

RECOLLECTIONS OF DUNKERTON PARISH



by
Milly Maggs

and Extracts from
Collinson's History of Somerset, 1791
Rambles Around Bath, 1897
Arthur Mee's Somerset, 1930
Pevsner's North Somerset
etc.

Milly Maggs was born and brought up at Tynning House, Tunley in the Parish of Dunkerton and in 1957 moved just across the road. She has lived in the Parish for more than 70 years and has an unrivalled knowledge of the place and the people.

She has been a Church Warden for 17 years and Treasurer of the Parochial Church Council for 24 years and has also been Chairman of the civil Parish Council. Since the Parish was joined with Camerton in 1963, she has been the ambassador for the Rector and has taken on an enormous amount of local work in addition to joining the Admiralty Accounts Department in Bath for many years until her retirement.

I felt strongly that the talks that she gave in the Dunkerton and Tunley Halls deserved to be put on record and I am delighted to publish them with the brief notes that I first assembled 20 years ago. They are unedited, from Milly's manuscripts, and I know they will give great pleasure to generations of parishioners and others further afield.

H.B.-C.

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Dunkerton Parish Church
Dunkerton Parish Hall
Tunley Recreation Centre

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INTRODUCTION

MY DAYS IN DUNKERTON CHURCH OF ENGLAND SCHOOL

First of all, I would like to say how my "Talk" on Friday February 26th 1988 in Dunkerton Parish Hall came about. Around November 1987 the Chairman of the Parish Hall Committee, Mr. Max Crofts, saw me and said the Committee wondered if I would give a talk on my school days in Dunkerton Church of England School. Well, needless to say, I was amazed, said it was a challenge, and I would think about it. I also said to him, if it is one of your money making efforts, I shan't bring in so many people as some of your professional talks with slides etc. that I have attended. Max's reply was, "it's not the money side Milly! So many people are interested in the old history of the school." Eventually I agreed to do my best with both school days and Parish life, as I had seen it up to end of last war!! But, as you see, there is just a few notes beyond 1939-1945.

I shall never forget the Friday 26th February, the Chairman kindly provided me with transport and when we arrived in the Hall, I said whatever have you put out all these chairs for? His reply "We are going to fill them." I said "you never will!"

Well, I was busy, with a little help from Clare, Joanna and Edward Crofts who helped me arrange all my old photographs on two large tables. I was amazed when I saw the room packed, and standing. My only hope was, I wasn't going to be boring with my talk! The Chairman introduced me. He turned to me and said what a compliment all these people had paid me (I felt full of emotion myself!)

There were 29 of us scholars re-united that evening, furthest, Percy Poole travelling from Bournemouth. A former pupil, Mrs. Amy Hallett nee Heal, brought a Parish Magazine dated April 1915 which her Mother had treasured because it recorded her daughter's birth. (see photo-copy). All the old scholars were asked to write their names and address on a sheet of paper, a copy of it is all included. You could have heard a pin drop, except when there was participation from school pals remembering, and adding to what I had just said!! I shall never forget the applause at the end! it brought tears to my eyes. There was a wonderful atmosphere in the Parish Hall.

I repeated it in Tunley Recreation Centre on 28th September 1988; quite a lot of people came, and Miss Cora Brock, a past teacher of the school, was well enough to come. She had to miss Dunkerton. Alec Ashley came (he couldn't to Dunkerton) and several other local scholars came for a second edition!! and it was lovely to see them! Mrs. Freda Hookings brought a lot of her old photographs, they were most interesting, so there were two long tables to each display. It was a very happy evening.

I also want to say before you read any further, some of you will remember other thoughts, but please don't think I could include everything and I have only done my best!!!

Milly

Milly Maggs



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33 girls and

48 boys

81 Altogether

I remember we were crowded in the Infants, but goodness know must have been packed in everywhere, as the building was same s as today! I also have another photograph of another generation children some years later, total 58 pupils.

Dunkerton in my School Days was quite a busy active place especially during lessons, to hear the old coal trucks trundling across the Viaduct Bridge, and being pulled by coal fired engine and a Ganger Trolley used to regularly go through mid-morning a afternoon to check the railway line.

We had no school uniform - girls quite often wore white cotton frilly pinafores, embroidered with anglaise, and worn over our dresses. Also girls wore lace up or button up boots! Usually

MY DAYS IN DUNKERTON CHURCH OF ENGLAND SCHOOL

I am talking about our childhood days when it was a very rare sight to see a motor car! If you heard it coming, you rushed out to see it coming along the road, it was also very unusual to hear and to see, an aeroplane, that was another miracle to see in the sky but when the last war broke out, aeroplanes were a different meaning.

Annual holidays for ordinary people were never possible, but our annual outing to Weston-Super-Mare was eagerly looked forward to! in the old fashioned tramways green charabancs, seats were whole width of it, and separate door to each, back seat was popular because we used to sit on back seat high up for the folded soft roof top of it - the highlight of the journey was travelling over the two humped bridges towards Locking Road, always shouts of delight! Another outing was Bristol Zoo!

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We had no school uniform - girls quite often wore white cotton frilly pinafores, embroidered with angalaise, and worn over our dresses. Also girls wore lace up, or button up boots! Usually girls had long hair, mostly either in plaits, or cork screw curls, and a large bow of ribbon to keep it tidy. Boys wore jerseys and short trousers or a suit of jacket and trousers to match.

Mr.A. Barrett was the Head Master for years, he was a very fair and sincere man, strict when needed!! His wife a nice gentle type lady, they had a daughter Peggy who attended our School.

Mrs. Thatcher who lived at what is now called Home Farm, was an all round teacher, was our sewing mistress, thorough, and strict! She was quite tall and well built, wore long clothes, and when taking us in sewing class, she always wore a long waisted black apron that had huge pockets, to keep thimbles, tape measures etc. in! I remember she had long hair which she wore in a "bun-like ring" on top of her head! A Miss Wilkinson also taught me, also there were several temporary teachers, and my final teacher for a few months was Miss J. Gwilliam.

We were allowed to start school nearest term to our 5th birthday, Gosh! I started down school, (at time of writing this) 65 years at Easter-time! and left school at 13½ years old, and Dunkerton school completed my education!! From Tunley our Mothers went to see either of two older girls, they were, using their maiden names, Queenie Chivers and Doris Jennings, to see if we could be taken to school by them. We all set off at same time, in two lines, all holding hands right across the Tunley Road, quite safe from traffic in those days.

If it was fine, we left the main road at North Hill, walked down what was then called Wilsons Lane (opposite Priston turning) then down two fields, and either down path by Crooked Cottage, or Buttons Lane. Strange, but worth recording, Lanes years ago used to be called after surname of people living by it - hence, Wilsons/Buttons/Palmers Lane/Ashleys Lane, latter now Stoneage Lane. (Of course Buttons Lane was re-routed to bottom of Hollow). Anyway, if it was wet, we walked down the Hollow, through the Aquaduct Bridge, where we used to shout out loud, and your voice echoed back to you! We had to make all our own fun in those days! As no doubt you have heard many times, the school was divided into three rooms. Infants in small room, with a lovely wooden sliding door shutting it off from the main room, which was closed off in the middle with two very heavy green curtains, and of course oil lamps hung from the beams for lighting. We started school at 9 a.m. and finished 3.30 and 4 p.m., and 10 minute play time in the school playground mid morning and afternoon - had an hour dinner time (it was all plain English words in those days). Those living too far away from school took sandwiches and lemonade if fine in the summer, sometimes we took our sandwiches and ate them on the old Canal bank up over the Aquaduct Bridge, we were always forbidden to go in the wet marshes (the old Canal base).

In school the heating was a round black coke burning stove in each of the three rooms - alright, as long as they did not puff out smoke and fumes. We had 2 lavatories, one for girls, the other for boys (used by teachers also), the infants went out of their room through a north facing door, there was a door each end of the big room and the lavatories were on north east corner of the building.

For years after I started school we had just one small playground north side facing up the Hollow and on a higher level of ground (facing same way). The boys did their gardening, two boys to each plot, they had to go up three stone steps to get to it.

The cloak room was where it still is today, clothes pegs all around the walls, there was an enamel bowl and jug of cold water to wash our hands and of course an old fashioned roller towel to use. All the water was fetched from the Hollow water tap, which was opposite Viaduct Cottage, and if it was frozen up, it was fun trying to get a trickle of water out of it.

We sat in wooden desks either for two, or four children with ink "wells", pens and nibs, no biros!! Every morning the Rev. Angel and then Rev. Jones, came in for morning prayer, perhaps a hymn. We were taught passages of scripture, I remember to this day Corinthians 13 for first 13 verses (Though I speak with tongues of men and of Angels), and so it went on, also John 1, first 14 verses "In the beginning was the word", we all knew the catechism.

We were taught arithmetic, learning by degrees 12 times table, then additions, subtractions, division and multiplication, good basics which have stood by us (no calculators as today). Also History, Geography/Reading/Writing/Alphabet was priority/Drawing, painting, crayoning/Recitation, Sewing and knitting. In those days Tunley held an annual Horticultural and Flower Show with amusements, galloping horses roundabout, chair-o-planes etc., always at least 4 huge marquees for exhibits. We school children, always entered different subjects, such as handwriting/drawing/colouring, woodwork from boys, needlework from girls, and knitted items. I remember we were taught to knit mens' socks on four needles. I attempted to knit a pair for my grandfather (Harry Sands). I thought I should never finish them, it was 11 inch foot before the toe shaping, by either of two methods, I can see that red and black mixture wool now, so trying to knit!! Needlework we were taught how to do button-holes both round and square cornered, how to sew a patch on a sheet. These items were entered in Tunley Show, neatly mounted on slightly larger coloured thick paper to show up our stitches. We had to do darning of socks - stockings etc. using a wooden mushroom (had to be neat weaving);

I think we were 10 or 11 years old before starting Cookery classes which were every Wednesday (all day). We had to walk both ways to Peasedown, it was held in a building behind the school, bottom of their playground. We had to use solid fuel range type of stove - had to clean and black lead it, and stoke it up. We were taught basic cookery, I well remember making a rice pudding to bring home, we always ran down through what was then called the Brick Houses because we were scared out of our wits, and by the time we had got through there, I had lost all the milk from my pudding through my case!! We had another term of Laundry, in same building we took, as told, certain items to wash. Being artful, we took fairly clean clothes! I do remember, we had to take something with an ink stain on it, and we were shown how to remove it using salt and lemon juice, but just imagine, there was a copper solid fuel boiler to use, small galvanized tub each - a scrubbing board, use starch, and a "dolly blue bag", and an old black iron for ironing. We, or most of us preferred cooking, just thought of something else. We used to have to give a large dolly a bath to make sure we knew how to handle babies!! You see, it was all practical lessons!!! Oddly enough we shared both these classes with girls from Camerton School. The boys on a different day did woodwork in same building, and likewise worked with Camerton boys.

At school, the boys played cricket and girls and boys played rounders, this took place in the field beside brook below the churchyard, that was the official cricket field in those days, it was a "sixer" as they used to say if it got knocked into the churchyard, and a dreadful thing happened one day when Dunkerton mens' team were in action, a cricket ball broke the marble dove on the Chivers' memorial head stone - great distress about it on both sides. After it was replaced, a wire frame was made to protect the whole grave when cricket was in play. Now, if it was snowing, we used to take our toboggans down to Dunkerton, sliding down the Hollow, then climb up the field beyond the churchyard, and come flying down it's steep hill.

Play-time, or dinner time, we used to go up to Mr. & Mrs. Button little shop, using a steep cobbled path (its now called Lavender Cott and for an old penny, we could buy toffee apples, made by apples from their orchard, and for halfpenny we could get a three cornered paper bag with a liquorice stick to draw the sherbert through. There were sweets from lovely tall glass jars, still a halfpenny worth. We also bought marbles there, a very popular game drawing a round ring called a "pound". Whenever we could, we all had a cloth draw-string calico type bag to carry the marbles. Count up at the end of a game was exciting, girls were as bad as boys in this game. Another game was called "Touch", chasing around to catch someone, touch them on the shoulder, then that person was chasing someone else. All sounds very simple but we all had to make our own fun! Spinning "Wooden Tops" and a "whip" were also the rage as were iron or wooden "hoops". Our Dad made the iron ones with the crook to use with them. After I left school, music lessons were given by a Miss Williams who lived at Carlingcott. I remember my brother Roy learning the violin.

We also went to church for Ash Wednesday and Ascension Day, it was a morning service especially for us school children. We were sometimes invited during school time to visit the Rectory which we all enjoyed. We went out through the East Door and walked between the little box hedges which separated different vegetable areas, on arrival at Rectory we were always given some treat, or a tea! We also had school concerts, when a stage was fixed up at east end of big room. I well remember reciting a poem called "Going on an Errand to a grocery shop, tea at 1/3 a pound. After my Dad died in 1950 Revd. Jones invited my Mum and I to the Rectory for tea, to discuss the memorial stone we were thinking about, and it so happened that our Headmaster's wife was visiting there, and directly she saw me, she recited the first couple of verses of my poem; it caused quite a laugh (she, herself was a widow by then).

We had regular checks from a school appointed Doctor and Dentist they used to use Mrs. Aust's front room (Viaduct Cottage almost opposite school), and a District Nurse used to check our heads of hair - crumbs, what a job, we sitting in a chair to be inspected for anything alive!! If attention was needed, a note was sent to parents. Thankfully my brother and I never had a note, and I don't think many did either!! From the Doctor who also checked our eye sight - I had to wear glasses, and a black shade over my good eye to make the lazy one work. It's still lazy up to now!

Well, if you are still with me - I think I have given you a rough idea of life in our school at Dunkerton in my time attending there. Once you start thinking about it, so many memories come flooding back, so I have done my best to condense everything, well nearly everything.

The cane was used on pupils when necessary otherwise it was used as a pointer to the blackboard and easel.

Of course, NO television sets but the strict administration of school in our days was a good foundation for our future lives!

Now!! a great discovery came about, through my letter to Miss J. Gwilliam, regarding her teaching period at Dunkerton C of E School. In her reply, she said she would try to re-call those days and send to me (which she did) BUT she also told me, when Mr. Reg Snook and wife were moving out of Four Winds (Crossways) to Weston-Super-Mare



W LONG PHOTO

ENTRY HILL, BATH

The Girls 1923

The Author is front row, far right



Boy Pupils with Mr. A.H. Barrett (Headmaster) c. 1920



W LONG PHOTO

ENTRY HILL, BATH

The Boys 1923



Girl Pupils with Mrs. Thatcher, c. 1920



Dunkerton School pupils, c. 1930
Miss Gwillam (rt), Miss Wilkinson and Miss Williams

Former Pupils Present at Dunkern Parish Hall
(Former Dunkern C of E School)

26th February 1988.

Name (Maiden Name)	Address
POOLE Percy	10 ALBERT RD FERN DOWN WIMBORNE DORSET
Smith MARY (nee James)	Southwinds, 229, Wellsway Bath
Queenie Horwood	'The Willow Tunley'
Amy Hallett.	1 North Hill View Dunkerton.
Amy Summers	School Cottage Withydithe
Hilda Sumner	"
Joe Sumner	"
Harry Maundrell.	1. Bloomfield Place Dunkerton.
George Maunchell.	2, Mill Lane, Tinsbury
Joyce Hyland (nee Maundrell)	32 Church Rd. Peasedown St. John
William Vaughan	Sewescombe Farm Dunkerton
Betty Skuse	Sewescombe Farm Dunkerton
Doug Wareham	manor Farm Dunkerton
John Wareham.	Casa Mia, The Hollow, Dunkerton.
Joyce Kilby (nee James)	5. Colborne Rd Odd Down Bath
Betty Jeffery (nee Cottle)	Rose Cottage Hook Tinsbury Bath
Eileen Fisher (nee Maunchell)	2. Bloomfield Place Dunkerton Bath.
Winnie Mitchell (nee Cottle)	7 Maybrick Rd Oldfield Park Bath
Doris Court nee (Cottle)	6 Abchurch Rd St Weston Bath.
Norman Weaver.	Tunley, Bath.
Elbert Douches.	Peasedown.
Joe Whittock	Peasedown / A. Reed 1 Eshwick garden Peasedown
Elizabeth James	2 FIRTREE Cottages Dunkerton
Betty James	1 Friar Tree Cottage Dunkerton Bath
William Frank Whittock.	'Valley View' Dunkerton Hill.
Millys Tree Lops,	Tunley Nr Bath.
Maggs.	

they discovered the Minute Book of the Managers of Dunkerton School from 1903 to April 1947! How it got there, she obviously didn't know, or what had happened to it from there!!

As you know, Miss J. Gwilliam sadly died 3rd May 1988, and previous to that, both Mr. & Mrs. Snook had died. Well, I knew that Doctor Roger Snook and his wife Sue were terribly busy for some time, but eventually, I rang them, to see if they could help me regarding the Minute Book! Sue told me, she knew it was in their home and would search for it. Later, she brought it to me! I told the Revd. Bennett I had it and would like to hold it for time being, to read it - to date, I haven't looked at it properly (it needs repair work on the cover).

During the Interregnum in September 1988 to 3rd February 1989, Cdr. P. Miles and I, as Churchwardens, held some church documents etc., and in (one) a Parochial Register List! it stated, an inspection of records in parochial custody, was carried out on 30th March 1982 by the County & Diocesan Archivist. The most interesting item in the Report, was that the "School Managers' Minutes were missing from 1903." "Every endeavour should be made to locate and recover it although it was appreciated that the trail may now be cold"!! So, there is no doubt, where this old Book belongs, in the Church Records and I feel very pleased I was in a position through writing to Miss J. Gwilliam to eventually track the book down!

P.S. As I started school in 1923, I looked up that year!! It stated: Accommodation 78 pupils, Present number on Books 83 - so no more could be taken.



REMEMBERING PARISH LIFE

To start with, we in Tunley area of our Parish of Dunkerton, have been very lucky in not having too much development, only infilling. I think it was about 1947-48 that Dad sold our field for £250 to Bathavon Council, where now stands 4 council houses and block of 4 flats, known as Fairfield (before that) on the main road building line from Fair View Mr. & Mrs. Fogden's House, there was only Tynning House to what is now called Stoneage Lane. Where Sarabeth Drive is, the field was part of Sarabeth Farm, cow yard of which was down in a "dip" where now stands 2 bungalows, but the views from the whole of Sarabeth Drive are fantastic.

Mr. Benwell's Grocery Shop (Graydon's Father) used to be where Gordon Wadsworth lives! Dad's brother Frank's family had what is now called "Toppins", built, more or less, on the style of our old home Tynning House (but no cellar). This brother lived at Kelston View (top of Tunley Hill), he and his wife had the Post Office there, and were the first family to bring the Post Office to the middle of Tunley. Incidentally, this brother of Dad's was Bill Ashley's grandfather! I have some photographs of the cottages from where Victoria House is, to Four Winds bungalow, and some photographs before the pine trees were cut down from Tynning House frontage! Also a copy of old photos when Tunley had no made-up road.

Where Mr. Holvey's house was facing towards west side of Tunley, there now stands a bungalow and two houses, and two bungalows in the garden of his house. At the King William IV Inn, where now there is a Childrens' room, that used to be Mr. Weaver's butchers shop (Norman's father), behind it was the Slaughter house and Freda and Norman's parents were licencees of the King William with a forecourt Petrol Pump. Where the Weaver family now have their butchers shop, it was a second butchers shop owned and run by Mr. Bert Lye, there was sweet shop in room in the house, run by his mother who had poor sight. Some boys were naughty fiddling with scales as she weighed sweets.

As children we weren't allowed on the road when bullocks etc. were unloaded and driven in slaughter houses in case they escaped. Even in my life-time I have seen so many changes. I remember when Tunley and Dunkerton Collierys were working, miners in their coal-black skin going home to a galvanized bath tub, and water heated by a copper boiler. It might seem strange to have a "Dunkerton House" (as its named) in Tunley, but Mum always told us the Manager of Dunkerton Colliery lived there with his wife and family, she worked there and was nursemaid to their children. Mum was with them in 1914-18 War, and there was a call for miners to go out to France digging trenches for the soldiers. Some volunteered if he, the Manager, (Mr. Claude Watson) would go with them - he did!! and his family and Mum moved into Bath during the time he was away in France.

All transport was horse-drawn. Milk wasn't in pint bottles. Farmer Leonard Ashley used to deliver his farm milk in Tunley by horse drawn crank! which carried the churns of milk. We used to take our jugs to the door and it was measured out in either $\frac{1}{2}$ or pint from a large galvanized milk container using the required serving measure which crooked on to the inside of the container.

Whatever, the milk was pure and like cream, and there was always a friendly word... and all very nicely done!! Also a Mr. 'Johnnie' Coleman used to walk from Westbury Terrace to Tunley to sell milk on doorsteps to the customers that he had!! poor man had a wooden yoke and carried the heavy containers of milk (one on each shoulder), it was some weight for a man of his age (as he was quite elderly).

Of course, there wasn't any electricity, it was oil lamps and candles - oil lamps - particularly the double burner kind, gave out quite a bit of heat, it was the reason a lot of elderly people were reluctant to lose their oil lamps, and of course, some people used Valor oil heaters to supplement coal fires. All cooking was done on a coal range, or open fire type with oven on the side of it. I well remember Pancake Day used to be almost a day's job! by the time the open fire was suitable to cook them.

Water was either from an outside pump on your premises, or you drew it by bucket and chain from a well. I remember that our well at Tynning House never ran dry (as a lot did, in prolonged dry weather). People nearby, and Ashleys farm, used to come and fetch water for their use!

Once the mains water was available, it was great, but a few were reluctant to change over, and did not think tap water would be so good as our lovely spring water. We as a family were amongst the last to take advantage but we were forced to do so in the end because the arched stone at the bottom of our well caved in as I was drawing water, it sounded like an avalanche and it was a good thing as far as I was concerned, that I let 'go' of the iron handle as I was winding the chain, or it would have dragged me with it, and that would have been the end of me!! I remember we had chickens, geese, turkeys etc. running free range, (as they say today). Dad was drawing a bucket of water from the well when a 'chased' cockerel flew straight into the well - it landed on a ledge just above the waterline. Dad's brother Ernest (nicknamed Maggie), a batchelor, asked Dad to let him down the well on a galvanised bucket and chain, he wouldn't let Dad because he had a wife and my brother Roy and I. All went well with rescue and what do you think?, as uncle reached the top, he threw cockerel out and it crowed!! Thank you I suppose!! Just an amusing little incident. This same Uncle used to make gallons of home-made wine in the earthenware jars with wooden taps, and he also always had a barrow of rough cider (huge old fashioned one). It was all stored in the building where the well was!! Well, one day my brother Roy discovered the cider tap dripping! he got under it and drank the leakage! Eventually he climbed a large apple tree in the paddock and was singing his head off! Mum went out! He had had a drop too much cider!! (Roy was only about 8 years old). I might say Roy and Uncle Maggie got a ticking off from Mum!!!

Housework was a jolly lot harder - floors were covered with linoleum, with a rug of sorts on it, rag rugs were made and lasted years - later it was carpet squares with stained boards as edging. Now its carpet everywhere - cleaning our homes was so different, with brushes and blacklead to clean the fire-grates, apart from "humping" buckets of coal around, and obviously no carpet sweepers etc., so it was a stiff brush and pan to clean carpets.

Wash day was almost an all day job, what with hand-washing the clothes, boiling it in a copper boiler, stoking that up with small coal, then rinsing it two or three times - lastly having used a blue bag to keep 'whites' as our Mothers used to like them kept, then if you were lucky, using a huge wooden roller mangle, but sometimes the rollers got a bit rough with use - so to make them still usable, they were bandaged around with old white sheeting, then to iron it all with the old flat irons heated by the open fire! That was a performance because the fire had to be kept clear and red to get the irons hot enough. In the copper boiler at Christmas times, we used to boil a whole ham and joint of silverside of beef, and the Christmas puddings (not all at once!!) but this food was so pure and good!! It all had to be checked often, if it was boiling too quickly, we had to shovel small coal on to get it to simmer again.

We kept our own pigs, running around!!, some occasionally after killing them, we kept. We had two large salt baths in the cellar to cure them. I remember we helped to rub salt in their skins.

The lavatories were all outside! Ours wasn't too far from the back door, but some people had to walk garden paths to get there! I remember my Dad made two toilet seats in ours - one for grown-ups and a smaller one alongside it for my brother and I. (Just by the way, one of those kind of seats made news a while back, someone discovered it in old derelict property), and it's in a museum!!

No dustmen, everything had to be buried in the garden, that is why so many people moving into the village, when digging the garden, or making new gardens etc., found so many glass bottles, all shapes and sizes, pieces of china and glass, in fact, all sorts!! The Rag and Bone Man used to come once a week with his horse and cart laden with china to barter for rags and bones. His name was "Bill Nutt". We all nicknamed him "Nuttty". Now if you had either for him, (and depending how much) you either got a cup and saucer, or plate, or milk jug and chamber pots were always wanted and he supplied them in exchange. Well, again, you either got a chamber in plain white, or with flowers painted on them, if you had lots of rags or bones! You needed these chambers, better than walking up the garden path in the middle of the night.

Haymaking used to be such fun for us children, we always looked forward to it, our favourite fields our own, and Farmer Ashley's field below Dunkerton House - We used to have picnics, with lemonade, made from fresh lemons if lucky, if not, made from Eiffel Tower Lemonade Crystals etc. It was proper old fashioned Haymaking, harvest of which first depended on the seasonable weather we had! farmers in those days used to like a wet May for a good crop!, not as today seeded grass! The grass was cut with mowing machines that had huge awkward looking blades - then allowed to dry, using hay fork by hand to turn it over, then a horse drawn lever type rake was used to collect it into rows at regular spacing, then a wooden collector would take it to where the hayrick was being built. We liked getting up on that, under the keen eye of the farmer and workmen, in case we got buried with the hay that was coming up (we were not allowed up there once the men started to shape the top of it). Eventually, when the hayrick was firm and settled, the thatcher would come along with straw to do the thatching.

❖ Dr. to **J. MAGGS,** ❖

Carpenter, Wheelwright & Undertaker.

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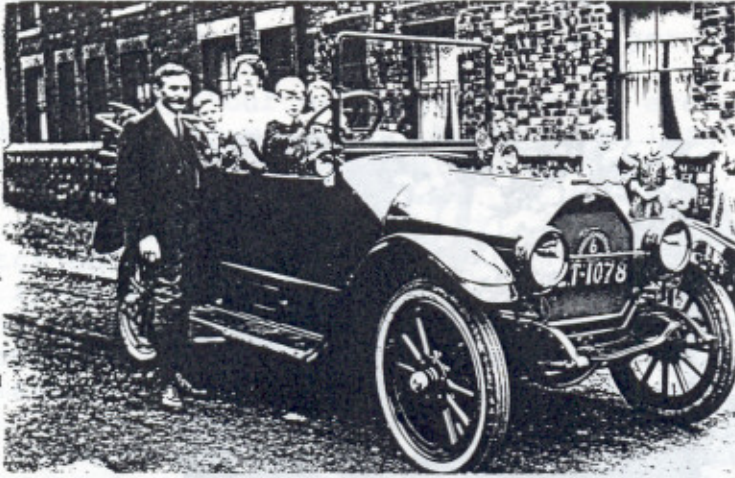
Tyning House in 1960
The home of the Maggs family until 1957



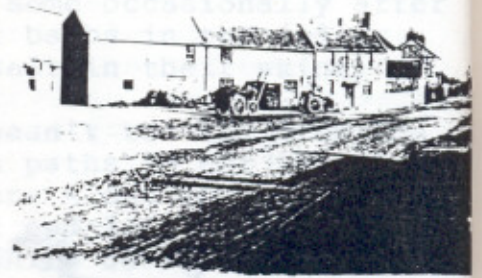
Tyning House in 1969
Mrs. T. Taylor lived on the left of the Terrace
and Mrs. F. Wiltshire next door



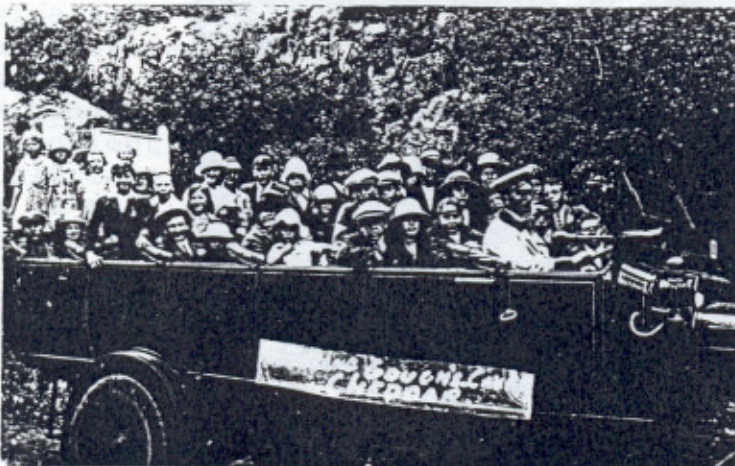
Transport in Tunley (outside Weavers),
c. 1900 and c. 1920



Tunley before Tarmac



Local Charabanc Outings, c. 1920



Tunley Flower Show, 1923 and 1924



TUNLEY FLOWER SHOW-1924.

Our Dad was the village Wheelwright, Blacksmith and Undertaker, and made farm carts, waggon, "governess cars" with all their upholstery. He had 4 work buildings; Wheelwright/Painting/Carriage and Forge with furnace bonding plate etc. Mum, Roy and I used to go around the cart wheels with cans of water, as Dad was leavening the iron bands to go on them as they were red hot. We used to like watching him make the shoes for the horses, he employed a man called Leonard Coward to help on the Forge work. In Tunley Mr. Charlie Parker also had a forge alongside the King William, as did Mr. Ernest Holvey nicknamed "Tink". His forge was top of Palmers Lane. When the lorries and farm machinery took over, Dad went as a carpenter and joiner. In fact he could turn his hand to most things!! As a boy he did his apprentice with Mr. J. Coles Peasedown Work shops - I well remember when Dad had to make the coffins, my Mum and I used to help line them out with the linen etc. and fill the pillow cases - sometimes Dad had to work all night to make a coffin, if the funeral had to be quickly arranged, he used to work hard sawing and using 'wood planes' to make it because all his timber came as it was sliced, to a certain thickness from the trees - Not like today ready-made on shelves - and at such cost!! In Dad's day Elm coffin was £30 and if you had the money, an oak one cost £40.

I can remember the last horse-drawn hearse funeral, Dad being Undertaker, took. The Brook was high, rough, and almost running over, the two horses were so frightened, and almost "bolted" - Dad was shaken as was the man in charge of the horses, as it could have been a dreadful situation. It was the funeral of a Mrs. Hard who lived in Tunley (Mrs. W. Veale's Mother).

Mrs. Thatcher, our School Teacher, was also the church organist for some years, and Mr. Harry Lintern (whose wife kept the Post Office on the main road of Dunkerton) was Choir Master at our church for years. He had a very good choir, and himself a super voice. Mr. Slingo (Conway's father) was Sexton for years, then Kathleen James's father followed him then Bert Butt took over. I remember years ago on New Years Eve we had a Social evening in what was then the school. It was all party games, cup of tea and biscuit! then at 11.45 we all went down to church for what was then called a "Watch Night Service" and after it, the church bells rang in the New Year!! Previous to this, in days gone by, the Dunkerton Hand bell ringers assembled around the parish to ring in the New Year.

Around 1924 electric light was installed in our church replacing the old oil lamps, some brackets that held them are still a fixture in church. Anyway, the electricity was supplied by way of a Generator which was housed in the stables of the Rectory (now the Coach House, a private dwelling), eventually it was installed in the Rectory, and lastly in the school. Obviously it all made life a lot easier. By the way, I think it was about 1925 that the passenger train service ceased through our area, but I do just remember our parents taking my brother Roy and I down Stoneage Lane Halt to catch the train to Bristol Zoo, we had to change at Hallatrow Station.

Rev. A. Jones was our Rector from 1928, his wife was a very pleasant, caring person. They had one daughter Vida and two sons David and Cyril, the latter eventually became a Rector himself. The Revd. Jones had no car but he walked the parish regularly visiting his parishioners, I remember he was in Tunley most weeks. He used to like calling on my grandfather Harry Sands who was a staunch Methodist. They always had a healthy friendly argument,

and enjoyed it. He visited whether you were church or chapel, and called in the King William. Also in Revd. Jones time there were still two very nice tennis courts (made in Revd. C. Angell's time) so we were still able to enjoy a game of tennis down there. They were in the ground below the Rectory Drive and alongside the "Bottom Road". I have a photograph of players with Revd. Angell, himself a player, they had a very good Tennis Club so I understood. Miss Winnie Milbourne was a playing member - she was a very good dressmaker as was her mother, a very tall lady, wore ankle length dresses (as was the fashion). She, in her day, did a lot for our church and was a regular worshipper, in fact, I know the whole Milbourne family did a lot for our Parish Church and held several key positions in PCC etc.

To get to Bath our Mum and Dad used to tell us, we would catch a wagon, drawn by horses to the 'then' Glass House (as it was called), the tram cars were waiting there to take us down the town. To explain: the 'Glass House' terminus was by the Crossroads Midford side nearest St. Martins Hospital (called in those days the "Work House" where the very poor people were looked after. The Horse drawn journey to Bath was once in, and once out per day.

Well, even when I started work in the Admiralty Offices (as it was called then), I had to ride my bicycle to Odd Down Corner, leave it at the shoe menders wooden building, catch a bus down to town, then another up towards Ensleigh, as the 'office' was in Kingswood School for about 6 months, and then we were transferred to Foxhill.

Very sad days they were, due to the 1939-1945 War. I was in the Department dealing with Navy Allowances to families of seamen, which all too often, had to be adjusted through their loved ones being killed in action - I too, lost my fiancée, a Welsh Guardsman, he was killed on the Belgium Border in 1944.

Our Parish took children evacuees from Dagenham. Various people took the children to look after them in their homes - Mrs. Elsie Saunders was appointed Billetting Officer, some children were very poorly off, many came without a change of clothes and all sorts of skin problems etc. Our Mum and Dad had two girls and their brother from one family and an only child from another.

When Bath and Bristol were bombed by the Germans, people came out every night in lorry loads to sleep anywhere out of the cities. I well remember being in Dunkerton church for evensong, whilst in there, the Germans set Bristol ablaze, and as they were chased off by our fighter aeroplanes, they would drop their bombs, anywhere to get away with a lighter load. They dropped some along the valley at Combe Hay, the seats shook in church as we were trying to listen to Revd. Jones preaching his Sermon. Incidentally, he was somewhat deaf! and did not hear anything and carried on! After the Service, we told him we were scared at what might be happening around us and he said he thought he had not the attention of the congregation. Four of us had to walk back to Tunley and believe me, it was a nightmare, as the Germans being chased off of Bristol were dropping bombs anywhere and were actually over us. We had to keep falling low into the hedge, and when we got between the house called "Chestnuts" and Tunley, the full view of Bristol burning was horrific, some bombs were dropped at top of Tunley Hill! Quite a few of us were voluntary A.R.P. Wardens and Fire-Watchers, (I was amongst them) and, of course, we had a very good Home Guard Platoon, Uncle Reg (Brimble) was amongst them.

TUNLEY AT WAR: And here are some of the people who have "gone to it" in England's most patriotic village. Immediately below are Mr and Mrs. Mitchard, both 75, one a warden and the other a fire-watcher. - On the right we show ex-Sergt. F. Pratten who, despite his 83 years, does his spot of fire-watching. Below him is the chief billeting officer, Miss Elsie Millen. In the centre is a view of the village. Across the bottom are (left to right): Two of the three women wardens; Mr Thomas Holland, chief warden; and the two youngest fire-watchers, Gladys Veale and Pearl Cottle. Also see Page 7

1941



... Silver Jubilee 1952-1977 ...
... at ...
... station ... all old age pensioners in ...
... wherever, these two ...
... had their parties.



The author and her brother Roy, 1924



Tunley Football Club in the 1920s



The King William and the Old Forge



Mrs. T. Weaver at the Petrol Pump, 1930



Charlie Biggs (centre) and workmen erecting Benwell's Post Office

Our stone arched cellar which runs the length of our old home, was used as a shelter, when Air Raid Sirens were sounded! for anyone who cared to come, and quite a few people did! Dad fixed up some flooring boards to cover the earthen floor to make it a bit warmer, and we borrowed long bench seats from the King William Inn for seating. There was a dart board in use. Of course, people came with their little cases, or bags with their valuables in. Dad made an exit out of the cellar, besides the entrance to it from the hall BUT, for all that, Mum always said she would rather be in our paddock under the hedge, she didn't fancy the house being blown up and we beneath it!!

Of course many local lads were called up to serve in the forces, my brother Roy was called up with the Militia recruits in December 1939, amongst thousands of others. So many lost their lives, amongst them two names especially come to mind - Reg Summers of Withy-ditch and one of our Dunkerton school pals ROY AUST of Viaduct Cottage, was reported missing presumed killed. He was a Flight Lt. in the R.A.F. and about this time, he was about to be promoted to Sqdr. Leader, and he was mentioned in Dispatches and was awarded the D.F.M. and D.F.C. as shown on Roll of Honour in our church. (This fuller information to what I said in the Parish Hall talk was given me by Roy's brother Alan Aust)

The Revd. G. Evans was Rector from 1955, he and his wife "endeared" themselves to the parish. He had a car, so they were able to visit around the parish; he had been in business before entering the Ministry. In his time in the parish, Bernard Jones, whose home was at Church Farm, was church organist for some time, he loaned the money free of interest, to install an electric pump for our organ, and was eventually repaid.

Reminds me of a story about a young boy who used to pump the organ years ago, and he was "told off" and grumbled at because he wasn't doing his job properly, apparently the music being played was in "fits and starts". (I expect he used to get tired, and his arms aching) Although electric was in church for lighting, the heating at this time was still by the coke burning stove down in the gratern inside the church door, but one Sunday morning, we were all nearly fumigated and the Revd. Evans actually fainted standing by the Altar. We were all pretty sick, when we managed to get out of church, it was thought the coke had got frost on it, so the coke stove ceased to be used, and night storage heaters replaced it, eventually these were replaced with electric strip heaters in each pew. They are, today, still in church as an emergency, but the heating is now oil fired and efficient.

The Coronation of King George VI was celebrated in 1937, and Queen Elizabeth II's Coronation 2nd June 1953, we celebrated it by a parish collection (the only way to pay for it). I was amongst those taking a collection tin around! A parish meal was given to all old age pensioners in the club room of the King William Inn, Tunley (now a restaurant). I have a photograph of the pensioners at this function, a separate party was given for all the children, who were also given Coronation Mugs. (I also have photo of the Committee). Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee 1952-1977 was celebrated at Tunley Recreation Centre and at Dunkerton Parish Hall. The meal in Tunley Hall was an open invitation to all old age pensioners in the parish who cared to come, but wherever, these two parties were much enjoyed. Also children had their parties.

The Revd. R.E.S. Bennett came in 1963 with his wife Joyce and their children Andrew, Hilary and David. Dunkerton Rectory was sold (now called 'The Grange' and home of Mr. H.H. Bayntun-Coward, his wife and family). The Revd. Bennett and family resided at Camerton Rectory but he was also Rector of Dunkerton. During his time Bert Butt was still Sexton, I can remember when it came to "filling" in the grave after a funeral, Bert's wife Lucy (no chicken age!!) as a saying used to be, she would use a shovel and spade with him to get the job finished, she would toll the bell if necessary. She was a great one for making her home-made wine (always a drink of it, if you called on her). She loved to have visiting teams of ringers to parties in her home after their ringing - she used to cook leg of pork, beef joints, all sorts for these gatherings - you can imagine ringers wanting a return visit! They were two great characters. Bert died suddenly April 1975 doing the work he loved, he was cutting the churchyard grass, collapsed and died on the very spot where for years he said he wanted to be buried, outside Church Tower door (and he was). Lucy died August 1976 aged 97.

Withy-ditch, which is situated between Tunley and Dunkerton, is a delightful place, and has lovely views over the Cam Valley. There is a Baptist Chapel, as it stands today, built in 1817. It is larger than you might think, has a gallery, and used when extra seating is needed. Obviously it used to have oil lamps and coke burning stove. Also there is a separate Sunday School building east side of Chapel and just up the road. For a great number of years on Good Friday, members of Manvers Street Baptist Church make a pilgrimage out to Withy-ditch Chapel, either walking the journey or travelling by car. They leave Bath early after lunch and members of the Chapel provide them with a lovely tea, in their Sunday School, and about 100 people arrive from Bath. Following the tea, they hold a Service in the Chapel at 6 o'clock. Just to mention a few families, the Parfitts, Maundrills, Summers and Brands, have, over the years, loyally kept the Withy-ditch Chapel alive! I don't want to tread on anyone's toes!! but these are families we grew up with!! Others, with some of the older stalwarts, are now making future history.

The "Old Farmhouse" is of architectural and historic interest, the front door of which is under a lovely shell arch entrance. It was, years ago, the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Holland and they had two daughters, Gwendoline and Constance (Tiny). One very bad winter in 1963 no transport could get along the road to Crossways because of the deep snowdrifts and for some time, Phyllis Quintin and Hilda Summers, nurses at St. Martins Hospital, walked and "slipped" etc., the journey both ways to care for their patients! Nurses living on Combe Down didn't report for duty because their roads were too bad!!! Withy-ditch remembers the times when Farmer Gardner and his workmen (North Hill Farm) have supplied and rescued Withy-ditch in bad weather.

Now, I cannot close these few words on Withy-ditch without saying, that I think you will have a job to find a more caring community than the small "band" of people who live in this tiny place, they check up regularly on one another, in all sorts of ways.

Finally, I cannot leave out the filming in our area.

The film GHOST TRAIN produced in 1931 through Cam Valley, mostly all scenes were night-time shots filmed along Dunkerton Colliery "sidings", and a "made up" Camerton Railway Station (on its original site) was used. It was a great thrill to have Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert as the stars in this film, according to records, 5,000 people came to watch the filming, lots of them from Bath and Bristol. I well remember the local lads taking blind Charlie Biggs down to 'watch' it, which obviously he did! through his pals' descriptions. Charlie knew more about everything, including all the world news, and he could discuss any topic with you.

The TITFIELD THUNDERBOLT was also filmed through Dunkerton in 1952, it is always a thrill to watch it whenever it is repeated on television. It is on record, as supposed to be one of the most delightful films ever made - I don't think we local people can dispute that, when you see our lovely scenery in it.

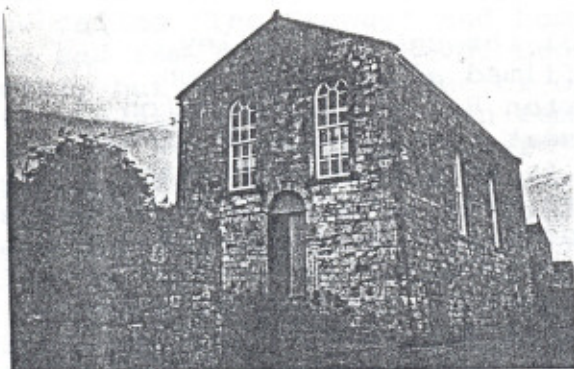
Apparently in 1937, Dunkerton Colliery sidings were used to film night scenes of the thriller "KATE PLUS TEN" written by Edgar Wallace.

By the way, when I was talking about the Ghost Train at Dunkerton on that never to be forgotten evening of February 26th 1988, I said I wonder why all the filming was so late at night, one of the old scholars, Joe Whittock, said "Well Milly, it was supposed to be a ghost!!!" It caused some amusement as did a good many stories that evening.

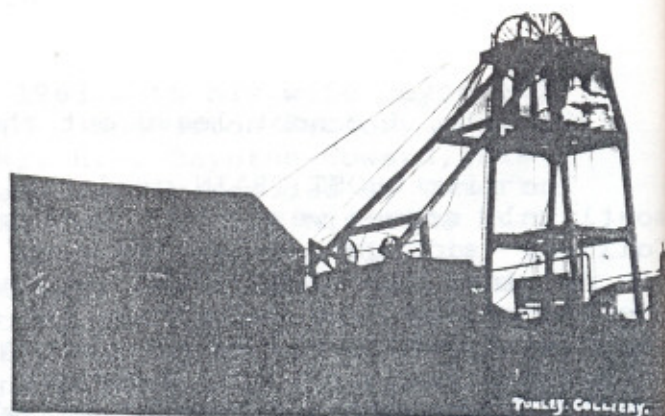
Dunkerton Womens' Institute celebrated their 50th Golden Jubilee at Tunley Recreation Centre on 23rd July 1986. It was a great occasion, with a super meal and birthday cake! and first class entertainment! Representatives from all the Womens' Institutes in our Group were invited.



W.I. Golden Jubilee Celebration
at Tunley Recreation Centre, 1986

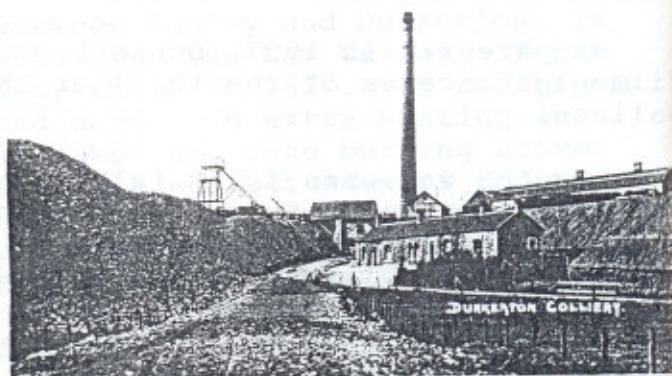


Withydithe Baptist Chapel
and Sunday School in the 1950s



Tunley Colliery.

Tunley Colliery in its Heyday



DUNKERTON COLLIERY

Dunkerton Colliery in its Heyday



Coronation Celebrations, 1953, at the
King William



Demolition of Dunkerton Colliery chimney
looking towards Carlingcott

Some Thoughts on Dunkerton School

by Miss J. Gwilliam

I came to Dunkerton C of E School from a large modern senior in Yorkshire over 55 years ago. The contrast between the two places of learning was vast. Dunkerton School looked much the same, on the outside, as it does today. It was attended by boys and girls aged 5 years 14 years, drawn from a scattered area of Dunkerton, Withy-ditch, Tunley and little groups of houses in between. I had two untrained assistants one for the Infants, one for the Juniors, both much older than myself, who taught the Seniors. The children walked to school in all winds and weathers and in the winter we made mugs of Horlicks malted milk to drink with their sandwiches.

The building consisted of two rooms - one large and one very small. The larger was divided by a curtain and the smaller was separate from the larger by a sliding door. Both rooms were heated by coke fuelled tortoise stoves and lighted by electricity. The building was well provided with large windows one of which was a deep Bay.

I think heavy and clumsy locker desks joined in pairs furnished the large room. These desks were graded in size while the Infants had more modern separate chairs and tables.

I found teaching two classes in one room very hard work and I am sure my colleague found it so too. We eventually worked to a plan where one class worked an oral lesson while the other did written work. But this was not always possible.

To return to the rest of the premises, on one side of the building was a rough, stoney playground and a small patch of garden and on the other side was a similar playground with a row of primitive earth closets enclosing one end.

In spite of all the drawbacks we managed a little variety. The Infants had a percussion band which they were allowed to strum away on while the older children enjoyed some simple attempts at Drama and managed to produce a concert now and then. A kindly farmer, with the help of some of the boys, built up a stage with desks and long planks of wood. He also produced some very ingenious and useful props. The same farmer lent us the use of one of his fields nearby. Here my father, retired, organised outdoor games at intervals during the summer.

In this way our little rural school jogged along until the big new Secondary School at Timsbury was ready for use by the 11 plus children who were to be educated from six or seven surrounding villages. The Governors and County Officials offered me the choice of a post at the new school or to remain with the Juniors and Infants at Dunkerton. As I had missed the companionship of the masters and mistresses at my school in Yorks., I chose the new school.

* * *

* Eventually Dunkerton School was closed and put up for sale. The Chairman of the Rural District Council for Dunkerton offered to buy it and, as he had a keen team working with him, the money was raised to repay this loan and the village school became the Village Hall.

It was a "golden" chance for the village but no funds were available to purchase the building. Mr. R. Snook very generously loaned the money, interest-free, and soon various 'bodies' in the village appointed their representatives to serve on a Fund-Raising Committee. The object of this Committee was to promote efforts to repay the loan and raise an even larger sum to convert the old school into a Village Hall.

Under the Chairmanship of Mr. R. Snook and aided by the Parish Council, the usual fund-raising efforts, - dances, whist drives, concerts, fetes, jumble sales, skittles' weeks, etc. were organised and well supported by the residents of Dunkerton, Withyditch, Tunley and beyond. Under the very capable leadership of Miss Hetty Millen, at that time a Tunley resident, a local football pool was organised. Miss Millen had a loyal band of collectors and a small sub-committee to assist her but she undertook the major share of this mammoth task. The Hall debt was quickly cleared with this major effort. I have many memories of the weekly "Football meetings held at Miss Holland's Withyditch home when Mr. R. Palmer, Mr. G. Moore, Mr. R. Brimble, Mrs. Canvin, Miss Millen and I sat around the table sorting out the weekly Football Pool business. All accounts etc. were subject to frequent audit by the Police, hence accuracy was essential. Many a winter night I have "sloshed" or "slithered" around lanes in my little car collecting these sub-committee members.

During the alterations and after, a considerable amount of skilled work was undertaken voluntarily by Mr. Edgar Gooding and Mr. Ray Fisher, and Mr. A. Aust and Mr. B. Butt were especially stalwart helpers, very capable on the outside maintenance and as doorkeepers. An old family friend, the Managing Director of a Plymouth firm, gave and delivered the metal framework he had carefully designed and into which visitors' coats can be locked for safety during social gatherings. Mrs. R. Snook made all the window curtains thus cutting out a potentially large bill. The ladies aforementioned, together with two other faithful members, Mrs. B. Vaughan and Mrs. R. Palmer, ordered china and other kitchen equipment, and periodically met to clean up the cupboards in the kitchen. One person to whom the Committee was much indebted for expert advice in the conversion business was Mr. H. Goldsmith, Architect, of Gay Street, Bath. He took such a keen interest in the project that he became almost "one of us".

The Rev. and Mrs. A. Jones were most co-operative in lending chairs and crockery, etc. for fund-raising efforts before the reconstruction and equipping processes were completed. One of the most irksome "chores" was carrying chairs across the Rectory garden and school premises before and after any "do". Happily, there were usually a number of near-by children willing to join the Porter's Crocodile. There must be many residents whom I have left un-named but who assisted in some way, - they did their bit.

very happy days - the
of children and above all,
t. A very sporting man who
enjoyed etc.

Inevitably, the major share of the business side of this mammoth undertaking was shared by Mr. G. Moore (Parish Clerk) and Mr. R. Snook (Chairman of the Parish Council). Many hours of their leisure time were spent on interviewing officials and writing countless letters to official bodies. The funds were augmented by grants and loans from the Ministry of Education and Bathavon Rural District Council.

There was one sad period in the Hall's history. This was when it was rented by the Local Youth Club, some members of which had no respect for public property and no conception of the tremendous efforts made to provide the excellent facilities they were privileged to enjoy at a low rent. Undaunted, however, Mr. R. Snook and those committee members remaining (some had moved from the village and some had died) carried on and made efforts to repair the damage.

Now this hard-working committee has disbanded and newcomers are taking on responsibility for the Parish Hall affairs. I wish them every success in their efforts. They will no doubt have many set-backs, but also, as we did, much fun!

*** The first part of this article was written shortly before her death. The second part was originally printed in the Parish Magazine in August 1972.



The Author as Chairman of Dunkerton Parish Council making Presentations to Mr. Reg Snook, Chairman for 33 years. 1983



THE SWAN, DUNKERTON

The Swan Inn, 1916



Mr. Emery of Priston Turning,
opposite Tunley Farm



The Swan area, looking north, prewar



Dunkerton Post Office, Turnpike and Viaduct, prewar



Mr. W. Boucher of 2 Longhouse, The Hollow



M LONG, PHOTO.

ENTRY NO. 11, GATH

Dunkerton Tennis Club, 1922, in the Rectory
Paddock with the Rev. C. Angell, etc.

Reminiscences of Ronald Jones

As regards my School Days, they were very happy days - the old school was very friendly, a nice lot of children and above all, a very good Head Master, Mr. A.H. Barrett. A very sporting man who always taught us to be good sportsmen at cricket etc.

We always had a very good Cricket Team in Dunkerton; Charlie Canvin - he was captain, Bob Ashley, Alec Ashley, Jack Woods, Reg Aust, Maurice Aust, Alfred Cottle, Sid Cottle (Mouse), Jack Cottle, Jim Holvey, Harold Pike and myself (Wicket keeper).

Alec Ashley and Maurice Aust were our fast bowlers, all the rest did their little bit to make a very successful side but unfortunately we did not have such a nice sports field as they have now. We played beside the Church. There was also a very nice Tennis Club in the village with two nice courts in front of the Rectory, now the Grange. Also we had a Club over the Rectory Stables where we played billiards, table skittles, cards etc., about four nights a week, it cost us 4d (old) a week.

We also had a very nice choir in the Church made up of all the young men and boys in the village. The late Harry Lintern was Choir Master. Also the same young men rang the Bells under the Captaincy of the late Bert Butt who did so much to keep the churchyard very tidy indeed.

At Christmas time Mrs. Angel, the then Rector's wife, would, with the help of the lady teachers at school, take us around the Big Houses in the district; Coombe Hay, Manor - Timsbury, Bath etc., singing carols for the funds of Barnardos. By the way, Mrs. Angel was the sister of the great writer, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who used to visit Dunkerton. Every year we were treated to a very nice supper up at the Rectory for the Church Choir and Bellringers.

* * * * *

A photocopy of the Memorial to the Revd. Gerard Hallett was found by Peter Easy in the back of an old picture frame he bought in Bath. He lives in Mrs. Lintern's house that used to be the Post Office on the main road. It was sent by his mother Florrie Easy nee Slingo to Milly Maggs a few years ago.

She says her father told her of prayer meetings at the Rectory, that Mr. Hallett was a very Godly man - he used to walk up the aisle and encourage people to sing!

Reminiscences by Cora Brock

The journey was made on a racer bicycle each morning and evening. To enclose the bicycle during the day, the garage was used where a house is built at the end of the road near the bridge. A small path enveloped by laurel branches ran up to the rectory and was an easy path for the Jones family to reach church. I well remember pushing the bicycle up Splott Hill in the afternoon and the setting sun hung suspended, a blood-red ball among the trees.

Mrs. Jesse used to arrive by bus before she ran a car. She commanded the school by her appearance and everyone was aware of the day in store for them ahead. She was a good musician and used to play for the morning hymns and take singing lessons. She used to wear a moleskin coat and her popular colour was cerise. She was dark and had curly hair which she vowed she used to keep black by using olive oil and she was upright and plump. Although she suffered from pernicious anemia, she had some go in her. She was a good teacher, though many suffered under her influence. She was very kind to the persons who worked for her.

During a stay at home a Mrs. Stephens took over an aunt of Mr. Percy Lintern of Carlingcott. She was a very good person and I liked her very much.

There was the dividing shutters and the small room was divided off for certain lessons. The slow combustion heater was fired with coke and was on the centre left-hand side of the door when entering. Coke was kept in a bucket with a lip on one side so that teachers could fill the stove during the day. Mr. and Mrs. Reed who lived in a house by the railway were caretakers to the school and good they were too. The second large slow-combustion heater was in front of the long room by the mantle-shelf where a large clock was displayed. Round each of the stoves was a wrought iron large frame so no pupil could touch the heater. Only teachers were allowed to boil kettles on the stoves. It was never cold in these rooms.

The Vicar was Mr. Jones who used to come down the back garden path (used by the maid who wore a mob cap and apron, a maid to Mrs. Jones) to make sure the children knew their Catechism and were aware of the Scriptural truths.

On very cold, dull days the paraffin for lamps was collected from Mrs. Lintern who kept the Post Office near the Swan on the main road. You went up the front steps where Mrs. Lintern would serve you. After a chat to Mr. Waite, a retired Police Officer, and his house-keeper Mrs. Brookes with a laugh etc., you felt better to face the day. When it was icy cold the old tap on the road near the school used to be frozen up the spout and after thawing the ice by newspaper and matches, a tiny dribble would emerge and one had to stay there until the kettle was full. I can tell you, that was cold work.

Then the dentist would come up under the bridge in a house owned by Mr. and Mrs. Aust and family where the coal wagons would rumble overhead and thunder to Camerton later to Carlingcott Mill to pick up the grain. The dentist used to use Mrs. Aust's front room and great would be the shrieking from some occupants. After the next pupil would be taken up to wait their turn in another room for the former one to be transmitted.

Mrs. Jesse organized jumble sales for the Children's Christmas Tree which was placed in the middle of the long room, it was a huge tree.

The boys had their cloakrooms and so did the girls on the pegs at the entrance up the steps. There was a three-legged frame holding a bowl and a white enamel huge jug which held water for washing hands and a towel was provided. Mr. Harold Pike brought the milk each day and had a cheery word for all.

During my time at Dunkerton, Vida Jones married and the school-children gave her a cushion and we all had a nice time at the Rectory.

It was also during my time at Dunkerton when the Germans raided England. I remember one dinner time when the children put on their gas-masks as the Germans bombed Filton. On the whole, I think the Germans left Dunkerton well alone.

The boys used the lavatories on the left and girls on the right after leaving the school main door and down some steps. Then there was the playground, a large one here and the smaller one by the side to the smaller one not so well kept near the railway.

Ena, Freddie and Ernie Chilcott came via the Pit from the Dunkerton New Pitt Cottages and used to run after my bike to the entrance of the Pit. Mr. Poole and Mr. Maundrill (Sen.) used to cut back the roads and a good job they made of it too. Mrs. Milbourne and daughter lived in the house in the Hollow and she did dressmaking. Mr. James was the Peasedown postman and he had four daughters. Mr. Skuse used to ride around the bottom and get off and push up Withy-ditch Hill towards Tunley.

Mr. and Mrs. Dudridge lived opposite the school, next door was Mr. and Mrs. Holvey with their three children. Then there was Mrs. Button who had a daughter Josey Fearey who used to have two daughters. Mr. Pickford looked after cows. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones had four sons in their farm over the bridge.

People or pupils I can remember were the Ashley boys who sang in the choir, the Woods boys, Cyril and Bernard Jones, Hazel Batchelor, Poppy, Betty and William Vaughan, Eileen and Harry Maundrill, the Aust family, Mrs. Gooding and family, Mr. Macey and family at John Bull, Olive Chalmers, an evacuee from London who stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Joan Gardiner at the Swan, Vida, Cyril and David Jones at the Rectory, Mr. and Mrs. Holvey and Mrs. Butt.

Hereby I end my letter and I have left some out but due to the impairment of my eyes, I have tried to make it as interesting as possible. Not forgetting there was plenty of cupboard space and desk room for each person at the school besides the old board and easel.

DUNKERTON

"Down, down, down to Dunkerton, under the great railway bridge, over the tiny river bridge, to where a fine old yew has grown up with the ancient church and a magnificent Wellingtonia climbs high over the tower. In this small place we found a simple nave and chancel with electric light. There are fragments of ancient glass in the porch, 12 stained windows with saints and prophets and the Virtues (the best of them David with his golden harp), and good hammered iron-work everywhere - in the pulpit, the reading desk, the lectern, and the altar rails. The altar table is of cedar wood, with two winged angels and panels of wheat and flowers. Even the organ is charming here, made so with delicate gilded carving adorned with angels playing cymbals. Close by it is a fine bench-end by the same craftsman. The font and the piscina are both 14th century. In the tower are remembered two young sons of Admiral Saumarez, one of whom died at sea, and one on an island from yellow fever. There is an old mass dial".

So wrote Arthur Mee in his volume on Somerset in the King's England series, in 1941.

Nikolaus Pevsner in his volume on North Somerset and Bristol, in the Buildings of England series, published by Penguin Books, wrote:-

ALL SAINTS W tower with diagonal buttresses and a three-light window with reticulated tracery. The rest not of much architectural interest. Much restored in 1859. Inside the small church at the W end a big, quite sumptuous Victorian organ, probably also of c. 1860 - PLATE. Chalice 1660; Salver by R. Abercromby 1743.

COTTAGE N of the church, past the viaduct. Dated 1695. Typical of the date the upright two-light windows and the blocked oval openings keyed into square frames.

SWAN COTTAGE, on the A-road, S of the Post Office. Dated 1719. With the same windows still.

This is all these two authorities had to say about our village and apart from the interesting and charming reproductions from Collinson's Somerset, 1793, and Round Bath in Twenty Picturesque Rambles by Mrs. Wheatcroft in 1896, there is not much more written history.

The parish of Dunkerton includes not only the central area around the Church but also Tunley, the larger area on the ridge a mile NW, which has grown in the last hundred years far larger than Dunkerton itself. There is also the hamlet of Withyditch, with its Baptish Chapel and old school and one of the prettiest houses in the area, the Old Farmhouse, with a fine shell doorway, and further north the hamlet of Nailwell, near the highest point in the parish, the peak of Duncorn Hill.

Dunkerton itself is divided into two parts - the area beside the main Bath/Wells road (The Roman Fosseway) now known as the A 367 - a notoriously dangerous road with Three Mile Hill descending from Odd Down to the valley of the Cam, and rising to Peasedown St. John. In this district were formerly the Swan Inn and the Post Office, both now private houses.

Secondly, around the Church are Church House, formerly Pickford's farm, the prettiest and second oldest house but much restored and doubled in size in 1965, and Church Farm, formerly Jones's farm, restored in 1970, with its barns and buildings. Between these two farmhouses is the remains of the village Pound, where stray cattle were rounded up until the owner paid a fee for their recovery. This area has been proposed as a Conservation Area.

Facing the Church, across the brook, is the former Rectory now known as The Grange. The original house was probably built in the mid-eighteenth century and refronted and improved by the Rev. C. Bampfylde (the incumbent known as the Devil of Dunkerton) c. 1825, and further enlarged in the 1860s by the Rev. F. Sowdon, who changed his name to Grosvenor. The front is basically in late Georgian Gothic style but no attempt was made to copy any feature of the building when it was extended.

There were two large viaducts to carry the railway through the village, one over the A 367 which was blown up in 1963, the other much larger across the Hollow which was blown up in 1983. The last train ran in 1951 and most of the old railway line has been tipped and grassed over but part of the old canal which preceded the railway is still visible.

Dunkerton can claim few famous people among its inhabitants, but the wife of the Rev. Cyril Angell, who was Rector from 1919 - 1928, was the sister of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous author of the Sherlock Holmes stories. He stayed frequently at the Rectory and is reputed to have caught the house on fire when, absorbed in writing a story, he failed to notice that a log had fallen on the hearth rug. One of his stories is named after the neighbouring village of Shoscombe.

The Rectors of Dunkerton from 1333

1333	Henry Toly	1679	William Webber
1348	William le Vyng	1700	Thomas Pearce
1426	John Wodeburg	1714	Thomas Wickham
1430	Thomas Gibbes	1725	Anton Wickham
1452	John Viell	1748	Richard Shepheard
1462	Thomas Bayly	1763	William Martin
1472	John Purs	1770	John Parry
1474	Richard Couper	1791	
	Edward Allen	1799	William Munton
	A Hiatus occurs here	1820	Charles Bampfylde
1567	Petr. Pryntost	1855	Frederick Sowdon
1572	John Printost		(latterly Grosvenor)
1592	John Davidge	1875	Gerard Hallett
1607	Hugh Davidge	1907	Henry Hallett
1620	Hugh Davidge	1911	F.C. Newbery
1622	John Dickes	1919	C. Cyril Angell
1634	John Alleynal	1928	A. Jones
1662	Nicholas Hooper	1955	Gerald Evans
1675	Jonathan Comer	1963	Richard Bennett
1677	John Bryant	1989	Derek Cooper

DUNKERTON.

FOUR miles south from Bath, in a deep valley, on the old Fosse road, stands Dunkerton, the name of which being compounded of *Dun*, a hill, *Cars*, a monument of stones, and *Ton*, a town, signifies the town near the *Carnedd* mountain; there being at some little distance northward from the church a remarkable eminence traditionally called *Dunne-Hill*, whereon once stood a *Carnedd*, or pile of stones, erected by our British forefathers to notify some victory, or other memorable event, to succeeding ages.*

In those early days, however, we know but little of this place, or the adjacent country, nor have the Romans themselves left us any thing here whereby to record their memory, save their old road, (in this parish very conspicuous) and a few coins and mouldering urns. In the Saxon times we find it the estate of Alwold, a thane, and person of distinction, who lost it at the Conquest, and William gave it to his attendant Turfin, surnamed Fita-Rolf; we have the following account of his possessions here:

"Bernard holds of Turfin, Dunkerton. Alwold held it in the time of King Edward, and gelded for three hides. The arable is eight carucates. In demesne are four carucates, and eight servants, and ten villanes, and six cottagers, with four ploughs. There is a mill of seven shillings and six-pence rent, and six acres of meadow. Pasture four furlongs long, and two furlongs broad. It is worth six pounds. It was formerly worth one hundred shillings.

"To this manor is added one virgate of land, and it is worth five shillings. Edwi held it freely in the time of King Edward."

This Bernard, tenant of the manor under Turfin, was surnamed Pancewell, but afterwards assumed the appellation of de Novo Mercatu, or Newmarch, under which he occurs witness to King William's charter to the monks of Battle in the county of Suffex.† In the succeeding reign of William Rufus, when the land was so profusely stocked with foreigners, that the whole realm became in a manner too little for their appetites, he according to the custom of those times, when every man looked upon that as his own which he could at any rate lay hold of, went over into Wales, and conquered all the three cantreds of the province of Brecknock,‡ where he seated himself, and founded a priory of Benedictine monks near his castle.

To him succeeded Adam de Newmarch, who was a benefactor to the house of Avinion canons at Nottell in the county of York. After him came another Adam de Newmarch, who had issue William de Newmarch, who to Ric. I. paid one hundred pounds for livery of his father's lands.†

* Of a similar etymology is Dunkery-Beacon in the hundred of Cullampton, (see vol. II. p. 1.) where probably once stood a cairn or carned.

† Lib. Domesday.

‡ Mos. Angl. i. 317.

§ Girald. Cambren. lib. Cambria, 77.

¶ Mos. Angl. i. 320.

¶ Rot. Pip. 10 Ric. I.

Vol. III.

X x

To

To which William succeeded Henry de Newmarch, who, with the consent of his wife Isabel, granted to Ralph Lavel, in marriage with his daughter, all those lands in Dunkerton which were held of him by William Blahun. His son's name was William, who it seems died in his father's life-time; for James de Newmarch brother of Henry succeeded to the estate, and 6 Joh. gave two hundred marks for livery of his lands. He died about 17 Joh. leaving issue two daughters his heirs, viz. Isabel the wife of Ralph Russell, and Hawise, first married to Sir John de Botreaux, and afterwards to Sir Nicholas de Moles.†

Which Sir Nicholas de Moles in right of his said wife possessed the barony of Newmarch, of which this manor was a part, and was held under it by various lords by the service of one knight's fee. 9 Edw. II. it was held by Sir Ralph de Googes, and 11 Edw. III. by John de Pederton, of Hardington in this county.† This John de Pederton had very considerable estates in these parts, and at his death left issue an only daughter and heir named Agnes, who was married to John Baunfild, esq. whereby this manor, with the rest of his lands, came so that family, in which it still continues, being the property of Sir Charles Warwick Bramfild, bart.

The church of Dunkerton was in 1292 rated at twelve marks.† It is a rectory in the deanery of Frome, and in the patronage of the lord of the manor. The Rev. William Munton is the present incumbent.

The church is dedicated to All-Saints, and is a small building of one pace, having a tower at the west end, in which are five bells. It contains nothing remarkable, save the following memorial on a grave-stone on the altar steps:

"The jacet Reverendus Johannes Dicks, hujus ecclesie rector, dematus Augusti 4, 1634."

Memorie ergo.

"Hic, hæc, hoc, hunc, huius, bonus, optima, clarum, Fulgor, Fama, Decus, vestit, adhucet, erit. Mente, animâ, oh! requiem vivens AIOEAEIOE ille, Carpit honore sacro; jam super astra manet."

* Cart. Astig.

* Rot. Pip. 6 Joh.

† Of this family see vol. II. p. 56.

† Lib. Feod.

† Tass. Spiritus.



INGLISHCOMBE.



Choir in Rev. C. Angell's time

DUNKERTON.

Distance from Bath five miles.

Nearest Stations—Cemeriton and Wellow, two and two and a half miles respectively.

DUNKERTON will, I dare say, to many of my readers, have the charm of novelty, as it is rather too far away for the ordinary "constitutional"; but a lift of one mile and a half may be taken in the omnibus to the Devonshire Arms, fare 3d., or even higher by the Combe Down omnibus, fare 6d. I always take the former, as it is far enough to take one quite into the country, and from this point Dunkerton is not an impossible walk. Having reached the point of the road near the Workhouse, we continue straight on, passing Old Down, and retracing the ground we took on the way from Combe Hay. From this point, also, there are so many finger posts that it is almost impossible to get lost if the



BY THE WAYSIDE, DUNKERTON.

main road be kept to. There is, however, a short cut just after passing a curious wheel, a sort of windmill; at the beginning of the decline of a hill a narrow lane, the old Roman road, will be seen branching to the left, which cuts off perhaps half-a-mile, but, as one of the inhabitants told me, you must not mind if you spoil your boots, as the road is very bad. So, if wearing patent leather boots, the Rambler had better to keep to the main route, which is excellent. We are now on the top of a table land, and the air is delicious and fresh, and we feel already all the better for the bracing air. Presently the Canal comes in view; a pretty detour may be taken here coming out by the rectory garden. Otherwise the walk will be continued straight on till the Post-office and old Turnpike House come in view. Here take the right road, not forgetting to look at the "Swan," a beautiful specimen of the limner's art on a wayside inn. It was unfortunately sketched without making due allowance for the height of its neck, and therefore looks rather cramped in consequence, but that is a trifle! Passing along this road, the rectory is on the right and the church on the left, with a brook between; in the winter the water from this often rises over the path, and on one occasion some years ago it was too deep to allow of any one crossing, and the church service was in consequence held in the drawing-room, at the rectory. The keys of the church are here, and if the rector, the Rev. G. L. Hallett, happen to be at home, he will, I am sure, show his church with pleasure. It has been a labour of love with him to make every portion of it as beautiful as the House of God ought to be; and although his parish is not a large one, and mostly composed of farmers and labourers, all have done their best in helping on this good work, and the result is that every little detail is as beautiful as it can be. All the money for the improvements was collected before each part was done. All the windows are of stained glass, by Clayton and Bell. Before commencing these,

Mr. Hallett invited Mr. Bell to come down and see the church, so that all the designs might be in uniformity with each other. The one near the font, given by the rector, represents



THE CANAL, DUNKERTON.

Humility and Purity. A Dove and Lily are introduced into this design. The one near the organ is dedicated to Music, and contains figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. Cecilia and David. This was put in by subscription. Next comes a memorial window to Mrs. Anna Shackleton, representing Faith, Charity, Hope. Facing this is a memorial window for all who lie in the churchyard, representing St. Gabriel, St. Michael and St. Raphael. Another memorial window, representing Mercy and Truth, is erected to Mr. Joseph Tucker, his son, and Elizabeth Tucker, his wife. The window facing this is a memorial to the children of the late rector, the Rev. F. Grosvenor, depicting Righteousness and Peace.



THE OLD TURNPIKE TOLL HOUSE, DUNKERTON.

The small lights in the chancel represent St. John, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. James. The East window representing our Lord seated in glory, surrounded by saints and angels, was presented by Mrs. Grosvenor, in memory of her husband. Mr. Bell, who designed all these, was a pupil of Gilbert Scott. The reredos and altar are beautifully carved by Vallis, of Frome, in cedar and oak, the principal figures being two angels. Several flowers, &c., are introduced as symbolical of certain truths which they represent. Wheat, "I am the bread";

grapes, "I am the vine"; lily, "Reconciliation"; lily, "Purity"; acorn, "Strength"; ivy leaf, "Tenacity"; passion flower, "Sorrow and acquaintance with grief"; mulberry, "Wisdom"; carnation, "Worship"; and fern, "Sincerity". The Piscina is very old, probably as old as any part of the church. All the iron work is wrought, and was provided by Singer, of Frome. Here also different emblems are introduced: The Crown of Thorns, the Lamb and Flag, the Ladder, Sponge, Spear, and Nails used at the Crucifixion. The pulpit is of wrought iron, on a beautiful alabaster base; the steps leading to it are of Sicilian marble. The book markers were bought at Helmsbury's, and the needlework was done by Mrs. Hallett, Mrs. Pearson, and Mrs. Love. Psychohye, I may mention here that Mrs. Love is churchwarden, having succeeded to the office on the death of her husband, and an excellent churchwarden she makes.

The Church, dedicated to All Saints, is in the Decorated and Perpendicular styles, with embattled western tower with pinnacles, containing 5 bells. The pulpit (of hammered iron-work) stands on an alabaster base. The Church was rebuilt in 1559. The register of baptisms and marriages dates from 1742, and that of burials from 1752.



DUNKERTON CHURCH.

The books are beautifully bound in Morocco, and include a Jubilee Bible. The organ is also beautifully carved, and ornamented with house angels; here the cymbal, trumpet, harp, and flute are introduced. It is made by Hill and Son, of London, and the case was presented by Mr. and Mrs. Hallett. The only improvement in the church I can suggest, in which the rector cordially agrees, is that the pews should be carved. I should like to introduce the same here that they have at Langridge, oak, with beautifully carved ends. Now here is a nice piece of work for some kind ladies like those who formerly helped Mr. Shickle, and there are many who care nicely who might help to make this church even more beautiful than it is. The churchyard in the summer is like a flower garden, and it is then I should advise an expedition to Dunkerton. But, of course, after a long walk, we must have a cup of tea, and this Miss Osenham will supply; her house is near the end of the Roman road, close to the Post-office. She will supply a comfortable tea, including bread, butter and cake, for 6d., with an egg, 7d. She will also take care of bicycles, wraps, and even has a bedroom for anyone who would like to spend a night in this health-giving spot. But I should advise my readers to send her a post card to announce their probable arrival, as there are no shops in the village.

We will now proceed to the Rectory; as may be expected the love of art predominates in the home as well as the church, and although I should have enjoyed my lunch amidst my surroundings after the long walk, yet it was nice also to feast the eyes on pretty things, such

as a tablecloth designed by Walter Crane, a dinner service of Doulton Ware, and choice Burgundy in a beautiful goblet from Heidelberg. The drawing-room is a sort of treasure-house of rare things collected by Mr. and Mrs. Hallett during their annual continental trip. Many little gems from the Paris Exhibition, beautiful specimens from Nuremberg, Venetian glass by Salvetti, Bohemian pottery, bronzes from the Brussels Exhibition, and so many pretty things that it is quite impossible to enumerate them all. Technical education is much appreciated at Dunkerton, Mrs. Hallett herself attending many of the classes. In fact, it seems to me that the rector and his wife enter into all the pursuits as if they were the parents of the community. Even babies in arms are welcome at church, Mr. Hallett does not mind if they do cry. I think I am right in saying that their only son attended regularly from about the age of five weeks.



GROUP OF RECTOR, MRS. HALLETT, AND MR. HALLETT, JUNR. AT DUNKERTON RECTORY. (G. HARRIS, Bath.)

What a contrast to a predecessor, who report says was often seen riding out of Bath on the Sunday, whilst his parishioners were waiting for him to open the church to conduct the service, very often waiting in vain! His title, the Rector of Dunkerton, was in the popular mind alternately varied to the name of a certain ghostly enemy. Strange to relate his predecessor bore the name of Hexton. Dunkerton is especially interesting to us, as it was one of the manors bestowed on an ancestor of the late Dr. Tunstall, who in his day wrote one of the most interesting guide books of Bath, which is really almost the parent to all the others. It was published in 1847. We will conclude the present Ramble with the following curious epitaph recording the death of the Rev. John Dicks, a former rector:—

"Hic, hoc, hoc, hujus, huius, hunc, bonus, optima, clarum,
Fulgur, Fama, Decus, vestit adheret, erit,
Mente, animâ, oh! roqum virens AIOEKATOS ille
Caruit honore sacro; jam super astra manet."

In these days of advanced education it would be superfluous for me to add the translation, which will be a pleasant task to perform on the homeward journey. This will be exactly the same route as that by which we came.

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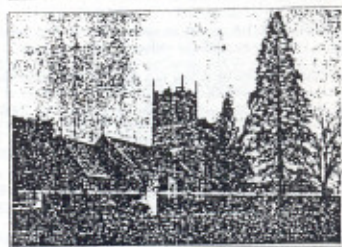
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APRIL, 1915

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, DUNKERTON, BATH PARISH MAGAZINE



RECTOR—Rev. E. C. NEWBERRY, M.A., CANTAB.
Churchwardens—(Rectors) Mr. G. KELLY, (Parish) Mr. N. J. WEEKS.
Sedmoze—Messrs. A. LINTON and T. HOLLAND.
Organist—Mr. W. POLLITT. Organ—Mr. A. LINTON. Sermons—Mr. H. SLEIGH.
Bell-ringers—Mr. F. BOUCHER (Leader). Messrs. A. BOUCHER, J. BURT, W. BURT, A. LINTON and A. BURT.
CHURCH SERVICES.
First and Third Sundays in the Month—8.0. Holy Communion, 11.0. Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 4.30. Evening and Sermon.
Second and Fourth Sundays in the Month—8.0. Holy Communion, 11.0. Matins, Litany and Sermon; 6.30. Evening and Sermon.
Fifth Sunday in the Month—According to notice.
Holy Days—Holy Communion at 11.0. or after Matins at 10.0. or after Evening and Sermon, 7.0. Daily Matins and Evening as notified.
SUNDAY SCHOOL.
3 p.m. The Rector and Mr. W. Pollitt and Mr. F. Parker.
Afternoon Service—on Sunday in Month at 3 p.m.
DAY SCHOOL.
Head Teacher—Mr. W. POLLITT.
Holy Baptisms—On Sundays at 4 p.m. and at other times by arrangement.
Churches may take place at the convenience of any service, Sunday or week-days. The offering may be of any amount according to the woman's means.
Sickness—In all cases of sickness when industrial and is required kindly communicate with the Rector. Choir Practice—As arranged.
The Penny Club and Clothing Club are both open for subscriptions, etc. on Mondays at noon in the School.

All Saints' Church Parish Magazine.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND PARISHIONERS.
Holy Week, Good Friday and Easter Day will come to us under the clouds of the lamentable War now in progress. These sacred days will have a special message for all those who in the last year have parted from sons and relatives, who have given up their best for the welfare of the nation at large.
In short, this is self-sacrifice, and we are fully aware of the teaching of Holy Week and Good Friday, of the spirit of self-surrender and of devotion to duty which is required throughout the Passion and Crucifixion of our Saviour. Might we not expect that they who have surrendered so much in their Country's need will be drawn towards the upland figure on Good Friday and be led to admit the grandeur of His self-effacement and the call which He gives to all to follow in His footsteps. Good Friday, this year, should indeed be a Holy Day, as it is always intended to be.
Again Easter has its message of hope and joy for all those who having given their dearest have lost them in this world, but not for ever. The terrible battles, in which our gallant countrymen have borne their part so nobly, have swept thousands away from this world to the next.
But sad as is the War with its toll of human life, how bereft of all comfort would the conflict be without the fact of the Resurrection of the Dead. Nothing we know can entirely eradicate the sadness of the mourner's heart, but the message of Easter Day pours light and hope upon the afflicted one, it speaks of victory over Death, of a life eternal, it tells of the final triumph of the Devil and his Angels and of the ultimate correction of all that is amiss.
That you may use your Holy Week right and enjoy a happy Easter is the wish which I should like to express, and also I commend to your consideration the arrangements which have been made for Church Services and other matters.

SERVICES.

- Holy Week** (Commencing on Palm Sunday, March 28th). Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 9.30 a.m. Matins and Holy Communion with Litany on Wednesday, 7.0 p.m. Evening and Sermon.
 - Good Friday**—8.0. Anti-Communion, 9.30. Matins, Litany and Sermon, 2.0. 3.0 p.m. Special Service with short Sermons on the "Seven Words from the Cross" with Hymns.
- N.B.—The Venerable the Archdeacon of Bath has kindly invited your Rector to take the Three Hours Service at Bath. He has also very kindly arranged for the Rev. F. Bouchier Davis to take our Special 7.0 p.m. Service in the Rector's absence. What an opportunity is presented for a good and sympathetic congregation.

Our Lord Jesus Christ was nailed to the Cross at 9.0 a.m. and died at 3.0 p.m. Try to be present at this service or at least some other service in your own Parish Church, or if away, in some other Church. Do not let Good Friday go by without your presence in His House. Let God see you making this acknowledgment that you are guilty, that you value the Death of His Son, that you wish for the benefits which flow from the Crucifixion.

- 7.0 p.m. Evening and Sermon.
 - Easter Eve**, 4.0 a.m. Matins, 3.0 Evening and Sermon.
 - Easter Day**, 7.0 a.m. Holy Communion, 8.0 Holy Communion, 10.0 Choral Evensong and Sermon, 11.0 Matins, Sermon and Holy Communion, 3.0 p.m. Children's Service, 6.30 Evening and Sermon.
- Every opportunity of coming to the Holy Communion, which a single handed Priest can give to his parishioners, is given to the people of Dunkerton. The Church has many Sacraments. We are entered into the Sacred Society by the Sacrament of Baptism. We are strengthened by the Holy Spirit in the Sacrament of Confirmation. We maintain our "Bonds-fide" membership by the means of Holy Communion. Hence it is that on Easter Day, the greatest of our Festivals, we are annually reminded of a tribute of our Prayer-book that "every Parishioner shall communicate at least three times in the year, of which Easter is to be one." This is the badge of bona-fide membership.

Following the ancient custom, the collection on Easter Day will be given to the Rector.

Assistance in the pleasing work of decorating the Church for the Easter Festival is cordially invited. Gifts of flowers will be much appreciated, and may be left in the Church as early as possible on Easter Eve.

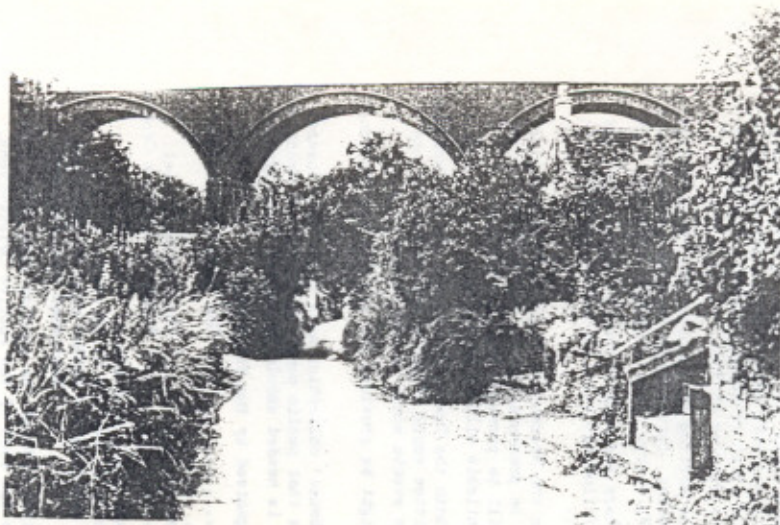
The Annual Easter Vestry will be held in the School on Tuesday, April 6th, at 7.0 p.m., after which there will be a meeting of the Congregation when the question of the extension of the Churchyard will be considered.

Baptisms.

"He was baptised, he and all his household." Acts xvi. 31.

- March 5. Alma Parfitt
7. Amy Blanche Hall
14. Ernest Mark Whitlock

Signed, E. C. NEWBERRY, M.A.,
Rector of Dunkerton, Bath.



The Viaduct over the Hollow
demolished July 1981



Dedication of Seat in memory of Con Slingo and
Gar Gooding, 1985.
The Author and the Rev. Richard Bennett, Rector
of Dunkerton 1963-1988 (standing), Mrs. Slingo
and Mrs. Gooding (sitting).



Mr. and Mrs. Bert Butt
Golden Wedding, 1972

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ON

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COFFEE OR BEVYASH

+ SMALL EATS

PROCEEDS TOWARDS COST OF

REPAIRS TO SWINGS

NO.

DUNKERTON PARISH HALL

Milly Maggs is to speak on

"Schooldays in Dunkerton

and Village Life as she has seen it"

Admission 80p (children 40p) will include refreshments.

Former pupils will be especially welcome. Please bring your reminiscences and any mementoes. Lifts can be arranged by ringing Margaret Sewell on 36618.

[Future event Saturday 19 March - Silent Auction details later!]

FRIDAY: 26 FEBRUARY. 7.30



PARISH OF DUNKERTON

The Chairman of the Parish Council called a meeting of representatives of the various organisations in the parish and of other people who were interested in discussing the way in which we would celebrate the Queen's Silver Jubilee on Tuesday, 7th June.

The meeting was held at the 'King William' on Monday, 1st February by kind permission of Mr. W. Perry. Some 33 people attended.

There was a great deal of discussion, and the following decisions and suggestions were made:-

- (1). Children's sports should be held on the Recreation Field at Tunley during the afternoon. Jubilee Mugs would be presented to all the children of the parish up to the age of 16. Tea will be provided for the children. Samples of various types of mug available will be obtained.
- (2). It was hoped that, in the evening, both the Tunley Recreation Centre Committee and the Dunkerton Parish Hall Committee would organise some event for the adult members of the parish. These events would be self-supporting.
- (3). It was suggested that a luncheon might be provided for the Old Age Pensioners of the parish.
- (4). It was agreed to hold a 'House-to-House' collection as a first step towards fund-raising. The official view is that public money should not be spent on the celebrations but that whatever is needed should be raised voluntarily.

The collection will be organised by the following:-

Dunkerton Village to Crossways	The Women's Institute.
Dunkerton Manor to 'The Chestnuts',	
Withyditich, Splott and Palmer's Lane	The Baptist Chapel.
Tunley and Stoneage	Tunley Recreation Centre.

Collectors will, at the same time, find out:-

- (a). The names of all children up to the age of 16 years.
- (b). The names of all Old Age Pensioners - Ladies over 60 years old.
- Gentlemen over 65 years.

- (5). The Tunley Recreation Centre Committee offered the profits from their Cheese and Cider Party on 14th May towards the cost of the Jubilee Celebrations.
- (6). It was suggested that a Bonfire be lit in the evening on the top of Duncorn Hill or at Tunley. (A chain of bonfires is being organised nationally).
- (7). An ecumenical service is being prepared to be used nationally on Sunday, 5th June. The Rector expressed the hope that members of all denominations would join in this service at the Parish Church at 11.15 a.m.
- (8). A Committee was formed to carry forward the planning:-
Chairman: Mr. R. Snook. Secretary: The Rector. Treasurer: Mr. H.J. Gudge
Representatives: Tunley Recreation Centre: Mr. Wadsworth & Mrs. Cottle.
The Baptist Chapel: Mr. Fisher and Mrs. Quinton.
The Parish Church: Miss M. Maggs.
The Women's Institute: To be appointed.
Dunkerton Parish Hall Committee: To be asked to nominate two representatives.

The Committee will meet in the Lounge of the 'King William' on Tuesday, 22nd February at 7.30 p.m.