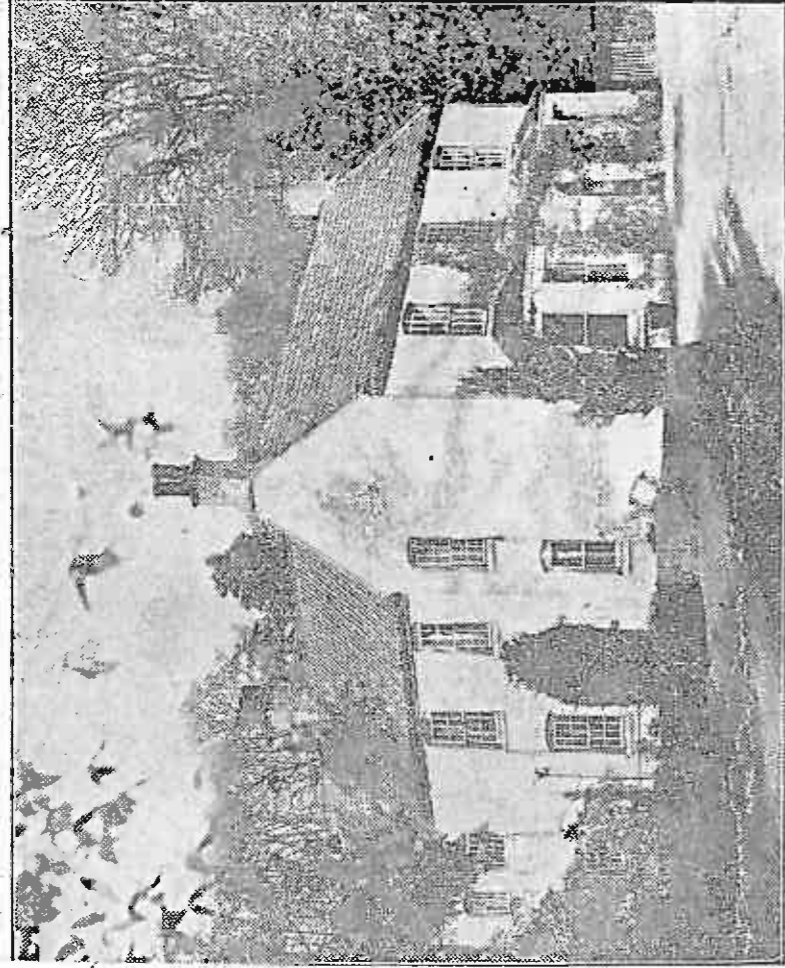
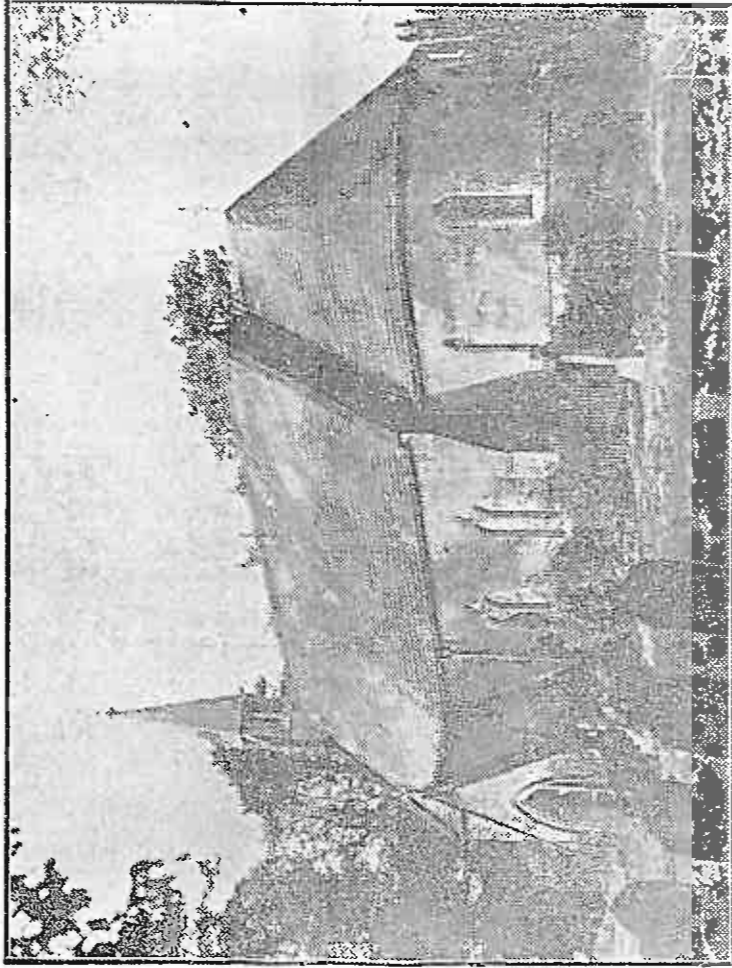


WOLD NEWTON, QUANT, PEACEFUL, BUT RICH IN HISTORY



Wold Newton Grange, sheltered by trees, epitomises the quiet and dignity of a village which has escaped the stridency of the 20th Century.



All Hallows Church, Wold Newton, which stands high above the village, is a Victorian restoration which has retained much of the appeal of earlier buildings.

TUCKED away in a sequestered fold of the Lincolnshire Wolds, far from the hubbub of busy main roads and 20th-century bustle, is the little village of Wold Newton.

Cottages and farms, with neat gardens and trim hedges, sprawl in quiet, sleepy comfort on each side of a lane that meanders through the green cleft of the village's remote little valley.

Behind it, high on a grassy eminence, framed in a background of tall trees that are the homes of the rooks, stands the parish church of All Hallows, overlooking the tiny community like a benign grey sentinel.

Acres of rich farmland surround the village, adding to its peace and seclusion, and the only note of incongruity to break the spell of silent rural charm is the roar of aircraft sweeping over from nearby Binbrook.

Wold Newton is old, and searching back today into the dusty annals of time, it is hard to differentiate between what in its history is fact and what is legend.

Before Julius Caesar landed with his Roman legions, early Britons must have favoured the secluded site for a primitive community, for their traces were found a little more than a century ago, when an ancient tumulus, or burial mound, containing 20 urns was discovered near the western boundary of the parish.

Today the site is under the plough, says the village squire and landowner, 81-years-old Mr. William M. Wright, of Wold Newton Manor, who has been unable to trace what happened to the urns.

The first church, it is said, was sacked by the fiery Danes when they beached their boats on the Lincolnshire coast and pressed inland on expeditions of pillage and plunder.

Of its successor, a Norman church, but a few fragments remain, among them a little stone man carved on the porch. The building was rebuilt in the time of the first Elizabeth. The lovely altar vessels are Elizabethan, and the register dates from that time.

Yet another rebuilding came in 1862, but the character of the little church was not lost, for the work was done in 13th century style, and it has an apse for a chancel and a bell turret with a little spire.

Up the steeply rising meadow which leads to the little church there was once a turnpike road from Grimsby, and although it disappeared long ago, the faint outline of its track is still distinguishable down the green slope.

The road once led through a farm and up to the church gates, but the reason for its abrupt stop there, and details of its importance and use as a thoroughfare seem to have vanished.

Within the church is a 14th century font, bearing an inscription asking for prayers for John and Johanna Curtyts, its donors.

Another distinctive feature of the interior is a beautiful rood beam, carrying the figures of the Crucifixion, one of a number of memorials to the Wright family, who have been associated with the village for more than 250 years.

Though he now lives at the manor, a stately house built about 100 years ago, Mr. Wright explains that when his family first came to the village, they lived in The Grange, Wold Newton, a fine old, white-walled residence fronting the waters of a pond, where alterations over the years have failed to spoil its dignity and charm.

The old house stands, according to Mr. Wright, on a site once owned by the monks of Avingham, great farmers and landowners who were members of the once famous Lincolnshire Order of Sempringham, formed half of monks and half of nuns.

Wold Newton, too, has a link with Louth, for it is said that the stones from the ruins of Louth Abbey were used to build the old manor, which still stands, though not in its original form, a short distance from the present manor house.