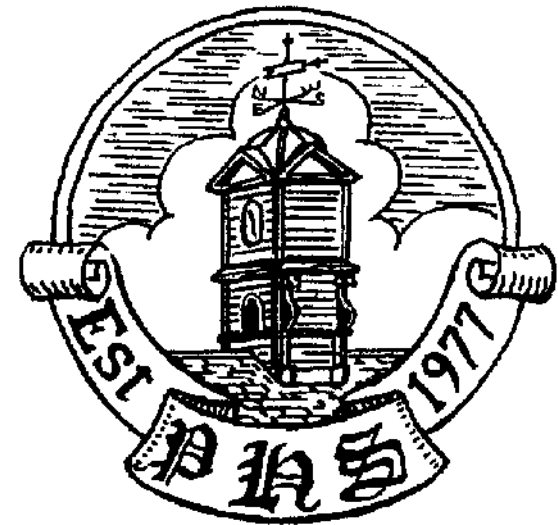


Dotton History Society



Newsletter Number 42 Spring 2007

Contents

Society News	2
Forthcoming Programme	6
2007 Local History Conference & AGM	7
Shocking Railway Accident	8
Potton and District Working Men's Club	10
My First Trip to Helions Bumpstead	12
Home Cures	19
St Benoit-Du-Lac Abbey – Lake Memphremagog	20
How Was Soot Used in Bedfordshire	22

Potton History Society Committee:-

Chairman	George Howe
Secretary	Jean McLennan
Treasurer	Anita Lewis
Programme/Publicity Secretary	Peter Ibbett
General member	Ken Lawson
General member	Christine Harper
Newsletter Editor	Mary Leigh

For access to the archives in our research rooms
please telephone the key-holders;

Mr G. Howe	Potton 260935
Mr K Lawson	Potton 261209
Mrs J McLennan.....	Potton 260234

Acknowledgements:-

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

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

The **October** meeting featured our Chairman, George Howe, who presented an evening of his experiences of researching his own family history. There is an increasing range of sources to aid the researcher, from the traditional visits to County Record Offices to new web sites with access to a wide range of material. George showed how his own research included an Australian connection which led to the searching of shipping lists and the discovery of the £22 fee from England to Australia which was reduced to £11 if you died on the way! He also showed how to use Wills to gain an idea of the type of housing in which some of his ancestors may have lived. The Society archives contain a range of family records that can be viewed on application to the Chairman. We would be happy to add to our collection material from anyone with Potton connections.

In **November**, the evening commenced with our Annual General Meeting. The Chairman, George Howe, reported on another successful year for the Society and outlined its plans to further develop its archives and work on the Potton Car. After the reports from the remaining officers, the existing committee of George Howe, Jean McLennan, Anita Lewis, Peter Ibbett, Ken Lawson and Christine Harper was re-elected. There were no nominations for additional committee members. Once the official business was completed, Ann Hegen, the Keeper of Social History from Bedford Museum, entertained us with her 'Call My Bluff' quiz of mystery objects. Members teams had to decide between three definitions of each object, which included items such as a ChurchWardens pipe holder and a foot measurer.

Delving into the Society Archives provided a wide range of entertainment for the **December** meeting. George Howe showed video material, including film of past agricultural scenes and activities in Potton in the 1950s. The footage also included an archive interview with a Pottonian who had a large collection of

Morcambe and Wise memorabilia. Peter Ibbett showed items from the Archive collection including a 1941 album of work on a COPO estate. He also featured a new photograph of the Tanyard in the 1950s that also showed part of the Brookside tennis courts.

The entire programme for the 30th season of the Society in 2007 will feature a year of meetings about Potton. This very special year began in **January** when Peter Ibbett guided us through the history of the parish boundary. The ancient custom of Beating the Parish Bounds decayed with the coming of enclosures in the 18th century. Potton has a particularly interesting boundary that crosses both boulder clay and greensand scenery. Its fields have been worked by generations of men and women, while landowners such as Sir Malcolm Stewart have moulded it to new demands. Potton Parish boundary has seen the coming and passing of the Turnpike and Railway Eras. It has also been home to wildlife and those who drew pleasure from it such as the diarist Emily Shore and the photographer James Symonds.

The **February** meeting featured the 'Hidden Britain' project. Local organiser Benni Wright from the Bedfordshire Rural Communities Council outlined the aims of the project, which will promote local heritage to help support the local community and its businesses. Volunteers, either individuals or from existing local groups will form a committee to steer the local project forward. The intention is to encourage 'low-key' visitors to appreciate the depth of local heritage and to support local shops and hotels. Ross Crossman from the Sandy Tourist Office explained how they were supporting the project with their range of leaflets and information for visitors. Peter Ibbett provided an overview of the work that the History Society has done over 30 years to research and present information about Potton which included producing booklets, newsletters and contributing towards exhibitions. He suggested some ways in which the growing archive materials held by the society could contribute to

revealing more about the parish. Anyone who would like to help with the work of the Society should contact via the contact details on www.AboutMyArea.co.uk, or speak to any committee member

In **March**, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the opening of the Potton to Sandy Railway, George Howe told the story of our own local railway to one of the largest audiences on record. The line was built by Captain Peel, a young naval officer and local landowner, after his return home to recover from injuries received during a naval battle. He was developing his land for market gardening and realised the advantages of transporting his goods by rail. By purchasing all the land he needed, he was able to avoid the lengthy process of applying for an Act of Parliament and thus the project was completed in only two years. The line ran from the Great Northern line station at Sandy to the original Potton Station just off the Biggleswade Road, where the old engine shed can still be seen. The line opened in June 1857 with a grand celebration, which included a meal laid on in the Market square for 500 people at 2s/6d per head. Sadly Captain Peel died after the Indian Mutiny and never saw the line in action. The line closed in 1861 for alterations to become part of the much larger Bletchley to Cambridge line.

About the archives

Our scrapbooks of Potton related newspaper cuttings, which have been produced by Patricia Yates ever since 1977 when the society began and also those which Anita Lewis has been putting together from the early 1980's recording house sales, have, and obviously will continue to grow in number all the time. Last year we invested in plastic wallets to house each book individually, in order to maintain them in good condition. The collection had, however, outgrown the shelf space it had been allocated. Also, the existing shelving was unsuitable for the new plastic wallets

Alterations were required, and space needed to be found. In modern parlance, how to get more from the same, and following a site meeting with and much practical help from Alan, our landlord,

this miracle has been possible. I have moved the previous shelves, which are actually a form of bookcase, into our corridor which does not obstruct our way and actually makes much more storage for the many local parish magazines, etc. The space that was taken up by this bookcase has made way, with a few other alterations, for five shelves, each six foot long, fixed to the wall. This allows room for all our existing scrapbooks, along with space for them to expand as time goes on and additionally to house many other books and magazines.

I hope this will give you an idea just how much our archives are growing. Not only must we be able to store them in a way which will maintain them in good condition, but also to keep them in an easily accessible manner. I believe these latest alterations have certainly achieved this.

George Howe

Archive help

We aim to make more progress on indexing our vast collection of documents. They have all been transferred to new plastic box files and a system has been organised. We have several helpers but can always do with more. Please contact Peter Ibbett for details.

Spreading the word

www.AboutMyArea.co.uk (SG19 site) is a new local web site which is carrying Society information. The web site includes details about our archives, our forthcoming programme of meetings and information about our latest research. Please let Peter Ibbett know how useful you find this site.

Programme 2008

Planning is underway for our 31st season with no shortage of ideas! Please contact Peter as soon as possible with any suggestions you would like to be considered for inclusion before the programme is organised.

Programme 2007

- May 24th Potton Charities – Past and Present**
This evening looks at the charities educational work past and present with contributions from some of those involved with the organisation
- June 28th Potton Parish Church**
***7.30pm start at St Mary's Church**
The Vicar, Rev Wyn Beynon, has an intimate knowledge of our Parish Church. His guided tour will look at the church and its churchyard and will feature an exhibition of material on the church.
- July 26th Potton Manor and the Potton Car Trevor Ball**
A welcome return by a founding Society member who will update us on the unique story of Potton Manor and its cars
- Aug 23rd Archaeology of Potton and Stephen Coleman**
East Beds
One of our county experts reveals what is known about the activities of our ancestors in East Bedfordshire
- Sept 27th The Potton Archive Scrapbook Collection**
The Society has a collection of scrapbooks from Victorian times to the present day. What did our ancestors get up to?
- Oct 5th Anniversary Special Evening**
***No meeting in the Community Centre**
Details of our Anniversary meal in Notice Board page
- Nov 22nd The History of Potton Fire Brigade**
The records of our local Fire Brigade and the memories of past and present officers show the changing nature of the fire service over the last 30 years
- Dec 6th Pictorial Potton – 1977 to 2007**
The popular end of year Picture and Video Show will look back over the changes the Society has captured in its 30 years history

2007 Local History Conference and AGM

This very popular conference will be hosted by the Ampthill & District Archaeological and Local History Society, held on Saturday 19th May 2007 in the Houghton Conquest Village Hall. Registration will begin at 9.15a.m. The main conference will begin at 10.30a.m. After the morning session, lunch will be served and there will be time for a guided tour of Houghton Conquest Church with its wall paintings and statuary. The day will be rounded off by the Chairman's summing up followed by refreshments and closure at 4pm.

Programme for the day:-

Ampthill History through its Place Names - Barry Dackcombe, Ampthill History Forum and Chairman of the BLHA. Illustrating how a study of local place names can contribute to the history of a town or parish.

Searching for Ampthill Castle - Kevan Fadden. A follow up to the previous talk by the well known independent archaeologist and Chairman of the A&DAandLHS. The actual site and size of the castle has long been a cause for speculation. Now geophysics and archive research has revealed more information.

Fares Fair - an entertainment Allan Boldero, Flitwick Local History Society. A potted history of bus ticketing given by an engineer who delights in the intricacies of machines and their use or misuse by humans. Not to be missed.

Musick that goeth by a whele - Ted Bowman. After a long career as a research scientist Ted became one of the country's leading experts on old music making machines. He will give a brief look at how music was brought to the population over the centuries including demonstrations.

The cost for the day, including lunch and refreshments, is £14. Programme and booking forms will be available from Jean McLennan.

Transcript of a 'SHOCKING RAILWAY ACCIDENT'
'Bedfordshire Times and Independent' 5th December 1874

On Thursday afternoon an inquest was held by Mr Mark Whyley, at the George Hotel, kept by Mrs. Jebbett, respecting the death of Mr. James Wagstaff (66), architect and surveyor, Potton. Mr. James Crouch was foreman of the jury, and Mr. Raynes watched the case for the family of the deceased.

From the evidence of James Stock, foreman porter; Samuel Owen, horse shunter; Michael Madden, Station Master, G.N.R.; P.S. Bransom and Mr. C P Stevens, surgeon it appeared that on Wednesday evening, Mr. Wagstaff, who was a frequent traveller to and from London, arrived by the 5.29 train at the Biggleswade station, having taken a second class ticket from King's Cross to Sandy, the junction for Potton.

He left the carriage for some purpose not stated and all the Biggleswade passengers having alighted the doors were closed, the signal given for going on and the train moved; but the deceased endeavoured to re-enter the carriage he had left, and Owen called the attention of Stock to him as he was hanging on the hand-rail fixed perpendicularly at the side of the carriage.

Owen shouted "Hold him up"! and Stock, dropping a lamp and a hat box he was carrying immediately placed his hands under Mr. Wagstaff's armpits to assist him in gaining a footing, but after the train had proceeded about the length of two carriages he slipped again, and the weight of his body seemed to cause him to fall heavily on to the kerb, so that Stock was obliged to release his hold for his own safety. Deceased dropped down between two carriages and when the train had gone he was found lying curled up, with his coat covering his face, between the rear rail and the platform wall, his head towards Sandy.

There was not the slightest sign of life, but the stationmaster, after stopping another down train that was approaching, sent for Mr. Stevens and had the deceased carried to the ladies waiting room, where P.S. Bransom took charge of the body.

Mr. Stevens arrived in about ten minutes, and, having satisfied himself that life was extinct, found two severe lacerated wounds on the scalp, fractures of the left arm, the ribs on both sides and the right clavicle; compound comminuted fracture of both inferior extremities, and other injuries, accounting for instantaneous death.

Both Mr. Madden and Mr. Owen had showed red lights to the driver, who, not having seen them, did not stop the train, which was not one of those having communication between the guard and the driver. These being all the facts elicited, the jury found a verdict of "Accidental Death". The occurrence has occasioned considerable pain, as the deceased was so well known in the district.

*(Accident Wednesday 2nd. Inquest Thursday 3rd - Friday 4th.
Full local paper report Saturday 5th December)*

*Oh! Could but long drawn out legal ramblings of today emulate
- even slightly - the efficiency of bygone years!*

Keith Lawrence.

A similar report was carried in the Bedfordshire Mercury, followed a week later with a report on his funeral, opening thus:-

On Thursday, the 10th inst, the mortal remains of Mr James Wagstaff (Whose melancholy death was reported in our last impression) were deposited in their last resting place, in Potton Churchyard. A large concourse of people assembled to pay a tribute of respect to one who, by a life of great usefulness, had earned the admiration of all with whom he came into contact. The deceased, who was 66 years of age, was born at Potton and went to London at an early age.

Potton and District Working Men's Club

My first experience with what is now called the Potton and District Club and Institute Limited was in the years 1942/3 when I was aged 16/17 years old.

I don't think legally anyone under the age of eighteen should have been allowed in the Club but I presume that the rules had been relaxed whilst the War was on. Most lads of my age belonged to various organisations, ie. Air Training Corps, Sea Cadets, Army Cadets in readiness to getting called up for the real thing and in those days most of us didn't, or were not allowed by our parents to, go into Public Houses. The only place (slightly illegal) where we could go for relaxation was the Billiard Hall in Sun Street, which was also a confectionery shop run by a character and his wife. He was always known as "Boss" Coppen and he tried to keep us youngsters in order, not an easy task. There was just one billiard table, so there was always someone waiting to play. Towards the end of the evening, someone would always suggest playing skittles on the table. I don't remember much about this game except that it involved gambling and poor old "Boss" always used to get into a state worrying if the police should visit and close him down.

It was the unspoken tradition when you reached a certain age you left Coppens and found yourself visiting the Club in Royston Street for your game of billiards (snooker wasn't the game then). I don't remember ever actually joining the Club or paying any membership fees, but there again I suppose the War being on, rules were relaxed somewhat.

The Club was a long wooden building situated in Royston Street, where the Senior Citizens' bungalows are now. Again there was only one billiard table but there was the added attraction of a licensed bar where, illegally (again), you could get a drink under age. Most of the members were getting on in years, veterans of the First World War, but everyone seemed welcome and there was a

real friendly atmosphere reigning in the building. I can't recall the steward at that time although the records I have show that in 1942/3 it was an F Hutchinson and later on R Walker. I see, again from the records, that no ladies were allowed in the Club at that time.

In 1944 I was called up for the Army so for the next four years my visits to the Club were very limited and rare. When I was demobbed I joined as a member and apart from a few years when I was working long hours at Kempston, I have been associated with the Club ever since.

I had been asked many times about the origin of the Club, but I could get no real concrete evidence when it started. I had so many conflicting reports and it was only when I became Secretary last year and found that we had most of the Minute Books that I decided to investigate further. There were some books missing but when I spoke to a former Secretary two more were in his possession and he let me have them with the result that I now have the complete records from 1930 to the present day.

I was also handed a document which was an Indenture dated 7th November 1929 between THE UNITED SERVICES FUND and THE POTTON AND DISTRICT UNITED SERVICE FUND CLUB LTD. The Trustees of the latter are quoted as Henry Tysoe, Market Square, Potton, William Carter, Royston Street and Charles Pestell, Brook End. It states among other legal technicalities that the Society is a Club founded for the purpose of promoting the social welfare of ex-servicemen. The Fund agreed to make a grant of £101.10s.1p to the Society.

Ken Lawson 2006

More of Ken's memories of life in Potton can be found in his book "A Pottonian Remembers", priced £2, available at our meetings or from the PHS secretary (Please add £1 for p&ep).

My First Trip to Helions Bumpstead

My sister Merle and I set off on Saturday 2nd November 1985 for our first visit to where our ancestors lived in Helions Bumpstead in Essex. The sun shone in a clear blue sky but there was a chill in the light breeze that contrasted with the warmth inside my old car. Leaving Blunham we drove via Sutton ford to Ashwell and on to Royston, a very pleasant drive indeed with very little traffic, giving us time to look around at the colourful hues of autumn. The beaters and guns were playing out their rouse and shoot sport as they combed through a stubble field that we passed on the way.

We followed the B1039 road out of Royston, up the hill and out into the rolling countryside. The road continued its twisting and undulating course through the unfolding landscape. Ahead we saw a splash of yellow, bright and glowing, which seemed out of place in the mainly barren fields; it looked like a field of oil seed rape, more suited to spring than autumn. I'm sure this was a field of mustard soon to be ploughed in as green manure. A short distance from this field was another, much larger in size, set out in rectangular sections and in each section a tractor and plough. Various other vehicles were gathered on the headlands and along the farm track. Dotted around were groups of people viewing the 'Ploughing Contest' that was just starting. We paused for a brief moment to watch and then we were on our way again.

Between the villages of Barley and Great Chishill, on the top of a rise by the side of the road, stands a grand old restored Post Mill. We pulled into the small car park and got out to take a closer look and some snaps of the old mill that had been working in the days of our ancestors. On our way to Saffron Walden we passed through a quaint little village called Wendens Ambo. There was one short lane leading up to the church, with picturesque cottages on the left of the lane. We stopped again for a couple of snaps. We drove through Saffron Walden which was very busy, so we headed for Haverhill, via Steeple Bumpstead, where we felt sure that we would find a

suitable restaurant in this old market town and that would leave us the afternoon to spend in the village of Helions Bumpstead.

In Haverhill we didn't have too much of a problem finding a parking spot near the Market Place. We set off for the High Street, where we found a Photographic Shop to buy another roll of film. The small shop was extremely busy, with hardly any room to move, flashes of light were visible through a partly open door and it seemed that most of the customers were waiting to have their passport photos taken. Could it be that they were all hoping to avail themselves of the £25 bargain offers of cheap holidays in the sun being dangled on a line by the tour operators? We didn't wait to find out, Merle purchased her film and we looked for a place to have our mid-day meal.

At 11.45 we were somewhat early and were prepared to have a drink whilst we waited but even so the barlady apologetically explained that they were having a problem with the pilot light on the stove and that a longer delay couldn't be avoided. So we ordered a vodka and lime for Merle and a cider for myself. The barlady took the glass to the vodka dispenser and found that the bottle was empty so off to the cellar she went to get another one. After a minute she returned and said "You won't believe this, but we've run out of vodka!" Merle looked at me, (You've heard of "The Pub with No Beer" but this was getting ridiculous). "O K, I'll have a coke instead" said Merle. Me! Well I did at least have a cider. Not very impressed and somewhat disillusioned we finished our drinks and walked out.

At the next place where we thought we would have a better chance of replenishing our needs was a self-service grill, so taking the plunge in we went. The place was small and there were about six people in front of us at the counter. Merle looked around the dining area and saw that there was only an odd seat here and there, it was obvious that when we got served we were going to find it a problem where to sit so we promptly left. We did peep inside

another pub but we found that so basic and untidy that I'm sure even lorry drivers would give it a miss.

We turned around and headed back towards the Market Place. We were beginning to despair when Merle spotted the 'Bull Inn'; the menu outside looked inviting so hopefully this time we were in luck. Keeping our fingers crossed we went inside, what a relief, the place was inviting, fresh and clean, in fact it looked as if it hadn't been long redecorated. So we went up to the bar and ordered plaice and chips for Merle, rump steak and chips for myself and two coffees. I also had a white wine with my meal, the helpings of which were most generous and we both agreed that it was worth the trek through the streets of Haverhill. Ha Ha, even the horseradish sauce was to my liking. Whow!

Refreshed and eager to be off on the last stage of our journey to Helions Bumpstead we settled our £5.35 bill at the bar - even that was value for money - then back in the car we were soon driving down the country lane to our ancestors' village. As we drove up the slight rise we could see the red brick structure of the church tower above the trees and the few houses lining the road, we were there at last.

Parking the car we gathered up our cameras and crossed the road, then up the inclined footpath to enter the churchyard. Auntie Bubbles had said that we would find the gravestones we were looking for just inside the gate. There was a grass bank but not one gravestone. We walked up the path to the church of St. Andrew's, taking snaps as we drew near. The red brick tower had its clock facing to the West and this was also to the centre of the village. The nave was full of flint and mortar with buttresses of stone and flint. The chancel was the oldest part of the church and the porch was of a roofed open construction, it's timber reused when the last renovations took place.

On reaching the porch we saw that another path led off in the opposite direction and there, at the end of the path near the gate, on the left-hand side and under the tree were the three stone crosses. The left hand cross was leaning over at a crazy angle against the tree trunk. These must be the ones that Auntie Bubbles told me about, so I hurriedly walked round to the other side to read the inscriptions on the facing side of the crosses. Yes! Baynes! They were just where my aunt said they would be.

The cross nearest to the gate was on the grave of Nellie Baynes. It has been said that she died of consumption. Realising she was dying she requested that she be buried just inside the church yard because she felt that she had had so little time to do good and so would only just get into heaven. Next to Nellie was her brother's grave, Frederick G W H Baynes. It is said that he, poor chap, was slighted in love and shot himself.

In loving
Remembrance
Of
Nellie Baynes
(Helena Emily)
Who died Feb 7th 1882
Aged 29 years
I heard the voice of Jesus say
Come unto me and rest

In
Memory of
Frederick G.W.H. Baynes
(George William Handcock)
Who died June 16th 1888
Aged 29 years

Their Father and Mother, Thomas and Martha Ann Baynes were in the grave next to Frederick.

In
Memory of
also of
Thomas Baynes
Who died Feb 3rd 1892
Aged 72 years
Trusting in the Lord
Martha Ann
his wife
Who died May 9th 1891
aged 71 years

Both Merle and I took several photos from different angles, and with the sun shining through the autumn leaves the setting felt very tranquil indeed. I had taken with me a couple of forget-me-not plants and I set those in front of Thomas and Martha's cross. The ground was hard and dry and I felt that they would not survive unless it rained. I had also brought with me a few pods of violet seeds and Merle scattered them along the outside of the church wall. Merle then went inside the church. I stayed outside to take another snap of the church, then followed Merle inside.

Merle was studying the visitors book and I set up my camera to take a photo or two of the interior. The inside of the church had been colour washed a nice light stone tint and the pulpit had a canopy over it. There was a notice board on the wall showing photos of the church before the renovations in the 1950s and a brief description of the church itself, indicating that the chancel was reckoned to be 400 years old.

I climbed up the ladder inside the tower to where the clock mechanism was, here could be heard the methodical clunk - clunk - clunk - clunk, as the large pendulum swung to and fro. I didn't go up any further to look at the bells, but passing through the floor above were the eight ropes with their red woollen grips neatly hanging on wall hooks - eight bells in a village church and they were in regular use. I bet they sounded good when the ringers peeled out their melodious tunes on a crisp, frosty morning.

Back down I went to look at the visitors book with Merle. There she had found that a visitor from the U.S.A. had signed the book, and what is more, that person by the name of Rudy lived in Baltimore, Maryland. Merle is going to look them up in the phone book when she gets home. We saw where Aunty Bubbles had signed earlier in the year and we also found that a person by the name of A. Murdock from Willington had also visited the church. So we added our names to the book, then with one more look round we went outside.

From the church we walked down the road to the crossroads and the small village green. There on the green stands a signpost with a wrought iron sign on top with the name 'Helions Bumpstead'. The village green takes its name from its Domesday owner, a Breton (from Brittany in France) called Tithell De Herion, way back in 1086. Up the road to the right and on the left-hand side we saw Moss's Farmhouse, just a short distance from the crossroads. Our granny, Nan Lawrence (Clara Jane Baynes), had lived in this farmhouse as a young girl.

Time was getting on so we returned to the car and headed back up that road to the Camps, and in Shudy Camps is a church where Clara Jane's mother used to play the organ on Sundays. Martha Maria Baynes would drive there by pony and trap. It is a distance of about two to three miles and in all weathers would need to wrap up warm. We walked round the church, which was still in use but in need of refurbishment (an unlikely possibility). We couldn't look inside because the door was locked, anyway by that time the sun was beginning to dip low in the sky so we decided to head for home.

About three miles as the crow flies from Helions Bumpstead is a village called Hempstead, which we passed through on our way home - not much in that you may say - except that the notorious Highway man, Dick Turpin, was born there in 1705, the son of an alehouse keeper. Later he was apprenticed to a butcher. From there he went on to cattle stealing, smuggling, highwayman and horse stealing before he was finally hanged near York in 1739. Just think, Thomas and Martha Baynes's grandparents, (provided they lived in that area then) would have been aware of his notorious deeds as they happened and may even have had a drink in his Dad's alehouse.

It had been a most interesting day with the sun shining all the time and even now we were blessed with a beautiful sunset. This made a pleasant view as we approached Great Chishill so we stopped to snap its silhouette. It was nice driving towards the setting

sun and as the red orb slipped below the surface the promise of a cold night made its ominous presence known.

On the way home we called in to see Uncle Alec and Auntie Bubbles. Over tea we talked about our trip to visit our ancestors graves and the area where they had lived. Bubbles' sister Joyce was there and she added a tale of her own about when she was 15 years old. She was most annoyed about something her mother had said to her and promptly told her to "Shut Up"! Grandad George - her dad - heard her and slapped her across the face, told her to apologise to her mother, then sent her straight to bed. Well, Joyce thought "I'm not taking that, I'll find a job and leave home." The very next day she heard of a kitchen maid's job in a Boys Home in Ashburton Road, Bedford, which was not too far away from where they lived in Cromwell Road, Queen's Park.

Off went Joyce to enquire about the job. She was shown where she would be required to work and told what her duties would be. "Do you think you could manage all that?" she was asked. Joyce replied that she was quite confident that she could. At that moment the cook came in with a large jam tart, but what a tart, it had a minute area in the middle where the jam was, it had a very wide pastry border that was cut deeply into strips and folded over to form a sunflower looking shape. "Was that for the kitchen staff?" Joyce enquired. "No, thats for the boys" was the reply. Joyce thought "If the boys get that much pastry, how much would the kitchen staff get"? Then she thought of her mum's luscious jam tarts - so she promptly turned the job down and went back home. We all laughed at that because it made Joyce more appreciative of her mum after that.

It was Bubbles turn after that, she told us about the day when her mum was a little girl in Helions Bumpstead. She was with her older sister Annie and they were helping to take the cows down the lane to the farm to be milked. It was a very hot day and thirsty work. "Jinks" said Annie, (Jinks was Clara's nickname) "Do you know

what I would do if you were dying of thirst"? Jinks said with a worried sound in her voice, "No, I don't. What would you do Annie?" Straight away and with authority Annie said "I would lie you down under the cow and squirt the milk into your mouth. I could, you know! I could!" That was another little gem from the past.

K.G.Lawrence

--oo0oo--

Home Cures

In the late 18th Century if you had a sore throat the treatment was likely to be a gargle made with a strong decoction of carrots which apparently quickly removes all inflammation and soreness.

In the 19th Century if you had Whooping Cough it was suggested you infuse two cloves of garlick in a quarter pint of rum for 24 hours, rub the back and soles of the feet for three or four successive nights at bed time and at the same time abstaining from all animal fat.

Around the same time if you suffered from chaps, irruptions and irritations of the skin, the cure seemed to have been Oxmarrow, simmered over the fire and then passed through a piece of white muslin into Gallipots, when cold rub parts affected. Note - one marrow bone will fill three small pots.

And finally for acute Rheumatism it was suggested one took one quarter pound of saltpetre, pounded fine as sand, put into a quart of vinegar, simmer in a pan close to the fire until the nitre is dissolved and then bottle. Rub the part affected therewith twice a day, with the hand, till quite dry. It has with many persons been never known to fail.

Thank goodness for our modern pills and potions.

Jean McClennan

