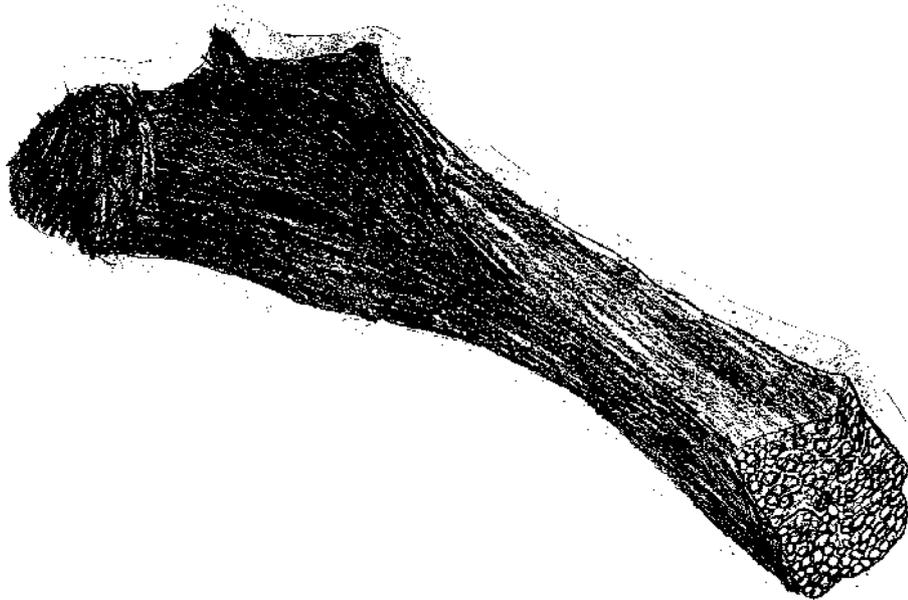


GOOD HISTORY

**Journal
of the
Eynsham Junior
History Group**



**Number 6
Autumn 1998**

GOOD HISTORY

The Journal of the Eynsham Junior History Group

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THE JUNIOR HISTORY GROUP

At the moment the Junior History Group has around 25 members, who meet together on Tuesday lunch times at Eynsham Primary School.

The History Group is run by Mrs Richards, and Mr Whelan, the Chairman. The children enjoy it very much, especially when they have visitors and trips out. Each term the children study a particular topic, investigating things, and places and then writing it all down to put in their magazine

Emily Beach, Secretary.

Front Cover: A Mammoth's Ulna from a drawing by Erica Gornall

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EDITORIAL

This edition of Good History links two sets of History Group members. At the end of the summer term we had to say goodbye to some long standing and hardworking members who have moved on to other schools. Luckily, some of them left articles for inclusion in this the sixth edition of our journal. However, this term we have welcomed a large number of new members who we hope will be as keen as the members we have lost. We have also been able to include an article by Dawn Collins, who, I hope, will not mind if I describe her *as an 'old girl'* of the school, with her memories of the day the school burnt down.

Last term we had the great privilege to visiting the archaeological dig at Stanton Harcourt and we include accounts of this exciting trip. We must give special thanks to Dr. Kate Scott for allowing us on to this site and for her wonderfully guided tour. We also made what has now become our annual visit to Oxfordshire Archives. Once again we were made very welcome and we do put on record our thanks to the archivists for their continued support.

As always I have to thank all those who *come* to talk, lend or give us photographs and other documents and above all to Mr Whelan our Chairman, without whose support we cannot manage. It goes without saying that we also rely on the support of Mr Keates and the Staff. The Eynsham History Group have kindly invited us once again to give a talk next term when we shall be speaking on the subject of "Our School". This will be on Thursday, March 4th at 7.30 pm at the School. Please come and support us.

Pamela Richards, Senior Member & Editor.

AT THE OXFORDSHIRE ARCHIVES

On Wednesday, 24th June the History Group went to the Oxfordshire Archives. Our leader was Miss Finn. It was very small. We sat at desks whilst she talked to us about what the archives are and explained how they work. Then Mrs Richards gave us blue sheets with questions on, which we had to answer but we did not have much time. We had gloves to wear while we looked at a log book from Eynsham as it was very fragile.

Emily Beach

We parked in the prison car park. As we were going in we saw a policeman in an old fashioned uniform. They were making a film. [Probably the Inspector Morse film shown on ITV recently. Ed.] We think we are very important people when we go to the Oxfordshire Archives because we are the only primary school Junior History Group in Oxfordshire or maybe in England.

When we got there we were taken into a small room where we read old documents. We read one about John Pimm. We had to answer some questions about it. The document was written about lots of the carpentry work. A carpenter seemed to earn about 2s. 4d. (2 shillings and 4 pence) a day. [c.1850 a 4lb loaf of bread cost about 6d, Tea is a quarter lb. and sugar 4d-6d per lb. Ed]

We were asked to find out who the account book belonged to, what kind of work was carried out, how much a man might earn in a day and if we could find out if there was a change over a period of 10 years, and how else the book might help us in our research about Eynsham. We didn't finish all the questions. The people who wrote in the book could not spell very well. We had a great time. I was glad I was able to go.

Jessica Scott

When we went to the Archives Mrs Richards gave us a piece of paper with a question on. Mine said "In the 1650s a 'reported' witch died. Find out what her name was and what was the date of her burial." Her name was Ursula Burnham and she was buried on 4th May 1655. There was a word by the name which I couldn't work out if it was 'vonifica' or 'venifica'. I got a Latin dictionary and found that 'veneficia' means poisoner or witch.

Abigail Pukaniuk

Flora and I were given a document about the sale of Home Farm at the beginning of this century. Home Farm is an old house in Mill Street. It is set back from the street between 'Talmages' and the 'Hole in the Wall'. It is built of stone and is a good example of a 17th-century local style of building with gabled roofs and is quite big. Inside there is a large spiralling staircase in the grand hallway as you enter the house. It goes all the way up through the house and eventually ends up in the attic but in between there are lots of landings leading off to bedrooms and other rooms.

On the outside it still has its original chimneys which are very decorative. In the middle of the 19th century it was owned by a family called Druce. Then it had the house and lots of land all over the village. It used to be a farm. Now most of its land has been sold off and it is not a farm anymore but it still has some of its outbuildings which were decorated and are now used as other houses, not all for the same person though. The family now owning Home Farm is called Price!

Alison Retz.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL 'DIG OF THE DUMP'

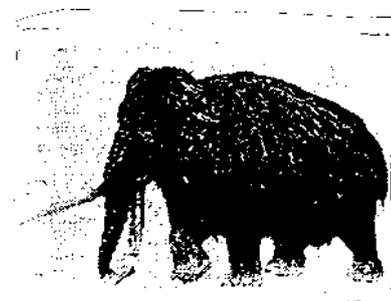
In the mini-bus, on the way there I thought I wonder where it will be? Will it be a pretty site, but when we got there I still knew I would enjoy myself even though we were at the dump!

We got off the mini-bus and met our guide. As we first started to go round they had found a mammoth's tusk but they did not bother with it because they had run over it with a special machine.

As we went further on Dr Scott said to us they wouldn't be able to do any more digging to save the other bones after this season because they were going to cover it with rubbish.

While we were going round we saw a new mammoth tusk they had found about 10 minutes before we got there. Just before we went we were allowed to have a 150 million-year-old shell and bits of mammoth tusk. The dig was run by Dr Scott of the Donald Baden-Powell Institute. All the people who worked there wore yellow hats that said "Save our Mammoths" or something similar. All afternoon long it was great.

Jessica Scott



On Saturday 27th June 1998 the Junior History Group went to the Stanton Harcourt dig. Dr Scott who runs the dig and the search for historical bones showed us around the dig and the bones they had discovered.

200,000 years ago this part of Britain had a much warmer climate. At Stanton Harcourt there is evidence of animals such as mammoths, elephants, lions and hyenas having lived there.

Some of the land was a forest and we saw in the ground the decomposing remains of a log. It was a kind of oak which nowadays is found in the south of France. The type of elephant found was a smaller version of today's elephants and was called a forest elephant. Mammoth tusks can grow up to 3 metres and you can tell the difference between an elephant's tusk and a mammoth's tusk because a mammoth's tusk is more curly. Often they find separate chin bones because teeth get knocked out when they are in the ground.

Trenches are dug every 5 metres so they know roughly what is underground. People draw maps of the trench and the different layers in the earth. The average number of bones found each day is 1.

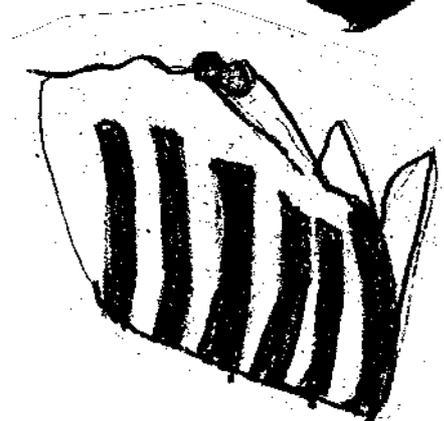
Erica Gornall

On Saturday 27th June the Junior History Group led by Mrs Richards went to Stanton Harcourt Archaeological dig. One of the people in charge of the dig is Dr Scott and she showed us round. First of all she showed us a huge mammoth tusk which was larger than an adult's arm span. It started off fat and got thin and curly at the end. The tusk was so fragile that if they tried to move it, it would fall apart so they left it in the ground. Dr Scott then led us to see some elephant tusks. She told us to be careful because the mud was very wet and deep. The thing I liked best was the baby mammoth tusk. It was only the length of my two thumbs.

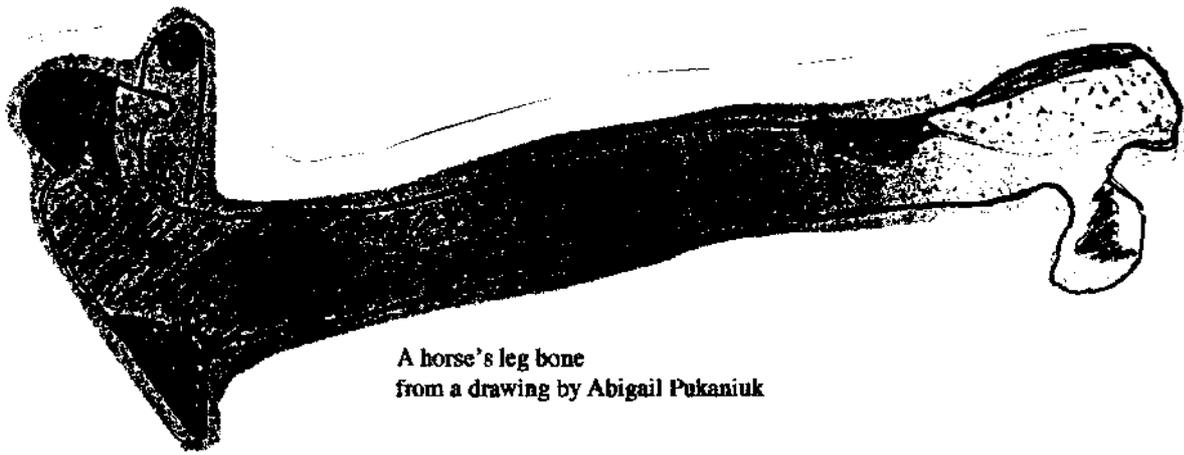
We were allowed to bring home some oyster shells. They are 150 million years old. I really enjoyed my trip out. We were very lucky to be allowed to bring home some of the bones to draw.

Tara Hooper

Look at the size of a mammoth's ulna



An elephant's tooth. Drawing by Alison Retz



**A horse's leg bone
from a drawing by Abigail Pukaniuk**

On Saturday we went to a dig at Stanton Harcourt when they have been finding some very exciting things. Unfortunately, soon it will have to be shut down so they have to work very fast to have it all done in time.

150 million years ago, where they were digging would have been under water so they have been finding lots of shells, particularly oyster shells⁷ Other kinds of shells they are finding in the levels of 200,000 years ago can now be found only in hot places like Egypt and Africa.

Where they are digging there are no dinosaur bones because dinosaurs are even older than these things.

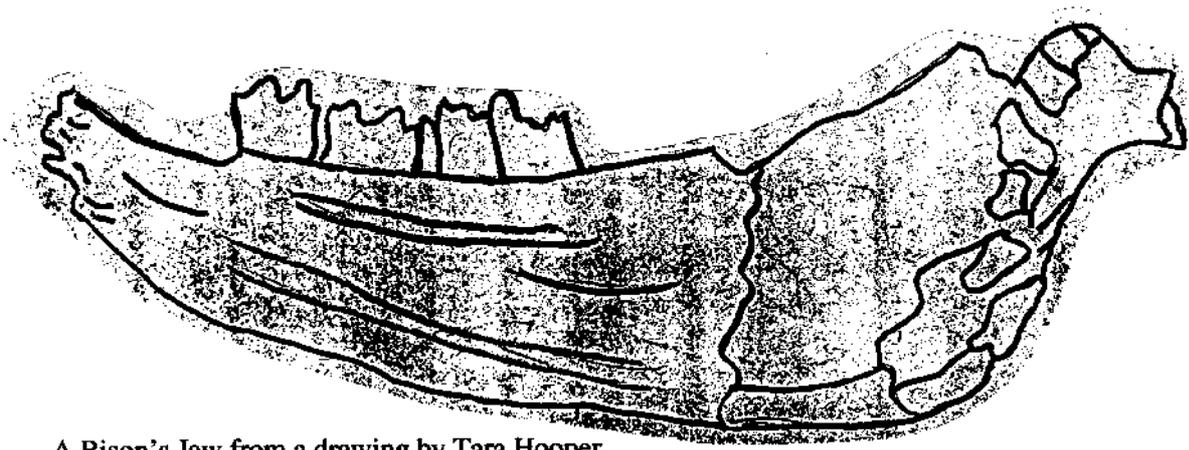
They have found some mammoths' tusks though, some of them over 3 metres long. They are 200,000 years old. They have also found some elephant tusks that are from a kind of elephant who liked warm forests, which means there must have been a forest. They have also found bison bones (a kind of bull) and horse and lion bones. They haven't found any human bones but they have found some stone tools made by humans.

By looking at the different layers in the soil they can tell what it was like too. While we were there, we actually saw them discover a mammoth's tusk and got to see some people doing very detailed drawings of the different layers in the soil.

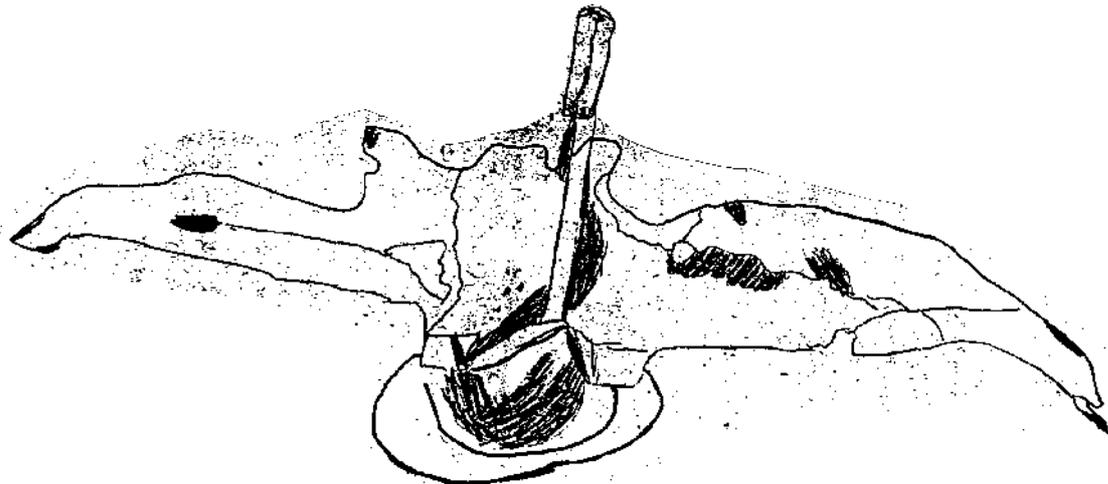
After finding all these things, they think that it was, 200,000 years ago, like a valley with a river running through the middle, a forest on one side and grassy areas on the other.

Alison Retz

This mammoth tusk is unfortunately too damaged to move and will be left in the ground.



A Bison's Jaw from a drawing by Tara Hooper.



A Bison's Neck Bone from a drawing by Abigail Pukaniuk



A study in concentration as Dr Scott talks about the archeological finds.

[The following are three small articles written by Emma Lyon, who has now left the school. She was a prolific note taker at meetings and usually produced a small article on each topic. Ed.]

THE INFANT SCHOOL by Emma Lyon

In 1840 the plans for an Infant School were started by a man called the Reverend William Simcox Bricknell. He was a bossy man who did not like the Baptists. The Baptists already had a school so to get even with them he started the Infant School. In 1889 he died. Then in 1890 the Infant School opened. The first headteacher was Emily Goodall, Certified Teacher. The entries in the log book written by her often criticised the children. Perhaps they would have payed more attention if her lessons were not so boring. Some were about The Orange, The Lemon, Lead and the Pig. In the middle of the big rooms would be a pillar stove which was the thing which heated the room. If the stove was not working the smoke would seep into the room. Emily Goodall only stayed for 2 years.

Girls of 13 who had left school would sometimes stay on and help teach the younger children. They were called monitresses. If the Inspector came and did not like the way the head teacher was teaching then she would get less money for the year.

The next headteacher was called Miss Bertha Smith. One Inspector was called Miss Bathurst. She was very critical. She wanted another Blackboard and more ventilation. She also complained about the babies (3 year olds) having to stand for 1 hour 15 minutes a day! She also noted the babies used slates instead of sandtrays and there were 96 in a class!

One teacher called Miss Goodwin was never a qualified teacher, having started as a monitress. However, she taught successfully for 50 years till she was 65. The health conditions in those days were disgusting. One child just brought one dried turnip for lunch. Although the people were poor they always gave to those worse off. One day they had to bring a flower each so that the school of Eynsham which was very countrified could send flowers to a school in London where they could not get flowers.

THE FIRST SCHOOLS by Emma Lyon

Aelfric the Monk taught boys around Eynsham. His method of teaching was to make books about things the people would know about. Only boys were taught unless you were a nun or the daughter of an incredibly rich person. The boys Aelfric taught would probably become scribes or monks when they were older. In Henry VIII's reign all abbeys were destroyed because Henry VIII wanted more money. Many monks became scribes.

Extract from *Aelfric's Colloquy*

Edited by G.N. Garmonsway. 1938.

THE SALTER

Master O Salter, how does your craft help?

Salter: .My craft helps everyone. .None could enjoy meat without my craft.

Master: How is that?

Salter: How can men enjoy sweet meat without salt to preserve it. .How can you fill a cellar or storeroom. Also all butter and cheese will go bad unless salt is used to keep it

THE BAKER

Master: 'What do you say baker. Is it possible to endure life without you?

Baker: You may be able to live without my craft, but not for long. 'Truly without my craft every table feels empty and without a loaf of bread meat is not appetizing. I encourage the heart of man, I give strength and not even children are willing to refuse me.

MR RICHARDS' TALK ON THE BARTHOLOMEW ROOM by Emma Lyon

John Bartholomew was born in the 17th century and died in 1701. He died nearly 300 years ago. He was born in Eynsham and lived there as a carpenter. As far as we know he never went to London like lots of other craftsmen did. The vicar of the time and John Bartholomew decided it was time for Eynsham to have a school. In his will he left a large sum of money to the vicar and some friends to buy land and rent it to a fanner. With the rent they would pay for a school master to teach some boys to read and write. When one boy got good at this another boy would take his place. The school master was paid £10.00 a year which was quite a lot in those days. Out of that would come money for paper and ink. The school stopped around 1835.

MEMORIES OF THE SCHOOL FIRE by Dawn Collins

Twenty nine years ago when I was about the same age as you are now, I was walking to school having my own private thoughts thinking about things that had happened the day before and wondering what was going to happen today, looking at the pavement trying not to step on the cracks. As I was halfway along Beech Road I suddenly glanced up then I noticed the awful smell of smoke. As I got closer to the School all I could see was the burnt remains of my school. I just froze to the pavement with tears rolling down my face not being able to say anything to anyone. I don't know how long I stayed there. I can remember someone telling me to go straight home!

As I sat at home all I could think about was my pencil case I had left in school the day before! When after a few weeks the School was opened again, we all returned but not to our school. We had to go into terrapin buildings where the playschool is now. We all managed very well in those buildings although they were very small. I can't quite remember how long we were in there but I can remember watching our new school coming alive. It was very exciting for us and teachers alike!

I am sure the fire left many of us with many frightening thoughts. I can remember that everytime I went to bed I took my shoes and coat with me, just in case. Very close to where I used to live was the fire station, where the library is now. The fire station had a siren which made an awful wailing sound which could be heard all over Eynsham. After the fire that noise used to terrify me!

When we finally moved back into the school it was fantastic but very very big and what seemed lots of corridors. We soon got used to it all with lots of help and kindness from all our teachers. Also one other thing I can remember was our new rocking horse. It was lovely. It's still in the school today!

Even today it seems very sad that all our work, books and many other things were lost for ever. A part of our lives.

MRS 'POLLY' CLIFTON REMEMBERS CHRISTMAS

From notes taken by Nadia Wood, Oliver Taylor and Rebecca & Zipora McKechnie

When Mrs Clifton came to talk to us she said that when she was little they had iron bedsteads and they would hang their black stockings on the end of the bed. On Christmas morning they would find the stockings filled with nuts, sweets and oranges, sugar mice and buns. They also hung up pillowcases which they hoped would be filled with the things they had asked Father Christmas for in the letters they had sent up the chimney.

They had presents like dolls, games such as Snakes & Ladders, Halma or Ludo, hoops, and spinning tops, and books like Alice in Wonderland, or Gulliver's Travels. Mrs Clifton said she liked reading then and still did now.

Mrs Clifton's Mum made the Christmas pudding and put in sixpences or lucky charms for them to find when they ate it. She brought a set of these silver lucky charms for us to look at.

They didn't have a turkey as we usually do now but a cockerel which they had fattened up in the garden. And they would have soup.

After dinner they would sit by the fire on a rag rug their Mum had hooked and read their books.

Mrs Clifton said the family had an artificial tree which they took down every year. There was a little fairy doll with a wand on the top of the tree. She also brought some old Christmas cards for us to see. Some of them seemed to have lights in the windows when you held them up to the light. She also brought a book of lovely stickers like Father Christmases, robins, bells, holly leaves, snowmen and angels.

THE SORT OF BOOKS OUR GRANDPARENTS HAD,

from notes by Nadia Wood and Yasmin Denney

Mrs Richards and Mr Whelan and some others brought some books for us to see. One of Mrs Richards' books, which was very old, had fairy tales, stories of wars, ideas of games to play on the beach and many other things.



She said her favourite story was called *The Princess with the Pea Green Nose*. Another book was *Black Beauty*. She found a book mark in one of the books which she had made when she was a little girl.

She also had some books which had belonged to her Aunt, who had been a teacher, called *The Teacher's Treasury*. She said she liked to look at them when she was little. In one there was a beautiful picture of a kingfisher. One of her uncles, who had been away during the war took her out to buy a book when he came back. He gave her four to make up for the Christmases and birthdays he had missed. Sadly now, one of them is missing. Mrs Richards said one of the books made her cry. It was about a sheep dog called Old Bob. People thought he was a sheep killer but he wasn't. He had a fight with the real sheep killer, a dog called Red Wull and was, badly injured. Mr Whelan told us about the book called *The Cuckoo Clock*. A story about a little boy who is taken on magical journeys in his dreams by the cuckoo.

Edwardian Christmas Card designs

OBITUARY
MR JACK DOUGLAS



Opening Eynsham Carnival

Mr Jack Douglas came to talk to our History Group some years ago before we had our own journal. He was a bit reluctant at first, but in true Eynsham Primary School tradition, he was soon put at ease by his enthusiastic audience. We were a small group then and he told us about his experiences in Scouting during the Second World War.

We lost contact with Mr Douglas for a number of years and then just this last summer at the Flower Festival on Carnival Day Mr Douglas came up to the table where our Journal was being sold. I was pleased to find that he remembered his visit to the School with pleasure and he bought a copy of the latest edition of the Journal.

I am sure many Eynsham people will have more memories of Jack Douglas than I have but I shall always remember him as a supporter of the Junior History Group.

Extract from his recollections.

1940

During the year of the war the Group still continued to flourish. The boys were engaged in various forms of National Service. During the winter of 1939-40 waste paper was collected and sent for salvage. Several of the Rover were called on active service and the remainder of the crew were unable to assist with the troop as long hours were being worked. In spite of this the remnants of the band turned out to parade occasionally. Whist drives and dances were held in aid of Group funds and a concert was given each year. A long week-end camp was held at White Horse Hall and was attended by nearly all of the Troop. A.S.M. Douglas became S.M. and Rover E. Floyd became A.S.M.

Died suddenly, October 19th, 1998

Besides recording research done by the group we also like to include, from time to time, some of the school's curriculum work. This term the Upper Juniors have been studying Egypt.]

EGYPT by Helen Crump

People have been interested in the Egyptians for hundreds of years. Since the finding of the so-called Rosetta stone we have been able to understand more about them. They worshipped more than one god and many of these had heads of animals. For example there is a god with the head of a crocodile and the body of a human. They lived on the banks of the famous River Nile. The tomb of Tutankhamun was found by Howard Carter in 1922.



Tutankhamun



Today Cairo is the capital of Egypt. It is a very dusty and busy place. The Nile is still a source of water. The houses in the villages are made from mud and clay bricks which are sun-dried not baked in kilns like ours.



In earlier editions of *Good History* we have learned of the superstitions and fears of the Celts and Anglo Saxons. The following is a poem which carries on that tradition.

Hallow-e'en by Thomas Raftery

The wind whispered in my ear
 The mist lay like a blanket on the hillside,
 The trees swayed in dark winds like a boat sways on rough seas
 Tonight is Hallow-e'en, a ghostly scary Hallow-e'en.

May be tonight's the night that
 The scary monster from under my bed
 With fur as green as grass and eyes as dead as a statue
 Comes out to get me.
 Tonight is Hallow-e'en, a ghostly scary Hallow-e'en.

The night was as black as ink
 My flash light has gone as dead
 As the soles of my shoes.
 I'm on my own in a forest of darkness
 Tonight is Hallow-e'en, a ghostly scary Hallow-e'en.

The wind feels like cold clammy hands brushing my face.
 I run home in a flash and open my door with the creaky hinges
 Tonight is Hallow-e'en, a ghostly scary Hallow-e'en.

The warmth of the house was like the warmth of the sun
 The comfort of it was like the comfort of your own bed
 Thank goodness I'm home.