# NIDIHAMI MIONTIHLAY

# A SEVENTH CENTURY CHRISTMAS



Kipling's poem on 'keeping the faith at Christmas' as chosen by Louise is on p5

#### Go Vikina!

- Free Taster Nordic Walking on 9th Dec. p3 Try it, it's far more than just walking with poles!
- HeartSmart Walks.
  - Try a 30 min. free taster walk round the Yacht Basin and soon you'll be striding out with confidence.
  - -dates for the diary!
- Free Christmas Lunch; 7th December! p4 Parish Senior Citizens free Christmas Lunch.

Bring your own drinking horn.



#### No-el? But Heaven Might Be Here.

- Sign up for the French Exchange toot sweet! p4
- The Neighbourhood Plan is happening. Find out p4 more and give it a go. **p5**
- 150 new trees just planted. Have a look.
- Only the animals turned up to listen. Poem. р5

#### The Oldest Trades.

- Helena explains the history of smuggling in Sussex.
- Who is Darvko? Could you help him? Jackies Short Story.
- •Try our quiz and crossword over breakfast. **p8**

**p6** 

**p7** 

- Education. Louise reviews a fascinating biography about the power of learning. p9
- Who's Hoo? Life in The Dark Ages. p9

#### **Let Them Eat Cake!**

- Bake the Best Chocolate Babka with Mick. p10
- Louise' Viennese Strudel recipe will waltz you through to New Year. **p11**
- Remembrance Day thanks from Andy. **p11**
- Answers to the Ouiz and Crossword. p12

This magazine has been put together to put people in touch with one another in the village, to encourage the swapping of plants, recipes, books, Exchange & Mart, hints, ideas and things to do.

'Letters to the Editor' would be very welcome. We seek to encourage people's input to the magazine. Help us fill the following issues and make your voice part of our local life.

Please forward this edition to your friends, if they would like to receive a regular copy they can email us at mmmeditors@gmail.com Louise Russell & Mick Lovell



#### NORTH MUNDHAM PARISH COUNCIL

Working for the whole community

350	
SCHEDULE OF MEETINGS TO BE HELD BY	NORTH MUNDHAM PARISH COUNCIL
Planning Meeting & Full Council	8 <sup>th</sup> January 2019
Planning Meeting	5 <sup>th</sup> February 2019
Annual Meeting of Electors (2)	19 <sup>th</sup> March 2019
Planning Meeting & Full Council	5 <sup>th</sup> March 2019
Planning Meeting & Employment Cttee	2 <sup>nd</sup> April 2019
Annual General Meeting	14 <sup>th</sup> May 2019
Planning Meeting	21st May 2019
Planning Meeting	4 <sup>th</sup> June 2019
Planning Meeting & Full Council	2 <sup>nd</sup> July 2019
Planning Meeting	6 <sup>th</sup> August 2019 – NO MEETING
Planning Meeting & Full Council	3 <sup>rd</sup> September 2019
Planning Meeting	1st October 2019
Planning Meeting & Full Council	5 <sup>th</sup> November 2019
Planning Meeting	3 <sup>rd</sup> December 2019
Planning Meeting & Full Council	7 <sup>th</sup> January 2020

Planning Committee Meetings will commence at 18.45 at North Mundham Village Hall unless advertised to the contrary. Full Council will commence at 19.15 or immediately after the Planning Committee Meeting.

The Chairman has the right to call a Council (3) or Parish Meeting (4) at any time during the year should any matters come before the Council that they feel this is necessary the Parishioners will be advised.

- (1) Local Government Act 1972 sch 9(1)
- Local Government Act 1972 sch 12 para 8 Local Government Act 1972 sch 12 para 9(1) and 25(1) Local Government Act 1972 sch 15(1)(a) and 30(1)9a) (2) (3)

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## What's Happening Locally This December and Beyond?





#### **HeartSmart Walks**

are organised by Chichester District Council and are free.

They organise a range of guided walks to cater for all ages and abilities.

You can try a gentle-paced, flat, beginner's 'Taster' walk of 30 minutes from Chichester Canal, Basin Road and these run every Wednesday from 10:30 for 30 minutes.

NB Call to confirm walk is going ahead if weather looks poor.
Please arrive 10 minutes beforehand.
All details and a full programme can be found at the CDC website. The link is:<a href="https://chichester.westsussexwellbeing.org.uk/">https://chichester.westsussexwellbeing.org.uk/</a>

The link to their walk programme is: https://chichester.westsussexwellbeing.org. uk/topics/being-active/healthy-walks

You can contact the Wellbeing Team directly

at:-

**Chichester Wellbeing Team** 

Tel: 01243 521041

Email: in fo@chichester well being. or g.uk



### What's Happening Locally This December and Beyond?

## Mundham French Exchange 2020 21st - 24th May

Come and join your friends and neighbours on a fun weekend in Normandy next May. Your newly elected French Exchange committee are busy planning our next visit to our twin village, La Lucerne d'Outremer in Normandy.

We leave from North Mundham Village Hall at 7 am on Thursday 21st and return at about 11pm on Sunday 24th May, travelling by coach and FastCat Ferry to Cherbourg. We stay with a French family for the weekend and as well as the visits and excursions planned (more details of these soon), on Saturday evening we shall be entertained to a party in their village hall.

To secure your place please contact Chris Monkton on 01243 789978, Kim Tattersall on 780670, or Janet Cartwright on 380820 as soon as possible (we have already had to pay for the ferry!). The cost will be £170 per person and Chris, Kim or Janet will give you the address to which you can send your non-refundable deposit of £50.

## Parish Neighbourhood Development Plan

Tuesday 10<sup>th</sup> December 6.30 – 8.30 p.m.

Saturday 14th December 10 a.m.— 12 noon

On these dates we will hold public exhibitions at the North Mundham Village Hall where residents can review the findings of the Parish survey we carried out over the summer and review the draft vision and policy statements for the Neighbourhood Plan.

The exhibition will include information from the State of the Parish report which forms the basis of any future vision and policy development for the Parish. This includes much of the information gathered from the evidence gathering work that has been carried out over recent months across the Parish.

At both events we will want to hear from everyone about their views on our findings and on the vision and policy statements.

The information we gather at these events will form a vital part of our first submission to Chichester District Council along with our draft vision and policy statements.

## Senior Citizens' Christmas Luncheon

## Saturday 7th December 2019

## North Mundham Village Hall

The Senior Citizens Christmas Luncheon is for residents living in North & South Mundham and Runcton who are over 60.

Invitations will be sent out at the end of October. If you were invited last year you will automatically receive an invitation this year.

If you or anyone you know who qualifies for this event would also like to be invited, please contact me on 01243 782391.

Frances Neave







#### The Woodland Trust's Big Climate Fight Back!



Can you imagine the sight of 150 new trees? The image fills me

with hope and optimism for a greener future.

Throughout my busy 24 years, I have always stopped to admire trees, whether it's whilst walking through an oak wood blazing with autumnal leaves on the South Downs, or cheering on a cherry tree who fights for root space beneath a concrete pavement in central London.

Trees are the lungs of the earth, and, according to the Woodland Trust, reducing our carbon emissions will never be enough to tacklé climate change. We must plant a nation-wide patchwork of trees and help woodlands regenerate. This could buffer existing habitats, tackle climate change and reverse wildlife decline, all at the same time.

So, back to imagining the sight of 150 trees... The Chichester Conservation Volunteers and Manhood Wildlife and Heritage have joined forces for a Big Tree Planting Day and planted 150 trees in a field adjacent to the recreation ground in North Mundham on Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> December between 10am until 3pm. Please have a look at these new trees which are part of our future. I know small saplings and baby trees may look small and unimpressive, but trees need years to mature, and some oaks do not

start producing acorns until they are 40 years old! However, studies have shown that

one tree can take in more than one ton of carbon dioxide in its lifetime! So they are worth the wait.

One of my favourite proverbs - and the one that fuels my passion to work in conservation and ecology - is by Nelson Henderson: "The true meaning of life is to plant trees, under whose shade you do not expect to sit.

We hope to see these 150 new trees thrive and be enjoyed by all in North Mundham for generations to come.

Emily: Manhood Wildlife and Heritage Group.

Fancy joining us in any of these exciting activities? We'd love to hear from you. Email: hello@mwhq.org.uk



#### Eddi's Service (A.D. 687)



EDDI, priest of St. Wilfrid In his chapel at Manhood End, Ordered a midnight service For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas, And the night was stormy as well. Nobody came to service, Though Eddi rang the bell.

'Wicked weather for walking,' Said Eddi of Manhood End. 'But I must go on with the service For such as care to attend.

The altar-lamps were lighted, – An old marsh-donkey came, Bold as a guest invited, And stared at the guttering flame.

The storm beat on at the windows, The water splashed on the floor, And a wet, yoke-weary bullock Pushed in through the open door.

'How do I know what is greatest, How do I know what is least? That is My Father's business,' Said Eddi, Wilfrid's priest.

'But – three are gathered together – Listen to me and attend. I bring good news, my brethren!' Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a Manger And a Stall in Bethlehem, And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider, That rode to Jerusalem.

They steamed and dripped in the chancel, They listened and never stirred, While, just as though they were Bishops, Eddi preached them The Word,

Till the gale blew off on the marshes And the windows showed the day, And the Ox and the Ass together Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him, Said Eddi of Manhood End, 'I dare not shut His chapel On such as care to attend.'

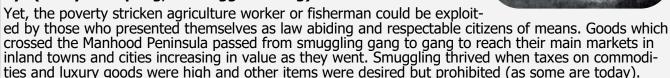
#### A (DIS)HONOURABLE TRADE?

#### **Helena Millen**

With thousands of miles of coastline around Britain and Ireland – some busy and well populated, others remote, isolated and inaccessible - it can be difficult for authorities to keep check on goods and people coming and going. For many centuries in coastal areas, smuggling has been regarded as a "respectable" way of life and an acceptable means of getting the better of government, perceived excessive taxation and, sometimes, blatantly challenging the law.

West Sussex has been a smuggling mecca for centuries with gently shelving beaches, no cliffs, and inlets and isolated areas where locals could move around unnoticed. The Manhood Peninsula became a major focus for smuggling due to its thrust into the Channel and a population who knew the tracks, rather than roads, running inland where customs officers could be evaded.

A popular image of smuggling is one of "romanticism". Reality was rather different in that smuggling was (and is) brutal and aggressive, and led by vicious individuals often under the control of otherwise "respectable" entrepreneurs. Local fishermen and agriculture workers became "foot soldiers" for smuggling gangs; it paid more in one night than a month's wages and was an insurance against subsistence living and bad harvests. Those not directly involved were encouraged to "turn a blind eye for their own safety - "watch the wall my darling whilst the gentlemen go by" ( Rudyard Kipling; A Smugglers Song).



Even in Saxon times and for many following centuries, wool and later Wealden iron was smuggled out of Britain, whilst prominent Sussex landowners held the right to collect or levy tolls on behalf of the monarch; this aggrieved ordinary citizens and could lead to violence. From the 17th Century, smuggling concentrated on importing goods such as spirits, wine, tobacco, silk, lace and tea. By the mid 18th Century, it was estimated that two thirds of the tea consumed in the UK had been smuggled.

Smuggling persisted even through the regular wars with France and there were well established contacts with agents on the Continent. Boats carrying contraband would cross the Channel to meet local boats or they would come in close to the beach at high tide. The contraband would then be dropped overboard in barrels or bundles to be collected at low tide (known as "tubbing"). Local farmers lent pack horses to transport the goods inland. Villagers would provide signs of "safe passage" - lighted candles in windows would indicate proceed, darkened windows would warn that the excise men were about. Church crypts or "false" tombs were used for storage and small barrels of spirits were left for those who had lent resources -"brandy for the parson, 'baccy for the clerk" (Rudyard Kipling; A Smugglers Song).

In 1699, the government decided to police the coast of Britain and Ireland by appointing 299 riding officers/excise men at a cost of £20,000 per year. However, the numbers were too small to be effectual and many personnel tended to avoid violent confrontations with smuggling gangs. By the late 18th Century, it is estimated that every town and village in West Sussex had smuggling entrepreneurs who organised "runs" and were "middlemen". On the Manhood Peninsula they would raise £5 - £10 to finance a smuggling run from France but the profit could be £100!

Profits from smuggling could enable seemingly respectable citizens to build handsome houses locally, although they had no visible income. Such houses still exist on the Manhood Peninsula.

Even if smugglers were arrested and taken to court, convictions could be difficult especially if local magistrates were beholden to smuggling leaders. At the famous Chichester trial of associates of the Hawkhurst gang in 1747, a judge was sent from London to ensure impartiality.

Smuggling began to decline after the end of the Napoleonic wars. The nature of the Sussex coast changed as coastal resorts and recreational sailing grew. Peace after 1815 also meant there were numerous redundant naval personnel. Thus the Preventative Water Guard, the forerunner of the Coast-guard Service, was set up. This vastly increased the number of personnel patrolling the coast and most were experienced seamen with fighting skills and fast boats operating from "blockade stations"; there was one sited at Selsey which eventually became a coastguard station.

In 1841, Robert Peel became P.M. He developed the police force and, as an advocate for free trade, reduced duties on many goods making smuggling less lucrative. However, smuggling has never died out and, although the nature of contraband has changed, the charge of too few revenue and customs officers to quell what still can be a violent practice, resounds today.

#### **Darvko**

#### By Jackie

Darvko feigns sleep like he's seen in the TV soaps; he lets his eyes roll and lids twitch despite being curled in his sleeping bag tight as a burrowed rabbit. He tries to forget that a violent kick from the gang leader boss would have his skinny frame leaping with fear if boss Karl came in, especially if he suspected Darvko was faking sleep. Should that happen, then all four men in this dank, filthy bedroom would rouse, programmed to avoid nail hammered boots that leave painful body tattoos. Darvko clutches his thin blanket bunched into his stomach, not wanting to know how much protection it would ever give but loving it like a child needs a comforter. He knows he stinks and it hurts to think that others 'outside' on pavement or in shops shy away because after 6 months in their illegal building work gang they are immune to their own bad smell, but Darvko hates it. Access to a bathroom for the gang is sorely earnt and he rarely makes that grade. He has dreams of baths or showers.

He gives Benni, Parvel and Yon 20 minutes to reach exhausted sleep, counting down s in his head. Since he had decided to go tonight, he had often worried about how to take his friends with him, but it was far too risky.

When the trio start snoring like exhausted farm animals, he makes his move.

Darvko knows every square inch of this dull floor. Although the gang treats them as slaves, the bonded four respect their own tiny personal space and belongings, small bags of possessions: shampoo, cigarettes, the occasional freesheet they can hardly read, all are respected and precious. Darvko and Yon even got into a habit of learning English words in the dark sometimes when they thought it was safe. Anything that could be a weapon was taken by Karl at the beginning, their few personal items they will defend with their lives. All money, phones, passports, ID, tickets, photos were bullied from them within days of stepping off the cold, desperately cramped lorry in Kent. A down payment for a better life, Karl had said. Darvko remembers that day with bile in his throat, how trusting he had been; he should have smelt trouble when he saw his digs, then got moved around so much.

Now, no more cowed beatings, broken ribs, grunting to order, toilet rotas as Darvko weaves his way quietly and deftly around his bundled pals. He is ready for freedom. The door is always unlocked so they can be checked on throughout the night by others. On the landing he slips past other rooms; hears forced and captured bands of men muttering in their sleep. Darvko sees rubbish piled high out back, foot high weed grass through a smeary newspaper covered window. For a second he wonders at neighbours in houses either side who never banged the walls at the violence and shouting, were they deaf or simply paid off

simply paid off.

He feels his way down the steep carpeted staircase to the hall; slowing his breathing as he passes the greasy kitchen with microwave winking the time in green; it's 2.30am. Further along the hall, just before the front door, he stills his heart at shrill televised voices to his right, a rowdy clank of beer cans, a girl squawks with nervous laughter, the slap of cards, a grunt of triumph that Darvko imagines as a fist closing over gambled notes, the scrape of a chair. The door is ajar by an inch, Darvko holds his

breath, sliding one foot then the other as he slips across the lime coloured light.

His fingers clutch the precious newly cut door key. It was easy to steal the original, but having one cut; well, the shop had taken longer than his allocated five minute errand for Karl, Darvko shakes away the memory, that was so close he nearly fainted with

anxiety and as for putting the original key back; best to forget.

The TV blares and he steps outside, letting the door soft close behind him. It's raining, cold and heavy; he runs through it, his coat thin and flapping, his small bag of possessions bouncing, the thin blanket stuffed down his sweater makes him look barrel chested. The map in his head



clears his vision, adrenalin pumping for the 40 minutes he has estimated to cross the city, street by street in the dark to the nearest all-night Police Station. Karl's gang could be five minutes behind him. Please God they don't have a car or van and as he runs the cold, rain-soaked air tastes of freedom. Suddenly, at traffic lights, Darvko reels back as a car with blinding headlights just misses him, even this experience is a kind of mad joy and he jogs on. He can't afford fear or an accident now, can't afford to waste a glance behind, he casts aside visions of the gang scattering cards, pushing back chairs, firing up phones, putting clubs inside their coats. No, no! He pushes his legs faster, faster again, crosses this street, then that street, his memory map

At a corner, bending double, he grasps his side — then on again seeing hardly anyone. Finally Darvko is in a waiting room, sat on a steel bench that smells of alcohol and cleaning fluid. He's in his dreamed-of Police Station, arms crossed to hide their shaking, head bent with fatigue, hair greasy and slack, coat dripping a puddle on the floor: his ribs ache, his energy drains into the puddle. He's dizzy and suddenly longing for sleep. His adrenalin sapped, he tells himself to keep awake, alert. A bulky, uniformed woman police officer with

crook of her finger and a nod.

his torch in the night.

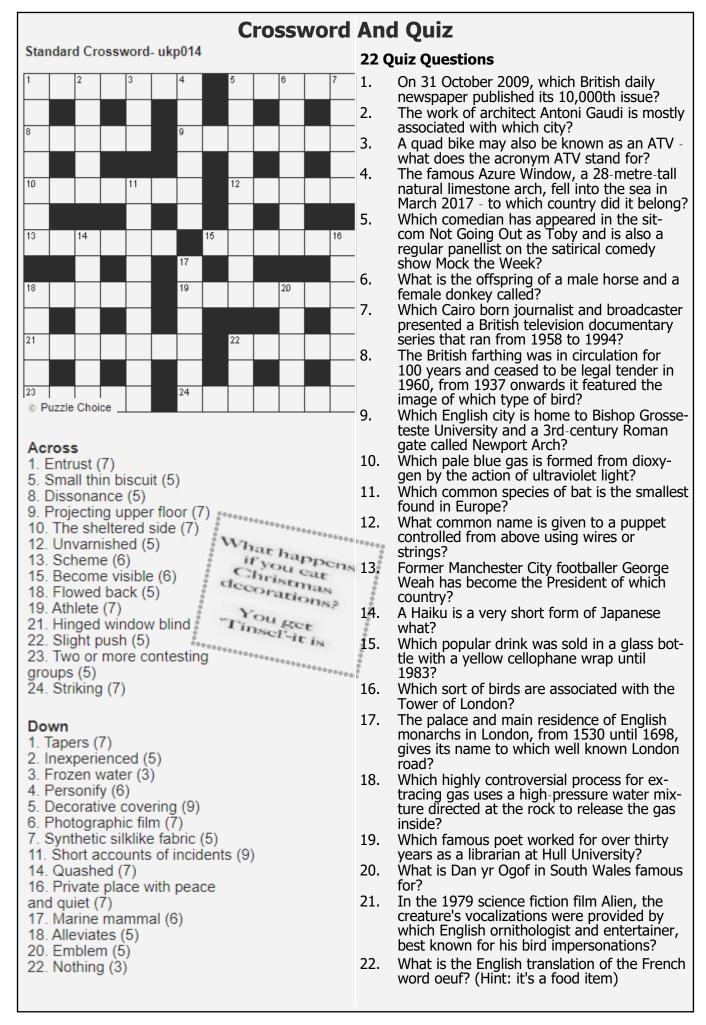
He could follow her forever, wherever. Darvko sits before an untidy desk piled with paper, card files, a winking laptop and used coffee cups. Every muscle is again taught and he can't stop his knee jerking. Recently his days have merged so that he hasn't recognised the beginning of one day to the next.

tired blue eyes motions him to follow her with a

Will this be the first day of a new life? This police officer before him is in plain clothes and looks sleep deprived. Darvko's tongue is dry and strange, as he feels in his head for his memorised new words in English. Will this policeman understand? He begins, the policeman interrupts; something about Darvko needing a doctor? Confusion, then clarity as Darvko sees why, his hands are sore and bleeding. The policeman clears a space on his desk, piles files onto another chair and sips his coffee, his eyes never leaving Darvko's face as he fires up his laptop.

'Darvko' is it?

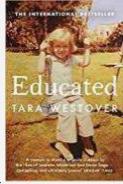
Darvko looks again at this policeman and speaks.



#### **BOOK REVIEW**

**Educated** by Tara Westover A true story.

This is the story of an extraordinary education. Of a girl who grew up in a "jagged little patch of Idaho" dominated by the survivalist beliefs of her bipolar Mormon father who rules his family with a rod of iron and the power of religion. It is the tale of a girl with no birth certificate, no immunisations, no formal education until she was 17. Yet, a decade later, she graduates with a PhD in intellectual history and political thought from Cambridge. It



is also the story of a young woman showing remarkable resilience in the face of extreme poverty, rigid religious beliefs, violence and family betrayals. It is the account of how she grasps the sheer enormity of the world. Her extreme upbringing emerges gradually, making it engaging yet harrowing. The youngest of seven in a survivalist family in a Mormon pocket of south eastern Idaho. Her father Gene, the son of a hot-tempered father, grew up on a farm at the base of The Indian Princess mountain and moved up the slope with his wife, the product of a more genteel upbringing. Gene sustained his growing family by building barns and hay sheds and by scrapping metal; his wife chipped in with income from her herbal remedies and reluctant work as an unlicensed midwife.

Encouraged by the example of an older brother, Tara firstly studies her father's books on the 19thcentury Mormon prophets. "The skill I was learning was a crucial one, the patience to read things I could not yet understand," she writes with characteristic understatement. Besides her father's tyranny she contends with sadistic attacks from another unstable brother with head injuries from a Westover workplace accident.

Tara makes her first big step toward liberation by, remarkably, gaining admission to Brigham Young University. ("It proves one thing at least," her father says grudgingly. "Our home school is as good as any public education.") There, she is shocked by the worldly habits of her classmates, and in turn shocks them with her ignorance of the world, never more so than when she asks blithely in art history class what the Holocaust was. Even so her professors recognize her talent and voracious hunger to learn; and soon enough, she wins a fellowship to Cambridge, where a renowned professor a Holocaust expert, no less — can't help exclaiming when he meets her: "How marvellous. It's as if I've stepped into Shaw's 'Pygmalion.'

Tara then gains a Harvard fellowship before returning to Cambridge to pursue a history Ph.D. Even then, she's still so deeply tangled in familial claims of loyalty, guilt, shame and, yes, love that only a final, wrenching break makes us realize how courageous and painful this testimonial really is. Yet one is also left convinced that the costs are worth it. She manages not only to capture her exceptional upbringing, but to make her current situation seem not so exceptional at all, and resonant for many others. She is but yet another young person who left home for an education, who now views her the family across an uncomprehending ideolog- But please don't take my word for it...... ical canyon and isn't going back.

## **Sutton Hoo: Britain's Valley Of The**

Many of us wend our way to exotic locations in search of relaxation, novelty, mystery, a tick on our bucket list or just to impress the Jones's at 47 Acacia Avenue; amongst other motivations.

So what was it that attracted us to take a week out to visit a muddy estuary in Suffolk? What or Hoo?

Little did we know we'd be illuminating one of the darkest times in our island's history- a time alluded to by Kipling's poem on p5 and described by Louise when talking about Halloween traditions last month.

The seventh century to be exact, the crossover point between the pagan influence of the Saxons and Angles to the Byzantine Christian world of a rejuvenated Roman empire.

Of course, we all know the back story from the many movies, TV series and books on the subject. The Romans pushed off in the 5<sup>th</sup> Century to protect Rome from Huns, Goths etc., leaving poor old Britain undefended. Along came bucket loads of Picts, Angles, Saxons etc. who, spotting the 'low hanging fruit' on the East coast, moved in, pillaging (euphemism) the local but Ancient Britons.



Good old King Arthur and the remaining Ancient Britons headed into the West Country out of the way of these rough uncultured foreigners to set up a faerie kingdom around a magical table at Tintagel or Winchester. Then the rest of England fell into the Dark Ages where between 400 ad and 700 AD little was written down and few records remained.

#### Fake Noos, ladies and gentlemen, Fake Noos!

The site at Sutton Hoo tells with convincing evidence another story; that of stable government, culture, industry, agriculture, deep religious faith and worldwide trade networks including Europe, Turkey and the Far East So what is the evidence?

- 1. A 70 foot long sea going boat used as the kings tomb.
- 2. The king's treasure. For example, his mythical mask of warrior-king/highpriest.
- The quality and quantity of jewels and weapons of astonishing workmanship. Made from materials traded from far away regions e.g. Turkey and India.



- 4. Gold coins and silver bowls from the Byzantine empire. Garnets from India.
- 5. The boat was full of weapons and everything needed to equip, feed and entertain her future warriors in Valhalla. Evidence of a strong religious belief. Yet there are indications of Christian influence as well.



Recipe: Chocolate Babka.

#### **INGREDIENTS**

#### For The Filling

150g of chocolate hazelnut spread OR (My Favourite)

60ml water

100g. granulated sugar (1/2 cup)

1 tbsp unsweetened cocoa powder pinch salt

1 tsp vanilla extract

120g. bittersweet chocolate finely chopped.

#### The best you can afford

140g. unsalted butter softened and cubed

Prepare as below.

#### For The Dough

4 tbsp whole milk 7g. easy bake yeast 250g. strong white flour 3tbsp soft brown sugar ½ tsp salt 1 large egg -beaten 75g. unsalted butter -softened

#### For The Glaze

3 tbsp soft brown sugar 3tbsp water



#### **METHOD**

#### For My Favourite Filling—if not using bought chocolate hazelnut spread.

- In a small saucepan, combine the water, granulated sugar, unsweetened cocoa powder,
- 2. Place the pan over medium heat and stir until the sugar and cocoa powder dissolve. Con-
- tinue to heat the pan, stirring frequently, just until it reaches a simmer. Once simmering, remove the pan from the heat and add the vanilla extract, chopped 3. chocolate, and cubed butter.
- Whisk until the chocolate and butter melt and the mixture is completely smooth. When it 4. is freshly made, this spread will have the consistency of hot fudge sauce.
- 5. Pour the spread into a jar or other container with a lid. Press a layer of plastic wrap on top of the chocolate to prevent a skin from forming, and refrigerate it until it thickens.
- If it is too cold to spread easily, let it sit at room temperature for a short while before us-6. ing. Store it in the refrigerator for up to two weeks.

#### For The Dough.

- If using a free standing mixer, place dough ingredients into bowl. Make a well in the centre and add tepid milk plus butter and egg.
- 2.
- 3.
- With the hook attachment knead together for 8 minutes until smooth. If mixing by hand, knead all dough ingredients together for 10 minutes. 4.
- Cover with cling film (or a shower cap as its reusable) until the dough doubles in size. This 5. may take about 2 hours. At this point the dough can be put in the fridge overnight.
- 6. If dough has been refrigerated then remove from fridge and leave for 2 hours to come to room temperature.
- Grease and line a 900g. loaf tin.
- 8. On a lightly floured surface roll the dough out into a large rectangle 30cm X 45cm.
- 9. Spread the filling evenly over the dough and then roll up tightly like a Swiss roll starting from the one of the short sides.
- 10. Cut the roll in half lengthways using a floured knife then tightly twist the two strips over each other with the filling facing outwards. NB The twisted roll should fit inside the loaf tin.
- 11. Transfer to the loaf tin and cover with cling film of a bathing cap and leave to rise to about twice the size -approx. 1 hour.
- 12. Meanwhile preheat an oven to 180C. Best not to use a fan oven as this dries out the dough too quickly.

  Bake for about 30 minutes until golden and cooked through- cover top with a foil if it
- 13. browns too quickly.

#### For The Glaze.

Dissolve the sugar in the water and boil for about 2 minutes until syrupy. Liberally brush the Babka all over with the glaze once baked and leave to cool before cutting.

#### AUSTRIAN APPLE STRUDEL

I Pkt. of Jus-Rol puff pastry

I small pkt. digestive biscuits crushed fine

4 oz crushed mixed nuts

6 oz dried mixed fruit and peel or sultanas

2 oz melted butter

4 oz soft brown sugar

1.5 tsp cinnamon

1.5 tsp mixed spices

A few cloves

Ilb cooking apples peeled, cored and sliced thinly

#### **METHOD**

Roll out the pastry into a large 16 - 18 " square. Place onto a larger piece of foil or baking parchment smeared with butter

Baste the square of pastry with melted butter Carefully spread on the crushed biscuits evenly Layer on the nuts and then the mixed peel Place the finely sliced apple over the square in the

same direction Sprinkle on the sugar and spices evenly over the layer of apples

Dot round the cloves over the apples

#### ROLL CAREFULLY

From the far end of the square make a tight turn of the pastry towards you, keep rolling carefully to include the ingredients.

Roll until you have a 'roulard' sausage and stick down the ends and the side with melted butter. Keep the sausage on the foil and place on a baking tray, make sure the sausage is sitting on the edge of the roll.

lightly bring the foil together over the sausage and bake at 190C/170C Fan/Gas 5. for 30 - 45 mins

The Strudel should be blond in colour and not too brown and crisp.

When cold turn out onto your favourite long or oval dish and cover Strudel with a thick layer of icing sugar for the snow!

Serve with creme fraiche, sour cream or whipped brandy or rum cream.

Enjoy ;-)

Louise.



#### Letters To The Editor.

#### REMEMBRANCE 2019 Andy Forsyth

A group of dedicated volunteers went out, in often atrocious weather, to collect door to door for the Poppy Appeal and raised nearly £1,400. 7 collectors raised more than £100 from their areas and an  $8^{th}$  volunteer missed the 'ton' by 2p! Janet Hilliard's  $20^{th}$  year as a collector was celebrated with a total of over £160 – a fantastic sum. This, together with the boxes placed in pubs, clubs, shops and schools in our villages, resulted in just under £4,000 being collected to support the welfare of service men and women past and present, and their families, who have been affected physically, mentally and emotionally from conflicts. Donations have also been received from Mundham and Hunston Church collections for which we thank Stephen and his congregations. Janet's 20 years and Charlotte Sampson's 15 as collectors was recognised with the presentation of badges at the Poppy Lunch.

The Remembrance Day services were well attended. Rob Leeder once again engineered a spectacular Poppy "shower" at St Stephen's and Chloe played the bugle to perfection. Joanne Williams laid the wreath at St Leodegar's. The dedication of an additional plaque to honour those who died in both World Wars whose names had been researched by David Coward followed the wreath laying at St Stephen's, an equivalent plaque having been unveiled earlier in the year at St Leodegar's.

The Poppy Lunch after the services was very well attended thanks to the efforts of the Event Organiser David Maclean and his ticket sellers. Thanks to sponsorship from Hunston Mill Cottages again this year we were able to have a Hog Roast. We were also very grateful to receive gifts of salad from the Runcton Farm Shop and a number of ladies kindly donated a pudding, all of which was much enjoyed. Sue led a hardworking kitchen team of Frances, Rosemary, Jeannie, Sarah, Charlotte and Carole with Nick providing the expertise to carve the hog. Colin and John ran an excellent bar whilst Paul, Carol and Annie ran a most successful raffle. We thank them all for their efforts which resulted in well over £700 being donated to the Poppy Appeal. If you would like to help with collections, at the Poppy Lunch or being on our small committee (which only meets twice a year), please call me on 01243 778191, 07985 441786 or email andyforsyth67@gmail.com

On behalf of the Royal British Legion, thank you all for your continued, wonderful support.

PS . If anyone thinks they left a plate or other kitchen utensil behind after the Poppy Lunch – please contact Sue on 778191. Similarly, if you have taken home a pie slice and now realise it is not yours, please call Sue who will return it to the owner.

#### Crossword p8

#### Solution - ukp014

С	0	Ν	F	-	D	E		W	Α	F	Е	R
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Puzzle Choice

#### Quiz Answers p8.

1. The Daily Star	12. A marionette
2. Barcelona	13. Liberia
3. All-terrain vehicle	14. Poetry
	15. Lucozade (after
	rebranding, between 1984
4. Malta	and 1989, UK sales tripled)
5. Hugh Dennis	16. Ravens
	17. Whitehall (from the
6. A hinny	Palace of Whitehall)
7. Alan Whicker	18. Fracking
8. Wren	19. Phillip Larkin
	20. Caves (the National
	Showcaves Centre for
9. Lincoln	Wales)
10. Ozone	21. Percy Edwards
11. Common pipistrelle	22. Egg

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- Page 5 3X tree images: MHWG
- Page 1& 5 Eddi's Service, poem and art: © The Kipling Society.
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Page 9 Sutton Hoo images: <a href="https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sutton\_Hoo">https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sutton\_Hoo</a>; Book Cove © Hutchinson.

Page 10/11 Food images—the editors.

Page 8&12 Quiz. © FreePubQuiz.co.uk Crossword © Puzzle Choice



#### **Editor's Notes for Published Material**

If you wish to advertise an event which takes place during the first two weeks of the month, it needs to be in the previous month's magazine. If it goes in the magazine of the month it will take place, it won't reach all the readers in time. We want to advertise your events very much so please make sure we can. Thank you.

COPY: 400-600 words as a target please, short articles very welcome: Small is beautiful! Copy should be emailed to editors by 25th of the month to allow for distribution by the first week of the following month.

Any font acceptable, Tahoma 11 pt. preferred. We alter it to fit the available space.

NB Letters can be longer. -See Disclaimer.

NB2 All provided images should be royalty free since all images in the magazine are published as royalty-free.

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The Editorial Team