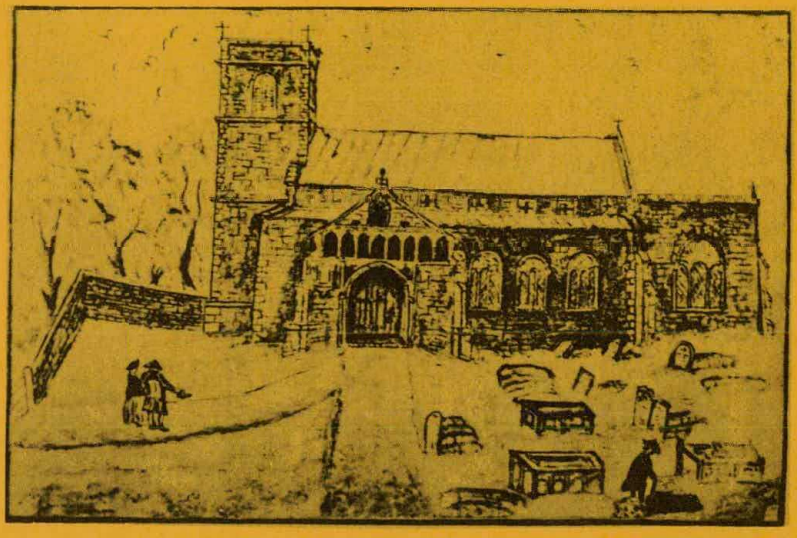
# PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

## Quarterly Journal



WESTON LONGUEVILLE CHURCH, NORFOLK
By 'Nephew Bill' 1780

Volume I Number 1 Spring 1968

To the Reader:

"In James Woodforde's daily records we see the simple expression of a man who lives for us in his every action. They show us how people ate, the interests that kept them busy and amused from year's end to year's end. Through them we come to know Parson Woodforde as we know few people: his gentleness, his tempers, his generosity, his love of food - and of his neighbours - in fact, a character than whom few, in fiction or in historical fact, have been more beloved."

John Beresford.

ISSUED QUARTERLY TO MEMBERS OF THE PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY, BY

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PARSON WOODFORDE SOCIETY

QUARTERLY JOURNAL

Volume 1 Number 1 Spring 1968

# "ANSFORD OLD PARSONAGE"

Contents



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# EDITORIAL

This is our first issue of the Parson Woodforde Society Journal, and it is pleasing to know that it is being sent to over 100 members. As the Society becomes known, I feel sure its membership will grow - though I hope not too rapidly, as I am trying to cope (with the help of a young Grammar School boy only) as well as being Rector of three country parishes!

Please do not expect too much from the Journals. They cannot be compared in any way with those of long-established literary societies; but I trust they will possess something of the intimate homeliness that is characteristic of the Diaries.

They are entirely a village production, being set up and printed in the converted stable adjoining a thatched cottage in Winterbourne-Stickland (which is a village about the size of Weston Longueville). I am grateful to the owner and operator of this village press for the interest and care she is showing in the venture. She will probably also be responsible for such drawings as may appear from time to time. These will, of course, be based on actual photographs or original drawings - the latter being in the possession of Mr. Oliver Woodforde, son of the late Dr.R.E.H.Woodforde, who has been most generous in putting unpublished material at my disposal.

The original Diaries of Parson Woodforde were given by Dr. R.E.H.Woodforde to New College, Oxford, before his death.

I have appreciated the many letters that I have received from members and I welcome the questions they have asked. I hope in subsequent issues to have a column of Notes & Queries, and shall be grateful for any interesting matter which members may be able to contribute. I am sure a good deal of valuable and fascinating information would come to light in this way. This issue contains one such example. A number of queries have been made about the recipe for the Charter - a dish that so often appears at dinner, both at Ansford and Weston and Cole (August 10th, 1786). To my joy, another member wrote and told me she had the recipe; so I am able to publish it straight away, together with her account of how it came into her possession. I hope one day to be able to answer the question that she poses at the end.

Later in the year I will circulate a list of all our members; and so you may find that your next-door-neighbour is as keen a Woodforde enthusiast as you are!

I am in correspondence with various descendants of 'The Squire', Rev. Roger Du Quesne, the Burge Family and the Bodhams of Mattishall; so in subsequent issues of the Journal we will be able to learn more about the families of these old friends. I shall be glad to receive any suggestions as to how we may make the Journal more interesting, but please remember we are limited in what we can do by considerations of cost and time.

A last word about subscriptions:
Many of you have already paid, and this has

been a great help in meeting initial costs. It would be appreciated if those who have not done so could forward their cheques, made payable to the Parson Woodforde Society, as soon as possible.

## ANSFORD OLD PARSONAGE

### Historical Introduction
(L. R. Wilson)

When so many buildings associated with the Diaries have been demolished or rebuilt, it is a great joy to know that the house in which James Woodforde was born and spent nearly thirty years of his early life is not only still in existence, but is being carefully and beautifully restored by its new owners, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Mewes. This introduction deals only with its history from about 1719, but the house is very much older than that, and much research remains to be done if we are to discover the part it played in the history of Ansford at the time of the Reformation.

During the period in which we are concerned, it is interesting to note that it never was in the possession of the Church authorities; but for close on 200 years was either occupied or owned by various members of the Woodforde family.

The Rev. Samuel Woodforde, father of James, was appointed to the living in 1719, and remained as Rector of Ansford till his death 52 years later. In the latter years of

his life, he was assisted by his son, who acted as his Curate. The title deeds show that neither he nor the Church authorities owned the house, and he must have held it on a lease. In those days that was a common occurrence.

The parsonage house formed part of the estate of the Lord of the Manor and, in the case of Ansford in 1758, this was a Mrs. Powel of Harding in Hertfordshire. James was invited to dine with her when she visited Justice Creed in August 1768 (29 Aug. '68). Three years later (March '71) he writes to her to apply for the living in case his father should die. His father had previously visited Mrs. Powel about the Livings of Ansford & Castle Cary (April 1767) and there is no doubt he hoped that his son would succeed him. But this was not to be.

The Rector's brother was Thomas Woodforde, who had moved to Ansford with his brother from Epsom and remained there for the whole of his very long life of 95 years. Now Thomas had become the Steward of Mrs. Powel, to look after her Ansford interests, and Thomas had an only son, Francis, whom he determined should succeed his uncle Samuel. In order to achieve this, he bought the advowson from Mrs. Powel in 1772 and presented to it his son Francis. This caused much ill-feeling between the families, and the Diarist writes very bitterly about it in his entry of July 19th 1773. James stayed at the Old Parsonage till March 23 of the following year and the entry of that date shows

how much he felt leaving: "I left all my **house** in tears and I could not refrain myself from the same".

The Parsonage was, we may presume, still on a lease to James, for Mr. Pouncett and Sister Jane remained living there. The new Rector, Francis, lived at South Cary. The Diarist married Mr. Pouncett and Jane on May 24th 1774, and they must still have been living in the house for another two years. James paid them visits from Oxford but it is clear that Mr. Pouncett was the tenant for these three years. James records on May 9th 1776: "This morning at 9 o'clock took my final leave of the Old Parsonage at Ansford. He was not to visit it again for nearly 15 years when he, Nancy, Sister Jane and her husband together with Mr. Du Quesne dined and spent the afternoon "at Ansford Parsonage, the place and house in which I was born and lived many years but had not been in it before this day, for almost fifteen years, owing to a disagreement between us (i.e. Frank or Francis) which now I hope will be ever done away" (July 11,1789). I hope you will read this entry for it shows how complete the reconciliation was. He says "the House and Garden greatly altered for the best".

Readers will remember that the Pouncetts had moved to Cole, where John Pouncett was Lord of the Manor; and, from the title deeds of the Old Parsonage, it would seem that it had been purchased by Mr. Thomas Woodforde between 1778 and 1785 when the Ansford Estate was broken up.

It is definite that the house was settled on his son Francis and his wife (he had married his cousin Jane, daughter of Dr. Richard Clark, in 1776) in September 1778. As the house was to remain in the possession of this branch of the family (though not always occupied by them) till 1931, it will be of interest to know a little more about Francis or Frank - cousin to James. He was born in 1748 and was educated at Winchester and Pembroke College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1770. He was Rector of Ansford (but not Castle Cary) for the long period of 60 years and was a resident parson in Ansford for nearly all that period. In 1785 he helped to start a Sunday School and in 1804 he officiated at the consecration of the Colours of the East Somerset Volunteers. He was also Rector of Bamfield and Hornblotton in Somerset from 1823-36. There is a memorial to him in Ansford Church which tells us that, during his long incumbency, he "zealously and conscientiously discharged his duties". He had five children, and he was succeeded as Rector by his eldest son Thomas, who was also a pluralist, holding the livings of Poytington & South Barrow from 1810-36 and also acting as Curate of Castle Cary from 1813-18. His father had retired in 1832 and gone to live in Sherborne with his son-in-law, where he died in 1836.

Thomas was Rector of Ansford from 1832-36, but died three weeks after his father and the Parsonage became the property of his brother Francis, who was Rector of St. Erm

in Cornwall. It is interesting to note that Thomas was succeeded as Rector by his brother-in-law, the Rev.G.Chamberlain, who had married Harriet Woodforde. Thus the Ansford living was held by members of the Woodforde family for over 150 years.

Francis, the Cornish Rector, probably lived at Ansford for, though the Deeds mention tenants of the land, it would seem that he and his wife both occupied and improved the Parsonage. There must have been a considerable amount of orchards and land, for he was able to secure two loans of £700 each in 1844 and 1847. Nine years before his death, he and his wife conveyed the Orchards and the Parsonage to their only son, Dr.Francis Henry Woodforde of Taunton.

Dr. Woodforde must have been an interesting character. He lived most of his life at Taunton, where he had two private lunatic asylums. He was much interested in Natural History and had a large collection of British Birds. When he retired, he lived at Ansford Parsonage. The late Dr.R.E.H.Woodforde remembered visiting him as a boy, and recorded that all the children were afraid of him because he had his grave dug outside his study window! he was, however, buried in Ansford Churchyard when he died in 1890. His wife died four years later leaving a Family Deed Arrangement between the son and the two daughters of the marriage, which included the two husbands of the latter.

The son, Francis Cardew Woodforde, became the owner of the Parsonage. He had

been Headmaster of Market Drayton Grammar School and was interested, like his father, in Natural History pursuits. It does not seem that he actually lived in the Parsonage since, in the title deeds between 1896 and 1905, he is described as "of Market Drayton".

In 1905 the Parsonage was bought for a consideration of £500 by the husband of his sister Alice - the Rev. Lorenzo Player Fedden of Cuxham Rectory, Wallingford, Oxfordshire. It is probable that the amount of £500 represents only part of its value, as Alice may already have had some interest in the estate, since she is mentioned in the 1895 Family Deed Arrangement.

In 1905 the estate comprised 2 acres and 19 perches, and was in the occupation of a tenant, Eliza Welch.

Mr. Fedden subsequently came to live in the Old Parsonage and occupied it until his death in 1931. Thus the house had been in the possession or occupation of the family for over 200 years.

The present owners, Mr. & Mrs. Mewes, wish the house to be preserved as their own home, and in no way desire it to become a show place for tourists and curious visitors. They are, however, very willing to arrange for the house to be opened to members of the Woodforde Society one convenient afternoon in September; and I am sure all will respect their wish for privacy, whilst looking forward to seeing over the house which has played such an interesting part in the history of the Woodforde Family.

## The Restoration of The Old Parsonage

(Mrs. Bernard Mewes)

Our introduction to the Reverend James Woodforde and his diary was entirely accidental.

My husband and I, for some years, had been fascinated with the idea of restoring a really old house. In mid-February 1964 there appeared in the property article of The Times a photograph of an old stone house, which was to be put up for auction at the end of March. Both our sons remarked that this was 'Our House'. We agreed, but felt that it would be beyond our means. The following week the same photograph appeared in the Daily Telegraph - obviously the house had not been sold. When the same photograph appeared in that week's Country Life, my husband could no longer resist it. A telephone call to the agents revealed that there were three other people interested - their offers were being considered the next day at noon and if we wished to make an offer it would be considered at the same time. Although there was no time to see the house beforehand, my husband made an offer which he hoped would ensure success - and it did, on his birthday: Friday the 28th February 1964.

At no time in our lives have we made such a momentous decision in such haste and without investigation of all the facts, but to this day we have had no regrets. Even on Sunday, 1st March, when we motored down to Ansford, it would still have been possible to with-

draw, but it did not seem to occur to us to do so, and within half-an-hour of entering the Old Parsonage the draft contract was signed.

On that dark drippy March day our first impressions of the neglected frontage to the road, the green-painted Victorian gates rotting on their hinges; the sagging roof; the rusty drain pipes wrapping the walls in all directions; the black iron flue pipe, like the funnel of some ancient steam engine, rusting the walls; and the greenhouse made of all sorts and sizes of old lead-paned windows, stitched together with oddments of wood, which seemed to be holding up the house at the further end were all forgotten when the beautiful old oak door, crumbling away under layers of black paint, was unbolted and unlocked and we were bid to enter through masses of draught excluding velour curtains.

What was it that attracted us? Could it be the old Tudor mullions painted black; the red brick fireplace in the style of a 1930's semi-detached in the sitting-hall and the wooden floor rotting with damp under the rugs? Could it be the dining-room panelled in sheets of raw hardboard joined by laths painted black; the fireplace a tall Victorian kitchen mantel blocked with yet more sheets of raw hardboard, which were removed to show us the old stone chimney open to the sky; the one inadequate window, the old wooden mullions and shutters black; the doors and matchboard casing across the centre of the ceiling, which, we were told, covered two iron girders that had been put there to strengthen the old beam, covered

in chocolate paint; the old stone floor damp under layers of newspapers and carpets? Perhaps it was the kitchen - a concrete floor this time, stained with red bath-brick; under the high window a deep clay sink supported by two red brick pillars, the double draining boards covered with blue fablon; the ancient and beautifully proportioned dresser so thick with chocolate paint that it had never dried, but left its mark upon every plate placed on the shelves; the long, long deal table that could be at least two hundred years old, one leg practically scratched away by a succession of cats, the top covered by thick brown linoleum; the tall narrow cupboard of matchboard, again chocolate brown, which housed the hot water cylinder; the Rayburn cooker with its black stack pipe passing through a hole in the old stone wall, and the iron water pipes crossing and recrossing in all directions; and attached to the walls, by roofing clouts placed at regular intervals, huge sheets of zinc, which when banged sounded like the side of a ship? (We have since learned that the dear old gentleman who was living there with his sister had, in his youth, been an engineer in the navy. Perhaps this would also explain why wherever anything, no matter what, had had to be repaired in the house, it had been done with roofing clouts and zinc!) Could it be the very large drawing-room, draughty and damp, with buff distemper over wallpaper, another new brick fireplace and at the other end of the room, an old anthracite stove, which we were told truthfully, had never really worked without

clouds of smoke (No wonder! We later found that there was at least twenty feet deep of crows nest in the flue); and under one of the oak beams, where the dividing wall between two rooms had obviously been removed to make the larger room, two new oak supports that only needed a running noose each; the proportions of the whole room spoilt, however, by the lobby that had been created at the garden door and now used as an annexe to the greenhouse already mentioned?

Could it be the bedrooms with their Victorian fireplaces - the one over the dining-room with the floor sinking so low that the beds were chained to the wall, two others so very dark as they faced north and the tall belt of trees on the other side of the road, and only one with a south-facing window, with a broad window seat, from which one could gaze over the meadow to the church and for more than thirty miles beyond? It could not possibly be the 'other offices' with the cold water tank suspended on a cradle of girders above the door - the least said about this department the better. (It was, however, the failings of this department that led us to find the builder, who, from his yard on the other side of the lane that leads to the Church, with his knowledge and love of old buildings, is helping us with the restoration of the house.)

I think for me it must have been the staircase with the old stone mullion window and the window-seat on the half-landing with the view over the garden; but for my husband, who had been making a much more detailed

examination from attic to cellar, and had found that there was everything wrong except dry rot, I think it was the garden, which, even in mid-winter, was lovely with the magnolia grandiflora against the house and the enormously tall Wellingtonia Fir tree at the end of one of the lawns. The two brothers and two sisters, who had lived in the house for the past thirty years, and of whom there were now only one brother and one sister left, both well past their three-score-years-and-ten, had been garden-lovers. In that time they had created, from what had been a wilderness, a very beautiful old-world garden.

For both of us it was the fact that part of the house dated back to the fourteenth century, part to Tudor times and part, the newest part, to the late seventeenth century. We could hardly expect to find a house older than this, or one in more need of loving restoration. The house seemed to welcome us and to beg us to take possession - and we could only accept the challenge and hope that we were not already too late.

And now, what of the history of this old house? When my husband returned home on Monday with the ClassicalEdition of the Diary, we discovered how fascinating it is, apart from the connection with 'Our House'. Strange, however, that I should remember having watched a dealer buy the five volumes for £7 some years previously, at one of the many auction sales I have attended. Also I remembered making a mental note that 'The Diary of a Country Parson' was not for me. Now,

of course, I regretted such narrow-minded ignorance, as it was not for at least another two years, after an exhaustive search in old book shops that, at yet another auction, my husband whispered in the ear of the same book dealer and our search was ended.

Perhaps it would be helpful at this stage to try to give a brief idea of the geography of the Old Parsonage. I think that it must be assumed that the plan of the house at the time of the Parson's occupation was materially the same as it was at the end of the seventeenth century when the last extension was made. For instance, the room that I have now referred to as the dining-room was then the kitchen; and what is now one large kitchen was one or perhaps two back kitchens (May 21, 1773) and a passage leading to a back door. When the last extension was built the two rooms of Tudor times were reduced in size to form a passage along the south side of the house, thereby giving access to the newly-built rooms. The passage on the upper floor still remains, but in about 1930 that on the ground floor was again combined with what must have been the dining-room in the Parson's day (April 21, 1772) to form a sitting-hall. I think it safe to assume that the door giving access to the rest of the house from the dining-room was in the centre of the wall that has been taken down, which would bring it opposite the window next to the porch. The service door to the kitchen was through the cupboard in the right-hand recess of the old kitchen; but this perhaps should not be called a cupboard as it extended

some three feet into the kitchen and with its one door into the dining-room and one into the kitchen was large enough for a pantry or buttery. (This buttery must have existed at that time, the wall being plaster upon reed, which was not used after the year 1700).

The ground floor passage extended to the farthest end of the house with two further rooms leading from it, perhaps drawing-room and study, all of which were combined in 1930 into one large drawing-room. We understand that at some time after 1800, one of the residents, having quarrelled with his wife but being unable to think of leaving the Old Parsonage, had lived alone in these two rooms, the end of the passage having been blocked off and made into a water closet and wash-house cum kitchen. It is this end of the passage that now forms the annexe to the greenhouse.

On the upper floor, apart from dividing one of the bedrooms in the fourteenth century part into a bathroom and separate lavatory and tank room (at about the turn of this century), we believe it to be as it was at the time of the Diary. We would assume that the room in the newest extension, with the window overlooking the Church (partly hidden by shrubs on the right-hand side of the photograph opp. p.176 Vol.1), obviously being the principal bedroom, to have been that of Jane Collins, his mother, and therefore the room in which James Woodforde was born. The room referred to in the entry for July 22,1777, was either that which we now call the Tudor room or the one that has been converted to bathrooms. This, how-

ever, is another rather long story which I will not enter into now. One window has been blocked in the deep recess by the chimney breast in the room over the old kitchen, which would bring the number of windows at that time to nineteen (July 21, 1766).

In the year 1742, Heighes Woodforde must have spent many happy hours writing his name, together with the family coat of arms, and the names of his brothers and sisters, on the panes of glass in the window of the upper passage. In certain lights it is possible to decipher the name of James Woodforde, but whether this was done by Heighes in 1742 or by James at a later date it is not possible to tell.

But now there was no time for more reading - there were so many plans that had to be made. The services of a young surveyor friend were enlisted; and he confirmed our suspicion that the roof would have to be removed and rebuilt. Lovely as it looked, it would not withstand the weight of another winter's snow without collapsing and in so doing pushing out the walls. The Old Parsonage would then indeed become a thing of the past. The woodworm and death watch beetle would have to be dealt with throughout the house. We hoped the damp would be cured by a sound roof with efficient gutters, together with warmth from the central heating. Plumbing and electrical installation would have to be replaced. With so much to be done we impatiently awaited the end of April when we could take possession.

Builders and woodworm specialists were

asked to estimate and our final choice of the builder on the other side of the lane, in spite of his being the highest estimate, was the obvious one. Of the woodworm specialists, there was only 3/6d. difference over some hundreds of pounds, but one wanted to destroy and replace with new wood, and the other to preserve and restore, and so naturally we chose the latter.

By now it was summer and, having persuaded the builder to work on a "cost plus" basis rather than on his estimated figure, work began on the roof. Amazingly for England, and especially for the West Country, there followed ten weeks of almost perfect weather. Those who have seen the photograph of the Old Parsonage in Volume 1 (opp. p.176) of the Diary may not realise that in Parson Woodforde's day the roof was thatched. This was replaced, probably in the mid-nineteenth century, by red tiles and certain new timber was added to the original to support these. This new timber had become infested with woodworm; some had collapsed on to the old, and infested that as well. A considerable portion of the old thatch was still lying between the rafters and was a breeding ground for further trouble (it certainly contained 'mumified' rats and mice). The construction of the house was such that the main trusses, but not the rafters, were exposed in the bedrooms, the bedroom ceilings being considerably higher than is perhaps normal. We hoped to retain these trusses and the ceilings undamaged. The carpenter, much to his distress, did slip and put his leg through one ceil-

ing after the roof had been completed, but apart from this they remained undisturbed - a considerable achievement.

By using the old hand-made tiles, with the addition of five thousand from the roof of a derelict cottage, by having deep and slightly sweeping eaves, the soffits painted white to reflect as much light as possible into the dark bedrooms, and by having the ridge stones replaced in a far from straight line, we hoped to avoid a brash new roof and the "mean" look that seems to be so common when thatch is replaced by tiles or slates. A certain amount of gentle "nagging", because at the time I am sure the builder thought us quite mad, persuaded him to construct it so that, by fixing the laths to alternate beams, the roof undulated and looked far from new. We had the inadequate Victorian guttering and drain pipes replaced by larger ogee gutters and square down pipes and rainwater heads as near to the seventeenth-century design as it is now possible to obtain. Purists may say that, as gutters and drainpipes were not used with thatch, we should have kept to the Victorian design; but we feel that the earlier design is more in keeping with the general appearance of the house.

When at last the roof was finished, the builder was rightly proud of his work and delighted in the praise of the villagers who had watched its progress. He is still more delighted when any newcomers refuse to believe that it is indeed a new roof.

(To be continued)

## CHARTER PUDDING - THE CHARTER

### How the Recipe was Discovered
### (Mrs. R. P. Baker of Lincoln)

Everyone, at some time in his life, stands upon his "peak in Darien", gazing at what he thought he would never see, or contemplating an achievement that he feared he would never accomplish. Such a moment came to me when I first acquired the recipe for the Charter, for much long, persistent searching had gone on for months before the supreme moment came.

All Woodforde followers must sooner or later wonder what the Charter was, first met at Parson Du Quesne's lavish table, then produced - the éclat comes through the quiet words of the Diary - at Weston Parsonage when Parson Woodforde gives a party. After that we meet it fairly frequently, though only on very special occasions. My first doubt was about its nature - savoury or sweet? The mixture of dishes in the courses gives no clue. Then, however, I noticed "Charter Custard". Sweet, then, probably - and the point was finally clinched by the **disaster** at Cole when Jigg, the greyhound, ate the whole dish (enough for eight or nine people - how mortally sick he must have been afterwards!) and the "sweet" portion at the dinner later that day was woefully small.

We felt we must find the recipe, so I began by looking in all the cookery books and books of reference that I could find; our public library has an excellent and wide selec-

tion, but the result was completely negative. I next wrote to the then Cookery Editor of the "Observer" who said that he would try to get it for me - but, as I heard no more, he was clearly unable to do so. I wrote to the Folk Museum at Norwich, for it was likely to have come from Mrs. Betty England, housekeeper to the Rev. Roger Du Quesne, and she was Norfolk bred and born for generations probably. But the Museum could find no trace in books or MSS. At this point I felt I had done all I could and so let it alone for a while. Then the idea occurred to me of writing to the Editor of the "Sunday Times" to ask if any of his readers knew the recipe. My letter was printed and within two days of publication I had my first reply, from a lady living near Yarmouth who had seen the "Sunday Times" by chance, on a visit to a friend, and had the recipe at home. She would send it to me on her return and this, indeed, she did. There it was, the real recipe. But there was better still to come. A few days later I received a letter from a lady in Norwich, sending me the recipe, and saying that her friend owned the MSS book in which it was written, and when she saw this friend she would borrow the book for me and send it for my perusal and enjoyment.

In a few weeks' time the books - there were two exercise books with stiff covers - came. Very fragile they were, and beautifully written in copperplate to begin with; but towards the end the writing was poor, for the original owner may have added the last re-

cipes quite late in life. Just to handle these books was almost breathlessly thrilling; but the most wonderful point of all was the inscription at the beginning of the book:-

"Frances Downing, March 29th, 1821"

Was she Billy Downing's daughter?

Recipe from Frances Downing's Book,
March 29th, 1821
(from Mrs. Ridley)

"Put the peel of one lemon to a quart of cream; the following day beat 8 eggs and half the whites, then add to them sugar to your palate, and when well-beaten pour them into the cream and stir it well. Then pour it into a dish which it will more than half fill. It should be a deep one as it is to stand over a saucepan of water that nearly touches the bottom of the dish. At the top you put a tin pan - coals in it. It will take half an hour. Lay on preserved apricots when sent to table."

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Comment from Mrs. Baker:-

Half the above quantities will be ample for six people as it is very rich and the portions served should be small. There can always be "seconds", and some people can take them! I follow the recipe as above down to "half fill". Sometimes I strain the whole mixture (eggs, cream & sugar) through a sieve to eliminate any lumps of cream. I then place my dish (round, decorated pyrex) in a tin of water which is, say, an inch deep in water (tech-

nically a "bain-marie") and put on the top rung of a very slow oven (gas Regulo $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$) and cook until it is set and the top a light brown. Then allow to cool - overnight is better. Before sending to table, I drain apricot halves from a tin and place on top to cover completely. Only apricots have the necessary sharpness. Peaches are too sweet.

The resulting texture of the cream and eggs is incredible - like velvet. Only do have a small helping to begin with - though perhaps it is "worth it" if one doesn't!

Happy eating! A glass of Mountain goes well with it!

## BIBLIOGRAPHY


Title Deeds of the Old Parsonage, by courtesy of Mrs. Mewes.

The Family Book of the late Dr. R. E. H. Woodforde, by courtesy of his son, Mr. O. Woodforde.

Various books of reference and registers.

Frances Downing's Recipe Book, by courtesy of Mrs. Ridley and her friend.


## STOP PRESS!

Details of the first Parson Woodforde Society Rotation Dinner, now to take the form of a Buffet Luncheon on Tuesday, April 23rd, are given on a separate sheet enclosed with each copy of this Journal.

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D.R.G.
"THE COTTAGE PRESS"
Cross-Tree Cottage,
Winterbourne Stickland,
BLANDFORD, Dorset.