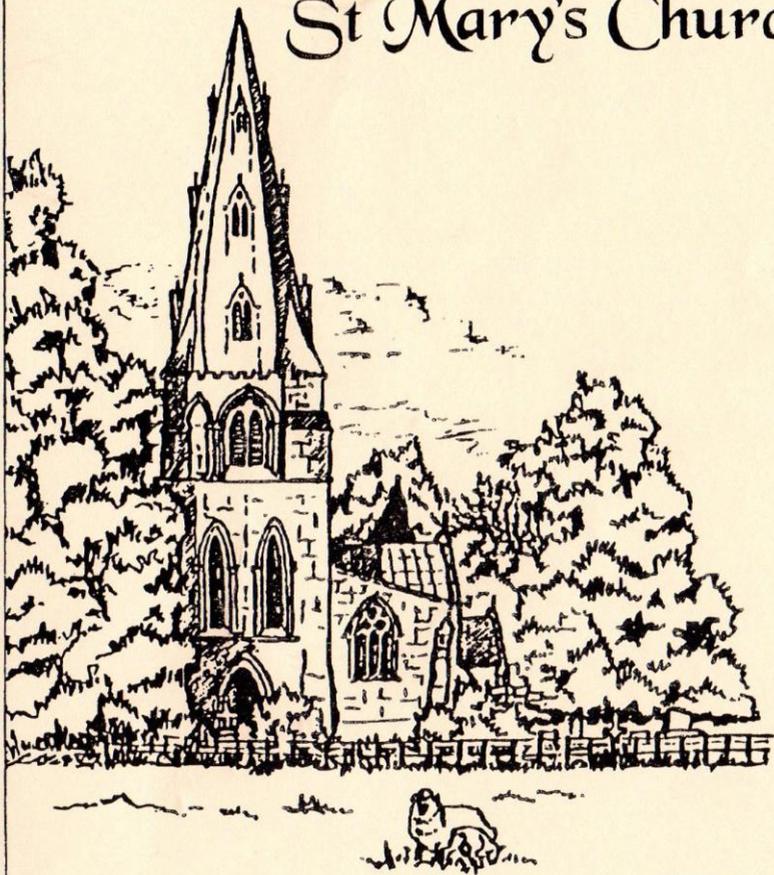


Frampton Pageant

St Mary's Church



This book was requested by many people after seeing the Pageant, as a reminder of a special event.

It is dedicated to all the cast and back-stage helpers - to the members of the cast who wrote their special bits - and to the ones who performed their bits so well to make this such a success, and especially to my husband Frank for his patience, understanding and support, without which, the whole project would not have got off the ground.

Joan Biggadyke
August 1994

The Pageant of Frampton was an idea I had had for some time. I called a meeting in April 1993 inviting a few interested people to come along and discuss my ideas. Other people were suggested and invited. I researched and wrote all the narrations and several others offered to research and perform their bits. We do not claim that our contributions are historically correct - dates and some facts may vary slightly but it was meant to be a broad outline of the history of Frampton to be enjoyed - which it appeared to be. It took a year out of our lives to prepare it but we gained much from that year.

I would like to thank people who loaned equipment etc., who gave copyright permission or allowed us to look into the history of their houses.

INTRODUCTION

Extract from *Over Fen and Wold* by James J. Hissey (by kind permission) read by Sally Cooper

On leaving Swineshead for Boston we were told to take the first to the left and then drive straight on.....

We were by no means driving straight on according to instructions, thought we kept the famous stump in view and ahead of us, now slightly to the right and now to the left; but in time we found that we were gradually getting nearer to it, which was satisfactory and after all, we reasoned to ourselves it does not matter greatly how we progress, so long as we reach our destination and an Inn before nightfall. Our horses are going fresh, the country is interesting and full of character. So by indirect, crooked ways, we reached Frampton, an out-of-the-world village, a spot where one might go in search of peace when 'weary of men's voices and their tread, of clamouring bells and whirl of wheels that pass'.

It seemed a place so very remote from 'the busy haunts of men'.

It impressed us with its restful calm,. Here by the side of the road stood its ancient and picturesque Church - we had seen enough Churches that day to last for a whole tour, but somehow this rural fane so charmed us that we felt we could not pass it by without a glance.

THIS IS THE PAGEANT OF FRAMPTON.

We cannot find an actual date for the foundation of the Parish but it's name gives us a clue - it is Anglo-Saxon. The termination 'ton' being the same as our word for town or a collection of houses. The first part is probably geographical as Fram means Fore. Frampton may merely mean Foretown as being situated at the point which juts out furthest between the estuaries of the Witham and the Welland.

The Country round the Wash was invaded about the Year 550 by the Anglo-Saxons and was the nucleus of the Middle Anglian Kingdom. Although Frampton may have been in existence as early as the middle of the 6th. Century - it was probably not an Ecclesiastical Parish but only a name of a Manor within the 'Hundreds of Kirton' Christianity was not introduced into this neighbourhood until the middle of the 7th. Century.

From the Year 867 Lincolnshire suffered greatly from the Invasion of the Danes. In 1016 the Dane Canute was actually King of England. In 1042 Edward the Confessor restored the Saxon Line then followed the Norman Conquest. By this time Frampton had its own Church and parson supported by tithes. Records show it was mentioned in the Domesday Book of 1069 when the population was about 150.

Frampton extends from the shores of the Wash westwards to Hubberts Bridge. Marshland was reclaimed but there are still floods at some high tides. As recently as the 1930's flooding occurred as far as Buntings Bridge. Bounded to the North by Wyberton and by Kirton to the South West - the boundary between Frampton and Kirton being the Crail Eau - a narrow dyke. It was crossed by two railway lines but now there is only one at Hubbert's Bridge.

One of the larger houses along the road from the Marsh is Cotton Hall and opposite is Lime Tree Farm. The area is wholly agricultural.

It is a long narrow village with the beautiful Church of St. Mary - the original Church was built of wood but that was soon replaced by a Norman stone built church of which the present Font bowl still remains. The present Tower and Broach Spire were built towards the end of the 12th. Century - the remainder of this Church was pulled down about 1350 and the present Church, incorporating the tower and spire was built.

The lofty broach spire contains six bells - four of which date from 1620 and the fifth from 1801 and the sixth was added in 1912 to commemorate the coronation of King George V. Inside there is a beautiful brass chandelier for 25 candles which bears the inscription 'The gift of Coney Tunnard, Gent, for an example to all pretenders of love to the Church which by their acts don't show it' Anno Domini 1723. Coney was the old English word for rabbit, which explains the presence of the brass rabbit above the chandelier.

Near to the Church at the top of 'Rabbit Lane' (now known as Hall Lane) stood a Waggon Works, used for making wheels for carts etc. but this was demolished in the 1950's. David Langley, who narrated this section, told us that it had in fact belonged to John Langley and Son, who were his grandparents. He showed some hub caps from the cart wheels which are now collectors items for door stops etc. A set of four caps are now worth about £60 - 60 years ago a new wagon only cost £37.10.

Nearby stands the Moores Arms and on the opposite side of the roadway The Vicarage stands built about 1912. Sandholme lane runs at the side of the Church where the site of Multon Hall was. There was also an old Workhouse for the poor of Frampton about the 17th. Century - this was later destroyed and charity cottages built on the other side of the Church. Evidence of the foundations have been found in the Church yard over the years.

Opposite the Church stands The Manor House built about 1760 - Kellys Directory of 1892 records that the Manor House was once the Court House but doesn't give any more details.

This part of the Village was densely wooded but over the years time and weather have taken their toll. Moving along, we pass several fine houses, Frampton Hall, Hunwell House, Memorial Cottage, renamed when the War Memorial was erected remembering the men who died in the First World War - none were killed In the Second. To the right runs Thorneyman's lane leading to the Low Road returning to the main road through the Village we come to Hunwell House and opposite it runs Clatterdyke Lane and a short distance down this lane stands The Beeches - the lane then continues and joins Torneyman's Lane leading on to Boston.

Carrying on through the Village we come to The Old Forge, now a charming private house which formerly housed the Post Office and Village Store and originally was the Blacksmith's with a sweet shop In the house. We carry on to the Church House which Is used as the Village Hall and was donated by Miss Ingold in 1904. Just past here stands the Old School, first known as the Charity School and supported by various Frampton Charities. It was built In 1818 for 136 children and bears the Inscription: "Receive Instruction that thou mayest be wise A.D.1877" on the wall near the main door and a little further along is a Sundial on the wall dated 1878.

In 1877 records show that parents paid 3d per child or 6d for 3 children per week and the children were expected to make 250 attendances per year - which appears-to be 50 weeks.

The main Grimsby to London Railway was built in the late

1840's, splitting the village on the eastern side In two but this was closed down in 1970 - its heyday long since gone.

Orchards were planted along Middlegate Road, formerly known as Middlegate Lane in the late 19th. and early 20th Century. People from all walks of life - teachers, professional people, housewives, students would come to the orchards year after year to pick the crops of gooseberries. It was quite a social occasion everyone meeting each year when they came to earn money for their annual holidays. A week's work In the fresh air and sun would pay for a week's holiday.

The main London to Grimsby Road crossed Middlegate Road at Mill Hill. A large Mill stood on this site somewhere between the Spinney belonging to "Elmhurst" on the Kirton border across to Dawson's Agricultural Implement Yard - relics of the Mill have been found on both sites and the Mill Field stretched to Millfield Lane. Middlegate was not actually a road but a grassy lane which led to the Mill Field.

In 1636 another recurrence of The Great plague affected the whole area. Houses where people were ill with the plague were marked with a cross - suppliers of food and vegetables were restricted to certain areas and Boston was supplied with provisions by the people of Kirton - the Market being held at Frampton Mill. In 1586 Frampton recorded 130 funerals - the average In the five succeeding years being only thirty. Women were appointed to visit the sick 'and when they die to winde them and bring them out of the house that they may be viewed by three substantial men who certified of what disease they died'. Bedding and clothing was burned and bodies were always buried at night. On a lighter note Morris Dancers entertained In the towns and villages from about 1597.

Here we had a magnificent dancing display by Boston Morris Dancers led by Rosmary Hutchinson.

To the right at Mill Hill the A16 road continues to Boston. Trees and Parkland were plentiful in this area. Just before the bungalows on the left-hand side of the main Road stood a round white painted cottage with a slate roof known as Ink Bottle Cottage but it was demolished several years ago. Millfield lane runs to the right where the Mill Field extended to and then we come to Boundary House, which as It's name indicates shows the boundary of Frampton, Just past It we come to Ralph's Lane - more of that name later and about a quarter of a mile along we come to the boundary of Frampton West. Proceeding along we come to the crossroads - the right hand road (Fen Road) leads on to Hubberts Bridge and on the left hand,side of Ralph's Lane, almost at the corner to Bannister's Lane we come to the small church of St. Michael's built by John Tunnard of Frampton House in 1863 on land belonging to his Parkland. Carrying on along Bannister's Lane we join West End Road - the road continues to the right along to Klrton End and to the left we pass Frampton House and further along stood another large house with Parkland belonging to the Cook Yarborough family - now demolished - and come back to Mill Hill.

Electricity did not come to Frampton until about 1928 and gas was not available in many areas until recent years. Cottages were very primitive often having to use water from wells or cisterns which were built when the houses were built to collect the rain water. Main drainage did not come to the village until about 1960 and in fact some houses still do not have It.

Many of the farm labourers were not very educated some leaving school at the age of 12 to work an the land, so they could help with the family income and girls went into service for the same reason. They would be allowed home on odd Sundays and if they had a kindly employer would often be given 'little treats' to take home to the family - maybe a cake or butter or eggs. The labourer's lived in 'tied' cottages' - that meant that the house was part of their wages and the farmer would give them a sack of potatoes occasionally to help with their food. Several of them

would keep a pig which was fed with scraps from the house and it was always a great occasion when the day came to 'kill the pig'. Families would help each other 'to get the pig out of the way' which meant making sausages - pig's fry and cutting up the hams and bacon - putting them into salting tubs to keep to eat during the winter. People who kept pigs would hand out a 'pig's fry' or haslets etc. to their families which were regarded as a great delicacy. Likewise poachers would catch and kill rabbits and hares, so in actual fact the labourer's families lived quite well because they were also able to grow vegetables in the gardens attached to their houses. Of course, if the farm worker left his employer it necessitated moving house which they usually did on the back of a cart. Servants and labourers would go to Boston at Michaelmas to Pump Square to offer themselves for hiring to farmers and land-owners right up to the early 1900's.

Language was different then - more Lincolnshire dialect was spoken which unfortunately is dying out but some people try to keep it going

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Penny Fixter delighted us with her dialect poem collections taken from the late Fred Dobson's book Lincolnshire Folk, by kind permission.

RUM FOLKS

'Arry 'Ovis was out wi' the waggin' flittin' the new cowman's fonnicher into our empty farm cottage; an' we'd expected 'im back in the staable, wi' the job finished, by about three o'clock-time. 'Stead o' that, it was airf-past fower when 'is 'osses come in; an' 'by the time 'arry ambled through the door me an' Charlie Westrop 'ed their saddles, collars an' blufts 'ingin on the pegs.

'Arry gits the sieve an' scope, an begun feedin' is 'osses: an' seemed to be chucklin' to 'is-sen as 'e got watter from the slap-tub, an' gooas off wi' another rawked-up sieve-full fer Bonny.

'What's the new gathman like, then 'Arry?' sez Charlie.

'Strewth. Ah dooan't know! Booath 'im an' 'is missis seems sloomy to me; Ah tho'ght we'd nivver git finished todaay. Come-daay, goon-day. God send Sundaay: nooa move in 'em at all!'. Then 'Arry draws at 'is pipe a minnit, grins at us, an' sez, 'Come to think on it, Gathy might tonn out to be some soort of a bodd!'

'Well,' sez Charlie, 'accoordin' to yar, bodd or nooa bodd, 'e dun't seem to flig around very fast!'

'That's true, maate! But Ah was thlkin' moore about what 'e would appear to yett! As we was unlooadin' 'is fonnicher, Gathy sez, "mind yar that owd bing, maate; there's some grub in it!" Then, danged if 'e di'n't gooa an' stumble 'is-sen', an' upskittle that owd bread-bing all over the waggin floor. Ah glegs down'ards: then Ah sez, 'Ah reckon yar meean 'grubs' Gathy dooan't yar?' Lawks, maates, Ah could ha' spewed!!, Ah'm teelin yar, sewer as Ah sean, 'ere, there comes rollin' out that theer owd bread-bing, new bread an' owd bread, bits an' pieces, crusts an' crumbs as was fresh, mouldy or even rotten, an' 'and-fulls of owd mawks and chrysalisses all mixed in! An' if that i'n't bodd-fodder, it seems strangely like it to me!

Hey, mooast o' the lasses i' farm 'ouses an' cottages keeps things spotless; but there's a few owry owd traapses yar come across even amongst the bettermooast classes.

Me feyther got landed wi' a fairish owd kilpse as land laady one farm wheer 'e went to live i' Sarvice. 'er bairnes ewsed to ewse the cooking pans fer all soorts o' purposes they wa'n't maade fer; as Jemimas

i' fact, an' woss! That filthy bessocks would gi' the pan a bit of a wipe we' newspaaper, or a cowl rench under the pump, an' git on wi' 'er fryin' or cookin! Dad allust said that, that plaace yar could allust git yar grub reigh anew; it was keepin' it down, as sometimes set yar a problem!

It was 'er as was thumpin' some dough, one daay. Me feyther siz 'Nah, missis, are yar gittin another batch o' Tommy ready?'

Why hey, George! D'yar know, Ah like mekking bread; it allust gits me 'ands sooa nice an' white!'

Yar'll not be surprised to know that Dad was already fraamin' quietly to find another lodge!

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Gaye Woodward then read us an extract from Farming Adventure by J.Wentworth Day (by kind permission).

An hour away by car next day - for I would not take the horses on the hard high road - we saw the richest land in all England. Land in Holbeach Marsh; at Kirton and Frampton, where Mr. Frank Dennis farms ten thousand acres or more on a mighty scale. It grows the best potatoes in England. Its wheat, roots, bulbs and fruit are unimpeachable. You will not see a stone or a weed for miles. It is the land of the tractor, of the highest form of mechanized farming and the most intensive types of cultivation.

Its churches are magnificent, cathedral-like. Their tall towers gaze on wide, flat fields that run to the skyline and the sea. A bold, free, big country of few hedges and fewer trees, ugly cottages and scattered fine old Georgian manor-houses. It is bleak, un-beautiful and unbelievably rich. Old farmers ride in Rolls Royces and young farmers drive Bentleys - not all, but a noticeable plutocracy. The Romans first drained this rich land and the Goths have followed them.

This Lincolnshire land is a revelation. Some of it is so rich that it can carry two crops a year - early potatoes followed by broccoli or sprouts. The Main crops are wheat, sugar-beet, particularly round Spalding, potatoes, celery and mustard with, in peacetime large areas of bulb land.

In Holbeach I thought naturally of those two romantic figures of modern farming, James Thompson, the bankrupt farmer of South Lincolnshire and Bill Dennis, the waggoner of Kirton. These two men started the potato-growing industry locally in 1880. Up to that time, although a few potatoes were grown, cultivation was bad, practically no manure was given, and yields were low. Thompson and Dennis first tried Magnum Bonum and then Up-to-dates going on the principle that heavy manuring and good cultivation were needed. Then one day a Kirton gardener who had accidentally left a few potatoes in a basket through the winter found them sprouting beautifully. He planted them. The result was better and bigger plants than ever before. Hence the beginning of 'boxing' the seed before planting.

The Thompsons to-day probably own about twenty thousand acres of land, while the Dennis firm at Frampton have one of the best administered estates in the country covered with a network of light railways and cultivated to the hilt. If anyone wants to see English arable farming at the highest peak, an object-lesson to the world, let him go to Lincolnshire- He will find rich land and rich farmers; But do not expect conventional beauty. There is beauty in the bulb fields, glorious unbelievable splashes of colour; beauty in the wide skies, glimmering lines of silvery poplars, vast sweeps of stubble field and glistening roots, beauty in piled cloud masses that roll like galleons, full-sailed, from the Wash; a soaring beauty in magnificent churches which stand like cathedrals above the flat land.

It is a bold, big, wide and windy country.

I mentioned Ralph's Lane earlier - here Joan Ashton tells of its history.... (which she researched)

Have you ever wondered how streets, roads and lanes came by their name? Take Ralph's Lane for example. Ralph is a perfectly ordinary and respectable name. But the Ralph in Ralph's Lane has a more macabre association than anyone might imagine.

In 1983 the Parish Council erected a plaque in Ralph's Lane on what is known as The Gibbet Pit. The dictionary describes a Gibbet as gallows with a projecting arm at the top from which the bodies of criminals were hung in chains and left suspended after execution.

The story goes that Ralph Smith aged about 50 and returned from transportation, murdered Gentle Sutton on Wednesday 1st. February 1792 - some 200 years ago. According to the Stamford Mercury he also stole a Claret Coat and weskit with white buttons, 2 pairs of buckskin breeches one with strings the other with straps at the knees a scarlet weskit, a shirt and 5 silver teaspoons marked GS. Following an advertisement in the Stamford Mercury a man at Fiskerton produced the stolen items and Mrs. Sutton identified them.

Gentle Sutton is understood to have lived in a low thatched cottage half-way between Frampton House and St. Michael's. The cottage was still there in 1935 but has since been pulled down. It was probably on the site known as Vere Cottage.

It was alleged that Gentle Sutton was struck with a hammer by Ralph Smith when he returned to his cottage. An account in 1935 substitutes an axe and says that a boy on the road saw it all.

Ralph Smith was taken to Lincoln and found guilty. However the verdict does remain open to doubt remember he has returned from Transportation and, to quote, 'give a dog a bad name'.

Justice was swift and decisive - Ralph Smith was executed at Lincoln on Friday 16th. March - less than 6 weeks after the murder - and, at the request of local persons his body was hung from the Gibbet.

According to a contemporary report Ralph Smith died without acknowledging his guilt and when Clarkson, the Smith measured him up for the Irons he 'wept very much'.

According to a local historian Ralph Smith evidently had a tremendous send-off from Lincoln. His body attended by under Sheriff; gaolers and Officers! Crowds of people congregated at West End, the place like a fair ground especially on Sundays.

Miss Hilary Healey, a local historian, who detailed the episode from the first volume of the History of Boston Series and who unveiled the plaque erected by the Parish Council said that the plaque would serve as a reminder that justice is a little bit better these days and People have to be proved guilty unlike Ralph Smith.

We all talk about deterrents now-a-days - the deterrent in 1792 - and the last occasion it was used in the Boston Area - was to hang the body of a criminal in chains and to leave it creaking in the wind - to quote the Stamford Mercury again 'Strike terror into the evil-minded and offer a comforting sight to relations and friends of the bereaved.

.....

We then came to The History of the Houses in the Village. This had been researched very well by Joan Deane and the interesting slides taken most professionally by Joan Mills. Our thanks to the owners of the houses who allowed the research and the use of the slides.

The first settlements in this part of the world were on the areas of slightly higher ground which had dried out and were known as the Townlands.

Three Manor Houses are known to have been built in Frampton - Moulton Hall, at Sandbolme, Stone Hall, to the south of the church, and Earls Hall Off Hall Lane The mounds on which they were built can still be seen.

Last year Jim Bonner the community archaeologist, made a study of the parkland between Frampton Hall and the church and found evidence that this was the area of the medieval village.

The main street seems to have been roughly parallel to the present drive; with at least two roadways leading off at right angles. The raised land between these roadways was the site of the tofts (houses) and croft (the land attached). The town fields were farmed communally and remains of the ridge and furrow marks can be seen near the gate opposite the church.

The oldest house still standing in the village is Cotton Hall. It was built in 1689 for the Eyre family of Gosberton. However they had financial problems and soon sold the property to the Cotton family, who do not appear, as is often thought, to be related to John Cotton, Vicar of Boston.

The house has had many alterations made since, especially in this century. Like the other old brick buildings in the village, red bricks were used which give the house a warm, mellow look.

The garden is enclosed by a wall to give some protection to both plants and people from the bracing winds.

The Moore's Arms is believed to be of a similar period. It was probably built as a farmhouse with the selling of ale coming later. Until this century most ale house keepers had another job, usually farming. The pub is named after Colonel Moore, a descendant of the Tunnard family, who inherited Frampton Hall and died in 1900. The name seems to have been changed between 1856 and 1876. Before then it had been known as the Duke of Cumberland.

The shield has the Tunnard-Moore coat of arms and was presumably fixed in place when the name was changed.

The roof would have been thatched - this explains the difference in height between the gable ends and the present roof.

Only one cottage in the village has kept its thatch. Norfolk reeds were used last time the thatcher came. It has been completely re-built using the original bricks, since the last war and is now higher than the original building. The chimney stacks are some of the more attractive in the village.

Memorial Cottage was known as Frampton Lodge before there was a War Memorial. When the thatch was removed the walls were raised by 3 courses. If you look closely you can see the extra courses above the dog toothed eaves. The crow stepped gables are original, but the dormers have been added this century.

In the gable of the porch is a shield bearing the Moores-Coney crest. A photo of the dedication of the War Memorial shows the cottage still with its thatch.

Most cottages were built of mud and stud, not bricks, and so have not survived. When the Old Forge was re-built about 20 years ago traces of mud and stud were found, so it was probably similar to one mentioned in 1766 when the vestry meeting 'ordered that John Crooks do immediately build 2 rooms 12 feet square with a chimney between them, upon the ground now in possession of Joseph Lilley, the same to be built of mud and stud (except the chimney) and to be thatched with stubble. During the re-building of the Old Forge it was found that a 35 foot ships mast had been used as a beam running the length of the cottage, with the side beams still having their roman numbers on them. The roof was pegged together, so that when the pegs were knocked out the timbers fell apart. To get upstairs a ladder had to be climbed as was usual in this type of cottage. The Smithy was in the present garage but no doubt many people will remember when it was a sweet shop and Post Office run by Miss Taylor.

Much more recent are the cottages known as Lighton's bungalows on London Road and Middlegate. Around 1930 Ambrose Lighton, a local farmer, sold some rough shooting land at Woodhall Spa and built the Middlegate bungalows which sold for £250. A few years later 18 identical properties were built on London Road. They were sold for £275.

Coney Tunnard, who gave the Church the candelabra with the rabbit, a pun on his name, is believed to have lived in the then Manor House when he was Steward of the Manor of Stone Hall, a position he was given at the early age of 21. The present Manor House is thought to have been built in the mid-18th Century, just after Coney's tenure. Notice the first floor band seen on many properties at this time, and the wooden eaves which are toothed and moulded. The brickwork is Flemish Bond, quite different from modern brickwork.

Having lived in the then Manor House Coney Tunnard wanted to build a more prestigious property and so we have Frampton Hall. He would have liked to build it further away from the Manor House but couldn't buy the land he needed - this was left for his descendant Col. Moore to buy 150 years later. The original house, built 1725, consisted of the central 5 bays and 3 storeys of the building we see today. It was unusual to have 3 storeys at that time and you may be reminded of Fyde Hill House in Boston. A photograph taken in 1860 shows the Hall as just the central section of today's building. Col. Moore added the 2 wings but he used old bricks and kept to the style of the old building. It would be difficult to date the R.H.wing if the year 1873 wasn't inscribed on it. The L.H.wing also has a coat of arms but no date. High above the front door is a shield with the date 1725 and Coney Tunnard's rabbit.

The present church replaced a Norman building and it is possible that some of the stonework in the garden of Frampton Hall may have come from that earlier church the stone arch for example.

Still at the Hall, there is a bit of a mystery about one of the buildings. On the L.H.gable is a cross, and the decorative work on the arches at ground and first floor levels suggest a building of some importance, possibly with church connections.

The original drive to the Hall came off Hall Lane and Coney Tunnard got into trouble for diverting a path to keep people away from his property. Eventually he had to reinstate it. The present drive with the stone gateposts was made about 30 years after the house was built.

Hunwell House takes its name from the Hunwell Slade, a pond across the road from the house, which even in living memory was much larger than it is now. People could still skate on it after the last war and a footpath went diagonally across it from Middlegate Road to Clatterdyke lane providing a useful short cut.

It is believed to have been built as a Dower House for Frampton Hall. Ralph Tunnard bought the land in 1731 and knocked down the small house on it replacing it with the present building. Hunwell House was built in a T-shape with the top bar being parallel to the road where passers by can admire the attractive front door. The T-shaped ties suggested a Tunnard connection as the letter of ties were often linked with the house owner.

Recent information has been given to us suggesting that at some time it belonged to a Thomas Sooley Blackith who was married to Jane Tunnard but then passed back to Thomas Tunnard of Frampton Hall in 1795 but at the time of writing we have been unable to verify this.

The other house in the parish with Tunnard connections is Frampton House. It was built in 1792 and if you ever visit the house, which is now a Nursing Home, look for the datestone at the bottom of the R.H. corner facing the building. The entrance to the House was on London Road and remains of the gateway can still be seen near the milestone.

Like the original part of Frampton Hall, Frampton House has 3 storeys and 5 bays - that is 5 windows across its frontage, but it is a much deeper building than the Hall. The parapet with its balustrades shows up very clearly.

The pediment, that is the triangular section at the top has a blank shield with swages of vine leaves and Iris around it. As might be expected there is a rabbit on top and also a tulip.

The fanlight above the front door shows up very clearly from inside and in the L.H. doorway you get some idea of thickness of the walls of these houses.

Until the late 1840's the Beeches was known as Double Roofed House - clear when you look at the roof! It was built as a farmhouse, although for some time during the last Century the Vicar lived here. It was quite common in earlier times for vicars to live in the nearest town and ride out on Sunday to take the service and not every Sunday in some places. Several Frampton vicars were also masters at Boston Grammar School. Where the present Vicarage stands was a small cottage and the vicar received rent from the occupying labourer.

Double Roofed House was re-roofed in 1723, a date recorded on the rainwater hopper with the Initials R.T.E If you look at the edge of the gable the bricks are set at an angle. This is known as a tumbled gable and the feature is repeated on the modern extension.

The building at the side was originally the coach house and stable block. Probably some of the servants would have slept upstairs. I wonder if future generations will view our modern farm buildings with such pleasure.

Pigeon -cotes used to be quite common in this area but the pigeon cote here is one of the few remaining. At the first floor is a datestone with 1821. The brick boxes and perches are still intact.

The row of cottages just past the Moore's Arms close to the road are known as Church View Cottages and were built about 250 years ago. The blank windows have always been like that and were not bricked in to thwart the window tax as is sometimes thought.

Frampton School was built in 1818 and the schoolhouse was built soon after. Certainly in White's Directory of 1842 the schoolmaster was reported as having 'the use of the house and garden, and 2 cauldrons of coal yearly'.

These are just a selection of the interesting houses in our parish. The fact that there are more listed buildings in the parish of Frampton than any other parish in the Boston area indicates what charm and character there is in the village. Since 1970 the oldest part of the village has been a conservation area, so we hope people for many years to come will enjoy visiting and living in Frampton.

Gaye Woodward entertained us with a description of Spring Cleaning in March 1885.

The second week in April I begin to make my preparations for the 'Spring cleaning. The first thing I do is to look out the white curtains that were taken down in the autumn, mended and very carefully and evenly pinned out over sheets on the floor of the spare bedroom; the short blinds are done in the same way, and the counterpanes are washed so as to be ready when the rooms are done. The blankets are not washed when the house is cleaned, as the sun is never powerful enough in April to dry them quickly, so we leave them for a warm week later in the year. Coloured tablecloths or any coloured woollen things we wash in warm water with bran in it, and rinse in warm water. I then have store, linen and other cupboards and drawers cleaned and dusted out, and at the same time. I notice anything that requires to be replaced, or wants repairing, making a list as I go through the house,

I then make my furniture polish which is more economical but it is not one of no labour; it must be well rubbed on; it should be put on with a piece of flannel and rubbed off with a piece of old linen.

We begin our work with the top rooms, and finish at the scullery. All being prepared, we generally manage to get through our spring cleaning in a week. Of course we two ladies help; we always wash or dust the ornaments, glass shades, picture frames and glasses and many other things; we infinitely prefer helping to having the house longer in disorder; besides, if it is not done quickly, the first rooms get dirty before the last are done, I need scarcely say that house cleaning week I reduce the cooking to a minimum.

Monday morning of the last week in April all the stair carpets are taken up before breakfast and the stairs swept down; directly after breakfast the beds are covered with dust sheets, the curtains taken down and the carpets taken up in two of the bedrooms; these with the stair carpet are taken into the garden, shaken laid on the grass, swept twice on each side and folded up until they are wanted. The chimneys are then swept if necessary.

The windows are cleaned; the mahogany or other polished furniture is well dusted and polished; if any of it needs cleaning. When the baths are dirty I have them rubbed with silver sand and salt; the same with basins. The rooms then only want finishing off, which we do while cook goes down and washes out the towels we have used ready for the next day. This is done every day.

Tuesday we proceed with the other two bedrooms, which are done in just the same way. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday we do the Drawing Room and Dining Room and then our little maid goes down to clean the stair rods; these she does with brick-dust and droppings of sweet oil, as they last longer without tarnishing than when cleaned with brick-dust and water.

Meanwhile the cook goes to prepare her kitchen, which must be whitewashed. Every possible thing is taken out. The man comes on Thursday evening to wash the dirt off the ceiling. Friday morning the sweep comes before breakfast and the whitewasher directly after. While the man is doing the ceiling the servants sweep the staircase walls, clean the stairs, polish the handrail, put down the carpets, beeswax the oilcloth in the inner hall, beat the mats, face down on the grass and scrub the tiles in the doorway with soft soap and silver sand.

By the time they finish the hall, the whitewasher has gone and they begin in the kitchen. Our coppers are kept bright with soft soap and silver. There is nothing better for scrubbing platters, kitchen tables, dressers, etc. Saucepans we clean by boiling ashes, soda, and water in them. The metal dish covers are all washed inside and out with hot water and soda, and then cleaned with brass polishing paste. We use the same kind of paste for the brass door handles.

The kitchen, pantry, larder, scullery are finished on Saturday, and I go through the house and paint all the black stoves and fenders with Berlin Black, so that during summer they need only be dusted.

I think in mentioning what is wanted for the Spring Cleaning, I should have put down 'good temper', for certainly it is impossible to get over the most disagreeable week in the year quickly and well without this. I do not forget to show my servants how I think they have done their part either by a little present or by taking them to some entertainment

In the 17th and 18th centuries the gentry made their own entertainment in their homes. Evenings would be spent listening to piano music and songs of the period and here we were entertained most pleasantly to the singing by Molly Barrett who was accompanied on the Pianola by Dr. Peter Luck. She sang two songs, 'Tell me Lovely Shepherd by William Boyce and Sweet Pretty Bird by John Stanley'.

Imogen Cooper then read an excerpt from 'The Lady of Shalott' by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, which was greatly enjoyed.

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David Langley continued reading the second narration.....

The Church has always had a great influence on Village Life. In the early days it was normal for nearly everyone to go to Church on Sundays. The Gentry would usually go to morning service and the servants and other people to evensong although this was not always the case.

Frampton has always been proud of its bells (we heard a recording of them earlier) four of which date back to 1620, the 5th to 1801 and the sixth to 1912 to commemorate the coronation of King George V. There is a very keen group of bellringers in the village and on special occasions bellringers from the surrounding district join them. Quite often we get visiting bell-ringers touring the Churches around the country coming to ring a special peal.

Up to about 35 years ago the Church was heated by a very large coke stove which stood at the side near to the main door and the stock of coke was heaped at the side of it.

At the other end of the village St. Michael's Church has always provided for the solid community who regularly worship there. In the early 1950's the Church Council of St. Michael's purchased a large Army Hut which they turned into an attractive Church Hall situated at the side of the Church and provided tables and chairs for social functions which take place regularly with great success and keep the village community together. Both Churches attract people from either end of the Parish to their events.

The Moore's Arms, the local hostelry was also an important meeting place for the men. Women did not frequent these places until the early 1900's but then always accompanied by their husbands or other male family members. The advent of women going to pubs on their own did not come about until the 2nd World war.

There was only one bar room which was situated on the left - hand side of the main door. It had a stone floor and a large iron fireplace. Wooden settles were round the walls and there were tables where men would play bar skittles and dominoes and spin yarns to one another.

At the end of this narration some of the 'village locals' came on stage and played various games and chatted in 'local lingo' - there was also a strolling juggler who wandered along to entertain them.

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To end this first part of the story we felt we had to include a short excerpt from 'The High Tide Off the Coast of Linconshire' read with great feeling by Sally Cooper:

Penny Flxter read this narration for us on the many changes In the village.....

There have been a great many changes in the Village since the late 1940's. A large housing estate was built near the school. Part of the allotments behind the school were turned into a playing field by the Charity Trustees who also provided swings and roundabouts for young children.

A Tennis Club was formed behind the Church House which has always had a thriving membership.

New houses were built up to the old railway. Then in the mid 1960's, Messrs. Lighton's dug up their Orchards along Middlegate Road and the land was sold to a developer who built the houses In Lighton Avenue and then went an to develop Sentance Crescent In Kirton. The Crail Eau was piped thus cutting off the boundary with Kirton. Later Grosvenor Road was developed and continued round to join with Lighton Avenue and other developments continued which joined all these roads with Hardwick Estate in Kirton. These developments of course meant a great influx of newcomers to the village and made this part more of an urban area.

An other great change which has affected Village life is the construction of the new A16 road along the former railway. This has provided a fast road from Boston to Algarkirk with the consequence of more heavy lorries and more cars. It will eventually link up at Algarkirk to join the new extension to Spalding. It has cut the village in two much more than the old railway seemed to, but such is progress.

The Village School was closed In 1970 and the children had to go to Kirton School. This was a great loss to the village as it provided a great deal to the social life of the village.

With the closure of the Post Office Stores in the late 1970's another great asset to the Village and its life was lost.

The Church has had to provide more stability to Village Life and with the building of a kitchen and eating area together with outstanding new heating, helps to provide social occasions such as this Pageant.

But now we go back to the early days of the Village School, but before that we have two short poems by Gill Peach and Hermione Cooper about School Life.

Ann Pilbeam had offered to be responsible for the school scene and what a marvellous job she made of it. All of the children, from Kirton School but who lived in Frampton for the most part were really delightful. The girls wore dark dresses with white broderie anglaise aprons over them and the boys wore appropriate clothing for the early 1900's. We had borrowed some old desks and an old teacher's desk to set the scene which started with the children playing hopscotch and skipping etc. in the playground (the side aisle of the Church). When the school bell rang they marched into the classroom and after having the register called recited their 'tables'. Then they had a reading and learning by heart lesson and because the school inspector was coming one child recited the piece she had learnt for the bible prize. Altogether an enjoyable insight into school life at Frampton when it first opened

We now come to the last narration, again read by David Langley:

Men and Women from Frampton served in both World Wars. 16 men were killed in the first World War and their names are inscribed on the War Memorial where the Parish Council and Church hold a Remembrance Day Service each year. Amazingly no men were killed in the Second World War.

Pill Boxes and barbed wire were erected on the Marsh during the 2nd. World War and all sign-posts were taken down in case of invasion. To help with the defences, the Home-Guard was formed and volunteers eagerly came forward to help to defend their Country. Although not very well equipped in the early days, their enthusiasm and ingenuity made up for their lack of equipment as we saw in the sketch which followed:

The 'Home-Guard' contingent led by their Officer Bob, Adcock led the parade along the side aisle of the Church - some in battledress - some in working gear carrying various makeshift weapons such as pitchforks and stout sticks. After marching briskly on to stage they were inspected and then detailed to various jobs such as Sentry Duty, practising Map Reading and Bandaging etc. and then brought to attention and given 'orders' for the next day - which was to turn all the chairs round to face the front of the Church and generally tidy everything up ready for the service on Sunday morning! They then marched off back along the side aisle much to the delight of the audience.

Following this little sketch we had 'The Evacuees' Children, mainly from the Hull Area who were sent to Frampton to be housed with local residents - some had never been to the country before - some were quite boisterous and some weeping, but on the whole I think they settled down quite well with their new 'mothers'.

David Langley brought back happy memories and laughter showing slides of earlier years when we ran Country Fairs and early days of Candlemas Pantomimes - we discovered mini-skirts were the height of fashion twenty odd years ago!

Younger people in the village showed us their talents and Katie and Sarah Hodges delighted us with their musical talents on their Clarinets, and Ian Williams with his delightful rendering of The Black Panther theme on his saxophone.

To our delight again Penny Fixter recited an old Lincolnshire Dialect poem

THE OHD CHAPEL (CHURCH) ERRGAN

From Fred Dobson's book 'Lincolnshire Folk' (by kind permission).

*The OHD Chuurch Errgan was long past 'er prime;
The bellers was riddled wi' leeaks;
The pedals an' keys, wi' the passage o' time;
Nearly drowned the music wi' creeaks;
She'ed gen good sarvice, nooa-one could deny;
The singin' she'ed led wi' a will;
Wi the oh'd Chuurch voices, she'ed peealled to the sky,
Now, 'er voice 'ed become small an' still.*

*Mrs Andrew, the eerganist, nossed the ohd thing
Along, sooas a tune It would plaay;
Ohd Daave 'Ewitt pumped till e'ed nooa breath to sing,
An' 'is buttons an' braaces gev waay.
Wi' binderband, stamp-edgin' an' sticky-taape,
The men tried the'r 'and at repairs;
Attempted to reightle 'er back into shaape:
But she'd got past the point o' despair.*

*An' sooa the ohd sarvant 'es come to the end
of a life o' good sarvice, at last.
We'll all mourn 'er passin', that faithful ohd friend.
Fer the 'elp what she's gen in daays past.
n' we'll 'ear ageean in our 'earrts, 'er swann-song'
As the kids Annivers'ry she led;
When 'er wheezin' voice rallied, an' peealled clear an' strong:
'Er Aaymen to the years as 'es sped!*

Joan Ashton stepped forward again to tell us about The Meridian Memorial which was erected during her time as Parish Chairwoman of Frampton. Her research into the history of this is most interesting and something which I am sure many people are not aware of.

I am sure we all remember our Geography lessons and learning about the lines of latitude and longitude and the various little rhymes we devised to remember that the lines of latitude went around the earth and the lines of longitude went from North to South.

We have all heard of the Greenwich Meridian and know that the Meridian line of 0 degrees longitude passes through Greenwich near London. The other line of 0 degrees is of course the Equator.

But, how many more of us know that the Meridian line passes through Frampton ?

This fact was drawn to attention in 1984 - the Centenary of the Greenwich Meridian - when the Borough Council took part in the national tree planting scheme to plant Western Red Cedar trees at 7 points throughout the Borough along the Meridian line. The idea was, and still is, that future generations would be able to fly from the north to south of the British Isles following the lines of these trees and thus the Meridian line.

The obvious place to plant some of the trees was in Meridian Road, Boston and more trees were planted in Frampton on the Sea Bank, Sandholme Lane. The then Mayor of Boston, Councillor Bill North planted three trees on 13 October 1984 and they are thriving.

Then it was suggested at a Parish Meeting that the line of the Meridian could also be noted on the road from Frampton Village to the Marsh - the line travelling through Mr. Bowser's farm. After consultation with the highways authority, and with the permission of the farmer, a millstone from the old mill at Kirton End was duly set in concrete on the road side and a suitable plaque attached. This was in April 1991.

This millstone has caused much interest - even being mentioned in a recently published book. During the years the site is being, and will be, enhanced by the planting of trees and bulbs.

Another interesting fact about the Meridian is, that when ships travel down the river from Boston to the Wash, they pass through 0 degrees on their compass and the reading changes from 0 degrees West to 0 degrees East. There are not many other navigable rivers where this happens.

A little bit of geography which, hopefully, will make the lines of latitude and longitude In particular, more meaningful to the school children of Frampton.

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Our Pageant would not be complete without listening to our newly formed group of Hand Bell Ringers. In 1989 Mr. Neville Cooper suggested to Val Halgarth that the hand bells should be taken out of store in the vestry and used again. An open meeting was called at St. Michael's Hall for anyone Interested and Nell Beeson and Val Halgarth took over the task of having the bells re-furbished. St. Michael's Church lent them £1,000 which they re-paid within a year - they held a Flower Festival at St. Michael's, did special teas and various other money-raising events.

The present team have been together for about 2 1/2 years and have built up quite a repertoire of tunes, playing at various venues Including Harlaxton Manor, W.I's Old People's Homes etc. Tonight they are wearing new waistcoats specially made for them by Val Halgarth.

The harmonious rendering of 'The Lincolnshire Poacher' and the Bells of St. Mary's amongst other favourites will long be remembered.

And so we come to the end of our Pageant with this short piece written by Joan Biggadyke and read for us by Joan Deane.....

We came from all corners of the Country - along the Motorways with their noisy traffic ever speeding, leaving behind our beautiful sceneries - our mountains and hills - our trees and hedges and our flowing streams, to this flat land of Lincolnshire.

Like the travellers before us, we followed the Stump which can be seen from so far away in the limitless expanse of sky. The countryside lacking In hedges and trees. All merged to make more acres of fields.

We suddenly found the signpost to Frampton and found a rather suburban area with new houses, but which still had a country air about it - but on further exploration over the new motorway-like road we found the tranquil village with its Hall and stately houses, still remaining comparatively untouched and restful and its Church still standing majestically, although much modernised with its gas heating instead of coke stoves and with a kitchen and space for small social events which encourages a sense of togetherness and welcomes newcomers with their various callings and talents and absorbs them into the community.

Frampton people still retain their old-world kindnesses and slower pace of life, but are not afraid to face the future and welcome newcomers into their midst.

How glad we all are that we stumbled across this little haven and can proudly say we live In Frampton, with its ancient history which we have all re-lived tonight.

.....

Joan Deane read these last few words which I had written and In the Spires reiterated 'How glad we are that we can say we live in Frampton'

How glad we all are that she and Dixie chose to live here and let us share part of theirs. A member of the cast said to me after Dixie's sudden death 'Your Pageant will have turned out to be something very special' - I think it WAS.

The great bonding in friendship of us all was amazing. It will always remain as a tribute and memorial to Dixie, who was our stage manager.

May Joan spend many more years sharing her life with us and may we be able to help her and her family along life's way.

Frampton Pageant

We ask the indulgence of the audience when we have to change scenery.
Thank you.

First Half

Reading.....Sally Cooper
Narration.....David Langley
Boston Morris Dancers.....Rosemary Hutchinson and dancers
Lincolnshire Dialect Reading.....Penny Fixter
Farming Between the Wars.....Gaye Woodward
The Gibbet Nook..... Researched and narrated by Joan Ashton
Frampton Houses..... Researched and narrated by Joan Deane.
Photography by Joan Mills.

Spring Cleaning.....Gaye Woodward
Music & Songs for Gentry.....Dr. Peter Luck & Molly Barrett
'Tell Me Lovely Shepherd'
By William Boyce and
'Sweet Pretty Bird'
By John Stanley

Reading (entertainment).....Imogen Cooper
Narration (Church influence
on the village).....David Langley

Moore's Arms meeting place-
games played by locals..... Juggler: Rex Halgarth
Locals: John Peach, John Cooper, Rob
Pilbeam, Peter Copeland, Bob Adcock,
Frank Biggadyke and Mike Peberdy

High Tide off the Coast of
Lincolnshire..... Sally Cooper

Interval (20 Minutes)

Light refreshments and souvenirs will be on sale.

Light Organ Music Bob Adcock

Second Half

- Narration..... Penny Fixter
- Early Days at Frampton School.... Researched & Written by Ann Pilbeam
Children: Ruth & Jenny Hodges, Leo & Max Neal, Sophie Dungworth, Victoria Johnstone, Katy Dennis, Patrick Turner, Yam Sharpe, Rebecca Sharpe and Marrison Hammond.
- Poems..... Gill Peach and Hermione Cooper
- Narration: Wartime..... David Langley
Home Guard Officer: Bob Adcock
Men: Rob Pilbeam, John Cooper, Peter Copeland, Frank Biggadyke, John Peach and Mike Peberdy.
Messenger: Jennifer Copeland
Evacuee Officer: Myra Scott
Frampton Ladies: Carol Hampson, Val Crockett, Sandra Copeland and Gill Peach.
Evacuees: Katie Hampson, Hermione Cooper, Matthew & Philip Featherstone and John & Diane Crockett.
- Musical Item..... Sarah & Katy Hodges
- Slides of Country Fairs and
Pantomimes..... David Langley
- Musical Item..... Ian Williams
- Lincolnshire Dialect..... Penny Fixter
- The Meridian..... Written & Narrated by Joan Ashton
- Frampton Handbell Ringers..... Val Halgarth, Nell Beeson, Maria Freeman, Glyn Halgarth, Wendy Cope, Richard Cope, Lizzie Cope and Maria Freeman.
- Reading..... Joan Deane

Finale

- Stage Manager..... Dixie Deane
- Assistant Stage Manager..... Glyn Halgarth
- Lighting & Sound..... Richard Barrett, assisted by Richard Cope and John Pilbeam
- Tickets & Programmes..... John Pilbeam
- Posters..... Glyn Halgarth
- Treasurer..... Leslie Chittim
- Box Office..... Val Halgarth
- Written and Produced by..... Joan Biggadyke