for twenty-four years from 1485 Henry was largely successful in passing on a realm that was stable enough for his second son to inherit the crown as Henry VIII without incident. But in 1485 there were few survivors among the great families that he could really trust other than his wife Elizabeth of York and her illegitimate half-brother Arthur Plantagenet. He therefore had to build an apparatus of control with “new men”, using old institutions such as Parliament and the justices of the peace and reviving old laws to his advantage. Naturally this caused discontent among those aristocrats who disliked the advancement and influence of those they considered to be their social inferiors. There were also remnants of the House of York who could make trouble as the occasion arose at home and abroad.

Certainly some of the methods of control implemented by his officials were by any standards oppressive, consisting as they did of a network of spies, massive financial bonds and savage punishments for those who were found to be conspiring against him. Nevertheless, ordinary people, with the exception of the Cornish rebels, did not suffer and the chances of rebellion by over-mighty subjects gradually faded. With a little good fortune (plus a few executions from time to time) and apparently without any grand design, he did just enough to re-establish internal peace and security to allow growth of trade and lay the foundations of England as a maritime nation and once more a power to be reckoned with in European diplomacy. In the latter case, the extraordinary twists and turns as Henry sought to protect his position against Continental plots involving Yorkist claimants and establish a dynasty are well described.

The price paid in England by those with any kind of wealth or political influence was to live in a world which bears comparison with a 20th century police state as the king’s justifiable feelings of

insecurity intensified, leading over time to his increasing isolation and suspicion of the motives of even those most loyal to him.

After the death of his queen at an early age, Henry took his surviving son into his own household, where from the age of 11 the young prince soon learned of his father's precarious position resulting from the still questioned legality of his rule. It seems more than likely that this sowed in him the seeds of the insecurity that was to show itself many years later. In his reign as Henry VIII he became obsessed about securing a male heir and it seems fair to say that the purposeful foundation of a more unified English state centred on Westminster that absorbed Wales, the tightening of control over Ireland and the revival of the old claim to suzerainty over Scotland probably had a like origin.

This is an easy to read book that includes an excellent family tree showing the links between the Houses of York, Lancaster and Tudor and their descent from Edward III – essential information for anyone who understandably gets confused about the participants in the extended family fight that included Nevilles, Staffords, de la Poles and Beauforts. It also contains very clear maps of Western Europe and of England at the time of the reign that displays its most important cities and towns at about 1500 (Basingstoke not shown!)

Snails, Worms and Dung

Bob Clarke

I have a book, printed in 1741, called *The Family Magazine: in Two Parts*. Part One comprises 123 pages of "Useful Directions in All the Branches of House-keeping and Cookery." Part Two comprises 318 pages of "A Compendious Body of Physick", a list of cures for "All the Diseases and Accidents Incident to Men, Women, and Children." Here's a sample of those cures.

A Water for a Consumption

Take leaves of ground-ivy, hyssop, penny-royal, of each four handfuls; snails in their shells, half-boiled, two pounds; nutmegs slic'd, number six; shred them small altogether; pour on them a gallon of new milk, and distil in a common still. Give the patient two or three ounces twice or thrice a day; sweeten it with sugar-candy, or with syrup of ground-ivy.

N.B. In the winter, when snails are not to be had, instead of them take the lungs of a lamb.

For the Jaundice

Take earth-worms scour'd in green fenel in an earthen pot; then pound 'em in a marble mortar, till the juice begins to run; afterwards strain it thro' a fine rag, and drink a spoonful or two every morning in a glass of white-wine fasting, and at four o'clock in the afternoon.

For the Joints, and to ease gouty and wandering pains, and to strengthen the Nerves

Take of earth-worms, well washed, and cut to pieces, six ounces; oil-olive, a pint and a half; boil them together, till the wine is exhale'd; and lastly, strain off the oil through a piece of canvas.

An excellent Infusion for Mists and Clouds of the Head, Vertigo, Dizziness, Head-ach, Etc

Take dry peacock's dung (the white part) four ounces, millepedes alive bruis'd, one ounce; black-cherry water, white-wine, each one pint and a half; let them stand cold twenty-four hours; then having clarify'd it, by often passing it thro' a flannel bag, add Langius's antepileprick water, three ounces; spirit of lavender compound, one drachm and a half; oil of nutmeg, three drops; syrup of piony compound, six ounces; mix, and give a quarter of a pint nights and mornings.

For the Head-ach

Take green hemlock, that is tender, and put it in your socks, so that it may lie thinly between them and the soles of your feet: shift the herb once a day.

A Medicine for the Piles

Toast leaves of elder on a chafing-dish of coals, and apply 'em hot to the piles.

An experienc'd Remedy for the unbroken Piles

Take calcin'd oister-shells, and incorporate them with as much honey as will make up the powder into an ointment: with which the part affected is to be tenderly anointed from time to time.

For the Rheumatism

Take cow-dung gathered in May: put to it one third part of white-wine, and distil it. Give the patient four ounces going to rest.

It is likewise good against the gout, stone, and stoppage of the urine.

For a Bruise occasion'd by a Fall

Take horse-dung, and sheep-suet, of each alike : boil them well together, and apply them warm to the part affected, as a poultice.

An excellent Clyster for a Looseness

Take a sheep's-head with the wool upon it, and make broth of it: to three-quarters of a pint of the broth put one ounce of Venice-treacle, and give it to the patient, having been first purged with rhubarb.

A wonderful, easy, and certain Remedy to stop a Flux or a Looseness

Take pigeons-dung, and boil it in rain-water, and wash the feet therewith, will certainly stop a flux.

To stop a Bleeding at the Nose

Take a dried toad, sew it in a bag, and wear it at the pit of the stomach.

Or, take the moss that grows on a man's skull, and use it in the same manner.

Or, stamp stinging-nettles, and put 'em into the nostril that bleeds.

For the Worms

Take as much gun-powder as will lie on a two-pence: dissolve it in a little beer, or breast-milk: this you may give to a child of a year or two old, two or three days together: and it is good against any stoppage in the throat.

Feminine Distempers : For the Fits of the Mother

Take spirit of amber, powder of a human skull, the heart of a hare, and powder of mugwort.

A Medicine good against Wind, Stitches, or colicky Pains

Take horse dung fresh made in the morning early, and distil it in a cold still: and then put this water to fresh horse-dung, and distil it over again: two days after, take a gallon of this water, and put to it an equal quantity of feverfue, rue, southernwood, and red sage: cut all these herbs

together small, and put as many of them into the still as the water will cover: then distil it: when all is drawn off, mix it together, that it may be of equal strength.

An excellent Remedy for Spitting of Blood, whether from the Lungs, or a broken Vein

Take a good handful of the green moss which grows at the bottom of the poplar-tree, and put it into a pint and a half of milk: boil it till it is reduced to a pint: and drink it lukewarm morning and evening, either sweeten'd with fine sugar, or without. If it do not stop the bleedings in two or three days, repeat it: for it seldom fails.

To take away Freckles

Take some of the person's own water in the morning, as soon as 'tis made: steep in it one handful of mallows, and let it stand till night: then wash the face with it, and use no other medicine.

CAPTION COMPETITION BRITTANY TRIP

Congratulations to Sue Headley, the winner!



Stairway to Heaven



Calling all monks!



C'mon, drones, let's get this sorted for the Queen!



Last one to do the leapfrog splits is a sissy.



Didn't know they had crocodiles back then.



You pull and I'll push.



Just wait there until the red car's gone past.



Is that "thumbs up" or "frites up"?

STOP PRESS!

Paulline Williams has just received a Celebration of Volunteering Award in recognition of her outstanding contribution to community life in Basingstoke & Deane through her voluntary work with the RadCan charity.

For more about RadCan ask Paulline or BAHS members Margaret Porter, Jo Kelly and Peter Heath.

PICTURE PAGE

Our visit to Strawberry Hill
Photos Derek Spruce. See page 7.



On Sunday 28th October we mounted a display at the Basingstoke Discovery Centre.
Photo Barbara Large



A fragile map under conservation at Hampshire Record Office
Photo HRO. See page 4.

2012-13 DIARY DATES

BASINGSTOKE ARCHAEOLOGICAL & HISTORICAL SOCIETY *MEETINGS on Thursdays at 7.30 pm Church Cottage, Basingstoke*

Secretary: Penny Martin Tel: 01256 321423
Email: secretary@bahsoc.org.uk

www.bahsoc.org.uk

Registered Charity No. 11000263

- Thurs 13 December* **CHRISTMAS PARTY**
- Thurs 10 January* **THE EFFECTS OF THE RAILWAYS UPON WINCHESTER 1830-1900** *Dr Mark Allen*
- Thurs 14 February* **GOLD AND SILVER IN ENGLAND IN THE CENTURIES AFTER THE STAFFORDSHIRE HOARD** *Prof. David Hinton*
- Thurs 14 March* **THE ORIGIN OF OUR SPECIES** *Prof Chris Stringer*
- Thurs 11 April* **MARITIME ARCHAEOLOGY IN THE SOLENT AND THE PREHISTORIC SETTLEMENT AT BOULDNER CLIFF** *Gary Momber*
- Thurs 9 May* **EXCAVATIONS AT HEATHROW TERMINAL 5** *Ken Welsh*
- Thurs 13 June* **AGM and guest speaker, to be announced**

FRIENDS OF BASING HOUSE at 7.30 pm, Basing House Education Centre, The Grange, The Street, Old Basing

- Tues 13 November* **AGM**
- Tues 8 January* **PRE-DEVELOPMENT BASINGSTOKE** *Bob Applin*
- Tues 12 February* **EXCAVATIONS AT STEVENTON VICARAGE – THE CHILDHOOD HOME OF JANE AUSTEN** *Debbie Charlton*
- Tues 12 March* **THE SITES OF THE ORKNEY ISLANDS** *Digby Cole*

FRIENDS OF WILLIS MUSEUM at 7.30 pm Willis Museum, Basingstoke

- Thurs 15 November* **DE RE COQUINARIUM (FOOD IN ROMAN BRITAIN)** *Sally Grainger*
- Thurs 20 December* **Christmas Party “CHRISTMAS EVE – WE HAD THE SINGERS AND THE MUMMERS”** *Sarah Lewin*

HOOK LOCAL HISTORY GROUP in St John’s Church, London Road, Hook, 8 pm; Visitors £3 (admits up to two)

- Mon 18 November* **HISTORY OF THE CHINOOK AND RAF ODIHAM** *Master Aircrew Mark Bradley*
- Mon 21 Jan* **50 YEARS OF PASSENGER HOVERCRAFT TRAVEL** *Warren James*
- Mon 18 Feb* **THE ODIHAM AND HOOK ALMSHOUSE CHARITY** *Derek Spruce*

HAMPSHIRE FIELD CLUB Find events on www.fieldclub.hants.org

WARG (WINCHESTER ARCHAEOLOGICAL RESEARCH GROUP) www.warg.org.uk

- Sat 8 December* **HENRY’S HOSPITAL Seminar at St Cross Chapel, Winchester,**
1 pm, £10
- Fri 22 Feb* **STONEHENGE** *Julian Richards*

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