

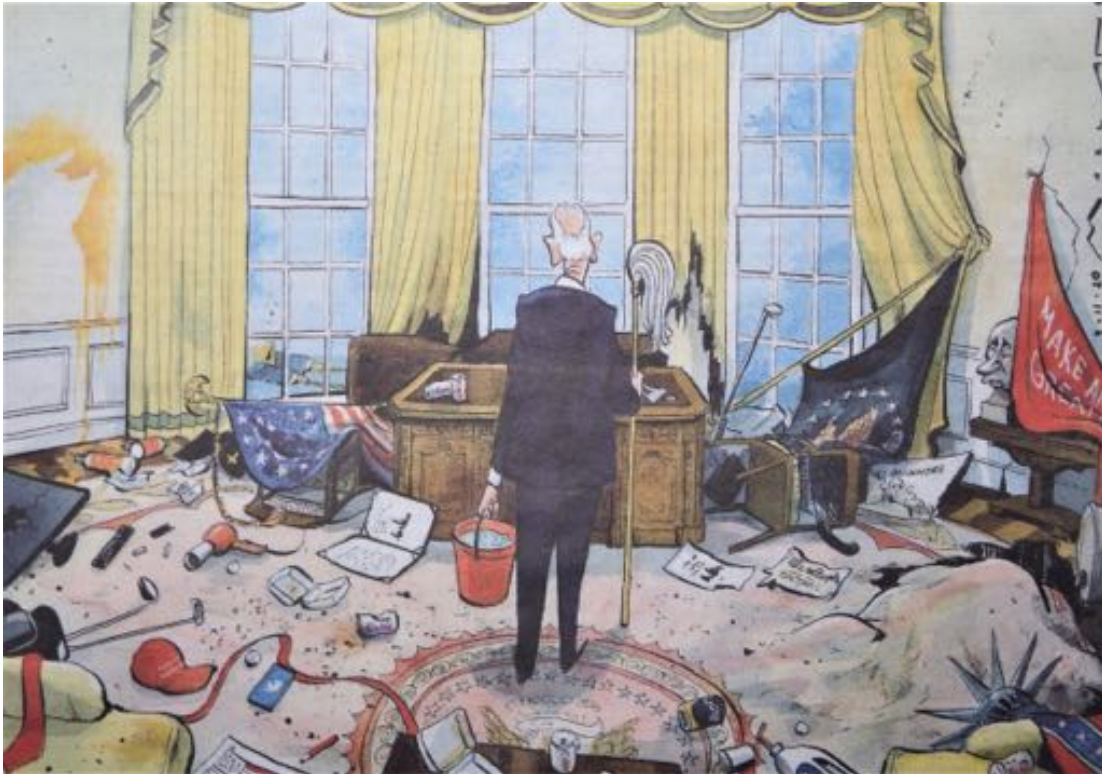


Cotgrave and District U3A

Keeping in Touch 34

Times Cartoon

I don't always appreciate The Times cartoon but this one really appeals. I hope you enjoy it.



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Whisky Galore

We have noted on several occasions the advent of English wines and their ability to challenge the hegemony of their French rivals. Having lived in Sussex for many years, I have been aware of these developments for some time but I was taken very much by surprise the other day when I learned that there is now a flourishing English Whisky business, too and this may be one thing we can actually thank Donald Trump for. In his somewhat random attempts to ‘Make America Great Again’, he clamped a 25% import duty on Scotch and Irish Whiskeys, so as to favour American Bourbon production. In that, it may well have been successful but it has also stimulated the export of English Whisky (which is not subject to the duty!) to the USA. I, personally, had no idea that such a thing even existed but there are at least two well-established distilleries, one in Norfolk, where there is a suitably peaty soil and the other (illustrated) in the Lake District. This latter, known as the Penderyn distillery, was founded in 2014, just about long enough ago that it can offer a moderately matured ‘single malt’, though its Norfolk rival, founded in 2006 can already sell you a ‘ten year old’. And, to make sure that I don’t offend my good friend Michael O’Connor, I should point out that the Penderyn distillery is actually owned by the Welch Whisky Company, so the enterprise is clearly a Great British adventure, after all! Perhaps we should be chanting: ”Let’s Make Britain Great Again” – why not!



Perceptive readers will have noticed the spelling of ‘whisky’ with and without an ‘e’. I should emphasise that this is not yet another John Orton error – there really are two spellings. With the ‘e’ seems to be appropriate in the USA and in Ireland, while the alternative is common in the United Kingdom.

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Cotgrave Place II

Continuing our occasional exploration of Cotgrave's history, this week we shall extend our study of Cotgrave Place. You will remember that, a couple of weeks ago, we looked at the Burgess/Stubbins family – Robert Burgess lived at Cotgrave Place from about 1808 to his death in 1846 and farmed the land around it (nearly 200 acres) on behalf of Earl Manvers. Then, in the 1851 Census we find a new resident, Charles John Hill, who describes his occupation as that of a Magistrate, the farm being run by Edward Browne, son of the then Rector of Cotgrave, John Henry Browne (Cotgrave's longest serving Rector). However, in the 1861 Census Charles now describes himself as a 'Farmer of 430 acres' (note the considerable increase in size – presumably, he took over responsibility for another large tranche of Earl Manvers' land). He also describes himself as a retired Lt. Colonel. By this time, he was in his sixties, some fifteen years or more older than his wife, Lady Frances Charlotte Arabella Hill (nee Lumley). They were obviously well-off, having eight live-in servants at both Census Returns.

Neither of them had any local connections, such as had the Burgess/Stubbins family – Charles came from Westbury-on-Trim, near Bristol and Lady Frances from Tickhill Castle, near Doncaster. In fact, they were married at Tickhill in 1836, when she was twenty-two and he was about forty (his birth date seems to be a bit uncertain!). They had four children, all born at Tickhill, before moving to Cotgrave round about 1846 (following Robert Burgess's death). We know little more about Charles but it is interesting to discover something of Lady Frances' background.

Firstly, a brief mention of Tickhill is in order. The Castle dates back to Norman times but, in 1362, it became part of the Duchy of Lancaster, under the ownership of the Crown. In the seventeenth century the tenants were known as Hansby. They supported King Charles during the Civil War but their castle was taken by the Parliamentarians and (as frequently happened) its defences were destroyed. The house, itself, was remodelled in the eighteenth century and, since then, it has been rented out by the Duchy. The Lumleys were presumably their tenants during the nineteenth century.



Secondly, and of much greater interest, Lady Frances' father was Frederick Lumley-Savile (1788-1837), while her mother rejoiced in the name Charlotte Mary de la Poer Beresford (1790-1851). They lived at Tickhill, where Lady Frances was born. She had the surname Lumley because her father was born 'Lumley' and only added the 'Savile' bit (by Act of Parliament) in 1834 – this, as we shall see in a moment, seems to have been a practice of aristocratic families! Why should he do it? Well, the answer to that question requires a certain amount of background information, so bear with me and I will try to make all clear.

It is important to understand that the Lumley family were well established in the ranks of English Peers under the title Earls of Scarbrough (note that the Yorkshire resort has changed its name to Scarborough, but it's still the same place). The title was created in 1690 for Richard Lumley, best known for being one of the 'Immortal Seven' who invited William-and-Mary of Orange to become King-and-Queen of England, in preference to the Catholic James II. The Earldom passed to Richard's eldest son Richard (would you believe?), then to his younger brother Thomas Lumley. Thomas made his name, as it were, by adding the additional surname 'Saunderson' in 1723, when he inherited the estate of his cousin James Saunderson. Following this sleight of nomenclature, the 4th, 5th and 6th Earls were all called 'Lumley-Saunderson'. However, the seventh Earl broke the sequence by changing his name to Lumley-Savile, when, in 1797, he inherited the considerable Savile estates in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire (this latter referring to Rufford Abbey where the Saviles owned a large house, now demolished). The title passed to his son John Lumley-Savile, the eighth Earl, who never married. Though he was credited (?) with five 'love-children', none of them could inherit the Scarbrough title, so, in 1856, it passed to the next-of-kin, one Richard George Lumley, who happened to be the younger brother of our Lady Frances Charlotte Arabella! These Lumleys were not in the main line of descent from the original Earls but represented (as it were) a parallel side-shoot – to be precise, Richard was first cousin, once removed of the eighth Earl.

Now that all that is crystal clear, we can understand that Lady Frances was a Lady of some importance – never mind that her husband, Charles was (relatively speaking) a comparative non-entity – merely a farmer of 430 acres! Not only was she the sister of the ninth Earl, she was also the Aunt of the tenth Earl, Alfred Frederick George Beresford Lumley (the 'Beresford' bit coming from her mother, of course). However, there is still one interesting unanswered question – why should Lady Frances' father choose to add the name 'Savile' to his Lumley surname? Could it have been because he saw the way the inheritance wind was blowing and wished to align his branch of the Lumley family with that of the Earls, who were now known as Lumley-Saviles? He made the change, as we have seen, in 1834, some twenty-two years before the title actually accrued to his son, Richard but he may well have been hedging his bets! We may never know. But the final irony is that his children (including Richard, ninth Earl) made no use of the Savile addition – they all remained just plain 'Lumley' and, right up to today, the Earls of Scarbrough are still known as Lumleys!

Two further points of interest are worth recording. Firstly, the eighth Earl, John Lumley-Savile served as MP for Nottinghamshire, later Nottinghamshire North. He also served as Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire. This must have followed from his family's acquisition of the Savile estate at Rufford. Secondly, John Lumley-Savile, illegitimate son of the eighth Earl was an important diplomat and was created Baron Savile of Rufford in the County of Nottingham in 1888. His nephew, who rejoiced in the name John Savile Lumley-Savile succeeded to the title. This caricature, which appeared in 'Vanity Fair' is well worth a laugh but how accurate it might be is anyone's guess.



All this seems to have led us a long way from Cotgrave Place but perhaps it serves to widen our horizons – I hope so, anyway! In time-honoured fashion we can sum it all up with an apposite limerick (or two!):

Lady Frances's rather long name
Was *too* long for limerick fame.
And then there was Charlotte
Which was rather a far lot.
Arabella was somewhat the same.

But her surname was Lumley alone,
Which probably helped to atone.
She lived at Tickhill,
Where she married Charles Hill,
And then she made Cotgrave her own.

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The Art Group

This week we are having a celebration of dogs! Don Whitaker makes something of an art of painting and drawing dogs and he's clearly very good at it but he doesn't have it all to himself, witness the lovely pair of dogs painted by Desna Haskell. This featured in an earlier (much earlier!) Weekly Letter but it's so good, there's every reason to show it again.



The Art Group – more dogs



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Quiz Corner

I trust that you all were able to solve the 'Codeword' puzzle from last week. Anyway, here is the solution.

Codeword No 4109

	¹ B		²² M		²² M		²³ D		²¹ C		²⁶ A	
¹⁹ P	⁵ E	²⁰ R	⁶ O	¹¹ X	¹⁵ I	²³ D	⁵ E		²⁶ A	¹⁵ I	²³ D	⁵ E
	²⁶ A		²² D		²⁵ S		²⁰ R		²¹ T		¹⁸ J	
⁹ Q	²⁴ U	⁶ O	¹⁵ I	² T	²⁵ S		¹⁷ V	²⁶ A	²¹ C	²⁴ U	²⁴ U	²² M
			²⁵ S		¹⁵ I				¹⁶ H		² T	
¹ B	⁵ E	⁵ E	¹⁶ H	¹⁵ I	¹⁷ V	⁵ E		¹⁴ Y	¹⁰ W	²⁶ A	¹⁴ Y	
	¹⁴ Y				⁵ E		⁸ K				¹² N	
²⁵ S	⁵ E	¹⁵ I	¹³ Z	⁵ E		¹ B	⁵ E	² T	²⁶ R	⁶ O	² T	¹⁶ H
	²⁵ S		¹⁵ I				¹⁴ Y		⁵ E			
²¹ C	¹⁵ I	²⁶ R	²⁰ R	²⁴ U	²⁵ S		¹⁶ H	²⁴ U	¹² N	³ G	²⁰ R	¹⁴ Y
	³ G		²¹ C		²² N		⁶ O		⁶ O		⁶ O	
²⁵ S	¹⁶ H	⁶ O	⁶ O		²⁴ U	¹² N	⁷ L	²⁶ A	¹⁰ W	⁴ F	²⁴ U	⁷ L
	² T		¹² N		³ G		⁵ E		¹² N		² T	

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¹ B	² T	³ G	⁴ F	⁵ E	⁶ O	⁷ L	⁸ K	⁹ Q	¹⁰ W	¹¹ X	¹² N	¹³ Z
¹⁴ Y	¹⁵ I	¹⁶ H	¹⁷ V	¹⁸ J	¹⁹ P	²⁰ R	²¹ C	²² M	²³ D	²⁴ U	²⁵ S	²⁶ A

The Ejector Seat

Readers will remember that, a few weeks ago, we heard from Jim Benn about a jet aircraft called 'The Jet Provost'. He also offered to give us an insider's account of the ejector seat, so I have taken him at his word and asked him for it – here it is. Thanks again to Jim. He's also provided a short account of his background, which we are happy to add. Jim and his wife, June are fairly new to Cotgrave so we should take the opportunity to welcome them to the Cotgrave and District U3A Branch – sadly, it has to be on-line for the moment but we look forward to meeting them in due course.

Ejector Seats

I recently wrote a piece for you about the Jet Provost we have been seeing around here. I mentioned that the aircraft is fitted with ejector seats and I wondered if you would like to know a bit more about them. They are marvellous pieces of equipment. First a bit of history.

During the Second World War pilots of aircraft that were shot down or went wrong could often bale out and use their parachutes. Many did. However, with the advent of jet aircraft at the end of and after the war pilots found they were simply unable to get out because of the slipstream. So a method needed to be devised to help them. "Assisted Escape" as it is known. The company that came to be synonymous with ejector seats was Martin Baker Aircraft Co Ltd, a British Company.

So how do they work? I will describe the Mk 10 seat fitted to the Hawk (the Red Arrows aircraft) because that is the one I know best.

As the pilot flies along, strapped into his aircraft, he has a loop of material between his legs, just behind the stick. This, highly visible in black and yellow stripes, is the ejection seat handle. If he is in serious trouble he pulls the handle hard. Everything else happens automatically.



The first thing that happens is an explosive charge in a tube behind the seat fires and the seat starts to move. As the seat moves up the mounting rail, it triggers a physical mechanism which fires a "Miniature Detonating Cord" (MDC), as it is known, which shatters the canopy into pieces sufficiently small that they won't hurt the pilot or seat. If you look closely at a photograph of one of the Red Arrows aircraft you can see this MDC.

The seat continues to accelerate out of the aircraft. Meanwhile a "Personal Equipment Connector" (PEC) between the seat and the aircraft disconnects the pilot's radio and intercom connection and disconnects the oxygen supply. The aircraft radio is automatically tuned to send out a distress signal. This might just help the emergency services find him.

Now a cord underneath the seat unwinds and, when it is taut, fires a rocket pack on the base of the seat. This ensures that the pilot and seat not only comes out of the aircraft but also misses the aircraft's fin. (It also provides a 'zero zero' capability whereby the pilot can successfully escape and land under a fully developed parachute if the aircraft is static on the ground). By now the seat, with pilot attached, is probably tumbling end over end so a little parachute, about 18" square is deployed to stabilize the seat as it flies through the air. It's called a drogue.

What happens next depends on how high the pilot was when he ejected. If the seat is over 10,000 ft. everything stops. When the PEC disconnected it automatically connected the pilot to a small oxygen supply which will sustain him or her as the seat whizzes down. When 10,000 ft. is reached the air is thick enough to breathe. The seat then falls away (its job is done) and the main parachute is automatically opened.

Dangling below is the seat cushion that the pilot was sitting on. It contains the life raft and some emergency supplies. The pilot lands and is hopefully safe. There is an emergency beacon on the pilot's vest called a SARBE which will summon help.

The Hawk also has a 'Command Ejection' system, whereby the rear seat occupant – the instructor in the training role – with the system selected, will pull his ejection handle firing his seat. The front seat will then also fire immediately afterwards without any input required by the occupant.

“But hay”, I hear you say. Isn't this thing incredibly dangerous, with explosives and rockets and the like? Well, yes it is, but... Most of the dangerous bits of the seat are fired by “sears”. The firing pin is fitted to a loop and the loop is lifted and the dropped by a bit of metal shaped like a fishtail. The fishtail has a hole drilled on it and, on the ground; a safety pin is fitted through the hole. It really is just a large safety pin!

Ground crew and engineers have to make sure the safety pins are fitted. I used to clear aircraft for flight and “check the safety pins” is totally ingrained. Of course the pilot must make sure the safety pins are out before he starts up and they are stored in a special block right in front of the pilot.

After he has ejected, the pilot is required to go to hospital for a check-up. What has happened is very violent and it was not uncommon for ejectees to have spinal damage and be 2” shorter after using the early models of seat. The later seats with the zero-zero rocket pack provide a smoother acceleration with a reduced level of injury. The pilot is, of course, alive and the alternative is too horrible to contemplate.

Ejector seats are incredibly reliable. The very first seats simply ejected the pilot from the aircraft leaving him to undo his straps and then pull the parachute rip cord. The Hawk seat is totally automatic but it has no electrics or electronics, it is all done by clockwork mechanisms and gas pressure with the pilot only required to initiate the ejection sequence. After doing so he will be hanging under a parachute in about 1½ seconds, which is quite an amazing feat. The latest standard of seat fitted to the RAF's new F35 STOL aircraft however is capable of automatically ejecting the pilot if the aircraft detects a problem during hovering flight as the aircraft would otherwise go out of control before the pilot could realise and pull the handle. Cutting edge automation.

As of the time of writing 7634 lives have been saved worldwide by Martin Baker ejector seats.

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Jim Benn

For my pains I seem to have become your friendly neighbourhood engineer!! So I thought you ought to know a bit about me.

I was always going to become an engineer: my dad was one, my granddad was one and Meccano was my favourite toy. But what branch of engineering? In 1951 my dad moved to Farnborough (of air show fame) and aviation entered my soul.

I took an apprenticeship to The Royal Aircraft Establishment and worked, more or less my entire career, in the aircraft industry (but always working for the government, The Ministry of Defence). That's me!

Jim Benn C Eng M.I.Mech. E



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Creative Writing Group

This week's contribution is from Chris Tomblin on the subject of Halloween. It takes us from Jim's down-to-earth topic of some technical seriousness to Halloween flights of fancy – though they both have an arial perspective. Thanks, Chris.

Saving Halloween

Wendy was sat in front of the roaring fire with her feet up on the coffee table. It was a cold and damp day in late October. She had just put her magazine down to pop a chocolate into her mouth when her sister Winnie flew into the room looking all hot and bothered.

'What's the matter Winnie?' she asked.

'It's nearly Halloween' she said flopping down on the sofa next to her ' and absolutely nothing is going right. 'Wendy looked at her sister who was busy helping herself to one of her chocolates.

'Are the children making lanterns?' She asked.

'Shortage of pumpkins' answered Winnie.

'Getting their costumes ready?' asked Wendy.

'Sort of' said Winnie.

'Tricks being practised and treats prepared?'



This made Wendy sit up in alarm.

‘Not happen’ she repeated.

‘Oh where have you been Wendy it’s this Covid thing! The children can’t go trick or treating.. They are not allowed to knock on doors or even set foot in other people’s gardens. Hardly anybody has been able to make lanterns. Halloween has almost been cancelled. The children are upset, they’ve had no real fun since all this started.’

‘We have to do something but what’ she wailed.

‘Right’ said Wendy’ there’s only one thing for it. We’ll have to step in”.

“We can’t “wailed Winnie” We’re retired witches. I’ve forgotten all my spells. I used to be so good at Halloween but we’ve not had to do anything for years. The children and their parents can usually manage on their own.”

At that Wendy pulled herself up to her full height as Winnie watched in fascination her body stretching upwards until she had stretched so far she collided with the ceiling.

“Winnie” she said” we have to do it, those children need a Halloween to remember. It’s even more important this year, come on we can’t waste any time” She flew out of the room and straight up the stairs to the attic with Winnie following obediently. Their black cat Sybil raised one eyebrow from her position in front of the fire and went promptly back to her rather satisfying dream of chasing bats.. Over the next few days Wendy and Winnie were very busy, they studied their books of spells and witchcraft and practised morning and night. They dusted down their brooms and tried on their black dresses. Winnie hunted high and low until she found the trunk that contained their hats and Wendy remembered a spell that made their noses grow long with a very satisfactory wart on the end.

“Right we’re ready” exclaimed Wendy late on the afternoon of the 31st October when it was just starting to get dark

“Come on Sybil let’s go” she said to the cat snoozing away in front of the fire. Sybil the black cat had hardly stirred from her favourite spot in front of the warm fire during all the activity. She reluctantly opened one eye to see Wendy dressed in her witches finery sat on her broomstick and behind her Winnie on hers. .

“ Come on up Sybil” said Wendy and she patted the broomstick in front of her.

“Come girl” she commanded briskly. No way thought Sybil it’s cold out there and she edged a bit closer to the fire but before she knew what was happening Wendy clicked her finger and she felt herself being whisked through the air and plonked unceremoniously on the broomstick where she clung on for dear life. Wendy cackled.

“You’ve not lost it Wendy” said Winnie admiringly from her broomstick behind as they soared up and around the sky looking for signs of Halloween in their village. There were one or two lanterns in windows and they could see sad little faces looking out of those windows but not much was happening on the streets.

Come on let’s have some fun” shouted Wendy as with a click of her fingers she placed lit pumpkin lanterns on every door step until the streets were alive with grinning pumpkin faces.



That brought everybody running to their front doors and the two witches swooped down in turn and clicked their fingers until every child was dressed in the most wonderful Halloween outfits before sticking out their tongues and cackling manically then soaring into the sky again in a blaze of twinkling lights that seemed to be trailing behind their broomstick. Sybil hung on for dear life but soon even she started to enjoy herself as she got used to riding on the broomstick again. Winnie clicked her fingers at every tree and dancing skeletons appeared. Not to be outdone Wendy clicked hers and bats with ghoulish grins swooped and soared before settling on the gables and eaves of the houses chirping and screeching loudly.

When every child was in their garden the two witches swooped down again with toffee apples and candy floss and magic games and fireworks and soon the children were happy and playing and shouting to each other in their gardens.

For their finale Wendy and Winnie clicked their fingers once more as they swooped and soared through the sky on their broomsticks showering the gardens with treats. Happy Halloween they cackled as they flew high into the sky above the village and then home.

‘Happy Halloween and thank you ‘ shouted the children as their parents took them inside to bed.

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That’s it for another week. Look after yourselves,

John

