



CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

The period of six months or so since the last newsletter has been one of steady growth for the Society. We have a record paid-up membership of 218 and assets at the time of writing of just over £300. This very healthy sounding figure will be considerably diminished by the expense of producing this newsletter and organizing the forthcoming open meeting. To have achieved a membership of about one sixth of the population of the village and its immediate surrounding area is a praiseworthy feat.

The Society tries to comment on all planning applications made within the area so that praise as well as blame may be given where we feel rightly or wrongly that it is due and so that we do not appear simply as a group of obscurantists committed to maintaining the status quo at all costs. The good sense, we hope, of our comments and the proportion of our membership to the local population enable us to be taken seriously as an organization by the local statutory bodies. We hope that all who belong to the Society will encourage friends to join so that it may continue to grow in influence.

One aim of the Society is to ensure, as far as possible, that development in the village enhances and is in character with it rather than clashes with or detracts from it. We are pleased to show our double concern, with the present as well as the with the past, by co-operating with the Parish Council in the formation of the Rudgwick Action Group, as noted elsewhere in this newsletter. Rudgwick may lack the spectacular beauty of picture calendar villages like Castle Coombe in Wiltshire or Finchingfield in Essex but it can hold its own with anywhere as a pleasant place to live and a new initiative to maintain the environment can only help.

The Society, personified especially by Stan Smith, is also co-operating with the Wealden Building Study Group in a survey of timber-framed buildings in Rudgwick and its surroundings for the Singleton Open Air Museum. Both organizations are grateful to those owners who have agreed to make their buildings available for the survey, which may well take a couple of years to complete and which has capitalised on the interest aroused by Joan Harding's talk on 'Looking at Old Houses' at last April's Annual General Meeting.

As in this case with all voluntary groups, the work of the Society could not go ahead without the contributions of its members but the officers and committee members deserve particular thanks. Upon them falls the responsibility of responding to official documents and approaches, organizing meetings producing newsletters and maintaining the informal network of contacts with other individuals

and organizations that is so valuable.

I am grateful to them all as I am to all contributors to this newsletter, and hope that the next six months will see the Society continuing to grow in size and influence.

John Cozens

SOME REMINISCENCES OF RUDGWICK AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

By Eileen, Muriel and Joan Boxall

The old school at Bucks Green was the building where events such as Bazaars and amateur dramatic shows took place and during the autumn there was always a chrysanthemum show there. There were 'penny readings' also at the little village hall in Church street. The solid wooden tables, which are still there, used to be put together and used as a stage. After the first world war an old army hut was put up at the side of the Queen's Head and was known as the Queen's Hall, which gave more room for functions. One of the highlights of the year was the annual Trinity Fair which always took place in the field opposite the King's Head (now its car park). The telephone came to Rudgwick about 1910 and to start with there were only 10 or 12 subscribers. The Post Office was No.1 and Dr.Boxall was No.3. With other numbers prefixing it over the years it still appears in the Health Centre number as 2103*. Up to the first world war there was an underground rifle range on the land which is now occupied by the Hairdressers and Station Garage. When the railway was still running between Horsham and Guildford every train used to blow its whistle before entering or leaving the tunnel (under the hill between Lynwick Street and Baynards). As most people knew the times of the trains this was a good way of telling the time as few people had watches in those days.

**(Editors footnote - you may have noticed on page 21 of your new phone book that Rudgwick numbers are soon to be prefixed by two more digits (82))*

FIELDWALKING. Anyone interested in fieldwalking in the Abinger/Ockley/Ewhurst area on Sundays from 10.00am until dusk is invited to contact Judie English, on 9958 272624. You may remember that Judie wrote the informative article on Roman tiles in the Parish Church in the last newsletter.

SUNDAY IN THE EARLY 1900's

By Ivy Port

The mere word of Sunday is apt to give a cold shiver to some people of long memories - the outer world closed down - it was wrong to travel, wrong to work and wrong to play - yet for me it was the loveliest day of the week because it was quite different - a special day, not a religious day in my young mind, although I knew God was in it somewhere.

We wore with great pride our Sunday clothes, read our picture books and went to church and Sunday school. I didn't understand the church service at all yet the words of the prayers, hymns and psalms seemed magical. The meaning of all the words puzzled me. In the *Te Deum* why did Cherubim and Seraphim continually cry? I thought that "The scripture moveth us in sundry places" meant we were being pushed in the body here and there. Perhaps it was a good thing that we only had the Litany once a month. It was always intoned and the vicar chanted the words and the congregation sang the responses. I remember singing with great gusto - "Have mercy on us mis-a-ble sinners" with great emphasis on **miserable**. I wondered too why we all so miserable. It seemed to go on and on and to avoid being bored I gazed at Mrs Ringer in the pew in front of us because she wore a blouse which buttoned up at the back and there was always one button undone and I longed to reach forward and button it up - the feather in her hat would dance up and down as she moved her head - most entertaining. I would suddenly wake up to what I was supposed to be doing - to hear "Beat down Satan under our feet" I felt a bit sorry for Satan because I pictured us jumping on this black man. Then there was asking God to rule the Church in the right way. Surely He could be trusted to do it rightly. Like all the children I put some workable meaning into these Prayer book phrases.

Sermons in the morning were on the endurance side but had some alleviations - I had a long sit down and I could weave fancies round the eagle on the lectern and the pictures on the stained glass windows. The prayer book to me was a delightful book of puzzles. I loved doing puzzles in children's magazines because to them there was an answer but in the Prayer book there were no explanations and my parents didn't seem to know them

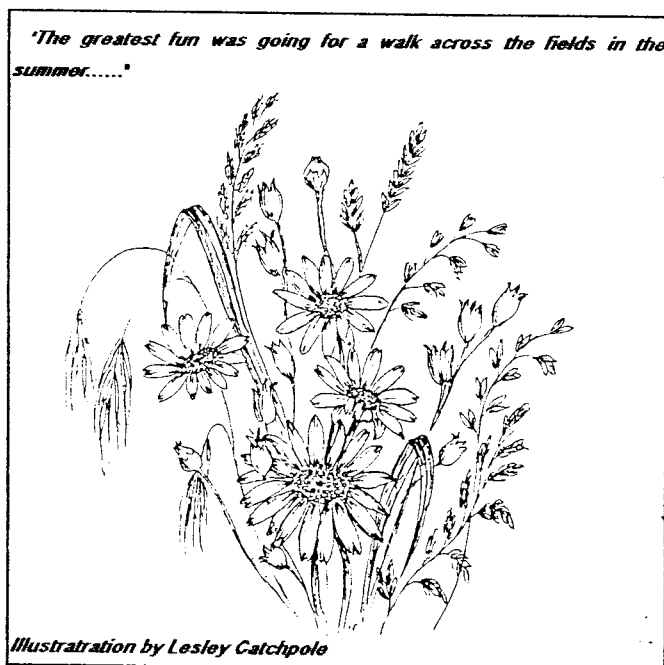
either - so I decided not to worry about it and to enjoy my own rather vivid pictures in all of it.

Sunday school was equally as exciting although learning the Collect for the day was really rather a chore. My sister Dorcas and I slept together and early on Sunday morning before getting up we would reach rather wearily for the Prayer book and commence to learn the Collect - read it aloud first and then hear each other repeat it. I didn't like the Advent Collects because they were so long but in the Trinity period they were much shorter. The 25th Sunday after Trinity was the most thrilling one because it began "Stir up, we beseech Thee". It reminded us of stirring up the Christmas puddings. Christmas was near. Hurrah! we had an incentive for all this apparent drudgery - it was to receive at Sunday school a text with a coloured picture on it, if we stumbled through the words reasonably well. Miss Stanford was

our teacher and after we had struggled she would keep twitching her lips while we awaited the verdict. She would say "well you didn't know it very well did you? Still I think it deserves a text." The suspense was over. She was a very kind woman really. Added to this excitement we had a small album in which to stick our text. To have a completed book with no gaps throughout the year was a great achievement. This necessitated no missing Sunday School - so to Sunday School we had to go, all weathers, wet or sunshine, freezing or hot. Another thrill was wearing

our best clothes, hats, dresses and coats and high buttoned boots. I thought we were the best dressed there until Rosie Burst arrived - she stole the show when she appeared in fur bonnet tied with pink ribbon under the chin and in the winter a white fur and muff. We beseeched mother to let us have a fur and muff. She stretched a point and let us have a white fur but never a muff. That is where Rosie Burst beat us to it.

Another change from the weekly routine was the Sunday lunch. Oh, Oh my - the last time when all of us (usually eight) sat round the table to roast beef, dripped pudding which was slices of roly poly dipped in the fat and gravy of the beef - always two vegetables and the rest of the roly poly pudding covered in jam for the 'afters'. My brother Bill always presided at the table, donned a sort of white carpenter's apron tied round his waist and carved the joint. Before this ceremonial act we all stood up and chanted grace together. I did wonder sometimes why we didn't perform this ritual every day. I think it was because it was the only day of the week that we were all together. We were supposed to close our eyes when this



was going on but somehow or another I always managed to see Mr and Mrs. Punchard from Dukess Farm coming down the road and they always seemed to stop just outside. I thought they were listening to us but as they were rather old perhaps they were just resting their weary bones.

After lunch my sister and I would get out our Sunday picture books. There were lovely coloured Scripture pictures in them. They stand out in my memory to this day. There was Daniel in the lion's den. Abraham with knife in hand about to slay his son Isaac. Samson sitting across a huge wild beast testing his strength by breaking its jaw. Elisha going up to heaven in a lovely white chariot. The children of Israel passing through the Red Sea on dry land and I think the most gruesome of all was Solomon (the King of Wisdom) holding up a baby by one leg and about to cut it in half with a sword in order to find out whose baby it really was - half each would settle their dispute. (I won't go into the stories here because they are so well known). Of course there were stories with the pictures which we used to read aloud.

It was frowned upon in a way because grandmother travelled on a Sunday. She had a shop in Redhill and it was the only day she could come. We looked forward to that (so long as we didn't have to miss Sunday school). She came by train to Rudgwick station in the morning. Dorcas and I decked in our Sunday best used to go and meet her. Of course there was a thrill in it because she always bought us a toy from her shop or some sweets.

Another unusual thing was that father shaved at the sink with a cut throat razor and we were strictly forbidden to go near him. In fact I walked about on tiptoe; for some reason I thought we had to be quiet too. We always had hot water to wash in upstairs instead of the usual cold water. All this doesn't sound particularly exciting does it? but to me it was something different and therefore made me happy.

Perhaps the greatest fun was going for a walk across the fields in the summer especially when the marguerites were blooming in the long grass or when we looked for wild strawberries or counted the number of birds' nests we could spot.

In the winter evenings after Evensong at church or Ellens Green Mission Hall we all gathered round the table with our hymn books and sang hymns. We each chose a hymn and then had to sing the first verse solo. This seemed the time when a giggling fit would attack me because somebody would pitch the hymn too high or too low. The more I was threatened the worse I got. After this ordeal father heaved the family bible out of the cupboard and he and Dorcas and I read aloud from it. I liked this because I fancied myself as a good reader. The bible was illustrated by beautiful coloured pictures and I always hoped that father would choose a chapter with a picture in it.

Sad to relate my mother didn't feature much in all these 'goings on' because she was poorly and died before I could realise my sad loss - but Sunday was always a lovely day. What magic all this was to me as a child and I have the joy and feeling of contentment when I think in my quiet moments of the Sunday of long ago.

Of all that we find on earth,

Nothing else has so much worth,

In days of long ago as Sunday.

SUSSEX DRIPPED PUDDING

Sussex dripped pudding, that Ivy Port mentions, used to be a common accompaniment to Sunday lunch in Sussex. It is to Sussex what Yorkshire pudding is to Yorkshire. According to Tony Wales in his book *A Sussex Garland* you can always tell a true Sussex man by asking him if he was brought up on dripped pudding.

RECIPE

6 oz. suet

Teaspoon of baking powder

1 lb. plain flour

Pinch of salt

Shred the suet and mix with the flour, baking powder and salt, adding about half a pint of cold water to form a suet roly-poly. Tie in a floured cloth and boil for 1 hour. Remove from the cloth and cut into slices. After the meat is cooked remove it from the pan and lay the pudding slices in the hot dripping. Return to the oven for a short while until the slices are brown and crunchy.

(Ref. A Sussex Garland. Tony Wales. Countryside Books Newbury, Berkshire. 1987.)

LOST AND FOUND (Part 2)

By Paul Frenchum

Last year's lost and found story was about long vanished local farmsteads and their connection, via old trackways, with our village church. I recounted my finds by metal detector over the years I had been working these old sites.

Well this tale has more to do with lost objects, both ancient and modern.

Some months ago I mentioned to a good friend my interest in searching a particular field where I had noticed, from studying old maps, an early trackway had led several yards to the east of today's public footpath. As the months passed by I had put this particular site to the back of my mind, as it was in any case, too early in the year to be suitable for metal detecting. This of course is due to firstly very hard soil, and secondly to a heavy growth of grass.

However, a few weeks ago, my friend, true to his word, telephoned with the welcome news that the field in question had recently been ploughed, and so with the owner's permission I was invited to make a search.

Now first my friend told me that there was a request from one of the good ladies of Lynwick Street, to search for a much-loved gold finger ring that had been lost on a field footpath between Lynwick Street and Downslink.

Yes, certainly I replied, praying for a successful recovery of the trinket, and not the usual vast collection of ring tab pulls, shotgun cartridges and pieces of dead tractors!

My friend carefully pointed out the area of the loss, and so the search began. We started around 7.30 pm. Backwards and forwards, sideways, down on hands and knees, checking every signal from my machine, but still no ring. The light was soon about to fade, so as we had covered the area fairly thoroughly, I suggested we try some several yards further on. After one or two signals which were the dreaded ring tab pulls, plus some odd trash, I had a strong signal through the headphones, dead in the centre of the footpath.

As I bent down and removed perhaps only half an inch of soil away there was the unmistakable eye-catching glint of gold.

That's it! The ring I shouted, success! A well spent three quarters of an hour. So after much self congratulations we agreed that although it was getting late, we had been such good boys, we would treat ourselves to at least a short search of the ploughed field mentioned earlier.

By the time we had reached the edge of the field the light was fading fast, but previous good fortune spurred us on.

The field in question has extremely mineralised soil, and this together with several tons of freshly mixed in cow slurry made the going, to put it politely, tricky. However, after recovering several pieces of non-ferrous piping and general bits and pieces of scrap, I had a small but strong signal in my earphones, denoting something more interesting.

I dug a small hole around 6-7 inches down to find the signal came from a tiny grey disc measuring approximately half an inch in diameter and slightly bent over at one end due to either a ploughstrike or pressure against surrounding stones etc.

This could be an interesting find, I said to my friend, who was patiently following my every move. As the object was badly encrusted I would have to go through a time consuming cleaning process before identification was possible.

Unfortunately, the wait was longer than I anticipated, as the recent postal strike was delaying delivery of the cleaning materials I needed.

Anyhow, after careful straightening and cleaning, the tiny disc has eventually proved to be a medieval hammered silver penny, most possibly from the reign of Edward III. The condition is however very poor and good eyesight is needed to be able to distinguish the small face on the coin.

Well, there they are, two tiny objects hundreds of years apart. Lost and found.

So to those of you interested folk who may have lost a metallic object of sentimental value either in your garden or perhaps when trying to persuade your dog to slow down on your favourite walk, please do not hesitate to contact me on Rudgwick 2991.

My service is free of charge within Rudgwick Parish.

DR ANNIE McCALL - A REMARKABLE RESIDENT OF RUDGWICK

By Stan Smith

The position of women in society has changed radically in the last 100 years. Opportunity for careers, particularly in the professions, were practically closed to women until the first world war. For a woman to qualify as a doctor in 1884 was a rarity indeed. It must be remembered that it was only in 1918 that women of 30 were given the vote; and in 1928, for the first time, women given equal suffrage with men. Today we have had a woman prime minister for nearly a decade and who knows, we may soon have women priests and even bishops!

It is against the background of 100 years that we can appreciate the achievements of Annie McCall.

She qualified at the London School of Medicine in 1884 and subsequently took her M.D. at Berne in 1885. She trained in Obstetrics mainly in Vienna, and devoted nearly all her life to the practice of this branch of medicine, and to the training of women medical students and nurses in practical midwifery.

In 1889, at the age of 30, she founded the Clapham Maternity hospital, mainly by her own efforts and with those friends interested in the advancement of women's education. From there many doctors and nurses went abroad to the mission fields, and women also came from overseas to train as midwives. She practiced conservative midwifery, allowing as little interference as possible with the course of labour. Her results were remarkable, infant mortality in this hospital being almost unknown. She was a law unto herself, and cared little for the opinions of others. She was a great believer in fresh air and open windows and, subsequently, in addition to her work in obstetrics, she became a pioneer in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis, establishing a sanatorium in Rudgwick for open-air treatment. Rudgwick Sanatorium is clearly marked on Ordnance Survey maps. Dr McCall lived at Kings at the top of Grinstead Hill (as that part of Church Street was then known); and Ivy Port can recall her father, a local builder, constructing many of the outbuildings on the site. The Boxall ladies have clear recollections of her.

Dr McCall was a rigid advocate of temperance, speaking at meetings with great conviction on the subject. She had much sympathy for the plight of unmarried mothers and their inability to find accommodation for their confinements other than the workhouse infirmary. This remarkable lady must be remembered as having done much for obstetrics when this branch of medicine was looked on as beneath the notice of the physician and surgeon, a period when it was thought bad form in social life to mention pregnancy and childbirth. She will be remembered as having made the world a better place for mothers.....Dr McCall died in Rudgwick on 9th September, 1949 aged almost 90.

RUDGWICK SANATORIUM, SUSSEX

OPEN-AIR TREATMENT

Pure Bracing Air. Good Nursing. Generous Cuisine. Lovely country with extensive views over Hindhead and South Downs. Terms, 2½ guineas inclusive. Fritton Open-Air Colony, Long Stratton, Norfolk, is an open-air colony for visitors and convalescents from Rudgwick, at 25s. weekly, for those willing to do light work. Visiting London Physician: Dr. ANNIE McCALL, 165 Clapham Road, London, S.W., to whom application may be made.

From The Medical Directory 1910

THE NALDRETT FAMILY WILLS

By Patricia Naldrett Peak

Naldrett family wills, like all wills, are the most revealing of documents. They afford us glimpses of human nature, good and bad, which do not change over the centuries even if the writing is difficult and the wording archaic. It is interesting, too, in the bequests made, how standards and expectations of a more comfortable way of living improve between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries although the family's standing may not have altered a great deal. Wills were always written in English while most deeds and legal documents were in Latin for the avoidance of misunderstanding amongst the legatees no doubt!

In 1516, John Naldrett, yeoman of Rudgwick, was named as 'soull executor' in the will of Henry Berkeley of Petworth. He had to distribute money to the ten priests at the funeral. More money was paid for five priests to say mass and pray for the soul of the deceased for two years. This was in the reign of Henry VIII and before the reformation. Henry Berkeley was obviously a man of means and so it was not surprising that when John Naldrett's wife died in 1531 that he should marry the daughter and heiress Eleanor Berkeley.

In 1546, plague carried off husband, wife and his second son John the younger, all within a few days of each other. John the Younger left a will in which he bequeathed 6d to the 'mother Church of Chichester' and to the 'hye alter of Rygewyke for my tythes neglygently forgotten Illjd (4d)'. He left Marshalls Farm, Kirdford, to his younger son John. (I am afraid everyone at this time seems to have been called John. At a time of high mortality it was a way of passing your name on). He left 'Master hill and elenor his sister eche one of them an cowe' and the sons of his elder brother John, ether of them an eow (ewe)'.

This older brother, known as John the elder, lived at Slinfold and escaped the sickness though not for long as he was buried at Rudgwick in 1550. His will in which he says he is 'sick in body but hole in mynd' left much property to his son John and his house and land in Rudgwick, which included Pensfold Farm, to his wife Johanne for her lifetime. 'My farme of Forde House (Wanford)' after his wife's death was to go to his younger son 'Hary'. These last two properties were leasehold. Harry in later years lived at 'Hyes'. The poor of Rudgwick got 20s, at Slinfold 10s. He also stipulated

that two beech tables, two 'joynded bedsteddles', three great coffers, a great spit and brass washing bowl should remain 'within my mansion house in ye name of Wandesforde'.

Two generations on, Richard Naldrett died and was buried at Rudgwick in 1596. An interesting account of his landholding and the ways it could be held was recorded at a post mortem/inquest. For instance 'Messuage, water-mill (Wanford) and parcels of land in Rugewick called Naldretts Lands held of John Carell, Knight, as of his lately dissolved chantry of Horsham, by rent of 13s worth 26s 8d.' Also 'parcel of land in Wisbrough Greene called Tibbys held of the Queen (Elizabeth I) of the manor of Drungewick in soccage'. Soccage was a feudal term denoting tenure of land involving payment by rent or other service to the landlord. The manor of Drungewick had belonged to the Bishops of Chichester before the Reformation and Sir John Carell had obviously acquired church property in Horsham. 'Weyhurst' in Rudgwick was held of Edward Gorringe of the manor of Howick for 6s. These were all leasehold though Richard Naldrett owned other property outright. his wife Mary was left certain rents to keep their eldest son John at 'Grammar schoole' until his full age of twenty-one at a cost of £10 per annum.

When Edward Naldrett, the younger son, died in 1623 he left 'my tymber trees woods and underwoods' at North Eaton, Billingshurst, to pay legacies and funeral expenses of his lengthy will. He lived at 'Gingers', described as Brewhouse lands in Billingshurst.

The Naldretts were mentioned as being involved in the taking of a Probate Inventory following the death of Richard Otway, yeoman, in 1614. This was at the Dedisham Foundry - a large iron foundry and coal mine with a hammer pond - the total value of which came to £533 4s. This foundry was later destroyed in the civil war by Sir William Waller, a Parliamentarian, after the taking of Arundel Castle.

If the male Naldretts were concerned with property, the women made more personal legacies. The widowed daughter-in-law of Richard Naldrett, Judith Cowper of Strood died in 1632. She started her will by forgiving her younger son Edward the debts he owed her. Apart from leaving her 'motherlike love and affecon' to her son Richard, she left him property, money and 'my best flock bed a flock Boulster a feather Boulster, the Bedsteddle wherin hee lyes and the other furniture to the seyed bed belonging and three payre of sheetes whereof one payre to bee of the better sort and one of the great kettles and six pewter platters and foure new silver spoones'. Son Ralph got £200 and one feather bed, three pairs of

sheets, the least of her kettles, pewter and 'the other of my foure new silver spoones and my silver beaker'. Her eldest son George who had inherited the Naldrett Estate in 1616, was exhorted to be 'loving kinde and helpful to his brethren and sister as I hope hee will bee.' Her grandson George inherited 'six old silver spoons.'

Her son Richard lived at Broadbridge Farm in Slinfold. He and his wife Mary Thaire had no children and their property probably reverted to the family estate. When she died in 1704 at the age of eighty-eight, she left a charming Will with legacies for about forty relations, god children and friends. She left her 'clock with the lines weights & all things thereunto' to her nephew John Naldrett of Woodhouse in Billingshurst.

In the sixteenth century valuables mentioned might be beds and tables but by the beginning of the eighteenth century items bequeathed were more valuable and showed a higher standard of living. There is a series of Wills made by the Billingshurst Naldretts in which mention is made of 'two silver salts and four silver spoons Wearing Apparel and Rings', equal quantities of linen for daughters, pewter, 'books and a silver punch bowl and ladle that Mr George Naldrett (of Rudgwick) gave unto me'. Care was also taken for unmarried daughters; sharp things were sometimes implied of sons-in-law who had not repaid debts. In fact, where a son-in-law was not to be trusted, his wife's legacy was to be paid to her monthly by her sister. We are often given information about the kind of tombstone and position in the churchyard for burial. Mary Naldrett (nee Thaire) left £20 for the entertainment of her friends and relations at her funeral. the local poor and servants were nearly always remembered. The state of health was usually mentioned. Sarah Naldrett of Marehill, Pulborough, died in 1764. She made a Will in which she declared she 'being very deaf and somewhat superannuated But in good Health and of Sound Mind and Memory.' As lawyers were paid by the word, wills were very long winded!

Efforts were made to ensure Wills were complied with. When George Naldrett of Rudgwick died in 1689 he obviously had doubts about his son George and he left a farm 'Bletchmeres' in Slinfold to him on condition debt and legacies were paid and, if not, the farm was to be left elsewhere.

Probably the most important of the Naldrett Wills, that of George Naldrett, Esq., who had been High Sheriff in 1746 and the last Naldrett to live at Naldrett House, was in fact never written. He died intestate and unmarried in 1778 at the age of seventy-two.

The way the Naldrett estate came into the possession of the Piggott and then St.John families is told in the last Rudgwick Preservation Society Newsletter. All that is left to say is that in the next sixty years the remainder of the Naldretts were, on the whole, in no position to make Wills of any sort.

A final clue as to the extent of the Naldrett Estate is given in the Will of James Piggott the Younger in 1882

who left property in trust for his two daughters. Jane Piggott got the 'Mansion House called Fitzhall with gardens, cottages, meadow, arable, plantations, hedgerows and lanes in Trotton, Iping and Chithurst'. Apart from several farms in that area, she also received 'Spurlands Farm in Billingshurst, farm in Stedham; Southlands Farm in Alfold and Wisborough Green; Staplehurst and Slicehurst Farm in Kirdford'. Emma the younger daughter, had ' Farms and lands called Naldrett, Hurstlands, Marshalls, Tittlesfold and Gastons, copyhold farm called Moreland in Rudgwick; Old Stouse and Violets Farms in Slinfold; Mayes Farm in Warnham'.

RUDGWICK ACTION GROUP.

Following the village 'clean ups' of recent years the Society and the Parish Council have jointly formed a small committee to co-ordinate a group of people prepared to be 'on-call' to help keep the environment reasonably tidy. Anyone prepared to help who has not so far been approached is invited to contact one of the following:

Malcolm Francis R.2583

Chris Griffin R.2382

Keith Lawrence R.2611

John Cozens R.2324

The above are also the contact people to approach if problems need attending to.

