



Cotgrave and District U3A

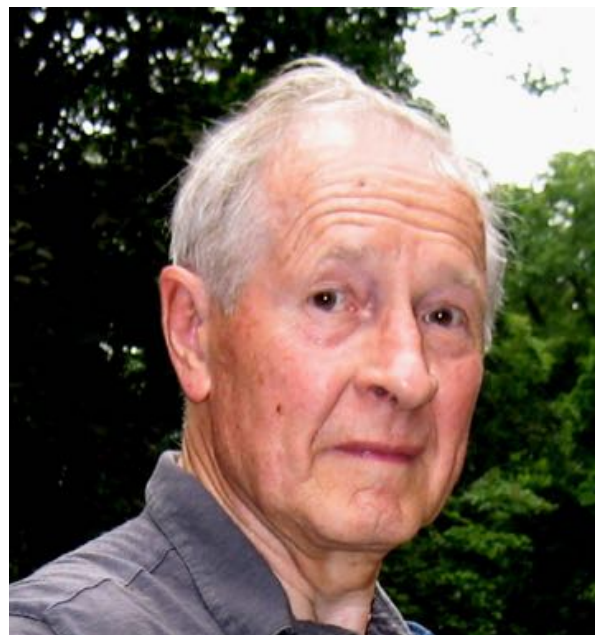
Keeping in Touch 50

Who thought we would get to

50



*That's editions of
the Weekly Letter,
not the age of the
Editor.*



We have to thank John Haskell for this celebratory introduction to our fiftieth Weekly Letter. Indeed, we have to thank John for the presentation of all our Weekly Letters. His computer skills make all the difference to what would, otherwise, be a rather mundane offering.

I can't help feeling that this photograph of me has a rather whimsical, unbelieving sort of look about it, which only goes to make it more suitable for the occasion. Had either of us known that we would be obliged to edit and construct fifty editions of the Weekly Letter, I suspect we might never have volunteered in the first place! However, this is no place to blow trumpets – what I would like to do, though, is say a big thank you to all those members who have submitted articles, quizzes, comments, creative writings and art works which have made the Letter what it is, an expression of collective determination to see this Covid well and truly 'off'. Our heartfelt thanks to you all. I think we can all give ourselves a collective pat on the back for reaching out half-century but don't ease up just yet – we surely have another several weeks to go before our U3A activities can start to recover their normal practice and we can finally lay our Letter writing to rest in favour of the much more enjoyable verbal intercourse.

And, with that, on with this week's topics.

Wharfedale

Knowing that I was born and brought up in Yorkshire, it will not surprise readers to learn that I have a deep love of the Yorkshire Dales and, in particular, of Wharfedale. I hope, therefore, that I

may be forgiven for 'going on' a little about it. To the best of my recollection, I first visited Wharfedale as a result of my attraction to my future wife, Joyce. My parents never owned a car, so they certainly were not responsible – it was Joyce's father who took me to the caravan which he owned at a tiny place called Appletreewick (the locals call it 'Apptwick'). There was a delightful small stream which ran close to it and a challenging climb to the top of a local peak known as Simon's Seat. The real challenge was to do the climb before breakfast! And, boy, did you enjoy breakfast when you'd done it! I have many recollections of Appletreewick, one being the occasion when I was called upon to help the local farmer's wife relieve a cow of its none-too-willing calf! Another was when my father-in-law-to-be took me fishing – at night – in freezing cold – and, of course, we caught nothing!



Appletreewick, itself, is famous for one of its poorer sons, Simon Craven, who made good in the City of London at the beginning of the 17th century. He joined the Merchant Tailors Company, worked his way up and eventually owned it! They supplied all the fabric for the funeral of Queen Elizabeth I. Having been made Sheriff and Lord Mayor of London, he returned to his home village and restored the High Hall, a grand Tudor residence. Not surprisingly, the local pub is known as the Craven Arms, which sports a Cruck barn for special celebrations. 'Craven' is also the name of a major District in North Yorkshire, based on the market town of Skipton – however, the name is NOT based on that of Simon Craven but has a much earlier genesis. There you go – it is so very easy to make unwarranted assumptions!

This early introduction to Wharfedale must have influenced me to some extent in developing my love of hill walking, which, while living in Sussex, meant the much less demanding North and South Downs Ways but, when we came to live in Cotgrave, I found that I could manage to drive from home to Kettlewell, walk all day and still get home in time for a late supper. My favourite day out led me up to Buckden Pike, where there is a memorial to the Polish crew of a Lancaster bomber in which they crashed to their deaths during the second World War – they were only on a training flight but got lost in a dense fog – I know well how dense it can be! Then down to Buckden, where Joyce and I have often stayed in the Buck Inn, and along the river Wharfe to Hubberholme and lunch at the George Inn. The toilets were outside, across the back yard and were labelled Tupps and Ewes but the pub itself was cosy and welcoming. I remember it, particularly, as the place where I made acquaintance with my favourite ‘single malt’ Scotch whisky. The weather was wet and it was cold - and I was, too, when I arrived to enjoy a pint of Landlord (or was it Old Peculiar?) and a hot snack. But the time then came when I was obliged to set out again on the second half of my freezing enterprise and I desperately needed something to sustain body and soul against the worst that the elements could throw against me. It was at the landlord’s suggestion that I tried a wee dram o’ Lagovulin (he even taught me how to pronounce it!) and I was smitten for life.



However, before setting myself against the soaking-wet wind, I had first to pay my respects to Hubberholme Church. St Michael and All Angels sits comfortably just over the bridge from the George, a lovely spot on a warm summer’s day but far from welcoming on this particular one. But, once inside, I could forget the rigours of the climb I was about to face and enjoy the ever-welcoming warmth which never disappoints. St Michaels has an atmosphere like no other church I know. It dates from the time of the Norman invasion and has the rugged nature only to be

expected from its location near the head of the Dale, far from almost anywhere! It is remarkable for its original rood loft (one of only two in Yorkshire) and is furnished throughout with ‘Mouseman’ oak pews, constructed in the Kilburn workshop of Robert Thompson (we, ourselves, are the proud owners of a small octagonal table and a cheeseboard, each carved with the regulation mouse). The writer J B Priestley is buried in the churchyard. I have become so attached to the place that I subscribe to the Church Magazine and enjoy reading it each month, even when I cannot make the physical journey.

The temptation to linger overcome, I proceeded a little further up the river to Yockenthwaite (lovely name), before tackling the climb to Horsehead Pass and dropping down into Littondale and following the river Skirfare to Arncliffe. All that was then required was a final climb to 1600 ft, before tumbling thankfully down to Kettlewell and a cup of tea, before facing the two-and-a-half hour drive back to Cotgrave. Altogether, it was a wonderful day out, even on a day such as I have just described, secure in the knowledge that one had climbed a total of about 5000 ft. and walked a distance of some sixteen miles. I can only *think* about it today!

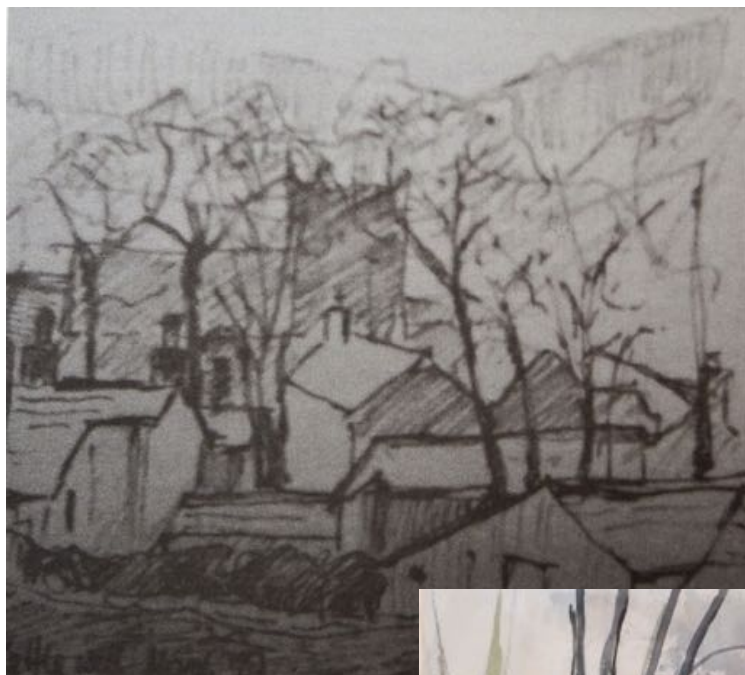
Thinking about it reminds me of the time I ‘did’ the Yorkshire Three Peaks – Pen-y-ghent, Wharfedale and Ingleborough, each well over 2000 ft. It was an annual ‘Philips Challenge’ competition, Philips being the company for whom I worked for some thirty years and walked for a fair fraction of that! In other words, it was a race and the honour of the Research Laboratory was at stake, so the group of us set off at a challenging pace. Starting from Horton-in-Ribblesdale, we very soon reached and ‘conquered’ Pen-y-ghent, then there was a long trek until we reached Wharfedale, pausing for a few seconds to admire the impressive Ribbleshead viaduct, which carries the Settle-to-Carlisle railway over the widespread peat bogs which characterise this area. Having ‘done’ Wharfedale, we began the ascent of Ingleborough, at which point I collapsed!



Only then did I realise that I was in desperate need of fluid intake and there was no alternative to taking a long drink and a short rest. Five minutes later I was fully recovered and able to complete the walk but I was, of course, five minutes behind my colleagues, so my time no longer counted in the overall listings. It was a frustrating experience at the time but a lesson well learned.

Glancing back over this account, tells me that I may have left you with the impression that walking in the Yorkshire Dales was fraught with hardship. Of course it wasn't! Tiring it often was but never less than enjoyable. The sight of sheep-filled hillsides, defined by those wonderful drystone walls and dotted about with ancient barns, together with magnificent views over moorland and mountain peak, allied to the pleasure of a descent into a tiny limestone village tucked away in a corner of the dale never failed to please and, as I hinted earlier, the pubs were always a delight. I remember too the occasion when (near Yockenthwaite, as it happens) I had the pleasure of handling a tiny, new-born lamb. It had no fear whatsoever and seemed to enjoy the experience every bit as much as I did, though I'm not so sure that its mum felt quite so happy about it all!

Needless to say, the Dales form the subject of a great deal of artistic endeavour and I can't resist the temptation to show you one or two examples. The village is Kettlewell, the winding lane is near Malham and the barns could be anywhere! I think they are near Buckden.



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Cotgrave Place – the Truth!

I have to admit to a seriously inadequate account of Cotgrave Place's recent history but we are fortunate to have Chris Soar, who lives on the site, to put it to rights. Thanks Chris.

Cotgrave Place (20th century) – by Chris Soar

Just when you thought it was safe to open the Newsletter with an absence of articles on Cotgrave Place, think again! It's back!

John's series on the history of Cotgrave Place with its wealth of information on its notable inhabitants left my mind doing some serious things in the way of boggling at the diligence and time he must have spent in his research – especially the "side trips".

However, his last article was headed "Cotgrave Place – the end" which of course it isn't/wasn't.

When I asked him about this he said that he had been interested only in the aristocratic and notable persons living there. That's fair, but the commoners are also interesting, and in his haste to close that chapter, and get on to other topics he made another little error – he said that in 1988 it was sold to European golf LLC and that they developed it into a golf course. Wrong!

Okay, here we go!

I hold some of the deeds and documents of Cotgrave Place, and the earliest document I have is an Abstract of Title commencing with an Indenture of Settlement of June 1876, although this refers therein to an earlier Indenture of Settlement of November 1811, called the "First Settlement".

Now, of course, settlements were universal with landowning families. It was a way of keeping all their land for the benefit of family and descendants and involved non-family, but respectable, Trustees being appointed from time to time (as they died off!) to run the estates.

Anyway, so far as the local Manvers estates were concerned, that all ended with the famous auction sale of 1941, of which many of the older inhabitants and historians of Cotgrave will be aware. At this auction there were many lots for sale, but the majority were in and around Cotgrave, and Lot 19 was Cotgrave Place.

I am now repeating some of the information included in John's last chapter:



Completion of the sale of Cotgrave Place (the date of the Conveyance) was 9 February 1942 and the property was sold to Robert Oswald Smith for £12500. He then transferred it by way of Deed of Gift, to his wife Marion in August 1946.

Oswald must have needed some cash because in November 1950 he borrowed, and Marion, as Surety, mortgaged the property as security for, £5000, from a Mrs Mabel Dilkes (“married

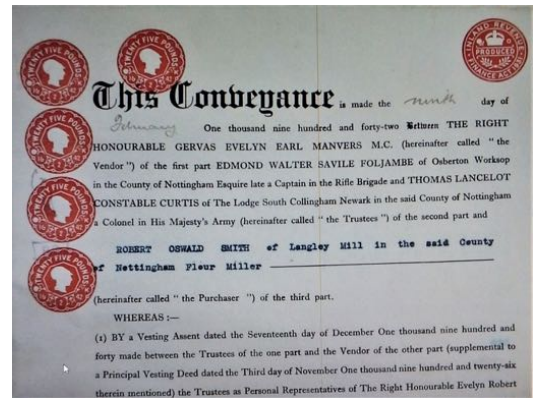
woman”) who lived in Park Avenue, Ilkeston. In June 1953 Marion Smith sold Cotgrave Place to John Hubert James, for £12000, but subject to the mortgage to Mrs Dilkes (effectively making the sale price £17000).

John Hubert James was, of course, the then tenant of the farm, being the son of John James, who, as John O mentioned, was the tenant certainly by 1911. When he (John) died, the tenancy of the farm passed to John Hubert.

Now JHJ had two sisters, Frances Mary James (the invalid), and Annis Frances Griffin James (Yes. Annis, not Annie! Strange, eh?) - and where the Griffin came from, I don't know. (John O?!).

Frances had consumption (Tuberculosis, now) and spent much of her time in the warmer weather, in a green hut (summer house) outside the farmhouse which was on a circular rail so that it could be turned to face the sun. Regrettably, although there are photos of the hut (two attached), there isn't one of the rail. Hey ho!

None of the three James siblings married or had children.



WHEREAS :-

(1) BY a Vesting Assent dated the Seventeenth day of December One thousand nine hundred and forty-two between the Trustees of the one part and the Vendor of the other part (supplemental to a Principal Vesting Deed dated the Third day of November One thousand nine hundred and twenty-six therein mentioned) the Trustees as Personal Representatives of The Right Honourable Evelyn Robert

THE FIRST SCHEDULE above referred to.

ALL THAT messuage or farmhouse known as "Cotgrave Place" with all the outhouses buildings and farm belonging thereto and all those several closes and pieces of land belonging to or held with the said farm situate in the Parishes of Cotgrave and Holme Pierrepont both in the County of Nottingham containing together an area of 303.252 acres or thereabouts and now in the occupation of Messieurs J. and J. H. James and all which said premises closes and pieces of land are for the purpose of identification only more particularly delineated and edged pink on the plan hereto annexed and are thereon indicated by the numbers and contain the areas following :-

Number on Plan.	Description.	Area.
157D	House, etc.	3.519
158	Garden	.757
157G	Spinney	.243
157B	Spinney	.341
157A	Two Cottages	.628
159	Orchard	.498
157E	Road	.642
156, 141.	Drive to Cotgrave Road	.723
157	Drive	.680
150	Arable	9.173
152	Arable	5.395
151	Arable	11.742
154	Grass	10.052
153	Grass	6.355
261	Grass (Holme Pierrepont Parish)	5.788
152	Grass	5.333
163	Grass	5.810
160	Grass	7.846
161	Grass	4.295
164	Grass	12.168
1	Willows	.170
168	Arable	13.234
169	Willows	.950



I was told by someone who knew the family, that, at one time, they had 7 young women working for them, all of whom slept in the attic room on the 2nd floor. I presume that one or two of them looked after Frances until she died.

Cotgrave Place originally included 55 acres of land across the road and coextensive with it, but JHJ sold it on 21 June 1954 to the National Coal Board. He had previously (on 3 June 1949, for the sum of £185.15s) given the NCB a two-year license to sink a trial borehole in the corner of the land by the road and canal (see photo). The mortgage to Mrs Dilkes was finally discharged in November 1958.

Lastly, he sold a strip of land alongside the canal on 20 May 1967 to the British waterways board.

The farm was run in a traditional way, organically, I suppose, and in the 50s JHJ would ride into Radcliffe in a pony and trap. Part of that trap, the seat, was in one of the outbuildings in 1988, and, as seen in the photos, there were parts of other horse drawn vehicles on site.



Anyway, JHJ died on 11th July 1986, and the Trustees under his Will appointed an Agricultural Agent to manage the farm. Then, following Annis's death, on 3rd March 1988, they put Cotgrave Place on the market for sale by tender (sealed bids). The sale of Cotgrave Place was completed on 11th January 1989 to Cotgrave Place Ltd, a newly formed company owned jointly by John Clark.....and me!

To be continued.

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Religious Affairs

For a man obviously about to have his head chopped off, the Pope is looking remarkably composed!



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Scientific Affairs

Members will no doubt remember the short article in last week's edition concerned with the halo round the moon, which depended on light being refracted by ice crystals in the outer atmosphere. It is quite a coincidence that the following item should appear in The Times, the other day. It

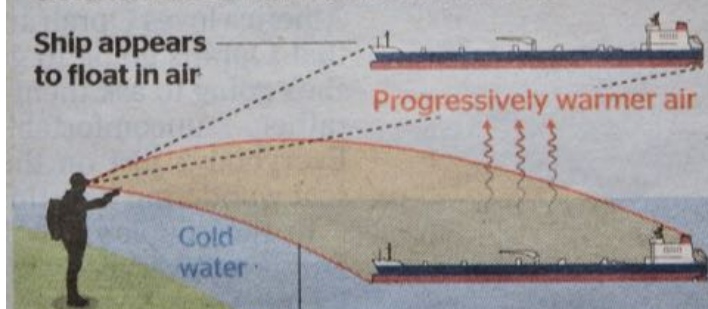


illustrates another odd effect of light refraction which occurs in very cold regions of the earth. The tanker appears to be floating way above the sea as a result of light being refracted by different layers of moist air. A layer of very cold air lies immediately above the sea's surface, with warmer air above (this being the opposite of 'normal' conditions) and this bends the light as shown in the diagram attached.

Trick of the light

1 Superior mirages are caused by temperature inversion, a weather condition where cold air lies close to the sea with warmer air above it

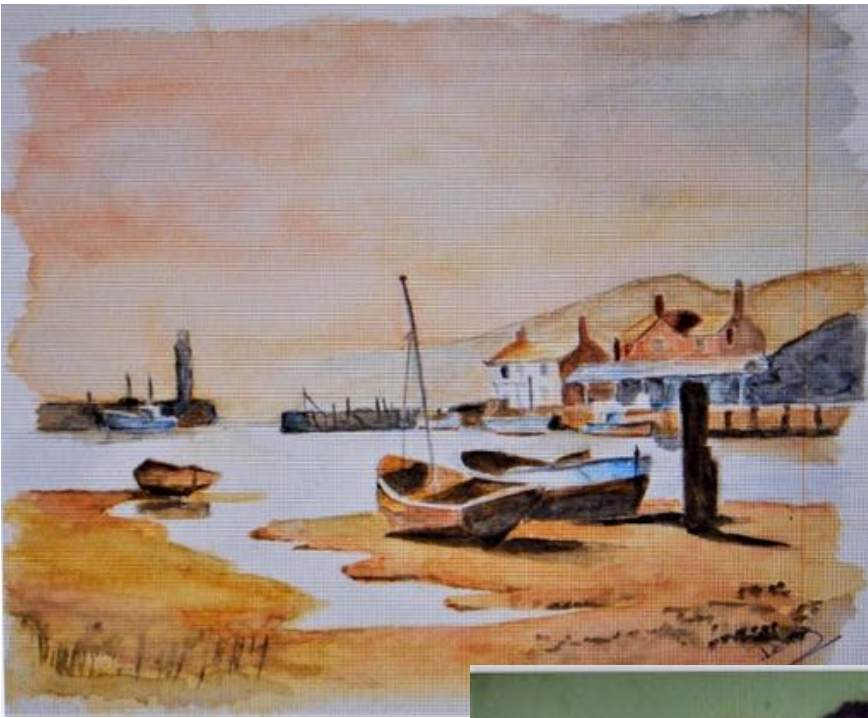
Ship appears to float in air



2 Since cold air is denser than warm air it bends the light off the ship downwards as it passes through, causing it to appear in a higher position than it really is

The Art Group

As ever, we are delighted to show further examples of the Art Group's work. The artists are Desna Haskell, Dorothy Albans and Mike Smith.





Mike has asked us to include a brief comment concerning his 'Snow Geese' painting:

“Seeing a snow goose in the UK is a rare pleasure; even rarer is a subspecies, the Lesser Snow Goose. Much rarer still is the Blue Snow Goose, which is a blue-grey leucistic mutant, as illustrated. Snow geese frequent Greenland, northern Canada, sub-arctic Scandinavia and north-west Russia. Flocks of Greylag, or Pink-Footed Geese can sometimes contain a solitary Snow Goose. In over fifty years of ‘birding’ I have only once seen a Snow Goose”.



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Quiz Corner

Firstly, we have the answers to last week's quiz from Judy Bullock.

Food	C	H	A	I	N	Letter
Oven	G	L	O	V	E	Puppet
Stark	N	A	K	E	D	Flame
Cricket	M	A	T	C	H	Point
Egg	W	H	I	T	E	Dwarf
Silver	P	L	A	T	E	Glass
Top	B	R	A	S	S	Band

The plant is :- HEATHER

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This week's quiz (sent in by Mike Seymour) consists of fifteen Nottinghamshire place names. The answers are in alphabetical order (A to H) and the number of letters is given in brackets.

1. Honey-maker's weight (7)
2. White Christmas off the bone (7)
3. Cattle drink (7)
4. Rabbit country (5)
5. Gone for a lady's name (6,5)
6. A racing cycle (7)
7. Cold deep water (8)
8. Burnt rise (10)
9. First bed to final bed (8)
10. Army landing (7)
11. Sun rises in potteries (4,5)
12. D H Lawrence country (8)
13. Pop star John's first name (5)
14. Batman and Robin's city (6)
15. Hello boy, colourful city grass (5,5)

Good luck.

(Answers next week)

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Creative Writing Group

Our ever-reliable Creative Writing Group have sent in the following (author Jim Odell). Thanks, once again.

A NIGHT OUT.

Notes made by P.C. Bill Ross. Jan. 1962.

I joined the police two years ago. When I joined, I expected the work to be varied but so far, it has been mainly dealing with traffic or traffic offences. Poor motorist.

Yesterday I worked a six till two early shift which should be followed by a rest day. I went to bed at eleven and slept well until the shrill tone of the telephone woke me. I glanced at the clock. It showed twelve midnight. I lifted the receiver and in my sleepest voice said, "allo". It was from the police station. The duty sergeant said, bluntly. "Ross? Get your body down here soonest! There is a report of a patient escaping from Broadmoor. The phone went dead. 'Oh joy'

I dressed hurriedly and cycled down to the station. The three chaps from my squad were there and two others. We were told only that the escapee was a murderer, description and dress. We all climbed into the van and the sergeant drove us to Crowthorne. As we neared the area, one could hear the mournful wail of the Broadmoor siren which warned the surrounding district of the danger.

We were driven to our respective points. I was dropped on a dark country lane at a junction. I watched the red lights of the van, on its way to the next point, disappear. A fog of loneliness descended. It was time to take stock. The escapee was a murderer. Did he kill one particular person or wasn't he fussy. Was he approachable, reasonable? In the short briefing, no one had asked, "what do we do if." Because the obvious answer would have been, "use your common sense."

I had my whistle, but no one would have heard it. I had a truncheon, equally useless and a torch. That was the last thing I would flash about. Surely by now, the patient would be halfway to London. I walked around the junction to keep warm. It wasn't too bad though, as I was wearing my topcoat. I was thinking that I must pass that sergeant's exam and get promoted. Or resign. Then the moon started to rise. I wasn't sure if this was a good thing or not. All around me the wildlife were moving about. One could hear owls hooting, foxes were screeching and other unknown animal noises.

After about an hour I saw headlights heading my way. 'Oh gawd, this joker doesn't drive, does he?' As it drew near and stopped at the junction, I saw that it was the police van. The sergeant handed me a hot cup of tea and a ham sandwich. He also gave me an updating of the briefing. He said, "Do you remember about four years ago a John Bellows, convicted of murder and sent to this place?" Well, he hasn't been seen since eleven thirty last night." Yes, I did remember. He killed his wife and boy in the garden and two nosey neighbours. No, he wasn't fussy, no, he was not reasonable, neither could you chat to him. I gave the cup back to the sergeant and he left to meet the others. Again, I watched the red lights disappear and felt very lonely.

I sat on the grass verge to eat the sandwich. Suddenly, I heard a rustling behind me. Hurriedly, I left that grass verge, crossed the lane and up the other verge to look back into the field that had been behind. There I saw a herd of hungry cows, having an early breakfast.

After about three quarters of hour again a set of headlights approached. 'Bless you sergeant I'd love another cup of tea. There was no tea this time. Bellows had been found in one of the many buildings inside of the hospital grounds. I climbed into the warm van. As I sat down courage start to flow through my veins again. All the chaps were picked up. There were some silly stories of imaginary personal acts of bravery.

At the station we were dismissed. I cycled back up the hill to my home. Within a very short space of time, I was back in a nice warm bed. I thought briefly of the night's event and the value of it but, as the sergeant said, and I'm sure he is right. "He also serves who only stands and waits." UM!

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For the fiftieth time, that's all for now.

Keep well apart and keep sending in your contributions.

John



P.S.

No matter what else we infer,
We must all of us surely concur
That fifty weeks old
(As I've often been told)
Is simply two less than one year.

John (Laureate) Orton