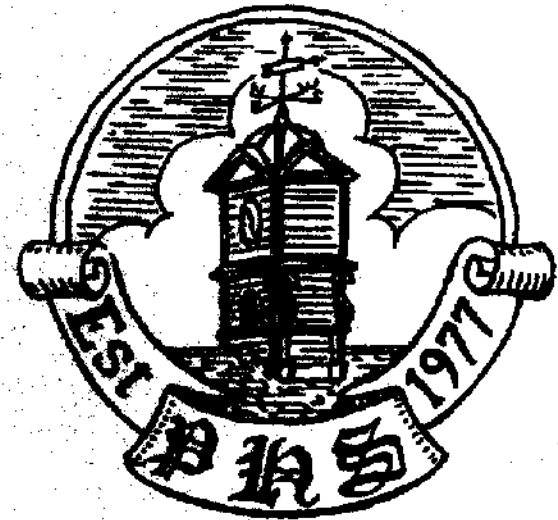


Dotton History Society



Newsletter Number 35 Autumn 2003

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Potton History Society Committee:-

Chairman	George Howe
Secretary	Jean McLennan
Treasurer	Anita Lewis
Programme/Publicity Secretary	Peter Ibbett
Committee Members	Ernie Wood
.....	Ken Lawson
.....	Christine Harper
Newsletter Editors	Mr & Mrs Leigh

For access to the archives in our research rooms
just telephone the key-holders,

Mr G. Howe	Potton 260935
Mr K Lawson	Potton 261209
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Acknowledgements:-

Our appreciation to Camerons Newsagents for selling our books and to Potton Post Office for selling our tea towels.

Thanks to Keith Lawrence for his illustrations.

We also thank the following for their continued support by advertising our meetings,

Lindsay's Bakery,
Tysoe's Hardware Store,
Potton Library
Potton Post Office

Society News

In **April** we were treated to a talk by one of our members, Roy Rodwell, on the life of Marconi and his contribution to the development of radio. Marconi spent some of his schooldays in Bedford and developed an interest in physics. He became fascinated by an experiment that sent a signal across a room. Spotting the possibility of transmitting signals over large distances he developed the early 'wireless' and in 1897 managed to send a signal across the Bristol Channel. The evening also featured old radio equipment and was attended by one of the descendants of Mr Kemp, who had worked with Marconi at the start of the 20th century.

The **May** meeting featured a talk by the Education Officer of the Denny Abbey site, which is on the road from Cambridge to Ely. Jeremy Rossiter provided a range of items from The Farmland Museum to illustrate some of the farming techniques of the past. Some of his pieces of equipment included butter making apparatus, eel baskets, special forks and cutters, dibbers and Fenland skates. He outlined how some of the material collected at Haddenham had formed the basis of a Farmland Museum to compliment the Denny Abbey site with it's farmhouse converted from a medieval church.

The Society followed up the talk with their eighth coach trip, hosted by George Howe and Peter Ibbett, to visit the site. Turn to page 20 for further details.

In **June** we welcomed Anna Mercer of the St. Neots Museum who provided a selection of mystery items to identify. The Community Centre was an area of constant discussion and debate between the small groups attempting to identify the objects. The items included a home made seed drill, goffering tongs, a wax phonograph disc, a waffle maker, a fur ball from a horse and a war time headlamp cover. One article, which eluded all participants, was a milk bottle holder designed to prevent birds from drinking the milk!

Our outdoor meeting took place in **July** when over thirty members visited Ashwell. The Museum, started by two schoolboys in the 1920s, claims to be the oldest village museum in Britain with a collection of items illustrating local life, including samplers, signs, spectacles and even a mantrap! The timber-framed museum was originally an Office for collecting Market Tolls in Tudor times. The C14th church is one of the largest village churches in its county with a tower completed to celebrate the victory at Agincourt in 1415. Inside the church is a copy of a clock made by James Dison of Potton in the C19th, the original having been stolen a few years ago. The visit concluded with a walk to the Springs which give Ashwell its name and which are the sources of the River Cam.

The **August** meeting was devoted to the various means by which Pottonians kept warm through the centuries. Peter Ibbett outlined how the open hearth of medieval times gradually evolved into the chimney we are familiar with today. George Howe provided information about the era of railway coal and its distribution by local coal merchants such as James Abbott. George also provided details of items needed to equip a good fireplace and the routines needed to produce a good fire as well as the costs of different types of coal. Keith Lawrence contributed a collection of photographs showing a wide range of buildings and their chimneys. The audience also heard about items available from a 1930's ironmonger's shop and the rise and decline of the Potton Gas and Coke Company.

James Brown entertained us in **September** with the stories of two of Gamlingay's most famous names. The Downing family were already members of the aristocracy when they bought land in the parish in the C17th, upon which they built Gamlingay Park. Sadly the house was demolished after only 60 years when the family line died out, although the fortune was left to provide a new college in Cambridge. William Purchase was born in the C15th to a poor family of Gamlingay but through his endeavours as a tailor and marriage to the widow of a wealthy merchant, he eventually found fame and fortune, becoming an alderman, sheriff and finally mayor of London.

Potton on TV

You may remember those lovely old George Randall films so painstakingly restored by Trevor Ball many years ago. They were seen and enjoyed by many Pottonians in the Society's early days. Subjects covered were from school sports, parades, clubs, to the building of the Clock House. I particularly remember Trevor's favourite films, of which there were several, on "Weddings". Well I think with the cutting and splicing of so many, that's what caused him to like them so much.

It transpired all his efforts were well worth it, as the films became brittle with age, and we, as some are aware, had them transferred to video a few years ago by Eastern Arts. They have been noticed in Eastern Arts archives by Anglia TV who are planning to use some of this film in their "How We Were" programme. The subject they like is "Weddings". Anglia TV contacted me, and asked for my assistance, if we knew any of the brides and grooms. With a chat to one or two on the Committee I was able to trace quite a few couples and invite them if they so wished to telephone Anglia TV. I have spoken to Anglia since and quite a few responded. It is not known when this will appear, as they do mostly prepare programmes well in advance, but as time progresses, we may have more details in a future newsletter.

George Howe

The Cemetery Project (continued)

Since the last newsletter I have completed the recording of all the memorials at St. Mary's Churchyard and having obtained records by Weight Matthews in 1914 I have managed to make a complete record of the Baptist Memorials as they were then. Originally there were some fifty-eight memorials but today only about six are left and they are in rapidly deteriorating condition. Copies of these have been given to the County Record Office, Mrs. Mayne, (Town Clerk) and the latter to Rev. Stan Evers.

I am still recording fresh memorials at the Sandy Road Cemetery. Hopefully they will be of some use in the future.

Ken Lawson, August 2003

The Mystery Sign Up Gamgy Road

Last winter a gentleman informed Peter Ibbett of a sign with a Festival of Britain crest on it up Gamgy Road, in the ditch. Peter informed me and I went to the area suggested, walked along the roadside and behind the hedge, there isn't an actual ditch, and found nothing. We wondered what this sign might be, would this remain a mystery for ever.

On our coach trip on Sunday 1st June, Peter was describing the changing country side on our left as we came out of Potton, and was just describing how we both walked along this part of Gamlingay Road to look for a sign. I was looking down along the grass verge and suddenly spotted a rusty looking metal shaped sign standing in the grass. Was that the mystery sign?

I made my way to this location early in the next week now knowing exactly where to look. Both Peter and I had stopped just short when we had looked earlier. Yes, this was the sign we had been looking for, still standing where first placed to commemorate an occasion in 1951. On close inspection I found the sign very interesting. A rectangle shape with an oval top, containing the Festival of Britain crest in the centre, with the following words reading across but either side of the crest:-

These trees were planted in
Recognition of the
Services to Bedfordshire
of
Alderman F.W. Brybrooks

We now know that the trees still to be seen along this part of Gamlingay Road were planted in 1951 – and why.

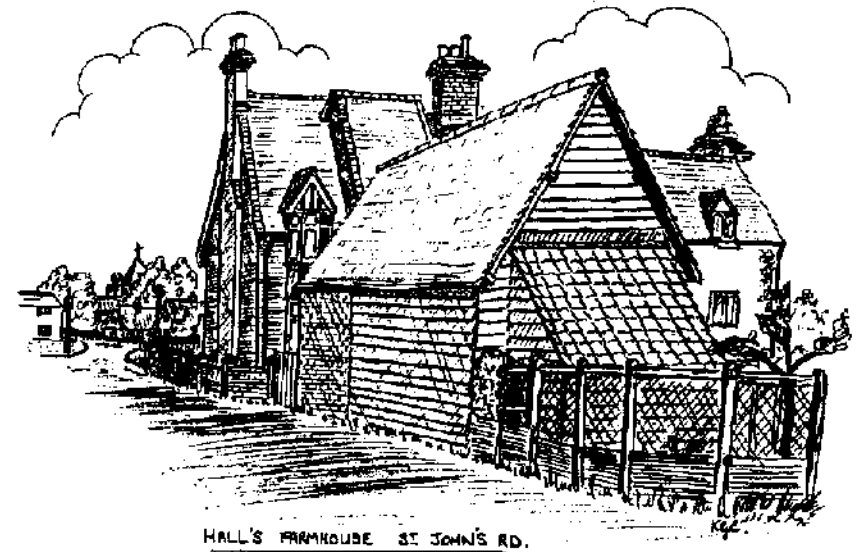
George Howe

Canned Laughter

On Thursday 22nd May 2003 Mr. Jeremy Rossiter, Education Officer from the Denny Abbey and Farmland Museum came to our History Society meeting at Potton. He brought along many small artefacts relating to bygone farmhouse and farmland. His interesting talk revolved round these objects and tools and their use.

After our usual mid-session break for tea, coffee and biscuits the floor was open to questions. Our Chairman George Howe set the ball rolling with a tale to tell. He picked up the cream, enamelled milkcan and he told us when he was a lad about his trip on his tricycle to fetch a can of milk. Coming back from the farm dairy on his bike the journey along the lane required a steady approach down the slope on a bend. On this occasion the approach was faster than he would have liked so he applied the front handbrake – his tricycle was only fitted with a front brake – at a critical moment the brake grabbed too hard and the sudden stop sent George flying over the handlebars, milkcan and all. Only his pride was hurt and some of the milk was spilt.

This brought back to me a memory of my encounter with a milkcan incident. At that time I was living in the village of Moggerhanger and, being the eldest, it was my job to fetch the milk, especially on dark evenings. It was only a short walk up a narrow path by the side of the Bedford to Sandy main road, the nearside of the path was bordered by a bank topped with a neatly clipped hedge. Half way along this path and slap bang in the middle stood a robust telegraph pole. The path led to the crossroads on the top of the hill. Hall's Farm was along St. John's Road to the left. On the opposite corner of the crossroad stood 'The Olde Guinea' pub (my Dad used to call it 'The One Pound One') now a pub called 'The Guinea' stands in its place. Hall's Farm stands opposite the Methodist Chapel not far from the crossroads. To collect the milk you knocked on the back door at the far end of the farmhouse where its dairy was nearest to the milking shed.



It was winter 1938, I was ten years old. That evening was dark with no moon and at the crossroads the only village street light dimly lit the junction. I collected the pint of milk in my can and headed back home whistling and swinging the can to and fro as I walked. On the way I decided to try out a couple of circular overhead swings with the milkcan; I had previously practised with some water in the can so I felt confident. With those successfully under my belt and without spilling a drop I continued on my way home well pleased with myself.

In those days there was very little traffic chugging up or down the main road to light the way home, even so I kept to the narrow path – I knew the way like I did my 'Two Times Table'! Before I reached the telegraph pole I decided to try out a couple more swings with the milkcan. Wheee, up and over! Full of elation I tried again, Whee--- this time I found to my horror that I had misjudged my distance from the telegraph pole and I caught it a glancing blow – I'm sure that darned pole moved deliberately – result, a slight dent in the can and I lost about a cupful of milk. With no more money for a quick top up I had to face the music when I got home. Needless to say I went to bed that night without my hot cocoa!

So to continue where George, our Chairman, had left off I took over the milkcan and centre stage. After a brief account of my above memory to our members it was my intention to demonstrate my prowess in the art of swinging a milkcan around without spilling the milk. I took the milkcan firmly in my right hand, then with perfect unison I took two steps forward, swinging the milkcan as I went. It was then Calamity Struck! My upward swing had barely reached the top of its arc when with a clatter the lid dropped off. However, it didn't drop to the floor because it was tied to the handle with string. Being unprepared for this (I should have practised) I stopped my action in mid flight, consequently the can flopped down on its handle pivots to a further clatter against the swinging lid.

There was an explosion of hilarious laughter which reverberated around the room! 'Twas the highlight of the evening for everyone, that is, except for Mr. Rossiter and myself. I'm sure he must have thought "What has that village idiot done to my treasured artefact" As for myself, I mumbled some sort of apology, hastily handed back the milkcan and returned meekly to my seat, the laughter still ringing in my ears. To me it didn't sound like 'canned laughter'.

I'm sure on reflection all I needed was the extra weight of the milk, or water, for the successful centrifugal effect of my demonstration (second thoughts, maybe not!) Even so I swear that for one brief moment that telegraph pole materialised again just to spoil my moment of glory.

However, I do find it rather puzzling that I wasn't asked to demonstrate the threshing flail, the scythe or the fiddlestick seedsower? I rather fancy that, had I been asked, there would have been a mad panic stampede for the exit. HA, HA.

Keith Lawrence.

Rodents In The Market Square

Recently in conversation the topic turned to the days when the Shambles were still on site and I was reminded of the rat problem that existed then.

I was working in the Joseph Burton stores and we had a major problem with rats and mice. Traps were set each evening and nearly always we would have a catch. However, one day when we arrived at the store we found we had a rat caught by his back legs and still very much alive. No one had the nerve to kill it and we had to ask George Frost who had the butcher's shop nearby to dispose of it. He arrived with a meat cleaver and with one stroke killed it. I never had the nerve to ask him if he cleaned the cleaver well afterwards.

Another time we arrived to a strong smell of what we thought was a gas leak (it was town gas then). Wilf Ellis on his trade bike arrived and with one sniff said "You've got a dead rat somewhere". He got on his knees and removed part of the skirting board and there it was.

There used to be an old barn up the yard where we stored soap powder and the like and there was always a mouse or two when you opened the door. I was about sixteen years old and Eddie Brittain worked with me at the time. We decided to hold a competition to see how many we could catch and to make matters more interesting decided to use 'catch them alive traps'. This was okay until we had to dispose of them so we used the usual method of drowning them. One morning after the usual catch I couldn't find Eddie at first, and eventually found him bending over the gas ring trying a new method of killing them. I think I only just got to him in time as he was getting a very funny colour.

Ken Lawson, August 2003

Sutton Packhorse Bridge

Sutton Packhorse Bridge is an enigma. Why and for whom was it built? Was it really a packhorse bridge, and if so, why was it necessary? What possible destination could a packhorse train be making for in this area and where might it have come from?

The material facts are few. Work by Bedfordshire County Council in 1986 established that the first bridge was built in the mid thirteenth century (a century earlier than originally thought) with subsequent repair and remodelling on at least two occasions. There are also occasional records of donations being made for its repair and maintenance. But that is all.

Previous studies have tended to dismiss its commercial importance considering that, as it does not lie on any known major medieval route, it was probably of only local significance as a link between the village and the church or a decorative feature on the edge of Sutton Park.

But neither suggestion stands up well to scrutiny. The high quality of masonry work, which sets it apart from other surviving medieval bridges in the county would have made it an expensive structure to build. Such a project would not have been embarked upon lightly and it seems unlikely therefore that it was built for purely local use; any simple bridge would have sufficed for that. Similarly its status as a decorative parkland feature is questionable. The fashion for landscape parks with decorative monuments belongs to a different age, a characteristic of the 18th rather than the 13th century. Thirteenth century parks were not designed for aesthetic purposes, they served the very pragmatic function of keeping deer to provide meat for the table.

So if we dismiss these questions, what is left? The question leads us back to those posed at the beginning of this article; why, and for whom, was the bridge built? This article will look at the characteristics of packhorse bridges and how Sutton Bridge fits into the overall picture. It will also suggest possible medieval trade centres that may have given rise to the development of a packhorse route through Sutton. In addition the medieval history of Sutton itself will be reviewed and examined for clues. But first, let us look at the packhorse trade and how it was organised.

The Packhorse Trade

Before the introduction of the turnpike system in the eighteenth century, roads throughout Britain were generally little better than quagmires and the use of packhorses was universal, carts and wagons being entirely unsuitable for transporting goods over long distances. The preferred horses were the strong Galloways or the German Jaeger ponies who have left their names along old packhorse routes in the form of Galley or Jagger. This name Jagger was often used as a nickname for the pack-horsemen, although Chapman, and other names were also used. The horses were usually roped in a chain of between two and forty with the loads carried in two panniers slung over a saddle. The most common commodity carried was wool, which was transported across country to markets and fairs in the major wool towns.

At intervals along the route packhorse inns provided overnight accommodation for the pack-horsemen. Often these bear names that recall the trade, such as the Woolpack, the Packsaddle or the Talbot Arms, (the Talbot being the pack-horseman's favourite dog, a large white hound with long ears, heavy jaws and great powers of scent). Inevitably packhorse routes needed to cross rivers and streams at some point and fords were usually considered inadequate, for it was important to keep the wool dry. It was this factor that encouraged the construction of bridges.

Sutton Bridge shows all the characteristics of a typical packhorse bridge. In its original form there were probably no parapets and the bridge had a more humped appearance. The absence of parapets was important to ensure that the panniers did not snag and tear open, whilst the humped construction was designed to allow the heaviest weight of water to pass through without damaging the bridge superstructure. Even today the Potton Brook that passes under Sutton Bridge can rise almost two feet after heavy rain.

Packhorse bridges also tend to be narrow to add to their strength, another characteristic of Sutton Bridge. However, this very narrowness could mean that when parapets were later added pedestrians could become trapped when a long packhorse train was crossing the bridge, and for this reason recesses were often provided, as at Sutton, for their safety.

Towns, Tracks and Traders

So if the bridge looks authentic, why was it there, where could a packhorse train passing through Sutton be going and where might it have come from? The fact that it does not lie on a major medieval route is not surprising, few, if any, of the surviving packhorse bridges do. Most packhorse routes ran through remote areas connecting the major markets and fairs with village based suppliers of wool. They deliberately avoided towns and therefore the major routes that led to them.

A glance at the map suggests intriguing possibilities. To the north lies St. Ives, site of one of the four great medieval fairs in all England, whilst to the south, Ashwell was clearly once a far more important centre than it is today. Furthermore a clear, though sinuous route can be traced, from St. Ives, via Sutton to Ashwell. Travellers heading south from St. Ives would initially cross the River Great Ouse via the great medieval bridge and causeway built by the monks of Ramsey and beyond this they would pick up an ancient route

running in the same direction, south west. The line is now followed by the B1040 but the antiquity of this route is confirmed by its frequent use to mark parish boundaries. A little further on the traveller would cross a Roman road running from Godmanchester to Cambridge where the significant names Galley Hill and Woolpack are marked on the map. Continuing in the same direction they would then cross a second Roman road, Ermine Street. Here the medieval traveller to Ashwell had a choice. He could follow Ermine Street and then branch west along Ashwell Street or continue in the same general direction towards Eltisley and Waresley.

Packhorse men and cattle drovers, who frequently used the same roads, probably preferred this latter, less populated route. Beyond Waresley, the road becomes a ridgeway, another characteristic of ancient ways, and passes to the west of Gamlingay where it bears the name Drove Road. At White Wood Lodge on Gamlingay Great Heath, the road divided into three possible routes. Here the traveller could continue on the ridgeway towards Sandy and Bedford, turn further south on the old Drove Road toward Biggleswade, or, skirting to the west of Potton follow the route now marked by minor roads and tracks to pass over yet another Galley Hill heading towards Sutton. The route is lost across John O'Gaunt's Golf Course but it is clearly aligned on Sutton Bridge. After the bridge the route follows Sutton's main street and continues towards Eyeworth where it picks up a footpath to the east of the church to finally join a minor road leading to Ashwell.

Don Hill October 2002

This is part of a series of articles written by Don Hill and first appeared as part of the Biggleswade History Society Newsletter. I felt that it was a very interesting article and posed many questions. I sought, and was given permission, to reproduce this in our own Newsletter. Jean McLennan

Committee Members 1977 – 2003

Special occasions bring back many memories, and so it was when the Society held its Silver Jubilee Dinner on October 24th 2002. Articles have been written about its formation, but the names of Officers and Committee Members have only appeared in our Newsletters from the Spring Issue of 1993 (No. 14). Nominations for Committee Members are usually received at our November A.G.M., whilst others may be co-opted during the year if the need arises. Our Constitution allows for eight members, but this number has rarely been reached.

For easy classification, I have listed the names of Officers first, although some, as will be seen, were already serving as Committee Members before being appointed to a special role.

Officers.

Chairman	Norman Parry	1977 – 1993
	* George Howe	1993 to date
Treasurers	Eric Mayston	1977 – 1979
	Edward Wilkins	1980 – 1981
	Vincent Freeth	1982 – 1988
	* Anita Lewis	1988 to date
Secretaries	Patricia Yates	1977 – 1989
	Mary Leigh	1989 – 1998
	* Jean McLennan	1998 to date
Programme Secretary	* Peter Ibbett	1977 to date
Tape Recorder Organiser	Rex Whitfield	1977 – 1979
Refreshments	Margaret Gardner	1977 – 1979
Archivist	Patricia Yates	1989 – 1993

Committee Members

	Margaret Gardner	1977 – 1979
	Eric Mayston	1977 – 1979
	Norman Parry	1977 – 1993
		1996 – 2000
	Rex Whitfield	1977 – 1979
		1994 – 1996

*	Peter Ibbett	1977 to date
	Patricia Yates	1977 – 1993
	Ralph Yates	1977 – 1985
*	George Howe	1978 to date
	Trevor Ball	1978 – 1991
	Spencer Robson	1979 – 1982
	Edward Wilkins	1980 – 1982
	Vincent Freeth	1982 – 1988
	Lyndsey Smith	1985 – 1985
	Mary Leigh	1986 – 1998
	Ellen Cameron	1986 – 1987
*	Anita Lewis	1988 to date
	Boo Matthews	1990 – 1999
	Jack Hutchinson	1991 – 1998
	Tony Crossley	1994 – 1999
*	Ken Lawson	1997 to date
*	Jean McLennan	1998 to date
*	Ernie Wood	2001 to date
*	Christine Harper	2002 to date

*indicates present committee members

As can be seen, Peter Ibbett is the only remaining member of the original 1977 Committee still in office. This lengthy period of service is closely followed by George Howe (1978). The third longest serving Committee member is Anita Lewis who was appointed in 1988. Subsequent Committee Members, and the Society, have benefited from their consistency, loyalty and experience.

Altogether, twenty-four individuals have become Committee Members, their terms of office varying from a few months to twenty-six years. All have shown a great interest in the activities of our Society and in the History of Potton. We have also been well supported by members willing to give up their time and talents in connection with special events, such activities being praised at the Annual General Meetings, and in the Newsletters.

It is important that we are aware of our own history, and my recent study of the PHS Minutes from 1977 and the Newsletters from 1980 has been a fascinating 'look back' in time. Patricia Yates 2003

If only bricks could talk! Part 4
The Life and Times of a Potton shop -
The Great Tar Barrel Affair and 965 lots of Ironmongery.

The bricks of a building stand firm against the excesses of the elements. The deep frosts of winter give way to the baking heat of high summer. My childhood home outwardly prospered under the expansion of Mid-Victorian England in the 1850's and 60's but the 1870's produced a change in climate for George Barnabas Symonds and his shop on Potton Market Square.

The early death of Henry Inskip on the 9th November 1865 produced a crisis. The deeds to the property reveal that Henry died with debts of over £700. His brothers, Thomas and William, both of farming stock, settled the debts in order to 'save the family name'. His widow, Ann, carried on for awhile but by 1871 George Barnabas Symonds, from Suffolk, who had married Henry's daughter Annie, was running the business. His tenure of the shop was not to be an easy one as the agricultural depression of the 1870's took hold.

George, like many Pottonians of his time, was very sensitive to the dangers of fire, so when some Guy Fawkes celebrations got out of hand, he was quick to complain about the peril the town and his property had been placed in by some of the more irresponsible local youths. The following response to his anger appeared in the letters column of the local paper on November 18th 1871:-

A ROUGH'S VIEW OF THE GUY FAWKES DISTURBANCE

Sur

Your A count of the selebration of Guy Fox day in Potton reminds me of the Old adge abot the Mountain bein in Labor and bringing 4th a mouse as it is Grately overdrawn and incorrect. y U take upon yourself to sit in judgment upon the rufs of Potton for keepin up a kustom that has bean Allowed Ever since the rain of James the first and which I am bound to

say as never caused any evel results and U blame them for effects caused by sum of thar smoother tounfolks. A vin as I of the rufs took part in the frolic for which U seems to warnt to see ns sent over the errin pond I will try an Giv U a hidea of wat took place.

I leave the furst part of the a count as thares nothing in that barrin witewash and go to the next paragraft ware u try to enter into the feelins of the rufs and don't, we went to fetch the tar and got it in the twitchel wile some of our pals kept kavie as we thort the poleese mite warnt to stop us. as had luk ad it muster Simons cum out of is bak dore jest then and we was hobligated to take the barel and kut round bi the skool. we then lit it afore the poleese cum up not when tha ware thare as doctor Ome thort we did wich it aint likely they wood av e allowed konsidering the funk sum of the sqare folk were in. Muster Simons again cum up and soon ad the barel out an torked about taking it away but we prevented that bi tellin im if e did we should summon im. e then turned it over into the street and it ran out not like water as you say it did but like tar. arter e ad Gorn we lit it an up cum the poleese and down cum doctor Ome sevrat others. Master Simons and doctor Ome rounded on the Bobbies for not doin thare duty and we done wat we adent orter we rounded on um too. Lor Sur i never seed any please behave better konsidering that tha was in a flummox not bein abel to please any body.

As for any somgs bein sung I dident no as how thare wur any rufs that cood sing. there one on us did giv out a him bot no body could pitch the tune. I dunno wat evaporated means. If it means goin Ome and goin o bed ure rite. I shant rite any moor Sur but ope that the next time we have a spree youll wake up and cum to see.

I of the Rufs

This amusing response must have taxed the patience of the typesetters and gives us an insight into the dialect of the day and the phrases in common use. It only enraged the 'smoother townfolks' more. Three of the 'ruffs' were hauled up before the Magistrate and were duly fined for their behaviour.

George settled into running the shop and taking part in Parish Affairs. This was a busy time for local officials as providing an effective fire brigade, sewerage system and new cemetery were heated issues in a small community. But times were not easy as poor harvests and increased competition from America reduced farming profits. By 1879 George was forced to sell off his stock by auction. The 40 page catalogue lists 965 lots providing fascinating glimpses into every drawer in the shop at that time. The two pages shown give a feel for the range of items present in an Ironmonger's shop of the 1870's.

George left us a lasting legacy in his interest in photography. His prints are some of the earliest we have of Potton, including one that showed the annual Horse Fair. This would attract buyers (and pickpockets) from all over the country and would remind the older Pottonians of the bygone days when the weekly market would fill the Square. One of his sons, J H Symonds, was to become one of the pioneer bird photographers, with work published in the Country Life, but was to perish in the trenches of the First World War.

The bricks of the Ironmonger's watched as George Tysoe proudly supervised the erection of his name over the shop front in the early 1880's. Little did he realise that it would still be there in the 21st century! The next article in this series will chart the rebuilding of the business by George and Henry Tysoe after the problems of the 1870's.

Peter Ibbett

The author would like to acknowledge the invaluable help of his colleagues in the Potton History Society and in particular Patricia Yates and the late Norman Parry who provided some of the original research upon which this article is based.

POTTON, BEDS

CATALOGUE

Of all the extensive and various stocks of

IRONMONGERY

CONSISTING OF 1000 LOTS,

Including stoves, Cooking Ranges, Fenders, Fire-Irons, Cutlery, Cooking Utensils and Household Requisites,

Builder's & Blacksmiths Ironmongery.

Consisting of all classes of Joiner's Tools, Nails, Screws, Horse Nails, Rod Bar, and Plate-Iron and Steel, Brass Foundry Goods,

SHOEMAKERS GRINDERY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

Consisting of Reaping and Mowing machines, Horse Power, Horse Hoes, Cattle Cribs, Ploughs, Harrows, Pulpers, Chaff Machines, Bean Mills, Crushers; a large stock of

PLOUGH METAL AND FITTINGS,

Tinman's Whitesmith's & Blacksmith's Tools,

Quantity of Colours, 5 large Oil Cisterns, &c., Drums and Cans.

To be sold by Auction by

H. PULLEY,

Without reserve, on the Premises of Mr Symonds, Ironmonger,

On Monday, November, 17th 1879,

AND TWO FOLLOWING DAYS

Each days sale will commence at 10 o'clock to a minute in consequence of the number of lots.

Potton is within 30 minutes of Bedford by Rail.

Catalogues 6d each, (returnable to purchasers) may be obtained of the Auctioneer, St Paul's Square, Bedford, who will also forward same on request.

H. BURTT, PRINTERS, MILL STREET, BEDFORD.

