

MINCHINHAMPTON LOCAL HISTORY GROUP

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MINCHINHAMPTON LOCAL HISTORY GROUP COMMITTEE 2005/2006

Mrs. Diana Wall – Chairman
Dr. Hugh Kearsley – Vice chairman
Mrs. Sarah Cole – Secretary and Treasurer
Mr. Brian Keen
Mr. Bob Petersen
Mr. John Williams
Miss Juliet Wilson

PROGRAMME OF PAST MEETINGS

2005	November	A.G.M. and “Unknown Gloucestershire” - Philip Walmsley
2006	January	“Researching the history of your house” - Team of Speakers
	February	“Farming Locally” - Bob Petersen
	March	“Postal services in Gloucestershire Before the Penny Post” - Russell Howes
	May	“Aspects of Longfords Mill” - Iain Mackintosh
	June	“100 miles of History - The Cotswold Way” - Steven Blake
	July	“Historical Walk around the Park”
	September	“My room with a view - Growing up at Lypiatt Park” - Sue Harrison
	October	“AT WORK AND PLAY” Local History Exhibition
	November	A. G. M. and “Local Commons and the National Trust” - Richard Evans

Minchinhampton Water Supplies

Recorded on 12th September 1975 to commemorate European Architectural Heritage Year by the late Frank Simmonds — age 69

This is about water suppliers — which are vital to any community.

All the very old villages — and Minchinhampton is one of them — were built on a particular site because water was easily available and reliable all year round. The springs come to the surface of the ground at Well Hill, Forewood, Bubblewell, Balls Green and Box. These were the only sources of supply until wells were dug at the high levels and allowed villages to expand onto the higher ground. These springs have been neglected of late years since tap water was instituted and have caused the flow of water to diminish.

The spring water flows through limestone and it deposits lime in the stream course underground and eventually forces the spring to change its course. The Well Hill spring is an example of this. The cottagers in the Well Hill went to the spring and collected their water in buckets. At Forewood House around the time of Frank Playne's occupation, a hand pump was fitted in the kitchen to pump the water from the spring. Also, he had a small hydraulic ram to pump water to the top of the house.

At Ram House, Forewood (now Paul Fisher's home) there is a very large spring. This was the site of the Forewood Breweries in the 1860's. The water was supposed to make very good beer. This spring flowed from this point in pipes underground to a point where it now flows into a large stone trough by the side of the road in large quantities.

The large house where Mrs Edward Playne lived used the spring water with the aid of the pump in the house and a hydraulic ram. All the local cottagers used buckets.

The spring at Bubblewell comes to the surface at Bubblewell Farm and fed the farm and house with water. It also flows as a stream and fed the rear cottages at the bottom of Chapel Lane and Gatcombe Wood.

The spring at Balls Green had its source at Starbrook in the field above The Chestnuts. This water supplies the houses at Chestnuts, Balls Green and Longfords. The spring is conveyed underground (which is natural clay) in a dry wall stone drain to Monkford House grounds. It runs into large underground tanks which serve the big house and cottages with water.



The spring at Trullwell

There were springs at Bucks House, Grey House and Box Green. All the large houses had pumps fitted in the kitchens but the cottagers went to the springs with buckets.

For most of the large houses in this area it was the order of the day for the gardener, first thing in the morning, to work at the pumps in the house and fill the tanks in the top of the house. A small pipe was usually fitted, similar to an overflow pipe, in the tanks and this discharged water when the tank was full down near the pump to warn the man at the pump that the tank was full.

Where spring water was not available, wells were dug in the back yard in gardens of the house and, in some cases, in the cellars.

Most of Minchinhampton is built on rock and wells were cut through this rock and onto the spring in the clay bed. The cottages were often built with the stone from the cellars and wells. Some cottages (and I know 5) had only one well between them. They had to wind up water from the well in buckets. Some had pumps fitted down in the wells and were worked by iron tods up the well and to the pump handle at the top. Most of the wells in this area are not walled up except, in most cases, the top ten feet where the face may crumble. A considerable number have now been filled in with spoil or covered over and lost forever.



Well in Tetbury Street - winding gear still in place

Addendum by Tony Simmonds

Ralph Simmonds said that at one time the water mains froze in the colder winters at the start of the 20th. century. Stand-pipes had to be set up and on occasions J. Simmonds & Sons were requested by Glos. CC to clear the streets of snow. This was possible as building work was at a standstill. The snow would be dumped on the Park and by Christowe on the Common to avoid flooding in some of the houses of the town.

Minchinhampton Drainage

by Tony Simmonds

Before 1914-18, the main drains were of dry-walling stone on the natural rock-base, 15” wide and 12” high or more capped by large stones. These were mainly for the surface water from the roads and houses in the town centre. Most cottages had no WCs or sinks, water taps were outside and slop water was thrown onto the garden. Stroud Water Company brought piped water to town in the 1860s - that then meant there was more wastewater to dispose of.

In the 14 cottages on Park Terrace, several tenants took in laundry and later sinks were fitted and drains led to an old stone drain that terminated at Park Farm. Other cottages had drains laid, if they could afford them. Otherwise cesspits were built in gardens at least 30 ft from the house, and the drains connected to them. Larger houses had sinks in the scullery, bathrooms formed upstairs with tanks in the roof, boilers to provide hot water and WCs upstairs. All this required drains, town houses ran their water into the old stone drains, and others connected to the cesspits. No council restrictions. In the field east of the Shard, there was a large underground stone-walled tank with outlet into the open stream. This is where the drains terminated, the main drain passing down Well Hill road then across the field to the tank.



Open Reservoir in the snow

In 1930, the new sewage works was built in field to the southeast of the above, the drains connected and effluent ran into the stream. In the 1960s a new sewage system was laid from Nailsworth along the Avening Road and up to the Minchinhampton sewage system from the Weigh-Bridge Inn. Then the new sewerage system was laid throughout Minchinhampton and the old drains disconnected. In the 1970s, Box village was provided with a new system connected to the valley. Due to gradients it was not possible to connect all Minchinhampton to this new system. For the built-up area north of the Cirencester Road from Hyde to Burleigh, the sewers were laid to fall to the main sewer in the Brimscombe valley and on to a large sewerage works at Leonard Stanley. Sewage from Minchinhampton and Box is now piped down the Woodchester valley to Ebley and King Stanley.

MINCHINHAMPTON AERODROME

Diana Wall



An Avro 504 in front of a Bessanaux Hanger

During World War I, Great Britain called upon her allies in the Dominions to support the war against the enemy in Europe. Anzacs, the Australian and New Zealand forces fought bravely, especially at Gallipoli against the Turkish Empire and on the Western front against Germany, where the advantages of aerial warfare were clearly shown.. Airframes and engines developed rapidly throughout 1916 and 1917 and the Royal Flying Corps was established as a fighting force. Towards the end of the war Australia was looking to set up its own Air Corps, to defend its

shores in peacetime, sending detachments to the U.K. in 1917, finally setting up the First Training Wing of the Australian Flying Corps in January 1918. This consisted of No.1 Station (Squadrons 5 & 6) at Minchinhampton, on land previously farmed by Mr Charles Clarke and No. 2 Station (Squadrons 7 & 8) at Leighterton, also on farmland.

After six week's basic training in aeronautics, Morse code and the theory of artillery, then passing a written examination, the trainees came to Gloucestershire. After twelve 15 minute dual flights the pilot would "go solo", he would have another four hours of solo flight before going on to advanced training – in single-seaters at Minchinhampton and two-seaters at Leighterton. The planes they used were Sopwith Pups and Camels, the S.E.5A and Avro 504. Training was always a risky business, particularly with the Sopwith Camel, which had poor handling characteristics, and the 24 graves at the small cemetery at Leighterton are testament to this.

The first hangars on the fields were of wood and canvas, known as Bessanau Hangars, but these were eventually replaced by more permanent structures, advertisements being put into the local press for labourers to work on the buildings. These hangars improved the working environment, although conditions were still cramped, and wings often had to be removed from aircraft. Inside the engine shop new units were uncrated and checked. As much work as possible was done outside, if the weather was suitable, and the ground crew and mechanics were fully trained before coming to Gloucestershire. The runways were, of course, grass and there were other buildings such as barracks and other facilities for the men. The main Cirencester road cut across the aerodrome and crowds would often come to watch the fliers.



Working on an aircraft engine

The Anzacs became well known locally for their daredevil flying, including dropping into Chavenage House for coffee, and also for the concert parties and other entertainments they put on for charity. These included a concert at Amberley School in aid of a new piano, one in the Market House to raise money for the town war memorial, and far grander, more professional affairs in the Subscription Rooms – one of which included a mock-up of Minchinhampton aerodrome. The fliers became local celebrities – Captain Les Holden, M.C. was the chief instructor at Minchinhampton and he regularly flew his red S.E.5A up the valley from Stroud, turning low over Oakridge and landing at the aerodrome in time for his breakfast! There was ceremonial too, as when General Sir W. Birdwood, Commander in Chief of the Australian Flying Corps made an official visit in 1918 – an event which was captured on film included in “*Anzacs over England*”.¹



General Birdwood and his Officers during the visit to Minchinhampton Aerodrome

The Anzacs left on 11th May 1919; at 5.00 a.m. 350 men and 35 officers marched from Minchinhampton Aerodrome to Chalford Station, accompanied by an Australian piper., and watched by many local people. At Southampton they joined the other Australian Squadrons, who had been stationed on Salisbury Plain, and

¹ “Anzacs over England”, David Goodland & Alan Vaughan, 1992

embarked upon SS Kaiser I Hind for the journey home. The canvas and wood hangars were sold, and some of the main construction frames were used at Chamberlains in Nailsworth. At Leighterton the whole area reverted to farmland, although the aerodrome garage can still be seen alongside the A46. At Minchinhampton some of the land was cultivated again, but it was used for air pageants in the 1930s, and as the Second World War loomed it was opened as Aston Down in October 1938. Some of the other buildings were turned into bungalows, and at least two of these can still be identified today. Local people who occupied others eventually moved into the council houses at the Tynings when they were built in the 1930s.

The young men who died during their training for the Australian Flying Corps are not forgotten, however, and every year, on the Sunday nearest to Anzac Day, a parade and an Act of Remembrance is held at Leighterton Cemetery.

*“Oh! You who sleep in Cotswolds’ fields
Sleep sweet – to arise anew,
We caught the torch you threw,
And holding high we kept*

*The faith of those who died.
We cherish too, the poppy red
That grows on fields where valour led.
It seems the signal to the skies*

*That blood of heroes never dies,
But lends a lustre to the red
Of the flower that blooms above the dead.
Fear not that ye have died for naught
We’ve learned the lesson that ye taught.”*

“Aussies over the Cotswolds” James Woolley, 1992

A SPIRITED AFFAIR

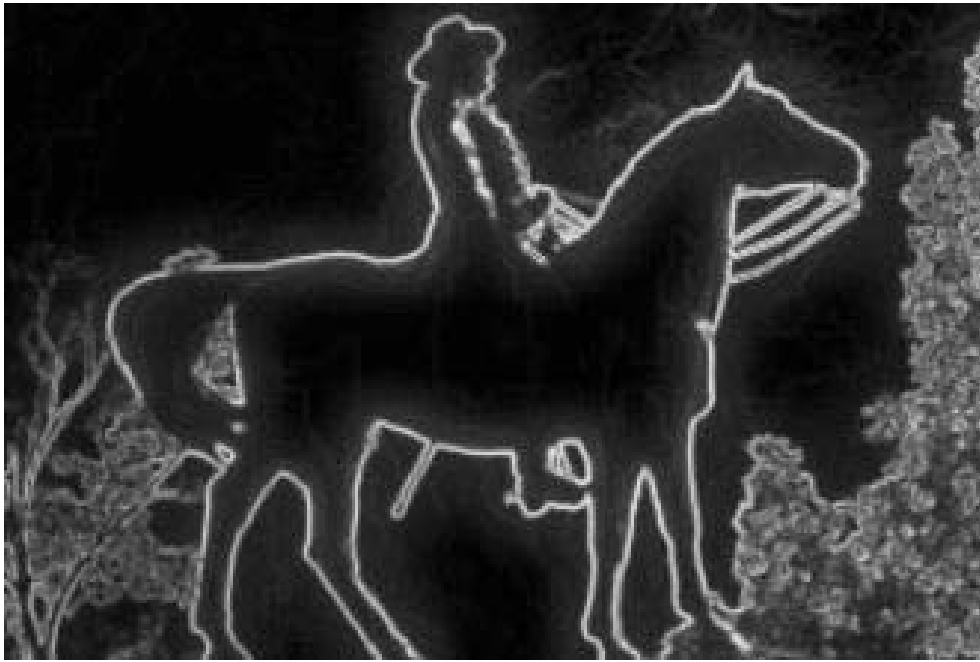
John Williams

An eerie corner of Minchinhampton parish lying between the Ragged Cot Inn and Hampton Fields is noted for its monoliths, mounds and mysterious happenings. Fortify yourself with a tot of spirits at the “Ragged Cot” and you may be joined by its own resident spirits, that of the previous landlords wife and child. One cold night in December 1760 the landlord, a man called Bill Clavers, driven by despair and poverty devised a scheme to rob the midnight stagecoach to London. Being a cowardly man at heart he drank a fair amount of rum to steady his nerves before staggering into the freezing winter night with a pair of loaded pistols.

His wife was distraught and desperately tried to stop him knowing that if he was caught he would be hanged, but mad with drink Clavers would not listen and pushed her roughly aside. His plan was a success and he returned home with his booty. When he got back he found his wife dead along with the child she had in her arms, in his drunken rage he had pushed them downstairs without realising it. Fearfully he hid their bodies in a large trunk. But as it was a snowy night the soldiers were able to follow Clavers' footprints back from the scene of the hold-up. As they approached the inn they heard a shot from inside and a loud piercing scream from Clavers. He had seen the ghosts of his wife and child gliding towards him. The soldiers broke down the door and Clavers offered no resistance.

The soldiers themselves also saw the ghosts and the dead bodies were found where Clavers had hidden them in the trunk. He was hanged for his crimes and the ghosts of his wife and child still haunt the Ragged Cot.

A short distance down the road towards Hampton Fields you come to the turning leading enigmatically towards a place known as "The Devil's Churchyard" located about a mile due east of Crackstone, on the track that is sometimes called the straight mile. As late as the 1950s, people who thought it to be haunted avoided it at night.



Attempts to build a church there, on the site of a stone circle, enabling Christianity to gain a stronger hold among the heathens of the neighbourhood, foundered when the project was continually vandalised. Some said it was the devil's work as the site chosen for this new structure was an ancient site of Pagan worship, and, legend has it, all work that was accomplished during the day was at night torn down, supposedly by the devil. Eventually the work was abandoned, and the new church was constructed on its present site in Minchinhampton itself.

Later, a clergyman ordered destruction of the stone circle, and the locality gained a reputation for evil. A ghostly rider sometimes put the wind up passers-by, and a grim spectre was seen following people in the lanes. On one occasion an old man made his way along the track that led across the area, a faint sound of tinkling bells reached him across the fields to the south. He stood and listened. The noise grew louder. Then quite suddenly from over the hedgerow leapt a horse and rider. The bells jangled loudly as the horse landed after its unnaturally high jump. The man's blood froze as he saw the rider; a black-robed, ghostly figure, an ethereal corner of the rider's garment flicking at the man's face as the pair galloped off up the valley and disappeared into the darkness.

In another incident it is recorded that two shepherds, whilst guarding their flocks, saw this same figure, and again it was early in the morning.

It is however the area of Gatcombe that offers something a little more tangible, here are to be found some of the best-known standing stones in the county - the Long Stone and the Tingle Stone.

Some notice a "charged" sensation in the vicinity of certain stones, and experience a tingling sensation when they touch them. Doubtless, this is why the Tingle Stone is so-called. It's on the Princess Royals land at Gatcombe Park, and has long been thought to be charged with electricity. It could be the remains of a portal dolmen connected with a long barrow. Local legend has it that, when church bells strike at midnight, the Tingle Stone and the Long Stone run around their fields. They are also said to go to Minchinhampton to drink from a spring there. The Long Stone,



a rough lozenge shape is 7 ½ ft high above the ground, and is said to be as much below the surface. Is famous for the two holes in it, which, although created by natural weathering, have given rise to various folk tales. The stone was thought to have healing properties. People would pass their limbs through the holes for cures, and mothers would put their children through to keep them healthy. Within living memory, children with whooping-cough and rickets used to be put through one of the holes in the stone.

It may also have been associated with fertility rites, as couples would hold hands through the stone and pledge themselves to one another.

Traditions of bloodshed also cling round the Longstone; some say that it marks the burial place of a Danish chief killed in a battle at “Woeful Danes' Bottom”, about half a mile distant, where “the blood ran as high as the wheels of a cart”, and the victory was won by women who gave the Danes poisoned pancakes to eat. and all the tumuli or “tumps” in the neighbourhood are held to be “the soldiers' graves”.

The Danes were supposedly to have marched via the Daneway to meet the Saxons. However there is some doubt as the word Daneway is from Dene way' or valley way and Woeful is from 'Wulffaled a persons name. (*Arthur Twisden Playne 1915*).

It's also been said that a phantom black dog has been seen in the stone's vicinity, carters had to blindfold their horses when they passed along the road in which the main gates to the Gatcombe estate lie. Reputed by witnesses who have seen it on a number of occasions, to be headless and nearly the size of a Labrador, it is said to move fast and silently, then brush up against you, with a pungent aroma of damp fur. Why it is headless is not known, perhaps because of some misdemeanour against its owner.

At least modern day postmen have nothing to fear...

Local Place Names

Diana Wall

At meetings, and more particularly at the recent “At Work and Play” exhibition, members have asked about the origin of place names in this area and it seemed appropriate to print a short list in the Bulletin, as much to generate interest in the study as to provide definitive answers!

The first scholarly volume about local names was “Place Names of Gloucestershire” by W. St. Clair Baddley, published by the local printer, John Bellows of Gloucester, in 1913. A copy is held in the Collection and it was undoubtedly this book that was used by A.T. Playne for reference in “A History of Minchinhampton and Avening” two years later.

Many of our predecessors, especially in manorial times, had little need to use regular place names. The Custumals of the C13th and C14th refer to many features of physical geography and the Manor is defined as lying within a circle of woods, stretching from *Colecumbe* to *Burleia* and *Rodeberowe*. It is from this period that one can trace FORWOOD, BUBBLEWELL and LONGFORD, all referring to landscape features that could be readily identified. The Norman overlords referred

to BOX as *La Boxe*, which could relate to the bushes, or to a hunting lodge or box, and from them came the name HYDE, from the ancient land measure called a hide used in the Domesday Book, where there are no place names other than that of Hampton. ASTON DOWN contains the old spelling for eastern; this open ground still marks the boundary of the parish in that direction.

Other names refer to the predominant trades of the area, and may be much later in date. WALLS QUARRY relates to the use of the stone, not a family name so it should be spelt without an apostrophe. (The surname probably evolved from the trade). CRACKSTONE refers to the practice of leaving stones for tiles in the fields to split along the natural lines of weakness in the frost. IRON MILLS is also an echo of a long vanished trade.

In order to understand more about names, it is often necessary to divide them into syllables: AMBER–LEY, BUR–LEIGH. The suffix is often the easiest to understand (in these cases from Anglo Saxon *leah*, an untilled field, the equivalent of the modern lea, or meadow). It is often better to say the names aloud, as spelling has fluctuated wildly over the centuries. In many instances the prefix is attributed to some long-lost family name (*Unburgh or Hunberg*) or a physical feature (*Bur* a rabbit burrow). Features of the landscape are still prominent: BRIMSCOMBE, COWCOMBE and GATCOMBE contain *cumb*, *cwm* the Welsh for valley, with the prefix of the latter meaning a gate. GIDDYKNAP and BEECHKNAPP contain the Anglo Saxon suffix for a headland or knoll, *cnaep*, *knap*.

An example of how place names may be wrongly ascribed is provided by WOEFULDANE, which C18th historians asserted was the site of a great battle, resulting in the overthrow of northern European invaders. Less romantically, the suffix is a corruption of *dene*, or valley, with the first two syllables relating either to the name *Wufflaed* or more likely the place of the wolves, which were common in Britain in early times.

The final word should go to W. St. Clair Baddley. “One of the more curious transformations of place names which have occurred in the county, may be instanced the attractive name of a certain hamlet near Minchinhampton, today known as St. Chloe, where the monks of Malmesbury once owned a grange. A century or more ago it was written as *Seintley* ... In A.D. 1292 the name was *Sentleye* and *Seintle*. From that date we can leap backward historically to A.D. 896 when we find it to be *Sengetlege*”. The suffix is again a corruption of *leah*, with the *senged* either meaning singed or burnt, or a sandy lane. “Presently, perhaps, a Chapel will be erected upon the spot and dedicated to this somewhat transparent Saint Chloe. Locally even the sex of the Saint is disputed with St. Loe!”

Cotswold Stone Tile Names

Tony Simmonds

The tiles on a Cotswold Stone house are graded in size, small at the top and large at the bottom. This list, naming the different sized tiles, was drawn up by Frank Simmonds, of J. Simmonds & Sons, sometime in the 1980s.

- Roof Ridge -

Stone Crest
Short Picks
Middle Picks
Long Picks
Short Cuttings
Long Cuttings
Movities * *Muffetties*
Short Becks
Middle Becks
Long Becks
Short Batchelors
Long Batchelors
Short Nines
Long Nines
Short Wibbuts
Long Wibbuts
* *Long Wyvetts*
Short Elevens
Long Elevens
Short Twelves
Long Twelves
Long Thirteens
Long Fourteens
Long Fifteens
Long Sixteens
Follows
Eaves
Under Eaves (or Cussoms)



- Eaves of Roof -

*N.B. * - These names are quoted in Cotswold Life Jan 2006 as in use by Burford tilers. I suspect that the changed spelling is due to dialect differences*

“The Saving of the Barge” by Bransby Williams

I’m a capt’n that’s wot I am, Sir
A nautical man by trade
Tho’ I ain’t decked out wiv a uniform
with buttons of gold and braid.
Its true as I ain’t the skipper
of one of those grand hotels,
And I ain’t the capt’n of one of
these Clacton or Yarmouth Belles.

I’m the skipper of this ‘ere barge, Sir
Wot’s known as the Slimey Sal
And a faster boat there ain’t, Sir
on the whole length or breadth of the canal.
Though I owns, so far as the breadth’s
concerned,
That ain’t much praise of course
And the number of knots she makes an hour
‘as summat to do with the ‘orse.

Have I ever had any adventures,
the same as one meets at sea?
I should jolly well think that I had, Sir
Not one, but a dozen maybe.
And if it wasn’t as how my throat’s that dry
as to almost stop my breath
I’d tell you ‘ow the missus and I
was snatched from the jaws of death.

Her courage it was wot saved us.
Her courage wot pulled us thro’
else I wouldn’t be standing ‘ere thirsty -
well thank you, I don’t mind if I do.
(has a drink)
One morning some two or three weeks ago
Our cargo had all been stowed
We’d eighty odd ton of coal aboard
Which of course is a fairish load.

We’d got a new ‘orse that day, Sir
Too good for the job by a lot
He’d once been a Derby winner
Tho’ ‘is name now, I’ve clean forgot
‘e was standing ‘arnessed on to the barge
The missus and I was aboard
When all of a sudden we feels a jerk
And he starts of his own accord!

I flew like a flash to the rudder,
and pushes it ‘ard a’lee
The missus ‘ad hoisted a flag of distress
on the chimney - I could see
We ‘adn’t no fog horn nor whistle,
but the missus she yelled like two
And the louder she screamed out ‘Clear the
Course’
The faster the old ‘orse flew.

Houses and trees went flying by –
a mighty splash and a shock,
and we passed right through, without paying
too,
the closed up gates of a lock.

But before I tells how we was saved, Sir
there’s one thing I’d like you to know,
My missus was once in a circus,
as a hartist - I mean years ago.
She used to perform on the tight rope
and wonderful things too she done
Tho’ that’s all over and done, Sir
‘er weight being now seventeen stune.

Just when we’d whizzed through a tunnel
She yells from the lower deck
and says, ‘If that there ‘orse ain’t stopped
pretty quick,
I can see as we’re in for a wreck,
We’d only eighty odd miles to go
before we gets to the end of the course’.
T’was a case of which held out the longest
The blinking canal, or the ‘orse.

She came on the deck where I stood, Sir
And I sees a gleam come in ‘er eye
She said it’s a chance in a thousand
But its one as I’m willing to try.
The ‘eadlong career of that ‘orse must be
stopped
Its our one and only ‘ope
There’s only one way to get at ‘im
I must walk to his back on the rope.

She gives me a farewell hug, Sir
Takes an oar for a pole in her 'ands
And smiling, as tho' in the circus
On the tow rope a moment she stands.
I closes my eyes after that, Sir
For the sight would have made me unnerved
'Twas a 'orrible death 'twould 'ave meant
for 'er
If the barge for a moment 'ad swerved.

But I opens 'em wide in a moment,
for I 'ears a loud kind of a crack,
an' I sees that there 'orse, all of a collapse.
The missus 'ad broken 'is back.
As soon as the crisis was over,
on the deck in a swoon, Sir, I dropped.
And the barge went on for a mile and a 'arf
on its lonesome, afore it was stopped.

Wot's that you say, Sir.
Why didn't I cut the rope
and 'ave let the old 'orse loose instead?
Why fancy you thinking of that now –
it never came into my head!

Two Old Gloucestershire Recipes

Plum Port

One gallon boiling water, 4 lbs sugar, 4 lbs damsons.
Pour boiling water over damsons. Leave until next day. Squeeze and stir daily for 6 days. Strain through jelly bag. Stir in the sugar and add half pint boiling water. Leave to ferment for 10 days. Skim and bottle. (*Dated 1875*)

Elderberry Wine

10 lbs elderberries (picked off stalk), 10 quarts water, 10 lbs sugar, 2 oxs ginger, 2 grated nutmegs, pinch of cayenne pepper, twopenny worth isinglass.
Boil elderberries with water for one hour. Strain and leave to cool. Add other ingredients. Leave to stand 20 days. Stir two or three times each day. Bottle and leave for 3 months. (*Dated 1870*)

PEAL OF BELLS COST £60 IN 1634

From an old newspaper account

An extract from the Churchwarden's Accounts for the year 1634 (in the reign of Charles I) makes interesting reading. The 340-year-old accounts reveal that in that year a new peal of five bells was installed in the church tower by churchwardens Steven Wood and Charles Pynfold.

According to the ancient ledger, the casting of the bells, the making of the frames and all other "*Appurtenanties*" was undertaken by one Roger Purdey of Horsley for the sum of £60.

The ropes were supplied by a Mr. Taylor of Bristol for eight shillings. The "*Mettell*" from which the bells were cast was purchased by the churchwardens in Bristol for £10. 12s. 0d. Their personal expenses for the eighty-mile round trip came to 9s. 2d. while the cost of hauling the metal to Horsley was 9s. 4d. including the hire of the horse.

The wardens, the extract goes on, attended Horsley for the casting of the bells and their "*meate and drinke*" together with the cost of bringing the bells to Minchinhampton came to 8s. 9d.

The enormous expense of the whole venture was offset by a £10 contribution from Lord Windsor, the Lord of the Manor.

