

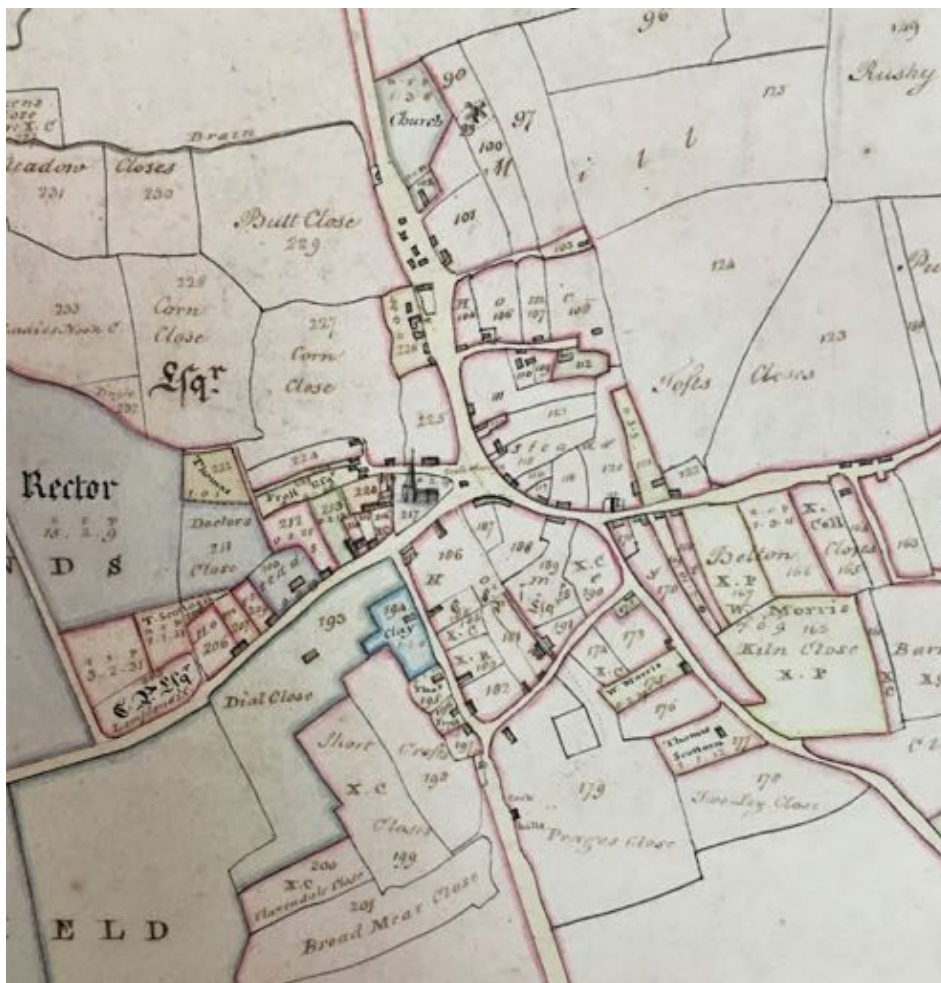


# Cotgrave and District U3A

## Keeping in Touch 14

### Some Cotgrave Maps

Maps are fascinating aren't they – I can spend hours poring over one - and we have quite a number available which show the development of Cotgrave from the quiet rural village which it undoubtedly was for several centuries to the lively township that we know today (at least, that is, before the virus came along!). I thought, therefore, that I might amuse you this week by having a brief look at some of them and pointing out one or two details of interest. They have, of course, been very helpful to the History Group's research into Cotgrave's past, as presented on the website to which we have made reference in earlier Letters. (On a technical point, I might say that, if you have a 'zoom' facility available, it will help considerably in bringing out the detail.)



The first examples of such maps (so far as I know) were drawn up for the Manvers family at the time of the Cotgrave Enclosure Act in 1791. These are held in the University of Nottingham Archives and I have been able to take several photographs but the one I show today represents a tiny fraction of the whole. These maps were prepared with the specific intent of showing land ownership (most of which land belonged to the Manvers family, themselves!) so is dominated by the names of 'closes' and of landowners.

Notice, for instance, Tofts Closes, Corn Close, Broad Mear, all of which exist in today's street names (with a minor change of spelling, in the latter case). Note, too, the large-scale 'C. P. Esq (alongside Plumtree Road)'? Which referred to 'Charles Pierrepont', the first Earl Manvers, also the 'Rector' who was given some 550 acres of land in exchange for the old tythe system by which he had previously been rewarded. The old windmill is still very much operative on Mill Hill and next to it is a reminder that some few acres were given to the Churchwardens for the upkeep of All Saints Church. Notice that the church is shown in all its glory, complete with tower and spire. Notice, too, that at the bottom of Mill Hill on the road leading out of the village, is a cluster of houses in the middle of the road. These were remnants of 'houses on the waste', poor dwellings with no associated land. Yet another detail concerns the fact that Lionella Clay is shown as owner of the bit of green land, numbered 194, on the west side of Scrimshire Lane, including the house in which I now live! This was originally part of the two hundred odd acres owned by the Scrimshire family who were sort of Lords of the Manor until they sold up and departed Cotgrave in 1745. What is more, their moderately 'grand' house is also shown on the map, in Dial Close, a little below and to the left of the number 193. It must have been a ruin by then but was still seen as being important enough to be included. Finally, it is worth noting the peculiar shape of the pentagon of roads which defines the centre of the village – Main Road, Candleby Lane, Risegate, Scrimshire Lane and Plumtree Road. One feature of Enclosure was to define roads and specify their dimensions, etc, so, as we see, the layout of the village centre was defined then and has remained so to this day. It features on all the succeeding maps.



Ordnance Survey (OS) maps began life during the mid-1800s and we have a map of Cotgrave dated 1889 which shows a number of new features (hardly surprising when one recognises it to be just a century later than our earlier map!). I have chosen to present a section of it roughly corresponding to the earlier map. The windmill is now 'disused' and there are two 'Methodist Chapels' to accompany the Anglican Church. Methodism came to Cotgrave round about 1800, the first chapel being built in Chapel Yard in 1818 but 1850 saw a doctrinal split which resulted in the building of a rival chapel close to All Saints Church, thus accounting for the two chapels.

There is now a large and rather grand Rectory to house the rather grand Rector (those 550 acres certainly made a difference!) on Rectory Lane (though Rectory Lane itself doesn't exist at the time of this map). The Church School in Plumtree Road had quite recently been built (1863) and it was now a fact that education was taken seriously enough to merit its inclusion in such maps. There were two smithies, also important in an agricultural community, and two pubs – but here we see an interesting distinction. The Rose and Crown, near the foot of Mill Lane is described as 'P.H.', whereas the Manvers Arms is simply listed as 'Inn'. In other words, the Manvers saw itself as being a small hotel, while the Rose and Crown (also, by the way, functioning as a Saddlery) was clearly the socially inferior of the two! Another interesting feature is the listing of a Post Office (P.O.) in the same building as is our present Post Office. Finally, we draw attention to the scattering of P.s over the map. I think these represent water pumps – there was no piped water to homes in those days; you had to go and fetch it from the nearest pump. It was, at least, an improvement on dipping your bucket in a stream!



That's enough for today – next week we'll look at one or two more recent maps of Cotgrave and spot one or two new features, like the arrival of the coal mine and the corresponding housing development.

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### **Negative Thoughts**

Chris Soar always has something interesting to say and the following is no exception:

Sheriff walks into the saloon, goes to the bar and says to the Bartender "Have you seen the Brown Paper Cowboy round here?"

Bartender replies "Dunno Sheriff. What's he look like?"

"Well, he wears brown paper trousers and chaps, brown paper shirt and westkit, and a brown paper stetson".

"Nope. I ain't seen nobody like that, Sheriff. What d'yah want him fer?"

"Rustling!"

Now, before you groan and say "I fell out of my pram laughing at that", it's that it probably didn't register (why should it?), that the Bartender uses a double negative. We are so used to double negatives these days, particularly in American films and popular song lyrics, that we hardly notice them any more – unless of course your children or grandchildren use one!

The thing is, I remember the first time I heard one. It was 1956, when I heard Elvis Presley sing "You ain't nothing but a hound dog!" As a boy, it was very strange language to me, and yet when I, for a joke, sang "You're nothing but a hound dog" or "You aren't anything but a hound dog", it just didn't seem right.

American expressions are so very common these days, but, in American Rock 'n' Roll and Blues songs in the 50s, many new (to us) words appeared.



Anyway, the point of all this is that as I tend to listen to song lyrics and notice bad grammar (if it fits in, that's poetic licence, I suppose), and, in 1972, I was delighted to hear my first (and only) **triple** negative. It was in a song by a group called (ironically) America, called Horse with No Name. The phrase, in the chorus, was "In the desert, you can remember your name, for there **ain't no-one** for to give you **no** pain"!

Great! I thought it was fantastic – a triple negative. This can never be surpassed.

**It was!** In a song recorded by Candi Staton, in 1976, called Young Hearts Run Free, there is a phrase "Young hearts, run free, **don't** be **no** fool, when **nobody don't** love you!" - a quadruple negative!

Wow! Sheer brilliance in the bad grammar stakes, and I love it!

Don't you find that fascinating?..... er, a little bit interesting?..... oh, right then, I'd better go.....

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### Real Ale Group

The Real Ale Group (or, at least, part of the Group, met again on Zoom and I can't resist the temptation to show us in all our cheerful 'dissipance', this being the Zoom record put together by Peter Cadwallader. I make no further comment, except to say that we shall be delighted to publish similar records of any other Group activity which might have defied the constraints of lockdown.



## Luncheon Group

### A review of the Cotgrave U3A Luncheon Club 18th June 2020 - From their Roving Reporter, Mrs. M. Miggins

It was suggested by our Organising Committee that a new experience might be a good idea in this time of "Lock Down, Bear Up and Keep Smiling"! The plan was mooted and accepted by participating members. A Wood-fired Pizza with side salad and a glass or two of wine would make a great meal with minimum preparation and even less washing up!



The "Wood Fired Pizza Co" were visiting Cotgrave and Newton on Thursday 18th June - ideal locations for U3A members. Orders had to be sent by 4pm on the day - you were given a time slot to collect order, to comply with social distancing guidelines, and the pizza of your choice would be ready at that time. The choices were varied from a plain Margarita to the full works, with every conceivable meat and vegetable you could think of as a topping. Extras included garlic bread and salad.

As the day grew nearer, the weather worsened, and the plan for a few of us to gather in a garden and enjoy the evening sunshine, became a distinct non-starter. The

night before had produced thunder and lightening worthy of an apocalypse and many local roads were flooded. However, such are the vagaries of the English summer, that by 5pm, the roads were dry, the skies had cleared and it was all systems "GO" for the actual Pizza fest! The table was laid, the wine was poured (or in Mrs. Miggins case, the tea was brewed) and Lo! and behold, as if by magic, the pizzas were brought by a very attractive young delivery lady driving an even more attractive Sporty Audi!

The pizzas were of the thin crust variety and measured 12" across in old money, so for those of us in the party who are trying to maintain a semblance of Slimming World guidelines, half a pizza each, with plenty of a delicious salad provided by our Hostess, was more than ample. The other diners went the whole hog with the full 12" served with various toppings and at the end, all the plates were empty and everyone declared the meal an outstanding success.

For entertainment, there was music by the choir of Messrs blackbirds, robins and blue tits, plus a backdrop of stunning cloud formations varying from dark grey through blue to white. Warmth was provided by the sun and a comic turn thrown in for good measure by the local Constabulary who drove down the lane at 70mph, blue light flashing, to enquire about a digger parked unconventionally in the middle of the road! Said digger had been in road with signs round it for a week whilst carrying out work of a sewage nature. As crime is reportedly on the decrease during these strange times, Mrs. Miggins thinks the case of the mis-parked digger must feature highly in their list of Priority Call-Outs!

In summary then, our Roving Reporter, Mrs. Miggins took a straw poll (handy as we were next door to a stable!) of the 5 people at the Pizza fest who all declared the meal, the venue and the entertainment a resounding success and one worth repeating, with the proviso that the attractive delivery lady and music can be made available at the next Venue, wherever and when ever that may be!

Stay safe, bear up and keep smiling.



## Molly Essays 6

Our prolific six-year-old, Molly continues to entertain us, this being her sixth short essay – always something to look forward to. Thanks to Sue Hillyard, once again.

Yesterday was eksiting. Nana came to see us becos shes not got a coff and she gave us all a big cuddle and sum cake. she brort a new jumper and sum trowsers for my teddyted. She had made them from sum wull and sum needels but there wernt any needels sticking out of them so i put them on him and he liked them.

Then mummy sed ok you two Nana is going to help you with your skoolwerk today. Nana sed we shud play Blind mans buff first becos we like it so we did.

i love Nana because she plays with us A LOT and i mean A LOT. Then we played at catching a ball and I won then we had chips and egg and yogert and sum stroberris then we did the skoolwerk.

Nana sed we are going to do sum poems. She sed can you tell me two things you can eat that rime. Peter sed pees and chees. Then she sed can you tell me two parts of your body that rime. I said toes and nose and Peter sed thum and bum and we all laffed even Nana laffed she thort it was funny. I heard mummy say Peter in a loud voys from the sitting room.

Then Nana put her glasses on and got serius and sed you two need to praktis your spellings. these are two of the words i have to praktis. She rote them on a list like this

SAID - this means sed but I dont no why it is spelt funny.

SOME - this is sum but the real sum means adding up.

I dont get it but now i will spell them rite from now on.

Then she asked us to do ~~sum~~ some colouring and she had a cup of tea with mummy. Then she said im going home now but i want you to do ~~sum~~ some homework. She said I want you both to rite a poem and if you can try to put in something you can eat or part of the body and i will read your poems when i come back next week.

This is my poem.

Nana has grown wiskers on her chin

I wish they wud all just go back in.

I think she will like it.

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## Art Group

Carol Harris has kindly sent us the following three paintings – for which, many thanks.



## Creative Writing Group

This week we have a contribution from Chris Tomblin which keeps up the excellent quality we have come to expect from the Group. Thanks, Chris.

### The house

I was dropped off at the stable yard on one of those glorious warm early summer days. The type of day where the sun feels like a soft light blanket with a gentle breeze lapping occasionally at your hair and limbs like a kiss. The cloudless sky was the colour of old Wedgwood pottery with the occasional white trail from an aeroplane high in the sky.

I waved to the people across the yard and decided which way I would go to the house. I had three choices but, in the end, as I knew I would, I chose the way that I always went as it was my favourite. I headed through the gate at the back of the stables and onto the sheep track which meandered its way down to the house. To both sides of the path were swathes of bluebells as far as the eye could see with trees of varying ages and sizes dotted about creating a scene that brought back childhood memories of a bluebell wood.

It was still and quiet with just the birds singing and an almost imperceptible hum from the nearest main road that younger ears with perfect hearing would be able to hear more clearly no doubt. I continued along the path and rounding the corner I was met by a sight that always made me stop in surprise. It was the house, which looked as if it was growing out of the slope on which it was built undulating down clinging to the natural outlines of the land until it came to a stop at the bottom where the ground levelled out. It was called a cottage although much larger and more substantial than the humble small cottage of the imagination and was made from the very rocks and stones that were a feature of the landscape it had been built upon more than a century before. The huge chimney at the upper end of the cottage facing the path dominated the scene and was the work of an artist.

As I carried on my downward path towards the house I noticed the wild bilberry bushes lining the path but my eyes and attention were on the stunning rhododendrons to the right and beyond until they petered out at the entrance to the woods. What a magnificent sight, every type and colour you could imagine and I knew there were even more that I couldn't see at the other side of the cottage bordering the tennis courts and path which climbed back to the stables.





As I came down the path, I eventually came to the solid oak front door of the cottage, but I made my way around the side to the kitchen door. Inside, the kitchen although empty now showed signs of recent activity. It was an old-fashioned kitchen made in the fifties and not changed since. An old deal kitchen table which had been recovered with Formica stood in the centre with a couple of tea mugs that contained dregs of tea and a still warm teapot in the middle. There were also pamphlets and papers scattered about and even some knitting abandoned mid row. I carried the mugs over to the small kitchen window that overlooked the front of the cottage and the garden beyond and checked my watch. Yes, just enough time so I crossed over to the door that lead into the dining room and listened there for a moment with ear against it before I entered the empty room.

I could hear voices coming from the room above and just then the grandfather clock struck the hour. This room had originally been the kitchen to the cottage and was a large room with high ceilings and beams and walls that were painted white as was the style of the cottage. The large solid front door opened into this room.

A huge table made from one solid piece of oak was set in the middle with six ash ladder back chairs arranged round it and a copy of Mrs Beeton's household management book was open at the recipe for pound cake. There was a fireplace in the corner and to the side an oak dresser. I sat for a moment in the window seat enjoying the calm and peace and listening to the quietly reassuring ticking of the grandfather clock from across the room. Outside the window next to it I could see the bird table and the various birds pecking at the seeds and nuts that were refilled each day and on the windowsill itself was the book of British Birds open and ready to identify the visitors.

Just then I could hear movements and voices getting louder from upstairs as they approached the top of the stairs that lead down into the dining room and as I didn't want to be caught I swiftly crossed the room to the steps that lead into the sitting room.

This room was long and low with a bright sunny sitting area at one end which had a deep window seat with an oak leg table and cane chairs informally arranged. At the other end was a cosy area in front of the inglenook fireplace which had a small stone jutting out shelf and on it stood a collection of pipes and a large old-fashioned cigarette lighter. To the left stood a small light oak desk with an old fashioned Underwood typewriter and papers upon it to the side and to the right of the fireplace was the end wall of the house which was built into the solid rock. This wall became damp so the oak bookcase adjacent was placed slightly away for protection. On the same wall was a small spiral staircase that lead up to the main bedroom and to the bedrooms beyond.

Somebody had been playing the old wind up gramophone so before I left the room I replaced the record in its sleeve then made my way quickly back through the dining room and kitchen and then through the kitchen door and followed the path round to the front door. I sat quietly on the wooden bench that faced the cottage and pondered for a while. I looked up at the steep roof tiled with Swithland slate in 1939 after a fire had destroyed the original thatched roof. I could see the window of the small room on the second floor where all the furniture had been destroyed but how lucky that they had been able to save the rest and more importantly no one had been injured and the cottage was able to be restored.

I checked my watch and I noticed a couple of figures wandering along the sheep path and two more coming down the drive to the far right stopping every now and again to point out plants of interest. As they reached the front door of the cottage three more people came round the side of the house. I stood up and beckoned them over to where I was standing.

‘Good afternoon’ I said ‘welcome to Stoneywell, my name is Chris and I will be taking you on your tour today’

#### Postscript

Stoneywell is so much more than a house and garden to look around. It is a story that spans one hundred and twenty years and three generations of a family, the engineering Gimson family of Leicester and their connection to the Arts and Crafts movement and the people connected to that from William Morris, Sydney and Ernest Barnsley and their children and even Bedales school and Arthur Ransome. The house itself was designed and built in 1899 by Ernest Gimson who was described ‘as the greatest English furniture designer and architect’ for his older brother Sydney and his wife Jeannie as a summer residence and it remained in the Gimson family until it was sold to the National Trust by the last owner Donald Gimson in 2012 and opened to the public for the first time at the end of 2014. Detmar Blow was in charge of the building works. Although some alterations have been carried out over the years the house remains on its original footprint and that is why the National Trust were so desperate to raise the money to buy it for the nation.

It is also where the author volunteers in more normal times.

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#### **Puzzle Corner**

I struggled with Peter’s ‘Disease’ puzzle. I wonder how many of you could decipher them all?

As I appear to be very difficult, I think an extra week may help together with the answer for question one. So we will give you all the answers next week, but for the time being the answer to question one is “black death”.

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## The Sky at Night

Finally, I offer a personal contribution. I should explain that my study, where this Weekly Letter is constructed, is our third bedroom, which gives me an elevated outlook towards All Saints Church and, in particular, allowed me to take the attached photograph of the church spire at sunset.

Interestingly, my camera and my eyes differed considerably in the amount of red light they perceived in the sky but



the dark outline of the churchyard trees provides an excellent surround to the aspiring spire. It shows just why, at the end of the fourteenth century, the church fathers chose to extend their recently built tower by adding the pointed spire. Was it simply to the glory of God or, maybe, to add to the visibility of Cotgrave church? A bit of both, perhaps?

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Stay alert and keep well,

See you next week,

John

P.S. We would like to send our best wishes to Anna & Brian Franks in their new home. They are moving out of the area, and have sent the email on the following page. Thank you Anna and Brian for all the efforts you have put into running the Groups that you have lead.



From Anna and Brian Franks

The day has come at last and, as you read this newsletter, we and our cat, accompanied by a huge furniture van, should be on our way to Macclesfield.

We had hoped to visit a number of friends in the U3A to say goodbye, but time and the heat defeated us. We have had a marvellous time in Cotgrave. Your welcome was second to none. We wish the U3A every success. It isn't goodbye, as we have booked to go on the Riviera trip to France in April 2021.

Our new address will be 92 Rugby Drive, Macclesfield SK10 2JF. Please keep in touch and look us up if you are ever in Cheshire. We are sure to be back on visits.

And no, I didn't know what a polyptoton was. Does anyone remember this old song, sung by Bobby Darin? Here is the first verse.

Who takes care of the caretaker's daughter  
While the caretaker's busy taking care?  
Careful  
Gee oh gosh oh gee  
That's really what worries me  
I see

I know the caretaker  
He must take care  
While he's taking care  
She's alone somewhere  
But who takes care of the caretaker's daughter  
While the caretaker's busy taking care?

Warm wishes to all of you, Anna and Brian