From the Editor

Welcome to the very first edition of The Separatist Post, the e-newsletter of ‘The American Friends of The Pilgrim Fathers UK Origins Association’. Every penny of your membership subscription goes towards making your future visits to the Pilgrim site of Scrooby and others along the Mayflower Trail much more comfortable, enjoyable and edifying and by also helping to promote the story of the Separatist Mayflower Pilgrims among the communities of the towns and villages that they once knew so well. We would welcome your feedback as well as suggestions for future editions.

Val Bowles - Editor

Jonathan Brewster in London

There was something odd about the article, in the Gentleman Magazine of 1824 that I had come across, quite by accident, when writing my latest book ‘William Brewster-the Making of a Pilgrim. It piqued my interest at the time and stayed with me. I wasn’t even really researching William Brewster at that point but had broken off instead to try to build up the family tree of his mentor and employer, Secretary William Davison. Working up a family tree is something I routinely do when writing about anyone from history as it often brings me a valuable insight into their personal lives other than just concentrating on archive material.

The article mentioned an order of the Privy Council dated 10th August 1619, for the seizure of official papers that had belonged to Queen Elizabeth I’s late Secretary, William Davison. These papers at the time were reportedly in the possession of a man named Ralfe Starkie who claimed to have been given them by Davison’s son-in-law, William Duncombe. Apparently there was a considerable quantity of these papers taken at that time, which we must assume are now among those held today in the National Archives at Kew.

But why, I wondered, was someone in the Privy Council so interested in the papers of a man who had been dead for over a decade? So I began to search for that Privy Council order but instead found an interesting entry in the Calendar of State Paper from around the same time that made everything fall into place.

In August 1619, Jonathan Brewster must been a worried man. By that time he had
apparently been residing in London for at least six months or so and, as it would appear, was subject to the very close scrutiny of the English authorities. But no doubt Jonathan was not just worried for himself.

In the Calendar of State Papers Domestic for August 3rd of that year, an entry reads: ‘Brewster’s son of his Father’s sect within this half year, now comes to Church...’ Although no Christian name is given for either this man ‘Brewster’ or his son, it has to be our Mayflower Pilgrim William Brewster and his eldest son, Jonathan. And from this one single line we can begin to picture Jonathan’s plight.

Jonathan is known from Leiden records to have been involved with trade, therefore it is not surprising to find him in London, probably in pursuit of his business. However, for some unknown reason, Jonathan had caught the attention of some of the Bishop of London’s attendants, known as ‘pursuivants’ whose main purpose was to seek out religious dissidents.

During the 1580’s and 1590’s there had been regular purges against such dissidents as Separatists or ‘Brownists’ in London. In January 1593, a petition to the Privy Council made on behalf of Separatists cited how they were being pursued with ‘violence and outrage’ by the then Bishop of London’s pursuivants who entered houses at night to ‘break up, ransack, rifle and make havoc at their pleasure’.

During the reign of King James I, very little appears to have changed therefore one can only imagine the circumstance under which Jonathan Brewster was rooted out as being the son of a man only too well known for his Separatist stance, and forced to publically conform himself to the Anglican Church which included compulsory church attendance. Despite his outward conformity, it appears that Jonathan continued to be kept under a close watch.

The earlier petition brought before the Privy Council also cited incidents of Separatists being held in prison ‘without any trial, bail or pity’, confined in iron chains and without inquest into the deaths of any who died while imprisoned. Again under James this appears commonplace.

Jonathan Brewster would no doubt have been aware of the fate of the Scrooby Congregation’s one time friend, Thomas Helwys. Helwys had returned from Amsterdam to found the first Baptist congregation in London, he subsequently published a work considered ‘seditious’ and had been sent prison where he later died. Anyone involved in producing or printing books or pamphlets considered by the State to be ‘seditious’ could expect to receive particularly harsh treatment, and Jonathan’s father was highly suspected of having done so.

The entry in the Calendar of State Papers regarding Jonathan Brewster also notes that
Sir Robert Naunton, principle Secretary to King James, had recovered a note from William Brewster to his son, and committed the person who had delivered it into prison under close confinement until Naunton could discover the whereabouts of William Brewster himself. The poor messenger was likely tortured. Whether Jonathan himself was examined is not known but under the circumstance quite possible.

However, catching William Brewster was one thing- to be able to identify any man suspected of being him was another, especially after an absence from England of more than a decade. At a time before photography, in the absence of an eye witness who could positively swear an oath to the identity of a person, a sample of handwriting was the only other sure-fire way of doing so. Therefore, the finding of a letter written by William Brewster was of extreme value to the authorities; but to be absolutely certain, a second confirmed sample could help to dispel any argument in the matter. And, just like me, I suspect someone in the Privy Council remembered that young Brewster had once worked for Secretary Davison and thought that, perhaps on occasions, he acted as his master’s scribe.

Just a week later another entry appears in the Calendar of State Papers dated 10th August:

'Brewster frightened back into the Low Countries by the Bishop’s pursuivants, Sir Robert Naunton will follow him with his letters to Sir Dudley Carleton (the Ambassador to Holland).

The man-hunt for William Brewster was gaining stride and King James’s men were closing in...

© Sue Allan August 2016

The Fat Rascals of Yorkshire

Fat Rascals are a cross between a bun and a scone, more like a rock cake, and absolutely delicious, especially with an afternoon cup of tea. The origin of the name is unknown, but although the original recipe is thought to be Elizabethan, they are thought to have been known since the mid-19th Century under the name of Fat Rascals.

No trip to the city of York is complete without taking afternoon tea at the famous ‘Betty’s Tea Rooms’. And I have to let you into a little secret that my friend, Julie Dunstan of Scrooby Manor and I love nothing more than taking afternoon tea in a pleasant tea shop. One of the guilty pleasures we have enjoyed together is a nice Fat Rascal.
This is my version of the famous Betty’s Fat Rascals;

**Ingredients**

- 1 cup - 150g – 5oz, all-purpose flour, or plain four, sieved
- 1 cup - 150g – 5oz, self-rising flour, sieved
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 cup - 150g– 5oz lard or vegetable shortening (block) or butter, very cold and cubed.
- ¾ cup - 100g – 3oz superfine/caster sugar
- Grated zest of 1 orange
- Grated zest of 1 lemon
- 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
- 1 cup – 150g – 5oz dried mixed fruit (currants, raisins and sultanas in equal quantities)
- 1 large free-range egg, lightly beaten
- 4 to 5 tablespoons milk

**Glaze and Topping**

- 1 medium egg yolk
- 1 tablespoon water
- Glacé cherries and blanched almonds, to decorate

**Directions**

1. Heat the oven to 200C/400F.

2. Sieve both flours and the baking powder together into a large bowl. Add the butter and rub into the flour until the mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs.

3. Add the sugar, citrus zest, spices, and dried fruit and mix well.

4. Add the beaten egg and enough milk to bring the mixture together into soft dough. Form the mixture into 6 saucer-sized rounds, about 3/4” or 2cm deep.

5. Mix the egg yolk and water together to make a glaze and brush this over the fat rascals. Decorate with the cherries and almonds - see photos. Transfer to a non-stick baking tray and bake for 15-20 minutes or until golden brown.

6. Remove from the oven and allow to cool on a wire rack.

Fat rascals are best served warm from the oven but they can be frozen and reheated.

Wholemeal self-rising flour can be used to replace all of the four used in recipe, as well as 2-3 tsp of Stevia as a sugar alternative.
Austerfield Church

In October 2014, in Great Britain as a whole approximately 980,000 people took part in a Church of England service each week. In total there are 16,000 Anglican Church buildings to upkeep with around 24 closures per year. Most of our rural English country churches are centuries old and very few have congregations large enough to finance the repair of their own buildings. Some parish churches may have as few as a couple of dozen regular attendees and, as the size of congregations continues to decline, many churches fall into various states of disrepair each year.

Churches falling into disrepair or disuse are not a new phenomenon; during medieval times, plague epidemics frequently ravished England and in some cases almost entire villages died out and were subsequently abandoned. The skeletal remains of many churches can be still be found today long after the wood-framed buildings of their lost congregations have rotted back into the earth. Also, due to depopulation over the centuries, other villages like Babworth, have shrunk into virtual non-existence with little more than their place-name surviving.

During the 17th century, the church at Scrooby, then dedicated to St James, suffered a rapid decline in the run up to the English Civil Wars. It was a decline which was to last until towards the end of the century. This prolonged period of disrepair no doubt accounts for the loss of the original parish registers dating to before 1695. It was around that time that St James’s appears to have been rededicated to St Wilfrid. The name change perhaps reflects the fact that Catholic King James II had only recently been deposed in the Glorious Revolution of 1688 and that the angst he had caused the Anglican Church was just too raw for the name James, no matter how saintly, to be re-endowed upon the newly restored church?

At nearby Austerfield, St Helena’s Church also suffered periods of near dilapidation. The worst of these culminated towards the end of the Victorian era. It seems incredible to imagine that when baby William Bradford was baptized in the church in the spring of 1590, St Helena’s was already over five hundred years old.

Three-hundred-years on from Bradford’s time, apart from being in dire need of major repairs, the little church of St Helena was no longer large enough to accommodate its population which had grown considerably. 

St Helena’s Church drawn in 1890.
The general increase in population during the Victorian era was probably due to medical advances coupled with increased accessibility to a much greater range of food. With the coming of the railways food was able to be transported quickly and cheaply between the countryside and the cities. For farmers a much larger market opened up for their own produce while other goods from elsewhere became accessible to them. Therefore the coming of the railway to nearby Bawtry in 1849 helped lead to generally better standards of health for the rural population than perhaps in previous centuries.

The renovations to St Helena’s Church were outlined in some detail in the local newspapers of the time. It was decided to enlarge the tiny church with the addition of an aisle on the north side of the building, a project almost entirely financed by way of a donation of £300 by the General Society of Mayflower Descendants in America.

However, on making progress to take down the exceptionally thickly plastered north wall, to make way for the extension, workmen were surprised to discover that it was hollow and contained some substantial pillars supporting arches. Experts at the time agreed that originally there must have once been a north aisle to the church and that having fallen in sometime during the 14th Century it was removed and the reclaimed materials reused to make good the ‘new’ north side wall.

Other alterations included a new floor, the removal of the old box pews (dating from 1835) and the removal of the shattered roof with a replacement one in red tile. Various new windows were installed and other necessary repairs carried out that in all cost £2000. At the same time a small parcel of land was purchased as an addition to the crowded burial ground.

It was about this time that the old font top and its lead liner, in which William Bradford had once been baptized, were reunited and set upon a new base. The liner was rescued from being used to water animals nearby.

After being closed for more than a year, The Sheffield Daily Telegraph of Thursday, May 19th, 1898 reported the reopening of St Helena’s with a rousing church service after which the clergy and invited dignitaries, in true English style, joined with the congregation to take tea. Just recently St Helena’s suffered a leak to its roof near to the altar which needed urgent repair to stop the
water ingress from causing lasting damage to wood in the roof and the ancient stone and plaster wall.

I am happy to report that three kind Bradford descendants stepped in to donate money towards the repairs, as well as the Pilgrim Fathers UK Origins Association, so that hopefully the church may be enjoyed for many more years to come.

© Sue Allan August 2016

**Murder most Horrid!**

The peaceful, rural location of the tiny village of Scrooby makes it an unlikely setting for murder, yet over the years it has witnessed its fair share. One committed in the summer of 1779 was particularly brutal.

William Yeadon manned the toll-bar at Scrooby, collecting the fees for using the new stretch of straighter and wider Great North Road built to bypass the original route through the ancient village streets that were proving so hard for the modern stage coaches to negotiate.

On July 2nd, William’s middle-aged mother, Mary, had been visiting her son and he had rounded off that day playing cards with a man named John Spenser of North Laverton. After Spenser left, the Yeadons made their way to bed for the night.

In the early hours of the morning, Spenser was back at the house and intent on stealing the previous day’s takings.
Whether he was the worse for drink or just plain clumsy, Spenser made so much noise while trying to make off with the strongbox that he woke the Yeadons from their slumber. It was probably as an angry William confronted him, that Spenser flew into a violent frenzy smashing the Yeadon’s skulls in with a heavy hedge stake that he must have brought to the house with him.

With the Yeadons dispatched, Spenser took the opportunity to ransack the Toll House in search of other valuables to steal. However, as he was dragging one of the corpses across the road to dump it into the River Ryton, he was spotted by travellers on the road. Spenser was quickly captured, arrested and brought to trial at Nottingham. He was found guilty of murder and hanged just 13 days later on July 16th.

Spenser’s punishment did not end with his execution. The court ordered that his body be liberally smeared with pitch and tar and taken back to scene of his crime to be hung in chains within an iron cage and with the hedge stake firmly planted in his hand. And there the murderer’s rotting corpse remained, as a deterrent to all other would be murderers, until 1846 when it was reported that all remained were the bones of the arm clasping the stake.

When Pilgrim William Brewster was just a little boy, there was another murder at Scrooby,
this time carried out in broad daylight and in front of witnesses.

A Coroner’s Inquisition was taken at Scrooby on the 13th day of April, 1569, into the death of one Christopher Bradbury at Scrooby.

It had happened at around two in the afternoon, when a gentleman named John Throop had apparently assaulted Christopher Bradbury ‘in a certain street there near the cross and towards the water’—probably near the Mill wash. Numerous jurymen had witnessed the murder the previous day and under sworn oath, described what had happened. John Throop was seen holding a dagger in his right hand which he then stabbed Bradbury with in his left side just below his arm. The resulting one and a half inches wide and five inch deep wound proved fatal. They said that Bradbury languished for around an hour or so before he finally bled out and died. Meanwhile Throop made for it and was never caught. In his absence he was found guilty of ‘Felony and Homicide’. The Throop family may have been gentlemen but it seems they had murder in their blood. Just a few years later a Gentleman names Thomas Throop was hanged for an unspecified crime relating to an incident in which his wife was allegedly involved.

© Sue Allan 2016

**Inside Scrooby Manor**

Those of you who have read my book ‘In Search of Scrooby Manor’ will have already seen a photograph of the upstairs room now newly identified as the Chapel. So, as a further treat for our readers, and by way of a reward to you for your generous support of our Associations, the owners of Scrooby Manor have agreed to allow the Separatist Post to produce a number of articles over the coming months showing the very first photographs from inside their private home and explaining what the various parts of the remaining Scrooby Manor House were once used for where this is known. In this first edition, we are exploring a section of the house referred to today by the Dunstan family as ‘The Southern Parlour’.

On his travels to England, Dr Henry Martyn Dexter first visited Scrooby Manor more than one-hundred-and-sixty years ago. Reproduced here from his book ‘The England and Holland of the Pilgrim Fathers’ (completed by his son and published posthumously in 1906) we follow his approach to the house:

Exterior of south end of Scrooby Manor House showing bay window.
‘Advancing to ascertain what that is now visible is worthy of examination, it will be found that the southern part of the farmhouse, that which includes the best room, with its bay-window, and the front entry with the stairs, has walls of exceptional thickness, and seems much older than the remainder of the building which has been erected upon and around it’.

This ‘best room’ as Dexter called it had been described to other Victorian visitors as being ‘The Parlour’ and indeed would have been the best room in the house during that era. Today ‘The Southern Parlour’ is just one of a number of comfortable rooms to be found on the ground floor of the house.

From this beautifully light and airy room, one can sit on the oak window seat looking out from the leaded glass bay window across the field towards the south where the contours of the Archbishop’s fish ponds, that once teemed with carp, can still be made out. Today the Dunstan family’s small flock of hobby black sheep graze happily on the lush pasture.

Styled in the traditional and understated English country house fashion, the secret to the elegance of this room lies in its uncluttered simplicity, harking back to simpler times when even a well-placed family, like the Brewsters, would have owned relatively few pieces of furniture compared to today.

Beyond the stone Tudor-style fireplace, housing a modern wood-burning stove for cosy winter evenings, we can see the open door, by which Dexter entered, leading out into the cottage garden that in late spring and summer billows with old-fashioned favourites such as roses and forget-me-nots, irises, marigolds and clematis.

From Cardinal Wolsey’s time and up until the early 1900’s, just to the left of the open doorway stood a mulberry tree growing just a few feet from the house wall; in fact so close that in the Victorian era a visitor reported that he could reach out of the upstairs bedroom (Chapel) window and pluck the ripe fruit from the tree.

But was this ‘parlour’ the best room in William Brewster’s time? Most probably it was not.
According to the Inventory made in 1535 in association with the 'The Valor Ecclesiasticus' (Latin for 'church valuation') - a survey of the finances of the Church in England - made in 1535 on the orders of Henry VIII, this ‘parlour’ appears to have been used for an entirely different purpose. According to the inventory, there were two storerooms directly below the Archbishop’s private Chapel.

The inventory notes:

‘In ii storehouses under the chapel, Item, a Sepulchre, a palm Sunday cross, an old dressing board, 4 pieces of old timber.’

As the current bedroom directly above the ‘Southern Parlour’, described during Dexter’s time as the ‘Manor Chamber’, was identified as being the Chapel in 2014, then five hundred years ago this ‘parlour’ was not one but two rooms used for storage. We have no way of knowing if in Brewster’s time this space was still divided up into two separate rooms or not. Nor do we know for what purpose this area was then being used.

© Sue Allan

You can read more about the history of this fascinating house in ‘In Search of Scrooby Manor’ by Sue Allan.

---

Meet a Sponsor Spot

Becky Elliot of Kay Books

Richard Kay Publications is a small family-run publishing house that my father began back in 1970. His first titles included a series of 'The History of Boston' booklets. His main aim was to spread the word of Boston and Lincolnshire’s history to those far beyond Lincolnshire, UK. Some of these booklets have been reprinted due to demand and remain in print today.

In November 2007, I launched 'Kay Books', an online bookshop, to promote these books in the worldwide market and have introduced many titles from other publishers who I feel offer books of a similar nature and am pleased to say we now list well over 280 different titles relating to aspects of Lincolnshire history.
In 2012, my father, then aged 87, passed his publishing business to me and I continue to publish, keeping alive his desire to preserve local history that may otherwise have been lost.

My first publication was 'Spirituall Concupiscence': John Cotton's English Years, 1584-1633 by Jesper Rosenmeier and was simultaneously published in the UK and in USA. John Cotton was minister of St Botolph’s (The Stump) from 1612-33 before sailing to America for religious freedom.

As celebrations are planned in and around Boston, MA (and in the UK) for the 400th anniversary of the sailing of the Mayflower I hope to reprint another significant book 'William Brewster, Father of New England' by Reverend Harold Kirk-Smith, which was first available in 1992. (Please visit our website www.richardkaypublications.com though there is much more detail on our sister site www.kaybooksonline.co.uk which has been in business since 2007).

Recently I connected with Sue Allan, Official Historian at Scrooby Manor, who delighted in telling me that it was reading 'William Brewster' that fed her interest and began her career in Puritan history. 😊

REBECCA ELLIOTT
T/A RICHARD KAY PUBLICATIONS
LE VA • LA ROUTE DU BRAYE • VALE • GUERNSEY • GY3 5PB
Telephone (01481) 240613/ 07781 402053/ 07781 12809
VAT Registration No: 129 8076 45
As this is the first edition of our newsletter, let me introduce myself. My name is Barry Bowles and I am a retired City of London Police Officer, and have lived here, in Pilgrim country for 28 years, and am now fortunate to be a District Councillor for the village of Scrooby and some adjoining villages with Pilgrim connections. Moving into this area all those years ago reignited my interest in the Pilgrims and, after meeting Sue Allan at the launch of Mayflower Maid, and with assistance from Bassetlaw District Council, I was able to start the Association (which is non-political) and, with the support of several local authorities, we have progressed significantly.

Our ambition was to spread the story of the Pilgrims and to establish and fund a Visitor/Education Centre here in Scrooby, where it all began with William Brewster. Several times we have been close to obtaining a suitable building but, for various reasons (mostly the recession causing developers to put projects on hold) we were unable to progress. It has been very disappointing and disheartening at times, being very close and then having to start our search all over again.

Unfortunately, with 2020 rapidly approaching, it is obvious that national funding and the promotion of the Pilgrim Story is being centred on Plymouth, from where the Mayflower set sail. We do not dispute the importance of Plymouth, but want the origins of the story to be acknowledged and our local Pilgrims recognised for their vision and commitment, (after all, a great deal happened before the Mayflower set sail). However, Bassetlaw District Council, our local authority, has put in a bid to the Heritage Lottery Fund in order to promote our area and provide a lasting legacy. The Association was in partnership with the Council, but, unfortunately, our aspiration for a centre in Scrooby was not included in their bid; they are more interested in bringing tourists to our towns and supporting Plymouth 400.

So, what are we doing now; have we given up? No, but being a small organisation we have had to revise our plans. We had spent quite a lot of money on architects, etc., for our projects that unfortunately we could not, through no fault of our own, progress. We have decided that we will now look at funding and providing facilities for our Pilgrim/Mayflower visitors to make their visits more comfortable. We have agreed to fund an extension to Scrooby Village Hall to provide accessible additional toilet/bathroom facilities, which will also be of
benefit to the residents. To this end we have engaged an architect and are working with him and Scrooby Parish Council to make this a reality.

Obviously, we are working hard to raise more funds so that we can complete our project – we are organising fund raising events and our new website (it's brilliant!) has attracted sponsorship from local hostelries and businesses with strong connections to our Pilgrim story.

Most importantly, the Association is engaging with communities and schools, (Sue Allen has been very busy with school visits, re-enactment and generally making it enjoyable for the children, and has some lovely letters of thanks from them), after all, it is their heritage and so important that what started off here, with William Brewster in Scrooby Manor, William Bradford and others should not be forgotten as it did, quite literally, change the world!

Further updates will be in our next newsletter, but for now, my very good wishes.

Barry Bowles

Port of Bawtry

In the middle ages, the roads were so bad that the rivers were preferred as a means of transport. In 1379 Bawtry was a growing port that continued to develop over the centuries that followed.

Walking around Bawtry today many visitors would not realise that it was once a busy port. That is, not unless you looked very carefully.

At the corner of Church Street where it joins the Gainsborough Road, stands a pub bearing the name of ‘The Ship’. The parish church, where a young William Bradford had gone to hear Richard Clifton preach, is dedicated to St Nicholas. Among other things, St Nicholas is the patron Saint of sailors and merchants and in Bradford’s time Bawtry bustled with both.

Although St Nicholas Church is situated in Church Street, the road is a natural continuation of another named Wharf Street, and Queen Elizabeth I’s time the Morton family of Bawtry owned the wharf
Once situated beside the church. Indeed it is said that boats once tied up to the church yard wall.

On the corner where Wharf Street meets Church Street, there stands an old house with a ship’s wheel incorporated in its window. This gabled building looks very Dutch in style.

After the Turnpike Act of 1759, the roads improved and stage coaches ran regular services from London to York. Bawtry was one of these stages.

Daniel Defoe visited the area in the early 18th century, and described the River Idle as ‘full and quick, though not rapid and unsafe ... with a deep channel, which carries hoy, lighters, barges or flat-bottom’d vessels. He described the port of Bawtry, which was the limit of river navigation, as being ‘famous all over the south part of the West Riding of Yorkshire, for it is the place wither all their heavy goods are carried.’ Goods being moved from Bawtry via the Idle included lead from Derbyshire (brought to Bawtry by pack horse), Swedish iron bound for Sheffield, and then cutlery made in Sheffield to various destination both at home and abroad. There were also iron products from furnaces in Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, and coal and timber. But Bawtry as a port was soon under threat.

In 1720, the merchants of East Retford obtained an Act of Parliament to allow them to extend the navigation to Retford, and to charge tolls. Although no work appears to have been carried out, the plans were still being considered in 1757, by which time much of the river’s trade had already dwindled. The thriving lead trade once had with Derbyshire was lost to an improved River Derwent, and the Sheffield to the River Don Navigation. In 1777 the Chesterfield Canal opened and offered provided a more convenient outlet for most goods, and traffic bound
for the Rivers Trent and Humber was re-routed using that. By 1828 commercial traffic had ceased to use the river.

Once there was a large bend in the River Idle just above the wharf at Bawtry, but it proved to be in the way of the proposed course of the new Great Northern Railway. Construction workers cut a new course for the river, as a channel to the wharf but in a death blow to the port, it silted up and the wharf became stranded from the main course of the Idle.

Navigation rights on the river ceased with the passing of the Trent River Authority (General Powers) Act of 1972 although boats can still use it.

© Sue Allan

How to make proper tea

Being British does not come easy; especially as we British are real sticklers for having all sorts of things done in a proper manner. So much so that we even have an official British Standard method of doing many things in life and even a British Standards Institute to oversee the setting of these standards. (The BSI’s logo is ‘making excellence a habit...’)

But what is a standard and what does it do? In essence, a standard is an agreed way of doing something; the distilled wisdom of people with expertise in their subject matter and who know the needs of the organizations they represent – people such as manufacturers, sellers, buyers, customers, trade associations, users or regulators.

And so not surprisingly in a country where tea is not so much a drink as a way of life, there is a British Standard for making that most quintessential of British things.

In 1980, the BSI experts came together (probably over a ‘nice cup of tea’) to create scientific formula and setting down in 5,000 words how to make the perfect cup of tea. This standard was designed to help professional tea testers and is officially known as British Standard 6008 which is titled ‘Method for preparation of a liquor of tea for use in sensory tests’.

Accordingly to BS6008 the correct way to brew tea is as follows:

Firstly tea should preferably be brewed in a pot made of white porcelain with the optimum pot size being between 74mm and 78mm wide, and 83mm and 87mm tall. So according to the BSI, Brown Betties
(traditional glazed brown clay tea pots) are second choice.

In order to obtain the ‘optimum flavour and sensation’ a minimum of 2 grams of tea leaves should be steeped to each 100ml of freshly drawn and boiled water. (Cooled previously boiled water should never be re-boiled to make tea

As with many things in life, like soft-boiling eggs or delivering jokes, timing is crucial and so the perfect brewing or steeping time has been calculated as being six minutes in order to extract the optimum amount of flavour from the tea leaves. When served the temperature of the tea should not have been allowed to drop below 60 degrees.

When pouring the prepared brew of tea, the age old question of milk in first or after has torn asunder many families and tearooms alike up and down the nation. For tea brewed in a pot, according to the BS 6008, adding the milk first is deemed to be the proper and correct way, something many tea purists would argue is a cardinal sin. And please, beloved American cousins, never ask a Brit if they would like to take cream in their tea, and if you do, expect a fine exhibition of gurning to quickly follow.

These days many people prefer to use tea bags. The average tea bag contains 1.5g of tea leaves, so that means at least two tea bags should be used for a small pot, and four for a large one. Many more have dispensed with the use of a tea pot altogether in favour of making their tea in a cup or mug and using a tea bag instead of loose tea, in which case of course the milk is added after the tea has brewed or it would clog up the perforations leading to that most pitiful waste of all - a miss-brew followed by cries of ‘my but this tea is so weak it is nearly a fortnight!’

And for those who suspect that much of this article is a spoof or indeed BS, then follow the link below to order your copy of BS6008 for just £94.

http://shop.bsigroup.com/ProductDetail

© Sue Allan 2016
Hey! My name is Jeff and I am the Association’s undercover reporter at Scrooby Manor. Well, actually I am also the Dunstan family’s dog. I know, I know…I can hear you…what kind of a reporter is a dog? Well just think about it for a moment there. Do you ever talk in front of your dog about sensitive issues…or even to him? Well there you go. I get to see and hear all sorts of interesting things!

When I am not going about my business…no I don’t mean that, I mean my other business, out undertaking security patrols of the perimeter fencing, checking the security clearance status of people like the mailman and reporting back to my employers…or barking and making a ‘bloody nuisance’ of myself as my mistress says, I like nothing more than go off on my own to do some archaeological digging around the estate. And as there is around six acres of it, I have no shortage of exciting spots to excavate.

Now I don’t know if you know this but the entire Scrooby Manor site is listed by English Heritage as an ‘Ancient monument’ which means even though the Dunstan family own the land they are not allowed to dig down any deeper than the depth of a spade.

A ‘scheduled monument’, is an archaeological site or historic building of ‘national importance’ and so it has been given protection, in law, against unauthorised change. It is our country’s oldest form of heritage protection, dating from the 1882 Ancient Monuments Act, when a ‘Schedule’ of prehistoric sites deserving of state protection was first compiled. Later, newer ones were added, like Scrooby Manor. It is our country’s oldest form of heritage protection, dating from the 1882 Ancient Monuments Act, when a ‘Schedule’ of prehistoric sites deserving of state protection was first compiled.

Luckily for me, the regulation bit about unauthorised digging does not apply to dogs.
Although I have only been here for the past year or so, I have found some really exciting artefacts from ages gone by, like old rubber toys from previous dog descendants and lots and lots of exquisitely filthy old bones. Sadly I also dig up a lot of trashy items like fragments of carved stone, bits of ancient terracotta floor tiles and shards of pottery but generally I just put those back or take them indoors for the family to dispose of.

I did dig up something the other day that had my mistress quite excited. So excited in fact that, when she took it from my mouth, she shrieked with joy and then accidently dropped it.

The object appears to be made of an early form of plastic or Bakelite and is brownish and sort of scaly with two tiny beady eyes and shaped a bit like a snake – thought it was probably once a section of a jug or walking stick handle. I liked it a lot!

Well...I am off now...rabbits to chase and people to sniff. See you next time!

Jeff

© Jeff Dunstan 2016
Dear Editor,

I am a descendant of William Brewster and had a delightful visit of Scrooby on a tour with the Mayflower Society. We were hosted by your Association who made arrangements for all of our activities. The whole day was historically enlightening and entertaining. We were treated to music, food, dancing and a visit to the church. I was amazed to now discover that this was a special occasion and that new visitors now would be met with locked doors to the village hall, and the church. They would not even have access to restrooms. I am requesting that the UK find a way to make this wonderful historic site a national tourism destination and upgrade the facilities in time to receive the numerous visitors who will want to attend the four hundred year celebrations in 2020.

Judy Mayo- Brewster Descendant, Illinois

Editor: As you see, Judy, the Association is doing all we can to improve the situation.

From the Association Team

We sincerely hope that you have enjoyed reading this first edition of The Separatist Post. Regard this publication a being a small reward to you, personally, as someone who has supported this Association by way of donation, sponsorship of the site, or as a Mayflower Friend of the Association. We truly thank you but respectfully ask that you please do not share this publication outside of your immediate family; doing so not only defeats our fund raising efforts but also devalues your own invaluable contribution.

This publication is generously sponsored by The Separatist Inn located in Torworth, situated on the main Great North Road between Scrooby and Retford.