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COVER ILLUSTRATION

Bewy's or Sailor's Cross, Kings Weston.
Photographed by John Hunt in April 1989.

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CONTENTS

BOB and ANN EVERTON

An appreciation and retrospect

Edited by Philip Rahtz

Friends of Bob and Ann have contributed their personal reminiscences; they are brought together in the following pages.

Martin and Jennifer Bell:

Within a few weeks of moving to Bristol in 1980 it was our good fortune to be introduced to the Evertons at a conference in Oxford. Imagine the relief of young archaeologists, cast adrift from the geographical areas they knew, yet discovering kindred spirits happy to introduce them to the sites, personalities and problems of a new region. Bob's work on faunal remains and Ann's interest in early agriculture and settlement patterns meant that there was always plenty to discuss (apart from politics, children and gardening) when we were together. The Evertons were particularly attracted to sites with special scientific and faunal potential: we consider some of their most important work concerned the assemblages including extinct animals in Charterhouse Warren Cave and Hey Wood Cave, which helped to emphasise the potential of Mendip cave stratigraphies. One of their last projects was equally auspicious of future developments. They discovered evidence of Romano-British activity and earlier peat bands on the alluvium around Avonmouth. Further investigation of the potential which they demonstrated is now made urgent by current plans for a Severn barrage.

Bob was a medical doctor and this training equipped him very well to make a contribution to scientific archaeology. In this he followed in the footsteps locally of such great names as Arthur Bulleid and a number of prominent members of the University of Bristol Spelaeological Society, of which both Bob and Ann were active members.

Bob and Ann both died at a tragically young age. Ann coped in a remarkable way first with the loss of Bob and then with her final illness. We will always remember the last day we spent with Ann, by now very ill. She sat at Bream Down with her wheelchair perched on the scaffolding barrow run watching the excavations and asking Vic Hallett, who had brought her, questions about the site. That evening they stayed to supper with the digging team and Ann was still determined to take an interest in what was going on. That was the last of the happy days we spent in the field – a crash course in the archaeology of the Bristol area. Sometimes these days with Bob and Ann were disguised as Extra-Mural Field Classes and by some peculiar process of role reversal our mutual friend Bruce Levitan and ourselves were regarded as tutors (and even paid!), yet very often we probably learnt more from the class, and the Evertons in particular, than they from us.

It is important that the memory of Ann and Bob is perpetuated. Their early and quite sudden deaths prevented them from preparing all of their fieldwork for publication, to finish this task for them would be a most fitting memorial. It will not be an easy memorial to construct because it is always difficult to take on the publication of somebody else's work. Even so this is perhaps the most challeng-

ing and useful task which local archaeologists could set themselves over the next couple of years.

Ian Burrow:

I first met Ann and Bob when I was a callow undergraduate coming to one of my first archaeological excavations at Cadbury Congresbury in 1970. By then, they were already archaeological veterans of the M5 motorway and to me they seemed to epitomise the strengths of amateur archaeology at that time.

They were always good natured, good humoured and calm when some of those around them were less so. One of my main memories of the three seasons of Cadbury Congresbury that I was involved in was the annual 'line-up' for the anti-tetanus injections administered with gusto and speed by Bob. One favourite trick he had for people who hadn't had a tetanus injection before and did not know what was involved was to rush at them with a huge syringe as soon as they came into the caravan where the 'operation' was to be performed. Thus, they were filled with even greater dread and terror than they were already experiencing!

My contact with the Evertons was renewed in the mid-1970s when I was doing my doctoral research. In 1973 and 1974 I was doing fieldwork in Somerset looking at every single hillfort that I could find. Being an impoverished student, I was looking around for cheap, convenient, and comfortable accommodation and the Evertons offered it to me. It is not until you have a home of your own that you realise what an imposition it is to have someone quite outside it living with you for weeks on end. But that is what the Evertons put up with. In retrospect, I am filled with admiration for their tolerance and hospitality, and also their willingness to actually take me to some sites when my own car had broken down.

Their house was always a hive of activity. Photographs being developed; bone collections being sorted and left lying about on chairs; and of course, books occupying spaces everywhere. Not only that, but the house was a haven for strange cats as well as the post-graduate students. There was a great variety of these cats, some of which would not have survived in any other environment.

My lasting memory of the Evertons will be of people who not only had full and active lives in their own professions, but who developed very considerable archaeological skills and managed to combine those skills with a human touch.

Philip Rahtz:

Bob and Ann were archaeologists who represented the very best of non-professional archaeology in England. Their fieldwork was of a high standard, and their contribution to all periods of archaeology in the south-west considerable. Bob didn't have so much time to devote to excavation as Ann – she developed considerable excavation skills and also post-excavation report writing skills.

Apart from their involvement in fieldwork and archaeology in the Bristol region, each had a special skill: Bob's on physical anthropology and Ann's on flints. They both contributed major specialist reports to archaeological publications.

I first came into contact with them in the late 1960s when I became aware (through Peter Fowler) of their work at the high end of Ebbor. When Peter and I began work at Cadbury Congresbury, Bob became our medical officer, dishing out anti-tetanus and first-aid; and Ann became one of our site supervisors, taking charge of an area of the dig with considerable skill in digging and recording. She was in the process of writing this up for us at the time of her death. She had also completed the flint report for this site.

Bob meanwhile had become interested in our skeletons at Bordesley Abbey near Redditch. He contributed reports on them to the first monographs on that site, providing us with excellent data on physical characteristics and pathology. They paid several visits to the site to see the skeletons in position (Bob considered this very important) and to collect excavated and boxed skeletons.

I also had many contacts with them in my capacity as President of the Axbridge Society, and admired over many years their work in keeping the scholarly pursuits of this society in step with the more sporting caving aspects. Their work in the archaeology of Axbridge itself was fundamental in providing some data about its Saxon and medieval past.

In all my dealings with them as archaeologist and friend, I can never remember either of them being grumpy, bad-tempered, cross or downcast by the day-to-day difficulties of digs. They were unlucky to have so many problems in their own family life, and ill-health may have resulted from worry and overwork. They came to stay with us in York in 1983, and it was clear even then that Bob was not well; and though he tried to put a brave face on it, he was obviously worried and so was Ann. They were on that visit feeling that life was not being kind.

We shall all remember them as very helpful, charming and friendly colleagues and as two of the best non-professional archaeologists that the area has known.

Vince Russett:

It seems odd in a way that Ann won't read this tribute – for many years now, I have been used to thinking to myself 'Ah, that will interest Ann' (or similar) whenever some snippet of information has come my way. It is a measure of how much I owe to Bob and Ann that I do not think I will ever entirely lose this tendency. And not just owe in a training or academic sense; both were good friends and colleagues, and I certainly miss their helpfulness, knowledge and – yes, it must be said – scoffs! I do not want to be morbid or maudlin about Bob and Ann; I think we must all remember what they have achieved and what they have done, and not mourn overmuch for the might-have-dones; what Bob and Ann did and achieved in a few short years was more than a crowd of others would do in a lifetime.

I don't intend to list here, or attempt to assess, what Bob and Ann did in archaeology, but more to say a little about how I knew them, and what happened when I did.

A note in the members list of the Axbridge Caving Group and Archaeological Society in 1962 listed (for the first time) 'Dr and Mrs R. F. Everton'. It seems impossibly long ago. Bob and Ann must have been in their twenties; I was

at primary school in Weston, with two years to go until reaching my 11 plus examination. At the same time, Philip Rahtz was excavating at Cheddar Palaces; the excavations at Hay Wood cave were continuing (both digs asking for volunteers in the same newsletter that announced Bob and Ann's arrival); on the national scene, Harold MacMillan was Prime Minister; the Cuban missile crisis was about to happen; that's how long Bob and Ann had been with the Society.

All through the 60s, mentions of Bob (as Chairman of the Society) and Ann (later becoming Secretary) are frequent in the Newsletter.

At the very end of the decade, and the beginning of the 70s, both became far more involved in the archaeological side of the Society's activities, and the advent of 'motorway' archaeology as the M5 slashed its way through the innocence of both countryside and local archaeological societies seems to have been the stimulus that made both into something rather more than amateur archaeologists. Bob, when not excavating patiently, and with seemingly boundless stamina, would be working on bones from archaeological sites all over the area; Ann excavated, fieldwalked, studied flints, studied pottery, drew plans . . . in fact between them they covered most aspects of our subject. I know Ann always looked back on the motorway period with a certain nostalgia, and the hair-raising stories that the two of them told of dodging 50-ton grading machines, digging in rain, snow, burning sun, mud, dust and most of all, in great haste to rescue what could be saved in time, always sounded fascinating and almost heroic to me; I wanted *in*. Whether this was wise, knowing what I know now, I'm not so sure!

I met Ann, and then Bob, in 1980, when Joyce first introduced me to the Society. First impressions were mixed; I must say, I found Ann a bit intimidating at first, not least the way she seemed to know practically everything about archaeology! We soon became good friends, and I realised that Ann was a little shy, and perhaps even a little unsure in the presence of strangers, but always managed to cover up well. Bob was, of course, just Bob; unflappable, he formed a perfect foil to Ann, who was all energy.

We worked together on the excavation at 39/41 High Street, in Axbridge, and did a lot of fieldwork on the top of Mendip, generally travelling around in Bob's caravanette – others will have no doubt noticed that said vehicle always seemed to be full of food and drink, which was generally eaten while sheltering in the van from Mendip's appalling weather. I particularly remember that Westbury Beacon seemed to be an unlucky place to visit with the Evertons. On one occasion the three of us (and for some reason, Eric Boore's dog Murphy) were 'flinting' in some ploughed field near the Beacon, when it began to rain in torrents. We all scuttled for the shelter of the field wall, and when the worst of the rain had passed, ran for the van, which was only a short distance away. Piling in, we put the kettle on and made a cup of tea. As Bob leaned his head forward to drink, a stream of water ran off the brim of his hat, and straight into his cup of tea. While Ann and I rather unkindly shrieked with laughter, Bob's only comment was that he didn't like hot tea anyway, and then he laughed with us; very typical of the man.

Bob's death was a sad shock to all of us in the Society, but Ann seemed to cope well and not long afterwards, Ann and I were working together at ACCES.

Ann's energy there was boundless; she worked her way through 10,000 flints in the Marshfield material, classifying and measuring them all, as well as helping to direct rescue excavations on a Roman site at Rangeworthy in Northavon, and a medieval site at Tockington, near Thornbury. Ann was great fun to work with; always enthusiastic and helpful – the main problem was that when Ann and I were both working in the office, we used to talk so much that other people got upset!

When Ann left ACCES, she and I began work on writing up the Axbridge excavations, and made good progress until her illness became too severe to cope, but typically, she visited Peterborough with me to see Terry Pearson about Axbridge pottery in December 1984, although she must already have been in considerable discomfort. It was, I think, the last trip Ann made before her illness was diagnosed.

Outside of our mutual interests in archaeology and so on, Bob and Ann and myself had a lot in common. We all shared the same sense of the ridiculous, and the same (careful) enjoyment of the appalling powerful home-made wine that Bob used to make and which nobody but us would drink!

I shall always be glad that I knew the Evertons, but I find it difficult to say that I shall miss them, as in a funny sort of way, they still seem to be somewhere to hand. People like Bob and Ann can never be entirely forgotten.

Bob Williams (about Ann only):

Ann's contribution to local archaeology is immeasurable and fresh in the memory of her many friends. She belonged to many local societies including BAARG but was particularly attached to the Axbridge Society of which she was the long serving Secretary and latterly, Chairman. I have found memories of such trips on Mendip when the Evertons' caravanette was used as base for such activities as surveying old field systems and deserted settlements, tracing ancient boundaries and flint collecting. How pleased I was to hear that even when very ill Ann was still able to enjoy visits to old haunts on the Mendips.

Ann was the inspiration behind a number of excavations on the Mendips and the waterlogged moors to the south, while in Avon she worked on Romano-British sites at Crooks Marsh, Avonmouth, and Hall End, Rangeworthy. She was an expert in the study of flint, pottery and documentary sources but I consider her main attribute to have been a willingness to carry out fieldwork and to inspire others to be active whatever their age or experience. I recall pleasant visits to her home to examine air photographs and to gain her help in the identification of artefacts. An enthusiastic welcome was always given to visitors to what could be described as both an annexe to the Museum and an extension of the University, while Bob's bone collection rivalled that of the Banwell Bone Cavern! Refreshments to suit every taste were available as was the latest gossip in the field of archaeology. Although Ann could sometimes appear to be shy she had a keen sense of humour and her quick chuckle is sadly missed. The efforts now being made by the Evertons' children and friends to publish or otherwise make available the records and finds left behind by this outstanding partnership should be supported by us all.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTERS

Mick ASTON is a Reader in Archaeology in the University of Bristol, Department of Continuing Education, and author of numerous publications including *Aspects of the Mediaeval Landscape of Somerset* (ed.), Somerset County Council, 1988.

Dr J. H. BETTEY is a Reader in Local History in the University of Bristol, Department of Continuing Education, and is the author of numerous books and papers on West Country history including *A Regional History of England: Wessex from AD1000*, Longman, 1986, £10.95.

Julie BOSTON moved to Bristol in 1988. For the previous 16 years, she had worked as a classroom teacher for the ILEA primary schools and, as a trade unionist, she joined London teachers in their fight for improved wages and working conditions. She now has the leisure for less stressful activities.

Peter HARRIS is National Secretary to the Historical Association, Area Adviser to Gloucestershire and Avon, and Assistant General Editor to the Bristol Branch. It was his vision that started the Historical Association publications, that have recently topped 70 in number, including his own *Bristol's 'Railway Mania' 1862–1864*.

John M. HUNT is a trained cabinet maker and has worked as an amateur archaeologist since 1970 on such projects as a Romano-British site at Stoke Gifford (1977–81), Barrscourt moated site (1978), Romano-British sites at Lawrence Weston & Henbury (1982), a medieval site in Stoke Gifford (1984–5), and lately (1988) assisting ACCES members on a medieval site in Harry Stoke. Recording Avon crosses has been in progress since 1987.

Professor Philip RAHTZ recently retired from the post of Professor of Medieval Archaeology at York after a long and distinguished career as an archaeologist. His excavations have included sites in Bristol, Glastonbury, Chew Valley, Cheddar and Cadbury Congresbury.

Jessie SHEPPARD has lived in Bristol all her life. Since 1976 she has worked as a volunteer in the City Museum's Archaeology Section. She contributed her memories as an air-raid warden to *Avon Past* No. 6, and her early school reminiscences to No. 14.

HINTON CHARTERHOUSE

by M. Aston and J. H. Bettey

The Suppression of the Carthusian Priory at Hinton Charterhouse

J. H. Bettey

Somerset had two Carthusian priories or Charterhouses, as they were known after La Grande Chartreuse which was the original house in France. The earliest Charterhouse in England was founded at Witham, south of Frome, by Henry II as part of his penance after the murder of Archbishop Thomas Becket in 1170; Hinton Charterhouse was the second successful foundation of the English houses. It was founded by the wealthy widow, Ela, Countess of Salisbury, in c1230, monks having been moved from the short-lived foundation at Hatherop in Gloucestershire, at the same time that she established a house of Augustinian canonesses at Lacock. Unlike most other monastic orders, the Carthusians spent much of their time in silence and solitude, each in his little house with an oratory, workshop and a small garden. At Hinton Charterhouse excavation has revealed the size and layout of the monks' houses which were arranged around a cloister, and although all the houses, most of the church and many other buildings have been demolished, the fine 13th-century Chapter House survives together with the Refectory. Other remains, probably the guesthouse, are incorporated into a later house on the site. The Carthusians called their priory at Hinton *Locus Dei*, the place of God.

The austere, solitary life of the Carthusians, devoted to prayer, contemplation and work, while living under a strict discipline, meant that few irregularities were ever found in their communities, and through successive generations they continued to lead a life apart from the world, untouched by secular concerns and untroubled by scandal. By the 16th century, the community at Hinton Charterhouse comprised a Prior and 16 monks together with six lay brothers, who served the monks and lived at the *Frezie* or Friary (see below), a mile away in the valley of the river Frome. Although not among the richest of the monastic houses, Hinton was comfortably endowed with lands in the surrounding area and on Mendip, the manor of Norton St Philip with the George Inn, and a fulling mill nearby at Freshford. In 1529 the Carthusians also acquired the lands of the small Augustinian priory at Longleat in Wiltshire where the monastic life had ceased; these included Longleat itself, together with lands at Lullington and Beckington. The annual income in 1535 was £262 13s 0d which provided an adequate support for the Carthusian monks.[1]

Among the last generation of monks at Hinton Charterhouse were some who achieved a reputation for scholarship, including John Bateman or Batmanson (Prior 1523–29), who wrote a book refuting some of Luther's ideas,

John Spicer whose writings included a Commentary on St Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, and Edmund Horde, the last Prior (1529–39), who was a distinguished scholar and had a high reputation among the Carthusians. Henry VIII thought highly of the Carthusians and was very anxious to win their approval for his actions during the early 1530s. When he failed to do so his anger against them was extreme, and the story of the appalling treatment which the London Carthusians received because of their refusal to accept the King's repudiation of Katherine of Aragon, the royal marriage to Anne Boleyn or the royal supremacy over the Church in 1534 is well-known. The Carthusians at Hinton were also very reluctant to accept the royal marriage and the religious changes, and because he was held in such high esteem among the Carthusians, Prior Edmund Horde was put under great pressure from the King and from the chief minister of the Crown, Thomas Cromwell, to express his approval of the new regime. At first he totally refused, and like the London Carthusians, was out-spoken in his criticism of the royal policy. In May 1533 Prior Horde was reported to Cromwell for declaring that he would never accept the King's marriage to Anne Boleyn or give his assent to 'so unjust and unlawful a deed'. Cromwell was also told that the monks of both the Carthusian houses in Somerset would accept martyrdom rather than agree to support the royal marriage.[2]

During 1534 when the King was declared to be Supreme Head of the Church in England and the Pope's power was abolished, Cromwell himself had a meeting with Prior Horde, but still the Prior refused to change his opinion, and the meeting ended in failure for Cromwell and with blunt speaking on both sides.[3] By 1534 Cromwell had already embarked upon the course which in a few years was to bring the end of the English monasteries, and there were many ways in which he could bring pressure to bear upon the Prior. For example, during 1535 Cromwell's commissioners were busy visiting all the monastic houses in order to compile an accurate, painstaking assessment of all their property and of their annual income, the so-called *Valor Ecclesiasticus*. Likewise, other groups of Cromwell's commissioners were interviewing the monks and nuns seeking for scandal and evidence of laxity or depravity which could be used as ammunition in Parliament against the monasteries. Each monk was interviewed individually by the commissioners, and under the skilful questioning many aspects of the daily life of the monastery were revealed and the naive words of men who had spent long years in silence and solitary prayer could easily be twisted for Cromwell's purposes.[4] Under the weight of these onslaughts, Prior Horde's resistance evidently broke, and in March 1535 he wrote to Cromwell to apologise for his opposition and confessed that his previous stubborn attitude 'rose upon mine untowardness in certain things which ye willed me to do concerning the King's majesty'. To secure Prior Horde's agreement was a great triumph for Cromwell, and one of his commissioners wrote in May 1535 that attempts to persuade the Carthusians to accept the new order were made easier because the monks 'trust much in the prior of Hynton, Dr Howrde'. In July 1535 the Archbishop of York, Edward Lee, advised Cromwell to send Prior Horde on a tour of all the Carthusian houses (see below) in order to persuade them to conform over the royal supremacy, and wrote that 'They will give him more credence, and rather apply their conscience to his judgement than to any other'.[5] As a result of all the pres-

sure and persuasion that sophisticated operators such as Thomas Cromwell and his commissioners could bring to bear, Prior Edmund Horde and his fellow monks swallowed their objections and in spite of all their profound misgivings, swore the necessary oaths whereby they accepted the royal marriage and the royal headship of the Church.

In the following year, 1536, Cromwell presented a Bill to Parliament whereby all the smaller religious houses were suppressed and all their lands, property and goods were given to the King. This was passed by Parliament, and all the smaller monasteries, which was defined as those with an annual income of of less than £200 *per annum*, ceased to exist and all their wealth passed to the Crown. Since their annual income was more than £200, the Carthusians at Hinton Charterhouse escaped suppression in 1536, but immediately Cromwell sent his commissioners on further and repeated visitations of the remaining monasteries, constantly looking for scandals, laxity, evidence of disloyalty to the Crown or objections to the religious changes, while urging the monks voluntarily to surrender their houses into the King's hands, and promising pensions to all those who agreed to abandon the monastic life. During 1537 and 1538 Prior Horde and his monks at Hinton resisted all the pressures put upon them, even though many other monasteries did surrender. In spite of the intensive scrutiny by the commissioners no evidence of any falling away from the high ideals and harsh regime of their Order was alleged against the monks at Hinton Charterhouse, and their regular life of solitude, prayer, contemplation and worship was maintained until the end, but inevitably, the prior and his monks were greatly affected by all the uncertainty which faced them. Above all, they were unwilling to surrender their monastery when they were sure that they had given no cause for its suppression, and especially because they knew that it had been dedicated for ever to the perpetual service of God.

Cromwell's commissioners did find one piece of evidence which they could use against the monks at Hinton. One of the monks, Nicholas Balland, had boldly told the commissioners that, in spite of his former oath, he did not accept the royal supremacy over the Church and continued to believe that the Pope alone was the vicar of Christ and head of the Church. This was a serious matter and Balland could have been accused of treason, but the other monks cleverly made excuses for him, stating that he was mentally deranged and that no notice should be taken of his words, 'he hath been in tymes past and yett many tymes is lunatick'.[6]

After numerous visitations, two of Cromwell's principal commissioners, John Tregonwell and William Petre, came to Hinton on 26 January 1539. They had just received the surrender of the Augustinian house at Keynsham, and now hoped that at last they would secure the surrender of the Carthusians. After listening to their mixture of threats and persuasion, three of the 16 monks at Hinton were in favour of accepting the royal offer of pensions and abandoning their monastery, but the other monks stood firm in their opposition. Prior Horde even stated that if the King wanted the monastery he would have to order the surrender, but that 'otherwise his conscience would not suffer him willingly to give it over'. The next day the commissioners interviewed the Prior again and tried once more to persuade him to surrender the monastery, but they found that

he was even more determined to resist, and that he was 'of the same mynd he was yesternyght or rather more stiff in the same'.[7] The commissioners were, therefore, forced to admit failure and leave empty-handed.

The Prior, Edmund Horde, had a brother, Alan, who was a lawyer in London. When Alan Horde learnt of his brother's spirited refusal to bend to the royal will, and no doubt recalling the harsh torture and terrible punishment that had been inflicted on the London Carthusians who had resisted Henry VIII, he wrote urging the Prior to reconsider his stance and to accept the royal offer of a generous pension. The Prior's answer to his brother reveals something of the pressures under which he laboured, his confidence in the high religious standards of his monastery, his doubt as to the best course of action, and finally his realisation that he must accept his brother's arguments and that continued resistance to the Crown would be both pointless and damaging to the best interests of his monks. The letter is worth quoting at some length:

> In Our Lord Jesus shall be your salutation. And where ye marvel that I and my brethren do not freely and voluntarily give and surrender our House at the motion of the King's commissioners, but stand stiffly, and as ye think, obstinately in our opinion, truly brother I marvel greatly that ye think so; but, rather that ye would have thought us light and hasty in giving up that thing which is not ours to give, but dedicate to Almighty God for service to be done to his honour continually, with other many good deeds of charity which daily be done in this House to our Christian neighbours. And considering that there is no cause given by us why the House should be put down, but that the service of God, religious conversation of the brethren, hospitality, alms deeds, with all our other duties be as well observed in this poor House as in any religious house in this realm or in France; which we have trusted that the King's Grace would consider. But because that ye write of the King's high displeasure and my Lord Privy Seal's [i.e. Thomas Cromwell], who ever hath been my especial good Lord, and I trust yet will be, I will endeavour myself, as much as I may, to persuade my brethren to a conformity in this matter; so that the King's Highness nor my said good Lord shall have any cause to be displeased with us; trusting that my poor brethren, which know not where to have their living, shall be charitably looked upon. Thus our Lord Jesus preserve you in grace. Hinton, 10th day of February, 1539.
>
> Edmund Horde

Clearly the Prior felt that he had no alternative but to accept his brother's advice. On 31 March 1539 the royal commissioner, John Tregonwell, came again to Hinton Charterhouse after a long journey which had taken him through Somerset, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall receiving the surrender of one monastery after another. At Hinton he found that the Prior and his 16 monks were now at last, notwithstanding all their misgivings, prepared to sign the deed of surrender giving their monastery and all its possessions into the hands of the Crown. Thus three centuries of devoted religious life by a succession of

Carthusians living their solitary, silent lives in the service of God, came to an end at Hinton Charterhouse; the Prior and monks departed, abandoning their little houses and their monastic church. The Prior's pension was extremely generous, for he received £44 *per annum* together with a cash gift of £11; most of the monks got a pension of about £6, as well as small cash gifts, while most of the lay brothers received a pension of £2 *per annum*.[8]

As soon as the monks were gone, the scramble started among the local gentry families to acquire the site and lands from the Crown. On the very day of the surrender Sir Henry Long of Wiltshire wrote unsuccessfully to Cromwell asking for a grant of the monastery at Hinton on the curious grounds that he needed the income in order to pay his debts: 'The King's visitors be in these parts now to suppress divers houses; and I am so charged [i.e. in debt] that without the King's favour, I must give over my house and get into some corner'.[9] In spite of Long's pleas, John Tregonwell allowed Walter, Lord Hungerford to acquire the monastic site and buildings at Hinton, but during the next few months, while Lord Hungerford was in London, another royal commissioner, Sir Thomas Arundell, arrived at Hinton and on behalf of the Crown, took much of the lead from the roofs and removed other parts of the church and buildings. A plumber was paid £2 0s 0d for melting down more than 15 tons of lead, and the removal of the roof meant that the rest of the building was exposed to all weathers and would rapidly deteriorate. Other local gentlemen, including Harry Champneys of Orchardleigh near Frome, and Thomas Horton, a clothier from Iford, also took material from the site, and others broke into the Prior's house and removed deeds, grants, surveys and other legal documents.[10] When Lord Hungerford returned from London in June 1539, his bitter complaints about the spoliation of the buildings at Hinton led Cromwell himself to reply, apologising for what had occurred, and promising to arrange for Lord Hungerford to purchase the manor of Hinton and other parts of the former priory lands 'when the time shall serve'.[11]

Cromwell's fall from favour and execution meant that Lord Hungerford did not acquire the lands of Hinton, but in 1546 most of them were granted by the Crown to John Bartlet, who in turn sold the property to Matthew Colthurst, one of the royal auditors dealing with former monastic lands in the west country, who also acquired the lands and buildings of the great Benedictine abbey in Bath.[12]

The lands at Green Ore on Mendip which had belonged to the Carthusians at Hinton Charterhouse were purchased from the Crown by Alan Horde, the Prior's brother. Shortly before the surrender of the priory Alan Horde had been granted a 60-year lease of these lands, and in 1540 he joined with another brother, Robert, to purchase the freehold. All these various owners sought to make as much profit as possible from their investment, and thus the church and most of the monastic buildings were quickly demolished. Later on in the 16th century, a house was erected on the site of the priory gatehouse incorporating the guesthouse, using stone and other material from the priory.

Little evidence survives concerning the subsequent careers of the Prior and his monks. The one exception is the outspoken Nicholas Balland, who had been so reluctant to accept the royal supremacy and who had only escaped prosecution on the grounds that he was mad. He evidently remained in the district after the suppression of the priory, and his mental state cannot have been improved by

witnessing the unseemly scramble among the gentry for the lands of the priory, or by seeing the rapid destruction of the Carthusian church, the demolition of the monastic buildings and the dispersal of the library and other treasures. He obviously made no attempt to conceal his opinions or opposition to the events of the time, for in June 1539 two local men, John Clerke of Hinton, a weaver, and Roger Prygge of Stoford, a tucker, brought Balland before Walter, Lord Hungerford at Farleigh Castle. They reported that while they were drinking at a house in Hinton, Balland had entered and had stated openly to the assembled company that he would never accept the King as Supreme Head of the Church but only the Pope. Lord Hungerford imprisoned the former monk and wrote to Cromwell asking for his advice in dealing with him, adding that Balland 'has been out of his mind and is not much recovered'. Cromwell ordered that he should be kept in goal and tried at the Assizes, but again Balland's reputation as a harmless lunatic seems to have saved him from the serious fate he could so easily have suffered. He continued to draw his pension from the Crown throughout the reign of Edward VI, and when Catholicism was restored in 1553 under Queen Mary, Nicholas Balland was one of the monks of the revived Carthusian priory at Sheen; and when Mary died in 1558 and the monastery was suppressed, he fled abroad and died at Bruges in Belgium in 1578.[14]

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10. *L. & P. Henry VIII*, XIV(i), 1154; XV, 185, 353.
11. *L. & P. Henry VIII*, XIV(i) 1258.
12. See J. H. Bettey, *op. cit.*, 60–1, 127.
13. *L. & P. Henry VIII*, XV, 1032(786).
14. *L. & P. Henry VIII*, XIV(i), 1154, 1258.
    Victoria County History of Somerset, II, 1911, 121–3.

The Monastic Site at Hinton Charterhouse

M. Aston

Hinton Charterhouse is one of only 10 or so Carthusian monasteries in Britain.[1] The order was founded in 1084 at La Grande Chartreuse in the mountains north of Grenoble in the Savoy, France, by St Bruno. It managed to combine more successfully than any other monastic order the eremitical or hermit type of existence with living within a community (the coenobitic life style). In order for the monks, or fathers, to pursue their lives of service to God and meditation in peace, each house was equipped with a group of lay brothers who carried out much of the servicing of the monastery, preparing food, looking after the land and, with a senior monk – the Procurator; acting as intermediaries between the monks and the outside world. To this end they were housed, in the older foundations such as Witham and Hinton, in 'lower houses' or 'freries' (from the French word for brother – frère – inevitably corrupted to 'Friary' in England) located at some distance away from the main monastery. In later houses, particularly those founded from the late 14th century onwards, this 'lower house' was usually built adjacent to the main monastery around a second courtyard. In France the term 'correrie' is frequently found denoting the detached lower house, as at La Grande Chartreuse itself.[2]

The self-contained nature of the cells, or small houses, of the individual monks necessitated a totally different plan for a charterhouse than would be expected normally of a medieval monastic house of any other order. Usually the communal buildings of church, chapter house, refectory and even the cloister are much reduced in size, while a larger cloister is provided with cells and gardens evenly spaced around it. Adequate water supply and drainage had to be provided via conduits and pipes to each cell from a good supply nearby. In order to provide the silence and solitude required by the monks, isolated sites were chosen and high walls erected to distance the activities of the outside world from the monks.

Lands granted to the charterhouses for their support would have been worked directly by the lay brothers. The correrie would have been the main base of these agricultural (or forestry or industrial) activities but elsewhere granges were set up, as on the Cistercian model, and lands at some distance from the monastery worked from these.

Hinton displays all of the characteristics one might expect of a charterhouse founded in the 13th century (Figure 3). The actual site chosen was in a hunting park (as at Beauvale and Sheen), an area of land already isolated from the normal activities of a medieval manor. This was situated between the village and church of Hinton and the river Frome to the east, an area still well-wooded in the 18th century and probably more wild, isolated and wooded in the 13th century (Figures 1 & 2).

The lower house or 'correrie' was established on the edge of the park by the river, which was probably used to power a mill and may have been used for navigation, bringing goods to and from the monastery. The site is now marked by the small hamlet of five houses called Friary (Figure 1). Some of the buildings

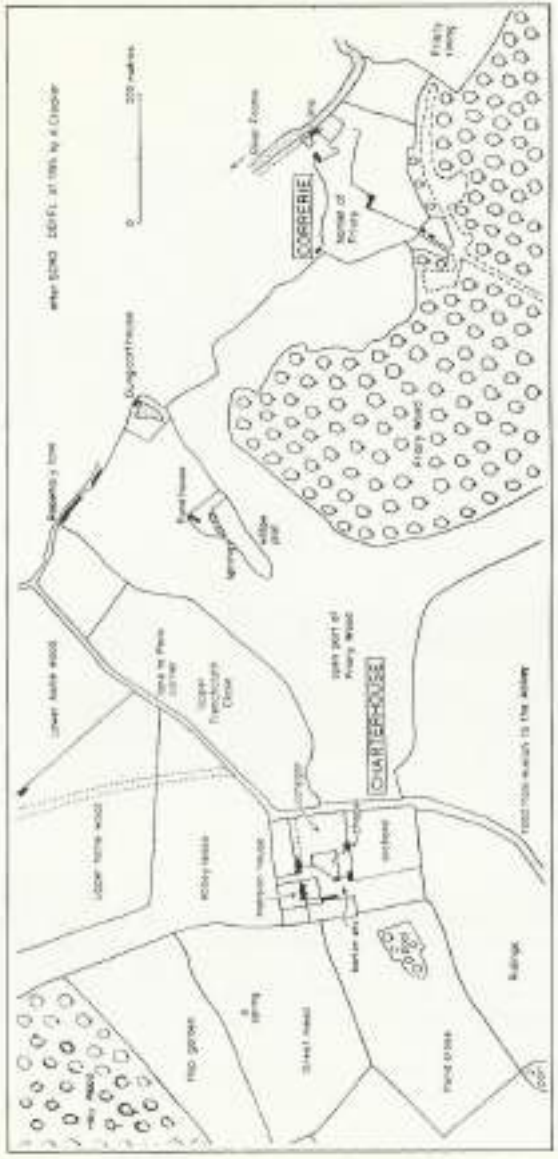


Figure 1
The area of Hinton Charterhouse and Friary in 1785 based on plan DD/FL in Somerset County Record Office.

Figure 2

The area of Hinton Charterhouse (Hinton Abbey) and Friary today with, inset, the plan of the excavated medieval priory to the same scale.

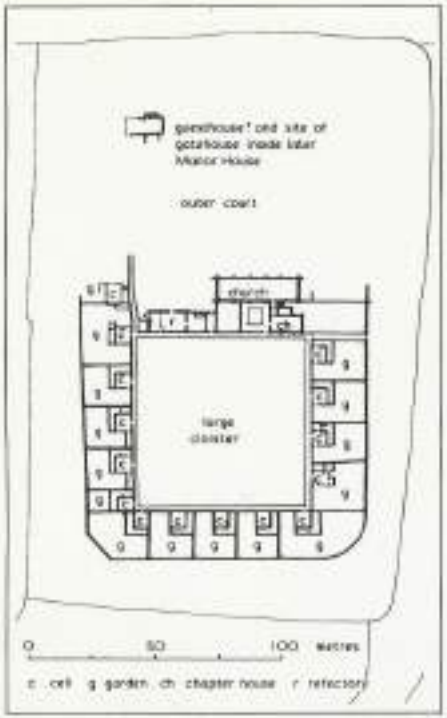


Figure 3

Plan of Hinton Charterhouse medieval buildings, after Fletcher 1951 and 1958/9 and Hogg 1975, set inside the enclosure shown on the 1785 map.

here may date back to monastic times or the period immediately afterwards and there are the remains of walls of a probable mill with a 15th-century window. Other remains are said to have been pulled down this century. All around are vague areas of earthworks, springs and small streams and there are memories of buried conduits and walls being found. Nearby, on the edge of the present wood, is the roofless ruin of 'Ela's' well, of probable medieval date.[3]

What would we expect to find at such a correrie in the 13th century? Examples in France at Le Liget (near Blois) and Portes (department of Ain) give us some idea. There would have been a chapel for the lay brothers (Witham Friary church remains to show what a 12th-century example was like in England) and

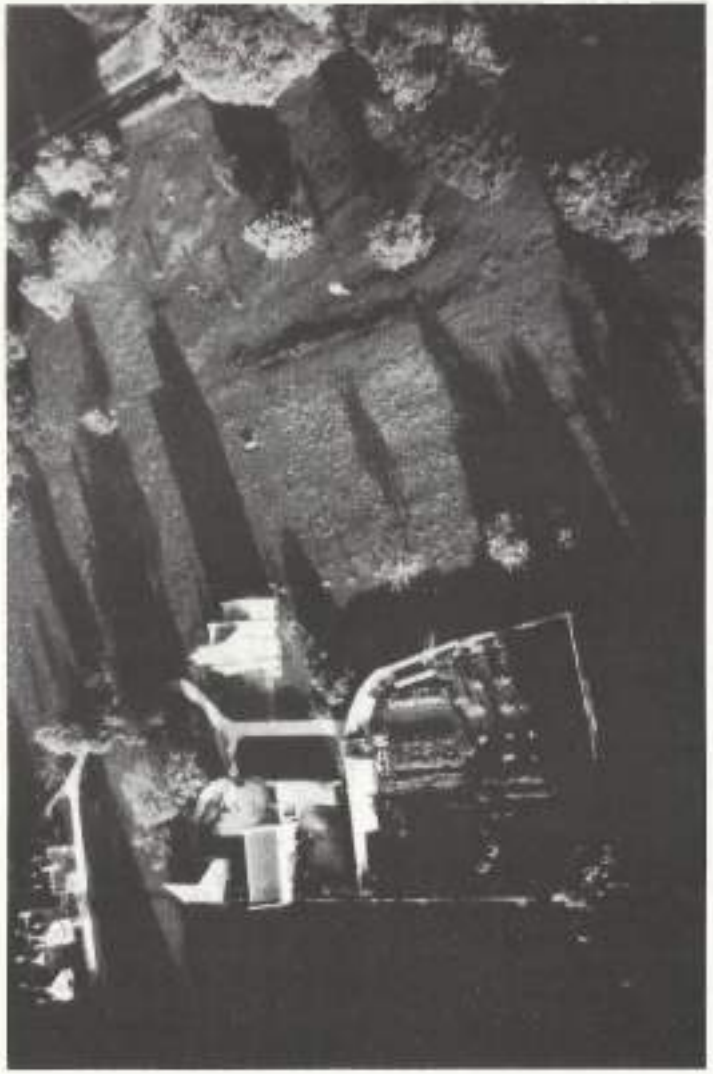
there would have been a dormitory, or cells, refectory and other communal buildings as well as at least one cell for the Procurator, the monk in charge of the lay brothers. There would also have been a set of farm buildings – barns, stables, cattle sheds and so on – as well as perhaps industrial buildings concerned with the maintenance of the monastery and the preparation of foodstuffs. Since there are only two definite correries in Britain, at Hinton and Witham (the latter with a village on top of it), and one possible one at Beauvale, and none of these have been excavated we know little in detail about them. Friary, at Hinton Charterhouse is a particularly important site being the only largely unbuilt-over correrie still having earthworks.

As has been shown above, Green Ore was one of the main granges of Hinton. The early name of this seems to have been Greneworth so there may have been a pre-monastic farm on the site. It formed the centre of the upland estate on the Mendips, much as Charterhouse did for Witham, and as such was an important sheep ranch. Like Charterhouse it must have had accommodation for several lay brothers, a chapel and at least one cell for the Procurator, as well as a range of farm buildings, barns and the like.

The water supply for the monastery at Hinton Charterhouse almost certainly came from a spring to the north west of the monastic buildings. The site chosen for the cloister and cells is almost flat and there are few hills nearby to give a head of water. The only higher land is to the north and a spring is shown 270 metres away on the map of 1785.[4] When Major Fletcher excavated the site in the 1950s[5] he found several conduits and channels supplying water to the cells and his plan suggests a source to the north west of the monastery with water flowing roughly east/south east. The fall is, however, so slight that the water could have been conveyed either clockwise or anticlockwise around the rear of the cells – the latter on balance seems more likely. The waste water would then have flowed away towards the valley to the east, down to the Frome. There may, of course, have been a conduit in the centre of the large cloister as at London and Mount Grace.

The excavations carried out by Major Fletcher revealed much of the detail of the southern half of the site – the area of the large cloister and cells, south of the main communal buildings of church, chapter house and refectory (Figure 3). Earthworks still remain on the site clearly indicating the cells, gardens and rear walls (Figure 4). The present house is suggested to incorporate the gatehouse and possible guesthouse[6] but the area to the south, now extensive gardens, has not been excavated. We might expect this area to contain more cells as not enough were located in the excavations to account for the 16 or 17 monks known of in the 16th century (see above); it is not uncommon to find extra cells added to Carthusian monasteries – both the London and Mount Grace sites have cells clearly added after the main plan had been laid out.[7] Also, in the later middle ages, the lay brothers and the operations of the lower house may well have been moved closer to the main monastery. We might expect to find barns, stables and lay-brothers' accommodation in a court somewhere near the gatehouse by the end of the middle ages.

The layout of the cells around the large cloister demonstrates a feature seen at other early sites where a deliberate attempt was made to isolate the cells and



(Photo: M. Aston)

Figure 4. Aerial photograph of the Charterhouse earthworks at Hinton.

their gardens from the surrounding countryside. Between the rear of the cell gardens and the outer wall there is a dead area, probably used for gardens or pasture. The main precinct wall lies beyond this area. In effect there were two walls isolating the cells from the outside world. This can be seen at Witham from what we know as a result of the small-scale excavations carried out there,[8] it can be seen at the contemporary house of Le Liget in France, and it can be seen at Beauvale, where the outer boundary is marked by a massive bank.[9] Prospects of many houses all over Europe, in *Maisons de L'ordre des Chartreuses* show similar arrangements.[10]

There are many other earthworks and features at Hinton, including probable medieval quarries and fishponds, and there are earthworks which look like post-medieval garden features. What is clearly needed now is a full appraisal of the landscape around the charterhouse, and its correrie at Friary, with surveys to the standard of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments, in order to understand the setting of the medieval monastery. Hinton represents a unique example, both in architectural and landscape terms, of a rare type of monastic institution. It has survived with enough detail to enable us to reconstruct and understand the original arrangements almost completely.

Notes and References

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NOTES ON THE OLD STONE CROSSES OF THE COUNTY OF AVON

by J. M. Hunt

As the 1990s rapidly approach, the years have seemed to race by as we become more engrossed in our hectic lifestyles; although we now work less hours per week and have more leisure time than, say, 120–150 years ago; then hours worked were both longer and physically harder with leisure time a luxury, and for some people a 'day out' was to travel perhaps only 15–20 miles including the return journey! During the years 1840–1860 there were some people, however, who were able to enjoy interesting use of their leisure time over many years, when travelling around the counties of Bristol, Gloucestershire and Somerset, for example the members of the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, Somersetshire Archaeological and Natural History Society and of the Cotteswold Club. One such member of all three was a certain Charles Pooley, FSA, who, in 1868 had published a book entitled *Notes on the Old Crosses of Gloucestershire*, in which he wrote a dedication to 'The President and members of the Cotteswold Club, in memory of twenty years association' and of the many pleasant recollections of rambles they had made together. In his preface, he said the book was simply a collection of notes, he laid no claims to originality, the sole object being to preserve a record of the ancient crosses, which were damaged during the 17th century, the mutilated remains scattered through the country. He does not mention the reason why they were erected, suffice to say, he hoped they would not be completely destroyed. Pooley says they were architecturally of simple design, a few exceptions being the High Crosses and the Preaching Cross at Iron Acton. The question of restoration he thought best left for others to decide – the old crosses, 'weather stained and lichen covered had value at least in the eyes of the antiquaries'.

In 1877, Pooley's book on *Old Crosses of Somerset* was published, in which he recalls there have been over 200 crosses within that county, ranging from Saxon remains to 15th/16th-century crosses, some of which were demolished between 1790–1860, some when only in need of repair, e.g. the Market Cross of Glastonbury. He writes 'These structures being in want of repair and from their situation inconvenient since the introduction of wheeled carriages into the Marsh area, it was determined to pull them down, which was done accordingly in the year 1808'. In modern times, betweeen the 1960s and 1980s, the general public travel by the use of ever-increasing numbers of privately-owned cars, not only locally, but for great distances, and return each day, so they can visit many other parts of the country (aside from the next county!). How many people today are aware that in historic cities, towns or picturesque villages and within the graveyards of the ancient churches, are still the remains of *medieval crosses*, some of which are now used as memorial crosses.

While travelling around the counties of the West Country (in particular) I have been aware of the old crosses, but have not given them too much thought,

that is until at the March 1987 BAARG Symposium, during which fellow BAARG member Vince Russett, being a resident of that county, appropriately gave an illustrated talk on crosses of Somerset. I was filled with inspiration when I learnt of Pooley's book on Gloucestershire crosses. Having acquired a copy, I retraced Pooley's footsteps and during the two years since have visited and photo-recorded most of the 79 mentioned in his book, besides locating several that he missed. Apart from churchyard crosses, others were known as Preaching (Preachers?) Cross, Village Cross, Wayside Cross, some of which were sited near a (?Holy) spring and called 'Water Cross'.

The earlier types of stone crosses, being simply a headed shaft set into the ground, later became a head set on to a shaft which itself was set into (and fixed with lead) a socket which in turn sat on top a base made up of several steps, there was also the ornate high cross and later the elaborate market cross.

Until the 13th century, markets were quite commonly held in churchyards, a useful open space at the centre of town where people congregated. In 1285 Edward I declared: 'Henceforward neither fairs nor markets be kept in churchyards for the honour of the church', so, as no-one lightly disregarded him, the traders obediently moved out, but, being accustomed to meeting at the cross (bargains struck beneath it being regarded as binding), so the crosses were built in the street. Some of the earliest market crosses date from the early 14th century. Gradually the cross developed into a small circular or octagonal structure with seating around the base and a roof projected from the pillars to provide shelter for those who could not afford stallholders' fees.

Besides trading 'at the cross', sermons were preached from it, laws proclaimed and banns of marriage published from the steps; also, labourers and domestic servants gathered there for the Mayday, Michaelmas and Martinmas hiring fairs.

During the 600 years 1373–1973 Bristol was a *city* and a *county*. Since 1974, when parts of North Somerset and of South Gloucestershire were attached to it, Bristol County became the County of Avon.

So, it now contains some of the medieval crosses of the former three counties. As Pooley said in his book, 'I lay no claim to originality, this is simply a collection of notes'. So the following are simply up to date notes on some of the Old Stone Crosses in the County of Avon.

DESCRIPTION OF CROSSES

1. Abbots Leigh

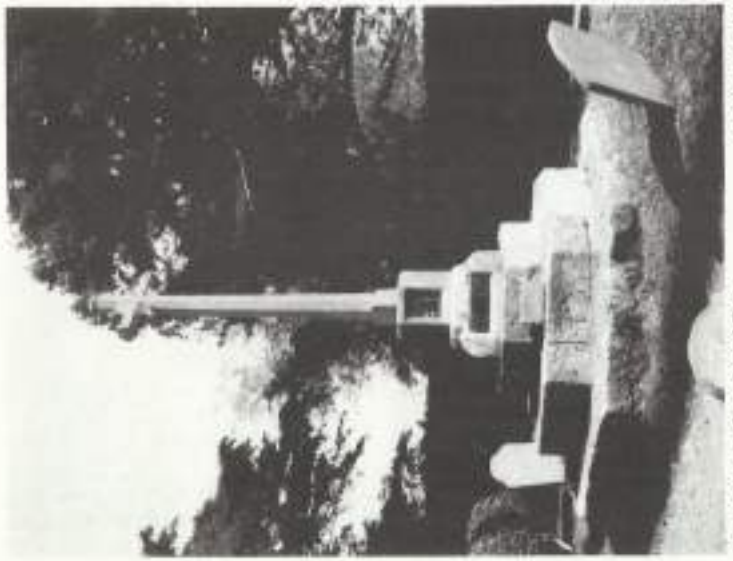
Churchyard cross. 15th century. Situated on north side of church.

In 1868:

BASE Three steps. Octagonal. Size 4ft 2in./3ft 4in./1ft 10in.
The lowest step *without* a drip moulding.

SOCKET Irregular octagon in upper part, down to oblong square by deep broaches.
The mortise is oblong, for a flattened shaft.

Bishopston: St. John's Churchyard, cross (Photo: J. M. Hall)



Abbots Leigh: Churchyard Cross (Photo: J. M. Hall)

In 1987, 25 October, photographed:
Formerly as a churchyard cross, now used as a memorial cross; set in same situation as 1868. The original three base steps and socket (its broaches now badly worn) remain; now set upon it are another octagonal block, ornate cross head and shaft *all modern* (post 1868); set into the block are metal plates, on four sides, with dedications to the fallen of World War I. One plate with dedications to some fallen in World War II; is set into original socket.

2. Redminster, St. John's
Churchyard cross. 15th century. (Later 1914–1918 memorial cross.)

Pre 1877:

BASE Four steps. Octagonal, each has a drip moulding on the top edge, with set-off at the bottom edge.

SOCKET Octagonal. Top is badly worn and set-off at bottom edge.

When last visited by Pooley, 'It has been demolished, the fragments laying in the grass about the churchyard'.

In 1957:
Photograph shows old base of three steps (re-erected) with a new socket, shaft and head.

In 1974:
Used as a 1914–1918 War Memorial, dedication incised into the new socket.

In 1987:
Base – two steps (14in. and 16in. their full height), the third step set with its top surface flush with ground. Although photographed and drawn by writer, limited research done. (Perhaps members of the Malago Society etc. could research and publish in future edition of *Avon Past*?)

3. Kings Weston, Bewys Cross
Wayside Cross. Possibly early 15th century.

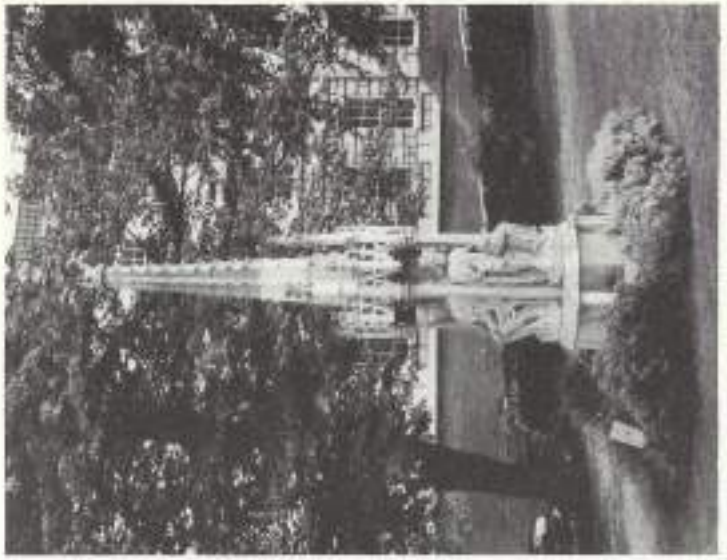
In 1868:

BASE Three steps. Size 7ft 6in. sq./5ft 7in. sq./4ft 2in. sq. 'A curiously worked hole in top step, which tradition says is where sailors deposited their offerings'.

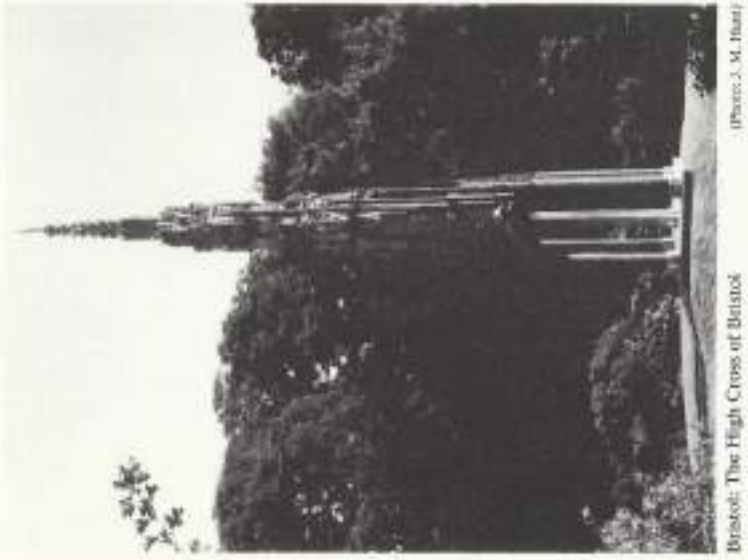
SOCKET Lower part, square, angles, convex broaches, upper part octagonal.

SHAFT Octagonal, tapering, square at foot, with convex broaches, fitted into socket. Overall height 9ft approx.

In 1868:
'A very noted cross, called Bewy's Cross, formerly stood in this Parish near the Severn, and was held in high estimation by sailors, who paid their devotions to it on landing.'



Bristol: Civic High Cross (Photo: J. M. Hunt)



Bristol: The High Cross of Bristol (Photo: J. M. Hunt)

In 1987:
It now stands by the duckpond in the garden of Kings Weston School.

In 1989, 9 April, photographed:

BASE	Four steps square. The bottom one either modern, post 1868, or it was covered by accumulated soil when seen as three steps by Pooley?
SOCKET	As original, with worn broaches.
SHAFT	Original, its top broken off.

4. Bristol, High Cross

The High Cross of Bristol.

i) The High Cross (to which reference will be made from the Calendar* 1247).

ii) The High Cross, described by Barrett, erected in 1373 (which is marked on Hoefnagle's map *c.* 1575).

iii) The same cross, embellished and raised higher (to 39ft 6in.) and other statues added 1633, reign of King Charles I.

iv) The same cross, freshly painted and gilded 1597 (at the time, such a high cost, that *no* other cross in the Kingdom exceeded it!).

v) The cross, taken down 1733 (being at the crossways of High Street/ Wine Street/Corn Street and Broad Street was moved to . . .

vi) College Green, re-erected (as part consecrated by the labours of Jordan, a co-missionary of St Augustine who first preached Christianity to the Anglo-Saxons more than a thousand years before).

vii) Taken down again! 1763 (considered to be an obstruction to pedestrians).

viii) Removed to Stourhead, 1766 (in August).

ix) A new cross erected (at cost of £450, 1851).

The exact date of the High Cross is stated to be 1373, it was erected to commemorate an important charter, which Edward III granted to the burgesses of Bristol, making Bristol a county. Although the 14th century is given to the High Cross, there is an MS Calendar* extant, that refers to an earlier cross 'Anno 1247, now that the bridges went happily forward, the townsmen on this side of [the] Avon, and those of Redcliffe were incorporated, and become one town, which before was two, and the two places of market brought to one – viz – that at Redcliffe side being kept at Temple Cross or S. Allenge or Stallege Cross, also that from Old Market, near Lawford Gate, both being made one, were kept where it is now, and a faire cross there built – viz – the High Cross which is beautiful with statues of several of our Kings.'

Barrett expressly states, that the erection of the 1373 cross was only the 'rebuilding the removed cross on the spot where the old one stood', implying, clearly, the existence of a High Cross before that time and on that same spot.

St. George, Easton: Don John's (Juan's) Cross (remains)

(Photo: J. M. Hall)

Chipping Sodbury: Village Cross (restored)

Statues of Various Kings and One Queen

On 1373 Cross:

King John	faced north: Broad Street. He gave the *first* charter and very extensive charters of privileges, especially the ground near the rivers.
King Henry III	faced east: Wine Street. He confirmed King Henry II's charter, that established it as a major town, also King John's charter, and joined Redcliffe to Bristol, making it a corporate town.
King Edward III	faced west: Corn Street.
King Edward IV	faced south: High Street. 260 years later . . .
King Henry IV	was added in new niche, faced east, when cross was enlarged and repaired in 1633. He granted and confirmed all previous charters.
Queen Elizabeth I	faced west: she also had confirmed all previous charters.
King James	faced south: he also renewed and confirmed all previous charters.
King Charles I	faced south. He granted a new charter, and sold the castle and its dependencies to the city, which, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants, had before been out of the mayor's jurisdiction.

In 1851:
The new High Cross was erected in 1851 at the cost of £450 (it is in fact a part restoration of the old one). It was set up at the apex of College Green, later moved to the centre of College Green and the junction of four footpaths, when a statue of Queen Victoria was set up at the apex. Later both removed. Victoria's statue was replaced whilst the Cross was vandalised before being re-erected, albeit only the upper part, enhanced with four statues thanks to monies raised by the Civic Society and others in October 1956, in the grounds of Berkeley Square.

5. Chipping Sodbury
Village cross. 16th century and modern. Situated the Old Cross.

In 1868:
Now stands in the garden of the Catholic chapel, moved there by the Rev. R. M. Cooper in 1882, purchased from Mr Clark. It formerly stood near the Portcullis Inn, was then taken in 1772 to orchard over the brook near Trotman's Mill, by M. T. Parker, bailiff.

BASE	Modern masonry.
SOCKET	Is unusually large, differs from the ordinary form, by having its sides, which are square, the upper part 'thumb moulding edged, below which, sides are hollowed, then chamfered, then squared'.

SHAFT	Octagonal tapering (perhaps a monolith – one stone), now three pieces cemented together with usual fine broaches 8ft 9in. high.

In 1987, March, photographed:
The cross now stands at the T junction of the high street (north end). It is now used as a memorial stone to the fallen of World War I (1914–1918) and World War II (1939–1945).

New BASE	Four steps, octagonal. (Top step twice height of others.) *New* large square block set on steps, all four sides incised with dedication to the fallen.
Old SOCKET	As original.
Old SHAFT	As original. Above its carved collar is . . .
New HEAD	A stone cross.

6. Blacksworth, St George, Easton
Called *Don Juan's Cross.*

In 1868:
'On a hill within a few yards of the turnpike gate leading down to Crews (Hole) was a small dwelling house, in former ages a catholic chapel, dedicated to St Anthony, in the high way above 200 yards west of the church stood Don John's Cross, which was circular column of freestone, raised on an octagonal base.' What remains of it are said to have been placed near an adjacent house when the church was being built, but its memory is only preserved by the name at the door of a nearby inn (Don John's Cross). The legendary tale is, the cross was named after the corpse of Don John, perhaps Dominic Johannis, a noble Spaniard rested here on route to his place of interment (probably in Spain) from Bristol.

The information below was taken from the book *The History of Kingswood Forest*. First published in 1891, reprinted 1969, by A. Braine (I was shown a copy).

'There is no evidence to confirm this story, excepting the fact that a cross stood there from time immemorial.'

According to the late Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, of Bitton, he said 'It is noticeable that the castle [of Bristol] was called the "dungeon", and in the depositions [pertaining to the separation of the castle from the chase, 5th Chas. I] the witnesses speak of it as the Dungeon's Cross; if so, the old tradition of Domini Johanis falls to the ground.'

A. Braine says 'Moreover, its ancient name does not savour of Spanish origin at all – "Dungell" being, in all senses etymologically considered Saxon.' A reduced facsimile of a map dated 1610 is attached to the book *The History of Kingswood Forest* in the possession of Thos. Wm Chester Master, esq. of Knole Park & Cirencester Abbey. On the map is a cross (named as Don Johns Crosse) drawn as if lying down full length and consists of a cross set into a socket, on top of three steps. It is at the junction of two 'roads', *London Waye* and *Bath Waye*, now called *Clouds Hill Road* and *Summerhill Road*.

In 1976;
During the course of recording grave stones, and inscriptions of same, by members of BAARG/AGBA prior to their removal or destruction, the remains of the cross was found, and re-erected in the grounds of the 'new' church, formerly the Church Hall. The church was destroyed in 1976.

The remains:

SOCKET Octagonal. Diameter 38in. Height 13in.
Octagonal faces 15in./17in.

SHAFT Octagonal. (Stump) only 13 ins high,
Octagonal faces 4in. Diameter 12½in.

Acknowledgements

The writer wishes to thank Vince Russell for initial inspiration, James Russell for informing him of Pooley's book on *Crosses of Gloucestershire* and his sister-in-law, Mrs C. Hunt, for typing, without whom this article would not have appeared in *Avon Past*.

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SCHOOLDAYS

Part II: 1917–1922

by Jessie Sheppard

1917 started gloomily, mother and I went to the pictures on Mondays and Thursdays at the Old Gem, Merchant Street. On our way into town, down Alfred Hill, past the Infirmary, we used to wave to the soldiers on the balcony from the steps. New Zealand and Australian wounded soldiers though they might have been, they were very cheerful and often threw down sweets to children passing by. Mother and I used to get some Wills Gold Flake cigarettes and throw these up to them. The nights were dark as the glass at the top of the street lights were painted dark brown. No shop lights. Going down the steps wasn't too bad as the reflected light from the Infirmary lit them a little.

On the other evenings, we stayed at home to read – Buffalo Bill, Sexton Blake and Tinker, Nelson Lee and Nipper and Nick Carter, Mother would read one chapter and I would read the next. When it was my turn to read, mother knitted and I knitted whilst mother read. We made socks for the Red Cross. I was no good at sewing, writing or drawing, but took prizes for knitting. At this time I was staying in school for dinner, we had to eat it in the playground or the cloakroom in the winter, I sat on the hot water pipes to eat mine. Mother gave me a penny on Tuesdays – ½d for fish, ½d for chips and scrumpies for dinner. The rest of the week – ½d for fish or chips. Often I would buy sweets instead and just eat the piece of bread and marge I was supposed to eat with dinner.

There had been a drought during the summer of 1916, the water was turned off from 2 p.m. until 6 o'clock the next morning. I had to come home at lunch time to fill a bath with water for our use. At this time the Grammar School bell came in very handy as it rang at 1.40 p.m. and 8.45 a.m., this gave me the five minutes I needed to get to school. By now I was reading Sherlock Holmes at school, the other books we read at night – mother said not to mention them at school as they weren't the sort of books I should be reading. We used to change these with my friend's father who got all his from the pub, buying two books a week ourselves.

We had a card sometime in February from Dad saying he expected to be home on leave soon. Our postman, Mr Lloyd, used to call out wherever we were in the street if there was a letter or card for us. In those days we had three posts a day and you could ask the postman or postlady if there were any letters and they would give them to you – not at all like today!

The policeman were also wonderful, one of them, a young one, we used to wait for and lassoo him as he came round the corner of the street and we wouldn't let him go until we had a sweet each. He would always warn us when a change meant an older man, who would not appreciate our jokes, would be on duty, and of course we made sure we never upset them. At Christmas time we used to give them a bar of chocolate each – 1d. The young one brought a bag of sweets between us, to our sorrow he left us in the summer of 1917 – he was called up.

The pictures of Kitchener and his slogan *'Your Country Needs You'* were beginning to fade. The battle of the Somme started and on the 1st April, whilst playing ball outside my door with the boy next door, we were surprised to see a little soldier whose kit was as large as himself, and with a huge moustache coming up the court. Bert said 'It's Mr Jones' – I didn't believe him but stepped inside the door and said to mother 'I think it's Dad' – it was. By the time mother and I had finished crying at seeing him, the kettle boiled and we had tea. Dad took out a long stick of real white bread, all the way from France. He also brought me another little doll, a white rosary and a red, white and blue rosary for mother; for her too a pink silk handkerchief sachet with a little cottage and the words 'To my dear Wife' printed on it, also a large handkerchief, which I still have, cotton with each corner having a General and different war scenes all over it. Dad was home for seven days, I had a week from school as did most children when fathers came home on leave, with no loss of marks.

Mother was very worried as several of our friends' relatives who had been on leave had been reported missing or killed about a month after going back on duty. Dad went back and things settled down again.

At school we were now collecting for the Red Cross – ½d per week and eggs for wounded soldiers at the Infirmary – ½d. Money collected for the Infirmary was used to buy eggs and taken down in a galvanised bath every Friday afternoon. Occasionally some of us juniors were allowed to go along with the seniors helping to take the bath down.

By now, I was upstairs with the seniors. Although still considered the most intelligent girl in class, I was getting into trouble over writing, drawing, etc. I could not write two paragraphs without a blot and in those days it was pen and ink. How I envy the scholars of today, I am sure if I had written with a biro pen my life would have been much more pleasant. Unfortunately I was always getting into trouble for talking too much. I jumped a class into Standard I – the class I hated most, as the teacher and I were at loggerheads, although this did not prevent her from using me to answer the Inspectors' questions on their visits. After about four weeks in this class, I took every Friday afternoon off. A friend who lived at the bottom of the Court got her sister to write notes to say I was visiting one of their sisters in hospital, this was true sometimes! I was very pleased when I left that class. The teacher, although I heartily disliked her, was not really to blame as she was the sole supporter of an invalid mother and sister and the girls she favoured were the ones who brought little gifts for her.

I then jumped another class; in this class Miss Webber was the teacher and we got on very well. I still had the reputation of being the most intelligent but the most untidy girl in the class!

1918 started with nothing but bad news, every other child seemed to be losing relatives, food was getting even more difficult, gloom seemed to be all around. Then came the autumn of 1918 and we were hit by what was called the Spanish 'flu. By this time all the schools in Bristol were closed. I had 'flu the week the schools closed and was deaf for a fortnight. I was out playing on the Thursday before Armistice when the rumour started that the war would be at an end the next day. Friday the 11th dawned, a typical November day. My friend and I had dressed up and were playing, we had been told to listen for guns going off at

11 o'clock which would mean that the war was ended. The first thing we heard was the bell ringing and putting on our coats to hide our fancy dress, we rushed into the street. Everyone was out on their doorsteps very excited with the guns going off. People started shouting and carrying on. I went back to the house to make some cocoa for my friend and myself when mother came home, half crying, half laughing at the thought that Dad would be home soon. My friend ran off home after drinking the cocoa. Mother and I had some bread and jam and another cup of cocoa before getting ready to go out.

We went down town, down Alfred Hill. At that time there were steps at the bottom and on the left there were green areas of grass with a glass corridor. On the other side were the balconies filled with beds for the soldiers; they were mostly Australians and New Zealanders and they called out and waved as people went by. On this special day people were throwing up packets of cigarettes and tobacco to the soldiers and they were throwing down chocolate to the children. Mother bought two packets of Gold Flake for me to throw up.

When we reached town, crowds were everywhere – Castle Street was packed, so was Old Market. In those days Peter Street, High Street, Mary Le Port Street and the markets – flower and vegetables and fish markets – were *Town*. People were everywhere, groups singing, shouting and dancing. A few stood in corners needing to be with people, but I saw people crying, those for whom there would be no joyful reunion.

Open air meetings with the churches fully represented were in progress, we stopped at one just starting the hymn 'Now thank we all our God' followed by a prayer and the sermon. The Vicar holding the meeting was elderly and I can still see his face today as he seemed to be talking more to us children than to the adults, reminding us of why they had fought and in many cases, why they had given their lives. Most believed it would lead to a better world if they won this war and they died for a better world, a world of peace and understanding of neighbouring countries. This at the time didn't mean all that much to me, as far as I was concerned if we had not fought the Germans, they would have taken us over. Then the Vicar said, and I still remember the expression on his face, that it was up to us to see there would be no more wars like this again. We finished by singing the National Anthem.

After this mother and I went to Woolworths, a 3d and 6d store in Castle Street, where mother bought me a little china ornament – a little dovecote in green and white with doves with gilt wings. I still have it although one of the wings is broken – to me it still stands for Peace.

We went on down to the Centre; it was getting dark and the trams were lit up and all the shop windows, flags were hanging all over the shops and buildings. After dark it was like fairyland. The few boats in harbour were covered in flags. The people and a few sailors were waving, a night I shall never forget. It is still more vivid than 1945, being younger it was the biggest thing I had ever seen.

Peace was signed June 1919. Our school had a tea party and each child was given a copy of *Landseers Peace*.

Dad came home in April 1919. No employment about; like thousands of others when needed they were the salt of the earth but when the fighting finished, no one wanted them. Before the war Dad had been a gardener but as there was

no hope of a job in that line he became a docker. At first he was lucky if he got one day's work a week, then he got on the banana boat for two days a week, this with the ten shillings a week from the exchange. Mother had half a crown a day with 1s 6d on Saturday and a meal. I was doing a paper round for 2s 6d per week and helping mother on Saturdays for 6d. My job was to clean knives and boots. From 1919 mother worked for a couple who had two St. Bernard dogs (prize dogs at Crufts – Winston and Julie). I used to take them on the Downs for half an hour, this I looked forward to all the week, they were grand dogs, you only had to talk to them and they were sitting down in front of you before you had finished speaking.

Things were getting better now, Dad had his two days a week and often a half day on the Scotch Coaster. On Saturday mornings and during the school holidays I used to take Jack, my dog, who was a cross between an Irish terrier and an Airedale, down to the Bristol Docks. One day the foreman at the warehouse came out and asked if he could catch rats. I, of course, said yes!, never having seen him catch a mouse let alone a rat. However, that morning he caught three rats for which I received 1s 6d. After that I took him with us every time I went with Dad. On Saturdays I had to leave the docks by 9 o'clock to get to work but on other days, we could stay until twelve. In those 'good old days' rent was 4s 6d per week, coal 2s 4d per cwt, corn beef 6d per lb and ham 1s 3d per lb, but with wages as they were there wasn't much left over for luxuries.

1922 brought the dockers' strike – no strike pay or DHSS then, and there was quite a lot of trouble in town with the mounted police out.

This was my last year at school and after two years and a bit, I couldn't leave quickly enough.

SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

by Julie Boston

How would you feel if you won a 50% reduction in your working day, a reduction in your working week and a pay rise? That sort of victory would call for a celebration not just once but again and again. But most of us, numbed by work, cannot bother to think of anything so absurd. No work seems more likely than less work.

In fact the victory was not won by an individual but by a group of workers. It was not won at a time of optimism but during times like these. Times of unemployment, of timid trade union organisation and, even more important, it was here in Bristol. October 1889 was the month when at least 2,000 workers repesenting at least 20 workplaces took strike action and won. In my opinion we should commemorate this episode in history.

A hundred years ago this autumn the gas lights in the splendid houses of Clifton and Cotham became dimmer each night. As the sun set the streets grew menacingly dark. There had been no gas light for seven days; the furnaces of the Bristol Gas Company were growing cooler and cooler because the stokers had been on strike for a week. They were striking against a 12-hour day – with an 18-hour shift at the weekend changeover; they were also striking against their appalling wages.

Stated in that way the gas workers sound as though they were bound to win. But just as the victories of 1889 have been successfully hidden from us, so has the oppression of the decade which preceeded it. A solidarity strike against victimisation of gas workers resulted in a year's imprisonment for those involved. Poverty was so extreme that children had to contribute to the family budget. The dynamic Ben Tillett, for instance, worked from the age of five in the brick fields of Bristol carrying cold lumps of clay to be fired in the hot kilns.

What gave the Bristol workers the confidence to strike in the face of these difficulties? The fragile trade union movement of the 1888s had concentrated on paying out benefit: money for sickness, accidents and burial costs. As there were virtually no strikes, little strike fund was paid out during the decade. However, a small group of socialists continued to campaign by holding weekly meetings, publishing newletters and speaking on street corners.

The London Dock Strike was the crucial factor in the success of the strikes. The local paper brought daily reports of its certain defeat which must have inspired the Bristol Gasworkers to organise a procession to raise money. The rally was addressed by Bristol's only Labour councillor and a socialist solicitor who pointed out that the London dockers' were 'fighting a battle the same as the Bristol men would be fighting later on'.

A week later 200 men at Lysaghts' Galvanising Iron Works took strike action. The gas workers again showed solidarity by forming a Strike Organisation Committee with the co-operation of socialists and Trades Council members. Eight days later they were back at work – victorious.

The gas workers methodically prepared for their own industrial action by gaining promises of co-operation from the lamplighters and factory workers. They also made links with the Bath Gasworkers as well as seamen as far away as Liverpool who agreed to be on the alert for scabs.

The Bristol Gas Company had also organised. They contacted an entrepreneur who offered 'free labour' to break the strike. One hundred and twenty scabs from Exeter were brought in by train. Despite a massive police escort the cabs carrying them never reached the Avon Street gasworks because St Philip's Marsh Bridge was blocked by carts and people. The scabs from Frome got through but consistent picketing of the furnaces forced the employers to concede an eight-hour day, a six-day week and a pay rise. While the strikers feasted on the meat, bread rolls, beer and tobacco intended for the scabs one of the local papers lectured the employers on their 'abject surrender'.

But it is not just the gas workers of 1889 we should remember. Dock workers, galvanised-iron workers at Lysaghts, the tramwaymen, tobacco workers and a thousand women at the Barton Hill cotton factory all took strike action, won pay rises, a shorter day, and an end to the petty fines. They were joined by other trades whose skills alone give a graphic picture of Victorian industry: Robinson oil cake workers, boot and shoe workers, stay makers, brush makers, hatters, oil and colour workers, pipe makers, coal carriers, box makers, and – most important of all – scavengers (the privatised street cleaners!). Not only was their struggle opposed by (the majority of) 'the clergy, moneybags and the local press', but at least one employer – the owner of a hat factory – tried to victimise the leading militants. Despite the onset of winter the strikers printed a list of a dozen people who had returned to work without their colleagues. The rest stayed out until the sacked were re-instated.

To some people the fact that all this happened a 100 years ago makes it irrelevant. It's past history. But the unions they built flourish. The Transport and General Workers Union is housed in a substantial building in Victoria Street. In place of the one union organiser of 1889 there is a full staff.

The South West Regional Office of the Trades Union Congress is also housed in a magnificent mansion in Henbury Road, Westbury on Trym. No doubt they are looking forward to a massive rates reduction. Have they any plans to splash out the several thousand they'll be saving on rates and spend it on centenary celebrations? No.

The trade union officials are not celebrating the victories of 1889. What about the Adult Education Movement? Perhaps they are planning a course on something which has certainly reduced the hours and improved the pay of those of us who belong to unions. The beautiful, free blue booklet on *Adult Education in Bristol 89/90* surely must acknowledge the victories of 100 years ago. Another disappointment. Neither History – Local, nor Local History covers any course on industrial action in Bristol, 1889.

'Any movement which is ignorant of its own history is a prisoner of other people's history . . . we can't possibly win the future unless we keep our hands on the past'. This quotation from Gwyn Williams comes from one of Bristol Broadsides' publications. Broadsides has introduced us to much of our past struggles but what of the victories . . . ? While reading *Placards and Pin Money* in a queue

at the Department of Employment a voice said 'Do you know what deal-runners are?' He told me that his great grandfather was probably a scab because he came from South Wales. The memory is not dead.

On 26th October 1889, 10,000 people celebrated their victory in the streets of Bristol. Among the speakers was Ben Tillett, who had worked since the age of five. Vickary, the gas workers' leader, pointed out that as the wealth was created by the workers they were entitled to a share of it. The current Tory attack on the trade union movement in general and the dockers in particular is a reminder that Marx's comment in the *Manifesto of the Communist Party* is still appropriate today: 'The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles.'

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

THE GHOST OF SARAH SIDDONS

Sarah Siddons performed at the Theatre Royal from March 1779 onwards. She was already established in Bath and played in both cities until 1807. It is not surprising that her ghost was reputed to haunt the stage at the Theatre Royal until it was destroyed in 1970.

The most significant sighting was during the run of the first production of the Bristol Old Vic in February 1946. The play was the 'Beau Stratagem' by Farqhar, a piece much in tune with the period of the theatre. The actress who saw the ghost was Yvonne Mitchell. In one scene she had to go under the stage to make an entrance on the OP side. As she came up the stairs on to the stage she had to push past another figure in 18th-century dress who was waiting in the wings. She thought nothing of it and went on to the stage. Later she realised that in that scene all the actresses wearing 18th-century dress were already on the stage, so who was the mysterious figure in the wings. When she saw a picture of Mrs Siddons which hung in the Director's office she recognised her as the mysterious figure in the wings.

Other folk who worked backstage, especially late at night and on their own, claimed to have seen the figure gliding across the stage in 18th-century dress. It was hardly surprising as the theatre was a very spooky place at night. If there had been a performance the heat from the stage lighting caused the roof members to expand and round about midnight they would contract causing eerie creaks and bangs. There were always draughts whistling round and often the stage area would only be lit by a single bulb. Above all there was the atmosphere of nearly 200 years of dust, size and paint, a smell which evoked the spirit of past performers. As that stage is no more, I would doubt whether the ghost of Sarah Siddons haunts the antiseptic backstage of the present Theatre Royal.

Mr Harris, Historical Association, Bristol Branch

THE BRISTOL SHIPLOVERS SOCIETY

Founded in 1931 (by a group of both professional and non-professional ship lovers) this society is the world's second oldest shiplover society. Membership is open to ship lovers of all ages. The society's stated interests are:

- to provide a place of meeting and forum for discussion for persons with a love of ships and an interest in seafaring past and present;
- to collect data of ships and sailors, particularly that relating to the Port of Bristol;
- to collaborate with other bodies with like interests or concern for the welfare of seafarers.

Its well-known badge depicts the barque 'Favell' – the last Bristol-built deep-water commercial sailing ship.

In its 57 years the society has done much towards maintaining the maritime heritage of this ancient port; kept archives and records, searched out and preserved treasures, and petitioned for the marking of historical sites. Whilst its efforts are chiefly centred on Bristol it does not restrict itself to this. Amongst the list of original benefactors of the (Greenwich) National Maritime Museum, in its first report, this society is named. Many of the relics searched out (some of very considerable value) have been presented or loaned to Bristol museums.

Donations are made to many deserving causes – recently a worthwhile donation was made to the preserved Bristol tug 'Mayflower' but the causes covered stretch from Greenpeace to SS 'Great Britain'. For a society of its size it has produced large numbers of authors and renowned model builders. The society lists amongst its officers a welfare visitor – in harder times he was responsible for assisting seafarers who found themselves on hard times.

Before the last war when a large proportion of the members were out of sailing ships the society prided itself on its shantymen. On several occasions the Shiplovers Society was called on by the BBC to broadcast authentic shanties from the days of sail.

The society currently meets at Christ Church, Cotham, Bristol on the first and third Tuesdays of each month from October to the first Tuesday in May. Details from:

Hon. Sec.: G. F. Paton
2 Cambridge Road, Clevedon, Avon BS21 7HX.
Telephone: Clevedon 872924.

PUBLICATIONS REVIEWED

HATCHMENTS IN BRITAIN

Vol. 7: Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, Isle of Wight and Somerset

Edited by Peter Summers and John E. Titterton

Visitors to English parish churches can hardly be unaware on their walls of the sombre diamond-shaped panels of the hatchment. Originating in the 17th century and not uncommon in the 20th, these paintings of the coat of arms, helmet and motto of the deceased were hung outside the family house, and once the requisite period of mourning had expired were removed to the parish church to be hung up as a heraldic memorial. Strict rules governed the painting of the background, e.g. all black indicated a bachelor, the dexter – the side to the left of the spectator – painted black indicated a deceased man survived by his wife, and so on. The boards rarely contain names, and identification is only by means of the arms they depict.

Phillimore have been publishing a series surveying all hatchments in English public buildings, as well as the rest of Great Britain and Ireland. With Volume 7 the series reaches the southern and south-western counties of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Gloucestershire, Hampshire, the Isle of Wight and Somerset. The volume lists hatchments alphabetically by village or town within the counties, entries contain a statement of background, e.g. Dexter background black (married man) or 'all black background' (widow or bachelor), a heraldic description of the coat of arms, details of any additions to the design (skulls, mottoes and the like) and a statement of who was commemorated.

To anyone interested in English funeral customs, heraldic art or the art of English parish churches this series will prove invaluable. Although there is a neat descriptive diagram of typical hatchment arrangements, there are only seven illustrations, one for each county and then only in black and white. Presumably more illustrations and colour printing would increase the price prohibitively beyond £11.95 a volume.

Rex Dean

CLAY PIT

by Fred Moss
Bristol Broadsides, 1986, 69pp. £2.50.

Bristol Broadsides describe themselves as a 'non-profit making co-operative producing books by local people of their history and creative writing'. They give a voice to those who are unlikely to reach us via conventional publishers; and judging by Mr Moss's book, it is a voice which well deserves to be heard.

City Pit tells of the author's boyhood in east Bristol during and immediately after the First World War, and then concentrates on his years as a miner at Speed-

well Colliery from 1921 to 1932. Mr Moss describes the appalling working conditions, the frequent accidents, and the comradeship of the miners. We are introduced to a close-knit community centred around the mines and the chapels. Beneath all lie two themes: the hardship of the miner's life; and the struggle between mineowners and miners. Early union activities culminate only in the bitter defeat of the 1926 strike. By 1932 Mr Moss knew that he had to get out of the pit, and indeed Speedwell Colliery closed for good in 1936.

There are 27 full-page black and white illustrations, as well as a frontispiece. Some of these photographs are of only marginal relevance to the text; space might have been better employed in more autobiography – I for one should like to know what the author did after leaving Speedwell.

This is clearly Mr Moss's own story, told as he remembered it, with some repetition and with his own (unnecessary) apology for his style. I am glad that editorial policy has let his words stand, as a vivid and moving account of life in one of Bristol's 'city pits'.

Gwyneth Nair