The deadline for contributions to the next Bulletin and the summer issue of Lincolnshire Past and Present is 13 May 1995. Material should be sent to the Joint Editors at Jews' Court, Steep Hill, Lincoln (01522 521337). It will help the editors greatly if articles are sent typed, double-spaced and with a good margin. A note of the number of words is of great value. More detailed 'notes for contributors' are available from Jews' Court, (please enclose SAE)

Cover: Rags were still being tied to bushes at Healing Wells as late as the 1940s
(photo by E. H. Rudkin, 1931 kindly loaned by Bob Pacey).
EDITORIAL

Some readers were concerned that the editorial request for more consistency in presentation of contributions, in the last issue (no. 18) might actually discourage people from submitting material. Happily there has been no such effect to date; it was not the intention! But we trust writers will try to help the editorial process by following our guidelines. With 28 full pages and about 1,000 words per page there is more than enough checking in the routine proof-reading, without having to check facts and re-write footnotes! So please continue your support.

Each year we appeal for notice of anniversaries with Lincolnshire connections, although success in this varies. This year one major event being celebrated is the 450th anniversary of the granting of a charter to the Corporation of Boston. I make no apologies for not saying Boston, Linx, since we were here first, but one correspondent has queried the location (i.e. the country) of places mentioned in the piece on the Pilgrim College folksong archive (*Lincolnshire Past & Present* 16). I hear that 1995 is also the 500th anniversary of the first recorded import of marmalade! Perhaps someone could supply the history of Lincolnshire marmalade makers, *Tickler's* and *Sprigg's*?

Nationally, as one way of commemorating the end of World War II the Council for British Archaeology will be launching a campaign in April to visible remains of the period. With its airfields, PoW camps, pillboxes etc., Lincolnshire has much to be discovered. Look out for the April CBA magazine. There is one minor wartime episode in this issue, not a little reminiscent of *Dad's Army*, but nevertheless part of a necessary exercise. Another reminiscence is a 1966 essay from the former Holland Old People's Association competition, which covers wartime as well as peacetime. We hope to be able to use more of these in due course.

*Hilary Healey, Joint Editor*

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SOCIETY FOR LINCOLNSHIRE HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY

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(address and telephone number on back cover)

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If you are writing with queries that do not seem to be covered by the three existing committees please address your enquiry direct to the Chairman.
LINCOLNSHIRE HOLY WELLS. PART I.

Compiled by Hilary Healey

In Notes and Queries 13.4 (Lincolnshire Past & Present, 13, Autumn 1993) Gladys Hallett enquired about information, perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, sources, on holy wells, with particular reference to Lud's Well alleged to be at South Farm, Stainton-le-Vale.

Our delay in replying is due to the considerable amount of published material on Lincolnshire wells which is actually available. Most of it appears in Lincolnshire Notes and Queries, Vols 19 and 20. The main notes are in Vol. 19, pp.41-46, 82-84, and Vol. 20, p.47. Lincolnshire Past & Present reader Ruairidh Greig, of Gainsborough, writes to suggest that one of the books mentioned in Lincolnshire Notes and Queries above was the book that the Stainton visitor was probably consulting. It is The Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England by R. C. Hope, published in 1893.

In view of the dispersed nature of these references it was felt that it might be useful to assemble all this information in one place. This proved more complex than at first appeared, but the list following, taken alphabetically by parish, summarises the information from Lincolnshire Notes and Queries, with some additional notes, e.g. of present state - if known. Stainton-le-Vale may appear elsewhere, but perhaps other readers can help. Since this compilation will appear in parts there is time for readers to write and tell us of any other useful references.

ALFORD. Holywell, a quarter mile south of town, said to cure scrofulous complaints.

ALLINGTON. Three wells mentioned here. The best known is the ‘Salt well’, drawn by J. C. Nattes (Fig. 1). Others are listed as Arkenwell and Hagston Well - no further details on these. The salt well can still be seen; it has a roughly circular stone top, of relatively modern repair. Photo in Brenda M. Pask, Allington. The Story of a Lincolnshire Village, p40.

Fig. 1. ‘Salt Well at Allington a mild Harrogate Water’, redrawn after Claude Nattes, 1803.

ANCASTER. Lady Well is marked (on the first edition 6" Ordnance Survey maps) in a close south-east of the main crossroads now part of the nature reserve. It is, however, described as being in the south-west corner of Dovecote Close - now known as Castle Close - 600 yards south east of church. This close, which was formerly in Wilsford parish, is the site not of a castle, but of the Roman town and later of a medieval chapel, said to have been dedicated to St Mary. Remains of a pump were certainly in this location in the 1960s. Lady Well, however, is clearly marked from the first edition as being south-east of the crossroads, and not in 'Dovecote Close' at all.

BARNETBY. Near the old church a spring called Holy Well, said to help those with eye disorders.

BARTON ON HUMBER. Three mentioned: a) St Trunnion's Well, west of town; b) The Shad
Well (St Chad’s) a mile west, near foundations of a chapel found in 1867; and c) one traditionally at junction of Chapel Lane and Hungate.

BOTTESFORD. A health-giving spring, the Craikell Spring, formerly existed here. No location given.

BOURNE. There is still a large pond fed by springs, known as St Peter’s Head or St Peter’s Pool, at the centre of the medieval castle site.

BURNHAM (in Thornton Curtis). A spring, after which Burnham is said to have been named, had medicinal qualities.

LOWER BURNHAM (in Haxey). Spring dedicated to Our Blessed Lord, credited with wide healing powers. Local children were dipped in it on Ascension Day.

CAISTOR. Four springs near the church: the ‘Syfer Spring, Pigeon Well, Stotts Well and one other’. This latter is said to cure eye diseases. The Syfer Spring still runs as a single waterfall (possibly more than one source) which spreads into a shallow gravelled pool. (This writer hopes that plans to ‘enhance’ the area do not alter it too much!). Nearby in the same lane one of the other springs rushes less attractively from an iron pipe straight back into the ground!

CASTLE BYTHAM. Holywell suggested here, but is it confusion with the place Holywell?

DENTON. St Christopher’s or Sancaster Well. In Lincolnshire Notes and Queries, 19 (1927), p.59, an additional note cautions that the name does not appear to be an old one. The site was just Spring Well in 1784, but underwent what one might call ‘grottofication’, in the early nineteenth century. Nattes shows a substantial edifice around it (Fig. 2).

Fig. 2. ‘St Christopher’s Spring with the Pleasure Grounds belonging to Sir William Earl Welby’, J. C. Nattes, 1803 (from the Local Studies Collection, Lincoln City Library, by courtesy of Lincolnshire County Council, Recreational Services).
EAST KEAL. Several chalybeate springs in the area but only one claimed to be considered a holy well. Called Virgin’s Well, it was in a wood c.1 mile north of church, and several large stones nearby. By 1920s water had ’been drained off by the Spilsby waterworks.’

FULBECK. ‘A spring called Holy Well is now (1872) part of a domestic water supply’. (Presumably this use of spring water is no longer permitted; perhaps the spring has come back? Maiden House suggested as having a connection with a holy well, but this is unreliable).

GLENTHAM. Newell Well, used in ceremony of ‘washing Molly Grime’. Take road from Caenby four cross roads [Caenby Corner] down Glentham road till a bend, then lane that goes off to left (north), past a little bit of planting, then through a hedge and there it is. There was a square stone slab over it and the water bubbled up. (See E. H. Rudkin, Lincolnshire Folklore, p.44.)

GRAYINGHAM. A spring called Kield Ash. Located in a field on a hillside adjacent to the road from Northorpe Station to Waddingham, which forms a boundary between the two villages. A later writer suggests ‘kield’ as Anglo-Saxon word for spring. Not stated why this one was thought holy.

HEALING. Lincolnshire Notes and Queries gives two springs, one 1 mile north of station. There is a page and a bit on them (and general items on the water there) in From Hagheltinge to Healing, edited by John Appleby (undated c.1991). Two adjacent springs in Wells Road fed a stream where people paddled or hung garments on bushes to acquire good health; this practice continued until after the 1940s. A 1926 visitor found one spring rather choked up with vegetation, but both functioning and feeding the stream. ‘I was surprised to find dozens of pieces of rag tied to thorns and brambles and even longer pieces around the trunks and branches of the adjacent trees. A careful look round showed no pins.’ Gipsies visited and called the place Ragged Springs or Ragged Well (see cover illustration).

HEMSWELL. Lincolnshire Notes and Queries gives ‘seven springs’ at top of cliff. In his book Hemswell 1086-1901 (1985), the late Peter Binnall mentions two spring areas, Spring Wells (north-east of the village), and Aisthorpe Springs at the extreme east end of the parish. The former once supplied water for the village, the other was regarded as possessing curative powers, and rags were hung on the surrounding bushes.’ (See also Spital-in-the-Street for Aisthorpe Springs, which are presumably near the parish boundary?).

HOLYWELL (in Carey etc. parish). Two springs next to site of old church, Holy Well and St Winifred’s Well. Alleged that church was moved because of dampness of this area.

KINGERBY. Chalybeate spring once celebrated for medicinal powers at Spa Farm. Pins and coins found nearby, and the thorn bushes used to be full of rags in c.1900s. (Seems on early Ordnance Survey Sheet XLV NW not to be near any road.)

KIRTON LINDSEY. a) Ashwell, not far from church. Said to bestow on drinker a desire to reside in Kirton for ever (cf. Mavis Linderby and Scotter); b) White Well, Spa Hill; c) Otchen Well and pond. A detailed account of the then state of the various wells is given by J. A. Howard in Lincolnshire Notes and Queries. 19, p.82, with further notes in Vol. 20, p.55. However, not all are necessarily holy wells, if any! It is interesting to note that these old springs were drying up and disappearing, even in the 1920s. The lowering of the watertable is nothing new!

(LINCOLN. Lincoln is omitted from this list, as it probably deserves an article on its own, and someone may know more sources than just Lincolnshire Notes and Queries.)

LOUTH. Two sites: Ashwell south of town; dressed and blessed on Holy Thursday (Ascension Day?); also St Helen’s ‘nearby’ (see also Wraby for similar dedication).

MANTON. Spring known as High George, or Eye George. Known to be an occasional raging torrent in 1880s, but a trickle in 1920s. Said to cure eye diseases. One suggestion that it was really
'gorge' was discounted, as always given a soft 'g', but E. H. Rudkin did believe that 'gorge' was a possibility.

MAVIS ENDERBY. Holy Well; another case where drinking the water is said to impart a desire to live in the place for ever! (But this does not make it holy.)

NORTH KELSEY. Maiden Well. No location or any other detail.

SCAMPTON. Dedicated to St Pancras and situated near a former chapel of the same dedication.

SCOTTER. Halilwell in Rectory garden. said to have had same effect as at Mavis Enderby and Kirton Lindsey. Perhaps holy from location near church.

SPITAL IN THE STREET. A short distance south-west of Spiial is Aisthorpe Spring, 'clear and tasteless'. Traditionally had curative properties and was a rag well. (But see Aisthorpe Springs in Hernswell.)

UTTERBY. To north-east of village along Holywell Lane; this lane is no longer a road, but the two springs appear on the first 6” Ordnance Survey map. Coins were dropped there and anticipatory thank offerings of rags left on the bushes.

WINTERTON. Was east of road to Appleby, in Hally-Well Dale. Water was taken away and scraps of clothing left on nearby tree. A a petrifying spring as well as medicinal. (No sign of it today, 1994, although a scrap of 'rag was seen hanging on the nearby signpost!)

WRAWBY. Edward Peacock in 'Saint Helen', Archaeological Journal, 48 (1891), p.357, refers to St Helen's Well, but it was not known 1920s. (Another no-doubt relevant article which it has proved impossible so far to consult is Graham Jones, 'Holy wells and the cult of St. Helen', Landscape History 8 (1986), pp.59-75.) Allegedly a spring called Doll or Doll's Well, was once one of the 'sights' of Wrawby.

To be concluded

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CONGRATULATIONS

Members of the Society will be delighted to learn that our President, Dr Dorothy Owen, was awarded a M.B.E. in the Queen's New Year's Honours List for 'services to archives'. We offer her our warmest congratulations. Dr Owen's 75th birthday, 11 April, will be marked by a reception at Wolfson College, Cambridge, to launch the publication of a festschrift in her honour. This volume, edited by Dr Michael Franklin and Professor Christopher Harper-Bill, and containing essays by many of her former pupils, celebrates her distinguished contribution to the study of ecclesiastical history.

We must also offer congratulations to our Vice-President, Dr Joan Thirsk, who was awarded a C.B.E., for 'services to agrarian and local history, in last summer’s Birthday Honours List. S.L.H.A. members are reminded that Dr Thirsk will be lecturing on the production of woad in Lincolnshire and in Europe at the Society's A.G.M. on Saturday 13 May.
I REMEMBER

A.W. Speck

The following piece, written by Mr. A.W. Speck, of Main Road, Old Leake, near Boston, won first prize in the Holland Old People’s Association Competition in 1966. At the time the Boston and South Lincs. Archaeological Society hoped to publish it, but circumstances prevented it. It is hoped to be able to use further essays from these competitions in the future. Eds.

My story is about a little green hill. It was a lovely hill, something like a huge pudding turned out of a basin, green all over with grass. It was in a corner field at a road junction which led down to the sea. I never knew its correct height but from memory and comparison with nearby objects, houses, trees, etc. I imagine it might be 60 feet, with a diameter at the base of somewhat more than that. I cannot remember the first time I saw it, but I should not be very old. In those early days I thought it was the one connected with ‘Jack and Jill’. But one thing puzzled me - where did they get the pail of water? There might be a well at the top but I could not see one from the road, or a pump. Mother would take us children to the sea for the day, two or three times during the summer school holidays and we were always fascinated by the sight of the green hill which we passed on our way. We took the pram, carrying our youngest member, a loaf of bread, a lump of cheese, some butter and perhaps a cucumber. A large milk can in which to make tea, a bottle of skimmed milk, some sugar and two or three mugs. We could get some tea made for us by the lady who lived at the ‘Sailors Home’ Inn.

We would paddle all day in the pools on the marsh, gather some sapphire to take back and then walk home, passing the little green hill. One time we saw a cow on the top. My mother took us to Wrangle fair. This was held in the paddock of the White Horse Inn. Just across the road, in Leake, was the field with the green hill. There were roundabouts, one penny a ride, swing boats, one penny a person, skittles, coconut shies, Aunt Sally shies, shooting gallery, toffee stalls, wheal and cockle stalls, hot pies from a man with a portable oven. One got a good view of the hill from the roundabouts and a better one from the swings. A local man had a traction engine and two large trucks, or wagons with which he used to convey stone from the railway station to the roads in the district for the Council. He was a member of the Chapel ‘Bryholme’, and at the Sunday School anniversary treat, (tea meeting) he took us children round the village. The trucks were decorated with flags, bunting and greenery, and forms were put in for seating. We were loaded up and the engine puffed away to the brewery corner, then up the Wainfleet Road, past Wrangle Church. We stopped now and then at houses and sang hymns. We sang ‘There is a green hill far away without a city wall’. It came into my mind that this must mean our green hill because it had not got a city wall round it. It was better without one, if there had been a wall round it we should not see much of the hill. It was not far away really, not to us, but it would be to some people if they lived in London, or Doncaster where my grandma lived - that was far away. The engine puffed along, past Lowgate school, up Lowgate road and along the tofts, past two windmills, Wrangle Hall, the ‘Green Hill far away’ and back to Bryholme for tea and games in a field. Sometimes in the evening I would go with father to see Lijah, the blacksmith, who used to cut his hair - and mine too. Father would sit on the anvil while this was done. They used to tell each other funny stories and roar with laughing. I could never make out what there was to laugh about. I was more interested in the green hill, a little further up the road.

Some time later, the landlord of the ‘White Horse’ came for me to plant early potatoes with a girl named Polly. It was in February, beautiful sunny weather and the ridged soil was in good condition. In the next field, a man was digging his potatoes from the year before with two boys picking. The other side of the road, looking down on us, was the ‘green hill far away’.
A few years later I became a groom in private service locally. Sometimes we would go for a drive to the sea. The green hill was still there. No one seemed to know why, or how, it came to be there. It was there when Grandfather was a boy and it was there when his grandfather was a boy. Some people thought it might be a barrow, a burial place of a king (Saxon). Possibly, the reason for this line of thought might be due to the fact that there is a small Quakers' burial ground (long since disused), only a short distance away. One man told me that Oliver Cromwell built it, and had a gun on top, to knock down Wrangle Church, about three quarters of a mile away. However the church is still there, so its occupants must have surrendered.

Still in private service I got further away from home and it came to the year 1914 which found me in another county. The upheaval which followed changed many people's lives. In 1915 I joined the army, went out to France in 1916. I came home on leave in the summer of 1918 and went by the 'green hill far away'. I had a shock. I stared at it. It looked as though a giant had taken a huge bite off the top and down one side. When I got home, I asked my father what had happened to the hill. He said "Aw, it's them sojers, they're diggin it away, but I don't know what they're doing wi it". There were a number of soldiers, 'Bedford and Hertfords' and 'Cyclist Corps' stationed along the coast.

I did not go by the hill again for a few years and when I did, it had completely gone. Where it went I never knew. Some time later my sister gave me a book on Lincolnshire history. It was over one hundred years old. I looked up Leake, and this is what they say about the green hill.

On an eminence, at a place called Floors, a lighthouse formerly stood, and its base was washed by the ocean, before the erection of the present sea bank.

[Note: This last quotation is from W. Marrat, History of Lincolnshire, and actually refers to Wrangle. H. H.]

SIR EUSTACE H. W. TENNYSON D'EYN Courtney - A GREAT NAVAL ARCHITECT

Jim Murray

Eustace Henry William Tennyson d'Eyncourt (Fig. 1) was born on April Fools' Day 1868, the third son of Louis Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt (1814-1896), first cousin of Alfred Tennyson, the Poet Laureate. His early years were spent at Hadley House near Barnet, Hertfordshire from where his father commuted to his post as Metropolitan Police Magistrate at Westminster. The family later moved to Bayons Manor at Tealby.

Eustace was educated for a year at Ramsgate and then at Charterhouse which he left in 1886 to serve a 'higher grade' apprenticeship at the Elswick Shipyards of Sir W. G. Armstrong on the Tyne, a position secured for the young man by the influence of his uncle Admiral Edwin Clayton Tennyson d'Eyncourt (1813-1903). Here he worked at plating, riveting, drilling, punching and at the hot hard work frame-bending at the furnaces. Many other trades concerned with shipbuilding including blacksmith, carpenter and joiner, had to be mastered. In 1888 he went on to the the Royal Naval College at Greenwich where he took a course in naval architecture both practical and theoretical - studying under Mr Welch and Mr Whiting. On his return to Elswick he worked in the design office under Mr (later Sir) Philip Watts, who became Director of Naval Construction.
In 1898 young d'Eyncourt, now making a name for himself in the profession, took up an appointment at Govan on the Clyde with the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company as chief assistant naval architect, under Dr Francis Elgar. During his four years tenure at Fairfield he designed a large number of vessels including liners, merchant ships of all classes, yachts, a troopship for the Indian navy (the Hardinge), and several torpedo boat destroyers for HM Navy.

His appointment at Govan allowed d'Eyncourt to marry and set up home at Cardross on the Clyde. Whilst staying at Edinburgh he had met and proposed to Janet Burns, second daughter of Matthew Watson Findlay of Langside near Glasgow. She was the widow of John Burns (d.1895). The couple were married at St John's Episcopal Church, Glasgow in 1898 by her cousin the Very Reverend James Watson Reid, Dean of Glasgow. In December 1909 during a business trip to Argentina Janet died in Buenos Aires after a short illness.3

Having re-engaged with the Elswick firm in 1902, d'Eyncourt assisted Mr J. R. Perret who had been appointed in Watts' place. In 1912 d'Eyncourt followed Sir Philip Watts as Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty thus becoming the third successive Elswick naval architect in that post.

During the 1914-1918 Great War d'Eyncourt, as D.N.C., was responsible for the design of all the vessels built for the Royal Navy. This during an era in British warship construction in which the nation's shipbuilders made probably greater advances in design technique than at any other period in naval history.4 Many of d'Eyncourt's designs which proved satisfactory in service were described as 'unorthodox' and 'bizarre in appearance'. But it was not all success. The design of the K. Class submarines, 338 feet long and displacing some 1,700 tons, and driven by a steam engine (in a submarine!) was a disaster. These revolutionary vessels, of which seventeen were built and sixteen involved in major accidents, were known as 'the Suicide Club' among submariners.5

The design of warships was not d'Eyncourt's sole preoccupation for he became involved in the design and production of the first 'tanks' (landships) at the instigation of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr Winston Churchill. He became Vice-President of the Tank Board and Chairman of the Tank Committee of the War Office working closely with the Lincoln firm of Ruston Ltd.6 During the Great War he also designed a number of sloops for the French Navy for which he was made a Commander of the Legion d'Honneur.

Restrictions imposed on the displacement and armaments of warships laid down at the 1921 Washington Naval Conference presented d'Eyncourt with one of his greatest challenges as a naval architect. The result was the construction of HMS Nelson (33,500 tons; Fig. 2) and HMS Rodney (33,900 tons) both very successful battleships.
In 1924 d'Eyncourt relinquished the post of Director of Naval Construction and returned to Armstrong's as managing director until 1928 when he set up a consultancy in London. He joined the Board of the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company continuing on it for twenty years and was knighted in 1930. He retired to Carters Corner Farm, Hailsham where he farmed quietly. He died in his London flat at Ebury Street on 1 February 1951.

Of the many honours conferred on Sir Eustace the first was the Turkish Order of the Medjidieh (3rd Class) in 1900; The K.C.B in 1917 was preceeded by the Companion of the Bath in 1915. In 1921 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society and received the honorary degree of D.Sc. from the University of Durham and LL.D from the University of Cambridge. Sir Eustace took an active part in the affairs of the Institution of Naval Architects which he joined as a member in 1894 and was for thirty-eight years a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights, being Prime Warden in 1928.

Sir Eustace was much respected in the profession and was described as being 'energetic, tactful, resourceful with a kindly, gentlemanly disposition' - a great naval architect, the first d'Eyncourt to be honoured for his achievements.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The author wishes to thanks the City Librarian and Tyne & Wear Archives Service, Newcastle upon Tyne and Mr. Hooley, formerly of Ruston Gas Turbines, Lincoln, for help and encouragement.
Lincolnshire Archives: New Accessions

4 Larken: Includes correspondence between Edmund Larken and his wife, providing an insight into life in Canton and Macao in the early 1800s; and the records of Edmund Lawrence Monson Larken, whose letters, 1834-61, provide a vivid portrait of living conditions in Western India, and of the relations between the British and the Indian population, including references to key events in the Indian mutiny. This collection also includes records and photographs of other members of the Larken family.

Misc. Don. 932: Photographs, glass negatives, programmes, plans and correspondence relating to Heckington and major Lincolnshire towns, late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.


Misc. Don. 936: Records relating to the Keyworth/Bunyan family including diary and photographs, nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Misc. Don. 969: Journals of Adlard Welby 1843-55. Based on South Rauceby, Mr Welby travelled extensively throughout England and Europe, and his journals contain detailed descriptions of places, local people and current affairs.

Little Cawthorpe Parish: Registers; benefice papers; plan of Church 1860; faculty and other plans; Vestry minute book 1873-91; Enclosure award and plan, 1837; PCC minute book 1895-1929; Choir book 1862-67.

Arncotts Parish: Vestry accounts 1826-1871; Clock Committee minutes 1933-52.


[We are grateful to Dr Gershon Knight for the above information. Readers are also reminded of a quarterly publication, For the Record, which provides brief information on recent accessions, general information on records, Search-Room facilities, etc. The latest issue we have received is No. 6 (September 1994). Further particulars from Lincolnshire Archives, St Rumbold Street, Lincoln LN2 5AB.]
TITHE MAPS: EVIDENCE FROM LINWOOD AND NORMANBY-LE-WOLD

Chris Padley

I was particularly interested by Rex Russel’s article on Tithe Maps in *Lincolnshire Past and Present, 17* (Autumn 1994), pp. 311, because of his use of Linwood as one of his examples, and his mention of altered pattern of roads. Some years ago I used this tithe award and map as part of the documentary evidence successfully to claim Willingham Lane, Linwood, as a public right of way, and this use throws into a strong light some of the points Rex makes.

Willingham Lane (not named on the Tithe Map) is the one on Rex’s map (page 8 of *Lincolnshire Past and Present 17*) running from West to East past Ann’s Close, Cow Close, Eastings, Coney Garth etc., to Cottagers Close and Thoroughfare Close. This latter name is significant, because it indicates that a public road crossed this close, and must have continued on beyond. (I know of two other Tithe Awards in which fields are called Thoroughfare Close in similar circumstances.)

I assume that it is the absence of the roads across the land called Moor (better known as Linwood Warren) on the Linwood tithe map which Rex refers to, when he says the award shows a different pattern of roads to that on the Ordnance Survey maps? These roads are quite interesting. There are two; the Market Rasen to Legsby road runs across the warren from north-west to south-east, and Willingham Lane extends eastwards to it, forming a T-junction. The part of the warren north-east of the present Legsby road is now part of a golf course. The part on the other side forms Linwood Warren nature reserve. On the first edition Ordnance Survey maps (1824) the Legsby Road took a slightly meandering course over the warren and was shown as unfenced. Willingham Lane made its junction with this road much further east than it does now. Later editions of the Ordnance Survey show the roads to have been straightened, with Willingham Lane now turning abruptly northwards to join the Legsby road at its present junction. I am sure the roads over the warren existed at the time the Tithe was prepared, but, as probably unfenced and unmade must have been considered to not need showing separately from the land they crossed (Fig. 1).

At some time in the middle years of the last century, someone must have taken the trouble to remake completely the roads over the warren. The evidence of this is not only on the Ordnance Survey maps, but also on the ground. The modern road is straight and raised up on a slight bank. The old routes are still clearly visible at the side, marked by parallel lines of ditches and banks. There is even the ghost of the old road junction, traced out in these. There is nothing very unusual about a minor highway improvement like this, but it is fascinating that the warren should have remained so undisturbed that such ephemeral features remain. I wonder if there is more for the landscape historian to learn from the warren? (Access to the nature reserve is restricted and it is important to respect this for the sake of wildlife conservation. The banks I refer to can be seen from the road.)

It would be interesting to know more of the events which brought about this change. In the last century roads were the responsibility of individual parishes. The Legsby to Rasen road was of little use to the inhabitants of Linwood, it only clipped a far corner of the parish. Perhaps they neglected it until forced by law to put in proper order?

One of Rex’s other examples, Normanby le Wold, provides an even better example of a changing road network. Referring to his map on page 9 of issue number 17, the section of road dissecting Middle Wold and Old Walk, was, in 1848 (the date of the tithe map), no more than one year old. It provided a direct connection from the village to the Caistor High Street, replacing two other very narrow roads. One of these ran along the south side of Near Middle Wold, and north side of South Wold (it is shown on Rex’s version of the tithe map, and still exists as a public bridleway). The other took a route across (referring again to the map) fields 16, 14, 13, 7, and 8, where it joined the end of a road (shown on Rex’s map), along the north side of fields 9 and 10 (Fig. 2).
Fig. 1 Maps of Linwood
Fig. 2 Maps of Normanby le Wold
These changes were made by a Highway Order of Lindsey Quarter Sessions in July 1847. On the ground, one can note how straight and broad the new section of road is compared with the other roads in Normandy parish.

Returning to the Linwood map: The two field names, Lower and Upper Rasen Gate are interesting. I wonder if 'gate' is here used in the sense of a road? The parish to the north of Linwood is Market Rasen and so Rasen Gate would be a natural name for a field that included a road to Rasen. The Market Rasen enclosure award includes a pre-existing public footpath to Lissington; although its route beyond Market Rasen's boundary is not shown, it must have gone through Linwood parish. This footpath has now been lost from the public record. However, from old Ordnance Survey maps, and the position of a disused foot crossing on the railway, I feel reasonably confident that it must have followed the farm lane which comes out approximately at this field, Rasen Gate. This raises the possibility that the footpath recorded on the enclosure map and award was itself a remnant of a road, recorded in the field name on Linwood Tithe map. I would be interested if members with expertise in place names could comment on this?

A HOME GUARD EXERCISE

The following is an account on a Home Guard exercise by 3 Section of Scopwick Platoon. The writer was Kenneth Healey, at that time vicar of Ashby-de-la-Launde and Bloxholm and a corporal in the Home Guard. It is not known whether this report was the one actually sent.

At approximately 2305, Sections 1 and 2 having moved off to occupy their allotted positions, Sections 3 and 4 prepared also to leave Platoon H.Q.

(Sergt. Wright suggested that I should take charge of this operation; I suggested that he should do so himself; he suggested that I should. Sergeants win. There was some slight confusion, as in the heat of the moment I addressed the party as 'No 2 Section' and some of the purists in Section 3 therefore ignored the orders until a little heart to heart talk cleared up the misunderstanding. The Sections eventually did move off).

After proceeding along the Blankney-Metheringham (Iow) road to the point of junction with a footpath to the right the party left the road, and in fifty yards crossed the private drive leading East to the Station. After agreement with Sergt. Wright on the point of contact between sections, on the allotted front, sections separated to take up positions. Contact was made quickly with No 2 Section on our left, and we were in continuation by 2330, and were extending to the Right to make contact with No 4 Section.

(So far everything was highly encouraging. Our front, of which I had no knowledge beyond the rough indications of the map, turned out to be admirably adapted for defence. The background of park and woods made our movements extremely difficult for an enemy approaching to observe; a very wide ditch, with a hedge along most of our side, gave good cover and formed a natural obstacle; it was difficult to approach from the south without exposure on a clear sky-line).

No 4 Section turned out to be hard to locate. I crossed most of their front without seeing anybody, but while returning met the Section commander and three of his section, moving up from the rear, and was engaged by them with rifle fire at short range.

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(Our mistake, I suppose, was not in fixing a time, as well as a place, of meeting. No 4 Section found themselves on a wider front than that allotted - among ourselves - to No 3. They were therefore longer in making their dispositions. Some adjustments were made later. But I thought it a pity they shot me so light-heartedly!)

Following a small extension of our front to the right, No 3 Section took up its position in what appeared to be the most favourable manner, with a scout posted about fifty yards in front, along a field boundary which gave the only chance to the enemy of concealed approach. This approach also led over the broad ditch, and was therefore covered by the Browning rifle and two riflemen.

(Everything was now very pleasant, and no apprehensions about the effect of a long night out on Sunday’s duties entered my head. Two men in the section in particular displayed confidence and intelligence, and were also helpfully acquainted with the country; they were Volunteers Parker (armed with shot-gun and blanks) and Young (the Browning gunner).

At approximately 0.010 a verbal message was passed on from No 2 Section that the enemy had been sighted ‘two fields away’, but no further indication of position was given. However, after making sure the presence of the enemy on our front was made known to all the Section, and after giving orders to Volunteer Parker to fire if the situation required, without further orders from me, and that if an attack in force developed the Section was to retire on the drive, informing Section 2 on the left, I set out to make contact with No 4 Section. This took some time, as we were separated by a greater distance than I had supposed. When I reached the extreme right of No 4 Section, the Volunteer there posted was observing the approach from the rear of unidentified men. These turned out to be Sergt. Wright and two others, who informed us that the enemy had overcome them and passed through to the Drive, on the way to Metheringham Station.

(They were naturally somewhat dejected, having been handled with realistic vigour, I believe. I don’t know whether it was in order to extract information from ‘dead men’. Still, they would in the natural course of things have made some noise in defending themselves, I suppose, and probably there would have been a ‘getaway man’ to bring along a message. So I compromised by acting on their information, without taking over Sergt. Wright’s map!)

I at once (0030) sent a runner to Platoon H.Q. with a message explaining the situation, telling him to collect the survivors of his section as he went; and hurried back to collect No 3 Section.

(The message was full of errors of manner, but not, I think, of matter. It was addressed to the Platoon Commander by name (blot one), it was timed 12.30 (blot two), and it probably gave no map references (I don’t remember). It was written on a loose message form - a hopeless proceeding: the pencil either makes no mark or goes straight through the paper!)

On rejoining my section I called them together - leaving a look out - sent a verbal message to Section 2, asking for support in our next move, and sent a second runner to H.Q. to the effect that we proposed to follow up the enemy that had advanced along the drive (as we supposed) in order to take them in the rear. This message asked for support if possible. (I don’t know whether the verbal message got through to the next Section: we did not see the Section subsequently. It was not dispatched with the care and exactitude required in military manuals. Anyhow there was obviously little time for frills)

We now crossed to the drive, approaching with care. It was not known to us whether the enemy had in fact passed across our rear, or were still advancing towards the point where we had made the drive. Accordingly Vol. Parker and two riflemen were left to cover the road where it enters the wood, just to the west of the tunnel, and Vol. Young (with Browning rifle) and I followed the road.
Two message forms had been handed to me, for dispatch to H.Q. I tried to read them, but beyond seeing that they came from Sections 1 and 2 I could not, by the light of a shaded torch, get the messages.

(Our passage along the drive was noisy until we came to where there was a grass verge. But there seemed to be nobody about. We weren’t quite sure what we expected to find, I think!)

At about 0100 we came to the Station. A few minutes before we had heard firing to the right, presumably from No 4 Section. As we arrived at the Station two of the enemy approached, giving themselves up as casualties. There was some challenging and rattling of bolts within the Station, which we took to indicate defensive action by, presumably, men of other Platoons based on the station. We did not cross the road to the station.

(The casualties were slightly peevish on the ground that our men did not play fair. They did not realise, it seemed, that once a casualty right out of action. On reflection the complaint appears to be well-founded. We began the action with instructions to take no prisoners, and it is reasonable to suppose the enemy had the same ruthless intentions. ‘Prisoners’ ought not therefore to have made their escape. Anyhow, our two ‘prisoners’ were quiet and well-behaved apart from their language, which was limited and monotonous in the matter of vocabulary.)

About this time a dispatch rider appeared. He also was a trifle discontented, but delivered no message, and shortly left. (He said he was looking for some of our ‘headmen’, but gave us no idea of his errand. I did think of laying him by the heels, so to speak, and commandeering his motor-bike, but the procedure was not too attractive, on reflection. He looked rather wiry.)

As there was further firing along the front of Section 1 I made a short reconnaissance, but returned on sighting what appeared to be a small party of enemy approaching. Vol. Young seemed to have doubts about the men occupying the Station, but I was quite sure they were defenders, and went over to get in touch with them. I was at once apprehended, and took no further part in operations!

(The rest of the story is rather confused. Nothing is more depressing than being captured in this silly fashion! I sat on a stone and hoped Vol. Young would guess what was going on. He did. He also collected a party of men from Section 1 and 2 and gave battle to another party of the enemy coming up to the Station. I suppose the part in possession of the Station when we arrived was the one we had hoped to catch or even intercept. They must have moved swiftly and resolutely. They certainly met no opposition. I suppose there were at least a dozen of them, with one or two Lewis guns. When a good number of both sides had assembled at the Station and moved off towards Metheringham, Vol. Young and I came back through the Drive - at about 0145 - to pick up the rest of Section 3. They had challenged and shot up two unidentified ‘tin-hatted’ men - perhaps fifth-columnists! - and had seen and allowed to pass without any challenge about six more tin-hats. Having arrived so near to Platoon H.Q. we thought it best to wait there to be picked up, as we might have missed the lorries if we had followed to Metheringham. No doubt this was a mistake - and it chafed us sore to hear from Volunteers passing through, homeward bound, of tea and fried steak! I have more notes and reflections in my head, but as they aren’t worth more than those already written I had better close this report. It was all of it very enjoyable and extremely valuable to at least one person!)
OBITUARY: SHEILA SANCHE

Barry Beeby

Sheila Sancha, the Lincolnshire-born historian, author and illustrator, has died suddenly aged 69. She was the youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Neal Green of Holbeck Manor, near Horncastle. Although early in her marriage she moved to Kensington, the Lincolnshire connections both personal and professional continued throughout her life, returning to her cottage at Greetham whenever she could.

Sheila spent a happy childhood at Holbeck. Her sisters remember her as petite and lively, loving acting, dancing and painting besides riding, and with a special fondness for the countryside. Much of her interest in ancient buildings derived from the early enthusiasm for them she shared with her father. Her later books show her continuing interest in Lincolnshire places and buildings.

At school in Buckinghamshire, a German landmine shattered it and Sheila moved to finish her education at a small school in North Yorkshire. She joined the WRNS as a driver and was stationed at HMS Royal Arthur, the requisitioned Butlin’s holiday camp at Ingoldmells. After the war she became a student at the Byam Shaw School of Art in London. Here she met her future husband, Carlos. They were married at St Andrew’s Church, Ashby Puerorum, near Horncastle in 1948. They spent the first few years of their marriage at Halstead Hall, near Woodhall Spa, and began raising their three children whilst Carlos embarked on his career as a portrait painter. Halstead, a fine moated early sixteenth century brick house, made a deep impression on Sheila who returned to visit throughout her life, also taking an active part in the archaeological excavations directed there in 1980.

Life at Halstead was never easy - where it could be so cold dinner guests would change sides for their turn nearer the fire. Electricity was from a generator and the heating, such as it was, was too expensive to run. Sheila loved to tell stories of their time here. One particular one concerns Carlos who had gone up to the attic bedroom to change his trousers - unaware Sheila had allowed Maurice Barley and some adult students to inspect the attics - and they had moved through into the larger attic beyond. The adjoining door opened and Carlos was joined by Maurice Barley and a number of ‘rather old looking’ students, who filed politely past.

In spite of the difficulties the experience of living in, and consequently thinking about, an ancient and beautiful house like Halstead it was an enduring influence on her later life and work. Years afterwards she still went back, she said, in her dreams. She was fascinated by the need to recreate how people had lived in such places. Her view is well stated in the epigraph she chose for her first book, *Knight after Knight* (1974). It comes from the writings of Richard Rolle of Hampole, c.1300: ‘Certes thal war men and wimen as we er and ete and drank and logh.’ Now, especially, this echoes with rich ironies.

Sheila for twelve years drew a strip cartoon - Fanta the Elephant - for the Shell company magazine. She came to regret these years as time lost from her historical work - of which she would joke she hadn’t become an author for the money - calculating her pay at 1s 6d per hour!

*Knight after Knight* is a very amusing fantasy firmly rooted in the realities of medieval life. A wry sense of fun, with an entertaining style of writing, make her books - ostensibly for children - even more of a delight for adults. In her reconstructions she thought through the processes of medieval society so often taken for granted. This practice of imaginative controlled recreation of the past is reason enough for everyone to read her books. *The Luttrell Village* (1982), the first of her two main Lincolnshire works, took three years to write.

At Halstead in 1980 Sheila’s mind was full of it. Hers was no casual scribbling; opening the back of her Volvo revealed a beautifully crafted scale model of the medieval Imham. Meticulous research

Lincoln Castle: The Medieval Story (1985) is much more than the guide it is often described as. As with her other books, there is within the simple, clear description an account of the turbulent and involved history of the castle. Her reconstructions are superimposed on her photographs of surviving ruins, a technique she had introduced in The Castle Story (1979). Her drawings, the heart of all her work, bring to life the middle ages. She was deeply interested in the techniques of medieval life - the construction methods, the everyday processes of brewing, weaving and so on - all a part of daily life in a way they no longer are. Sheila was also deeply involved with the people who inhabited the world she had recreated in her mind. She would say in discussion at the Halstead dig: ‘I have a character like that in one of my books...’

Throughout her life she retained a sense of wonder and excitement about the Middle Ages, a burning sense of history and the importance of understanding and communication. She was a true intellectual - for her history was not compartmentalised. She was very conscious of not having trained as an historian. Perhaps because of this she approached established academic historians with something like deference. I believe she never realised that her total commitment to history, and her painstaking research based illustration and commentary, were the very basis of a real scholar. On top of this, her natural vitality comes out in her writing.

Humour, humanity, a witty and modest attitude to life and herself - Sheila was a bright, cheerful and stimulating companion. Her letters remain a delight with their small, precise and informative line drawings set in the text like one of her beloved illuminated manuscripts, her medieval characters spilling over into the writing. In addition to her books Sheila’s drawings were exhibited widely including at Corby Glen, Maidstone, Limerick in Ireland and Stamford. She had an exhibition at Edward King House, Lincoln in 1983 and one more recently in Lincoln Castle in connection with Magna Carta. Her books have been translated into several languages.

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FACES AND PLACES

LINCOLNSHIRE IN THE SPECTATOR. We are pleased to draw attention to an article in the Spectator (6 August 1994) by Hugh Massingberd as part of a series on English counties. ‘All flats, fogs and fens’ is a title many of us have intended to use since George III allegedly uttered the words, but Mr. Massingberd has got in first. He attempts to dispel many of the myths about the county, even though he retains the one about Maud being enticed into the garden at Harrington. Here is part of his ideal day. It ‘would begin with a breakfast of pure pork sausages at the George in Stamford, an excellently preserved stone town which is now becoming a little too popular thanks to BBC Television’s film of Middlemarch...’ Then on to Grimsthorpe, Grantham, Marston, Belton, Cranwell, Tattershall, Kirtlington, before ‘pausing to admire one of the county’s curious surprises - Woodhall Spa, ‘that most unexpected Bournemouth-like settlement in the middle of Lincolnshire’, as Sir John Betjman described it. The half-timbered hotels, like the Petwood, have a potent period charm and where better to see a film than the delicious Kinema in the Woods, converted from a cricket pavilion in the Twenties?’

20
ALFORD DRAINAGE MUSEUM. Betty Kirkham produces a newsletter for this Drainage Board Museum, which is supported by a very active group of Friends and opens on Sundays in the summer as well as holding special events. Details are likely to appear in East Lindsey District Council’s free newspaper ‘The Secret’s Out’. The Newcomen Society printed an article about it in the Society’s Journal in addition to more local publicity. The result is a steady and increasing stream of visitors, some from many miles away, others from local schools.

BOURNE CIVIC SOCIETY has recently received a study in respect of Ballocks Mill. The Society leases Ballocks Mill from Bourne United Charities, and is hoping to upgrade its exhibition area. The Society also hopes in due course to produce a new history of the town; the book by the late John Birkbeck, who taught at the Grammar School, has long been out of print.

LINCOLNSHIRE MILLS. The above item reminds the writer that the stump of a windmill in North Road, Bourne, was demolished last year. For many years it was cherished by the late Tom Jones, antique dealer and a keen supporter of Bourne Civic Society. The Lincolnshire Mills Group newsletter for August 1994 ran a short item on this and the problem of places that are of local heritage interest, but not necessarily Listed Buildings. The Group organises outings and visits inside and outside the county, and there is a National Mills Day, with a date not altogether fixed! The LMG supplies information to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and is keen to hear of new books that mention wind or watermills and pass them on. They are also making a record of any plans of mills that anyone knows of. For these and further information on the LMG contact Les Osborne, 6 Spa Street, Lincoln, LN2 5NQ. Tel: 01522 522064.

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NOTES AND QUERIES

19.1 PLANT FOLKLORE A few more contributions on this subject (Lincolnshire Past and Present 17.) are summarised below, though they may not all be Lines examples. Many thanks especially to Betty Kirkham and Flora Murray. It would be interesting to know how many of these practices are still known? Is it fair to assume that fewer rural children spend time out of doors? Some of those below used to be common, such as the use of dock leaves for nettle stings [though no-one ever explained to me that the leaves needed to be crushed until I was an adult! Ed.]

This group is from Miss Murray:

We used to look for sorrel leaves to eat, as they have a refreshing ‘bite’ (we thought the hawthorn ‘bread and cheese rather tasteless) [I still look for sorrel to eat - and mostly find it in churchyards. Ed.]

Poppy ‘ladies’ were made by turning a poppy flower back to front and tying the ‘skirt’ with a piece of thin stem.

We avoided laburnum pods and deadly nightshade [poisonous]

It was not done to bring may [hawthorn] blossom home; this was bad luck.

We scraped the white salt that exudes from brick walls to use as ‘sugar’ for our dolls’ teaparties. We ‘shot off’ plantain heads by making a loop of stalks and pulling.

We wove rushes into whips etc. and my father could make whistles from reeds - you needed a pocket knife for that.

I am looking back to a childhood in Yorkshire and holidays spent in Scotland, Wales, Derbyshire etc.
Some of my own additions [Ed] are:

We used somehow to pinch back a young lupin flower to show a 'grandmother' in bed. By squeezing the pollen from the flower we could make her be sick!

We made small baskets out of rushes. It was important both to pick long thin ones and to get a strong flat base for the basket to work (this was not in Lincolnshire).

18.2 QUAGGY? Mrs. J. Woolard, of Fleet, sends the following: Local Historians know that the name Whaplode was written in various ways such as 'Quapelode' and 'Coppelade' in times past. The meaning of 'Quappa' or 'coppa' was not clear but some have assumed that it meant 'eels', while 'lode' is accepted to mean 'stream' as in 'Westlode' in Spalding. Recently I came across the ancient word 'Quabba' or 'quagga' meaning 'swampy' as in 'quagmire'. Could this have been the original meaning?

[Mrs. W. does not give all the sources for the different words. The first two spellings occur in Domesday Book. The Oxford Dictionary of English Place Names is the standard reference work, and it is the one that gives not 'eels', but 'eel-pout', apparently a name for the burbot, once a common freshwater fish in the fens. The 'quad' element does appear in Quadring, whose entry gives it as meaning 'mud'.]

BOOK NOTES

Christopher Sturman

Copies of most of these titles can be obtained through the Lincolnshire Heritage Bookshop at Jews' Court (postage extra).


The 350th anniversary of the Battle of Winceby (11 October 1993) provoked much discussion in the pages of Lincolnshire Past & Present and any account of this 'neglected major engagement in the Civil War' is therefore to be welcomed. Winceby and the Battle adopts a novel approach: drawing on extensive research into contemporary accounts, surveys, the parish register, and the wills and inventories of those who lived and worked in Winceby, Betty Brummer mixes fact and fiction to provide an account of the battle and its impact on the local community. The traditional historian may find much to question in the approach (and in the errors in, and layout of, the list of sources - some editing was needed here) though many others may well approve of this imaginative approach to the writing of local history.


The idea of undiscovered Lincolnshire Lincolnshire and of its unfamiliar buildings evidently has much mileage for general topographical writers. Adrian Gray's Hidden Lincolnshire is a gazetteer of selected parishes and towns (from Aby and Belleau to Woodhall Spa), chronicling the unusual, and the interesting. There is much useful information and people may well read it as their 'introduction' to a large and generally under-appreciated county. The book contains an index, though, as the gazetteer is arranged alphabetically, it is somewhat superfluous - a map would have been more helpful. Although a good number of this Society's publications are listed in the 'sources
and bibliography [sic], the section is perhaps too brief (if the book is intended as an introduction to the county) and rather too full of slips: this magazine appears as Past & Present, Nicholas Antram, author of the revised 'Pevsner' becomes Antrim, Jeffrey May is credited with writing Prehistoric Lincoln, and Green's 'Lincolnshire Village Life' is listed as a periodical. Such reservations are not trivial. Hidden Lincolnshire may well be highly successful and, if reprinted, it is hoped a corrected version will be issued (and one which will include John Byng and not George, on p.55, the fact that Tennyson's 'Come into the garden, Maud' is not technically a poem but a lyric from Maud, etc.).

Many of the places described by Adrian Gray also feature in Howard Peach's Lincolnshire Curiosities which surveys more than eighty 'attractions' in the historic county (here: the arrangement is from south to north, from Stamford to Alkborough). Each entry is written to a formula: map references are supplied with details of access; there is a short, attractively written account of each 'curiosity' (generally with an accompanying photograph); other local curiosities are listed. It has a map and an index. There is no list of sources/suggestions for further reading, which is to be regretted: many who buy Lincolnshire Curiosities may well want to discover more. I must take issue with the author's account of the New Inn at Saltfleet - which I described in Lincolnshire Past & Present, 12 (Summer 1993). Howard Peach concentrates on its (supposed) smuggling associations but has nothing of interest to communicate on the (architectural) history of the inn - a look at the revised 'Pevsner' might have provided some clues (Adrian Gray is by and large much more informative here - though I disagree with his suggestion that there was 'a more temporary hotel on the beach at some stage in the early 1800s'). The entry on Belleau also reveals the limitations of Peach's approach (though Gray is even more wanting in what is his first entry). The dovecote is described with accompanying photograph, but no mention is made of other architectural 'curiosities' associated with this once important Willoughby d'Eresby manor: the fifteenth-century hall (now a barn) and the stonework from one of the entrance gates now set into an outbuilding. There is sufficient space in the text for a photograph of the carved wodewose (the emblem of the Willoughby d'Eresby family). The visitor to this (convenient) road-side 'curiosity' may (like the author?) photograph the building, but then drive on, unaware of the treasures only a few hundred yards away down the (mentioned) farm track!


Recollections of a Lincolnshire Miller has had a somewhat chequered publishing history. Terence Leach was interested in issuing the book, but the scheme fell through on his death; all credit therefore to the Louth 'Ants & Nats' Society for making this beautifully produced book their second publishing venture (the first, Fowler of Louth is still available at £8.50 + £1.50 p&p). The core of the book is the recollections, penned (at his daughter's prompting) in 1910 by Robert Willson (1838-1910) whose working-life was spent principally as a miller in Huttoft. The editors provide a separate commentary on the text, supply numerous (finedly reproduced and well-captioned) photographs culled from family albums and several appendices. Yet something seems to be lacking in the local-historical perspective; all too often one turns in vain to the commentary for elaboration points in the reminiscence: the local historian (as opposed to the family historian, who is well served) would expect to learn more of the Rev. George Bryan, the village feast, the great storms, the coast, etc. Perhaps the difficult publication history has had something to do with this state of affairs, which is a great pity, as it is unlikely this valuable reminiscence will be published again.
JOHN WESLEY HARRIS, _Medieval Plays at Lincoln_. Honeywood Press, 1994. 63pp. illus. ISBN 1870561 09 0. £4.50 + £1.00 p&p from The Cathedral Library, Lincoln LN2 1PZ.

GRAHAM NEVILLE, _Edward Lee Hicks Bishop of Lincoln 1910-1919_. Honeywood Press, 1994. ISBN 1870561 09 0. £4.50 + £1.00 p&p from The Cathedral Library, Lincoln LN2 1PZ.

Two extremely useful additions to the series begun nearly fifty years ago as the Lincoln Minster Pamphlets. John Wesley Harris provides an informative introduction to the cycle of medieval plays ("The N-Town Play") regularly performed at Lincoln since 1972 - though it is a pity the list of further reading is relatively brief: the reader is referred to the 'full bibliographies' in the works cited. Those who enjoyed Graham Neville's _The Diaries of Edward Lee Hicks Bishop of Lincoln 1910-1919_, volume 82 of the Lincoln Record Society's publications (reviewed in _Lincolnshire Past & Present_, 13, p.26) will welcome this sensitive account of Hicks's life, which adds considerably to the portrait presented in the introduction to the _Diaries._

REX C. RUSSELL, _A History of the School Teachers in Lindsey, Lincolnshire c.1800-1902_. Barton on Humber Branch Workers' Educational Association, 1994. £3.50 + £1.00 p&p from Geoff Bryant, 8 Queen Street, Barton on Humber DN18 5QP.


In the early 1960s, Rex Russell embarked on a history of schools and education in Lindsey between 1800 and 1902 and published by the former Lincolnshire County Council Education Committee. Only four volumes (of a projected eight) were published before the series was discontinued. Although these two volumes in no way complete the projected series, they must be warmly welcomed, for they contain some of the material that was planned - and, moreover, material which many thought would never see publication. The perspective presented by the study of school-teachers is fascinating, though it is a pity that there is not an index (the volume of material culled from memoirs, newspaper advertisements, log books, parliamentary reports, etc. is at times overwhelming!). The history of adult education in Lindsey is, in my opinion, more satisfying (it is also well illustrated with handbills, 'printed ephemera' of considerable additional interest). Here Rex Russell surveys the development of the Mechanics' Institutions in the period 1833 to 1859 and, from the 1860s, their eclipse with the development of penny reading and night schools. This is followed by a survey of the influence of the temperance movement; a final chapter examines the history of the university extension movement from the 1870s; further information is presented in the appendices.

JIM MURRAY, _Tealby Gleanings. Tales of a Lincolnshire Village_. Bayons Books, 1995. ISBN 0 9521224 0 5. £5.99 + £0.50 p&p from South View, Tealby, Lincolnshire LN8 3XU.

Over the last decade Jim Murray has made the history of Tealby, and especially the Tennyson d'Eyncourt family, its most illustrious residents, very much his own. Although he has published the result of some of his research in _Lincolnshire Past & Present_ and in _Lincolnshire History and Archaeology_, 27 (1992), much of his writing has been scattered in local newspapers and parish magazines. _Tealby Gleanings_ brings together many of these 'fugitive pieces' (in by and large revised and updated versions) to present an attractive portrait of both the Tennyson d'Eyncourt family and the village itself. Well illustrated (I was particularly pleased to find a drawing of Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt's beloved daughter, Julia, and a pencil drawing of Bayons Manor by
Charles's friend Col. Thomas Wildman of Newstead Abbey) and with an index, it represents good value for money - though it is a pity the author has not supplied references to the many documents cited from the Tennyson d'Eyncourt collection at the Lincolnshire Archives Office.


This most attractively produced booklet (the photographs are excellent) which concentrates on the remarkable transformation by James Arundel (1875-1960) in the 1920s and 1930s of the plain Georgian farmhouse, romantically - though almost certainly erroneously - linked with Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall', into an oak-panelled 'Tudorbethan' treasure-house filled with a fine collection of stained and painted glass. Dr Kettridgeham has been fortunate in being able to draw on both Arundel's own ledger of purchases and on material assembled by Dr Penny Hefnig-Barnes for the Lincolnshire volume of the Corpus Vitrearum Medii Aevi which is planned for publication later this year (the background to her research on the county's medieval glass will be described in a future issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present). Arundel also took a great deal of care with the design of the gardens and this aspect of his work is also fully discussed.

My note on VIRGINIA DAVIS, William Waynflete, Bishop and Educationalist. (Boydell Press, 1993. ISBN 0 85115 349 6. £35.00) in Lincolnshire Past & Present, 17 (Autumn 1994), p.25 appeared without its second paragraph. Bearing in mind the strictures made in the last Editorial about the standards of book production it is appropriate to include it here. 'Sadly, the Lincolnshire reader will be mystified by some of the references; to the Lincoln Record Office (p.ix) and the Lincoln Archive Office (p.175), to Chantry Certificates Lincolnshire' in Lincolnshire Archaeological Society of 1947 (p.177), and to the edition of the Tattershall building accounts published by the Lincolnshire Record Society (pp.77, 177). It is said that this latter error is perpetrated by the current publisher of the Lincoln Record Society's volumes; it is even more unfortunate that Lincolnshire institutions have been thus rendered for posterity. Try as hard as I could, I was unable to locate the source of Plates 2 and 5. Finally, in this catalogue of errors and omissions, there have been problems with the index (here I only cite examples of possible Lincolnshire interest): William Lyndwode (p.75) becomes Kyndewode whilst Margaret Deyncour (p.142) is rendered Maragaret!

Also noticed:


ISABEL BAILEY, ed., Pishey Thompson's 'Boston' Diary 18 October 1842 to 6 April 1844. Richard Kay. 1994. ISBN 0 902662 13 9 (leather-bound); 0 902662 11 2 (hbk); 0 902662 12 0 (pbk). £125.00 (leather-bound); £29.95 (hbk); £21.00 (pbk).


TOM LIDGETT'S
TRIP TO GLASGOW.

At nine in the morning, the 3rd day of June,
All nature looked gay, and flowers in bloom,
From Grimsby I started to take a long ride,
To enjoy the fresh air through the country so wide.

I started for Glasgow in Scotland to see,
For that was the town where I wanted to be;
The train was in motion very soon after nine,
And away we did go on the Manchester line.

The carriages were fastened to the engine so staunch,
We turned off at Barnsby for the Keadby branch.
We rolled along across moor and fen,
And arrived at Keadby twenty minutes past ten.

A few minutes there and away we did range,
Till we arrived at Doncaster, where I had to change;
The train didn't leave till five minutes to one,
So I went to the race-course, and the time was soon gone.

There was fashion and pride, and lots of fine dress,
All basking away to the Northern express;
I made one among them, not feeling proud,
But I cared not a toot for one in the crowd.

Till the engine and the signal waved,
Then miles through the country very soon I was driven.
We arrived at Selby thirty minutes past one,
Stay'd a minute or two, then proceeded along.
The city of York was the next I did see,
With it's beautiful minster and high towers three.

I left there for Thirsk fifty minutes past two,
And away to the North like the wind we did go,
With driver and stoker and lots of steam power,
We arrived at Darlington five minutes to four.
Darwin was the next where we stayed on the line.
Then off we did go to Newcastle-on-Tyne.
I rambled about three-quarters of an hour,
Then away I did go on my first Scottish tour;
Morpeth, Hilton, and Balford we went to at full speed,
Then next we arrived at Berwick-upon-Tweed.
To the far end of England I now had got stray'd.

One hundred miles farther my fare I had paid,
Two thirty minutes past seven, the evening was fine,
When I left Old England on the North British line.
The engine was swift, and the line was straight;
We arrived at Dumbar at a quarter past eight.
Edinburgh was next—that famous old city.
The gas was now lighted, and all things looked pretty.

At ten minutes past nine I bid this place adieu,
Above 40 miles further I now had to go.
We went at full speed along the Scotch glen,
And arrived at Glasgow thirty minutes past ten.
This statement is true of my ride in the train,
But I'll give you a sketch of my returning again.

I hope you'll excuse all the errors I've found,
It was made by Tom Lidgett, the Working-man's Friend.

THE RETURN.

I sailed away from Glasgow one fine afternoon,
In a steamer called "Penguins" with steerage and saloon.
The bell rang for starting at a quarter-past three.
Friends were now parting by the side of the Quay.

Some said farewell, and some good-bye, while others war'd the hand,
As the ship moved gently out of sight down the river Clyde so grand.

We sailed to Greenock and there stayed three hours for the mail.
And at 8.15 the bell did ring for England to be sail'd.

Some spent the night upon the deck, and others down below,
And some drank whisky freely, and were rolling too and fro.
The water was so smooth and still, dispute me if you can.
At six o'clock in the morning I saw the Isle of Man.

Eight hours more we sail'd along, then England we did see,
And arrived all safe in Liverpool at twenty-five to three.
With the express train to Manchester I then did quickly flit,
Expecting soon to see my friends, to the Scotch I did good-bye.

My journey it was getting short, fresh sights I now had seen;
in the smoky town of Sheffield I arrived at 0.10;
Then away we went Retford, the evening it was fine,
I arrived once more in Grimsby town a little after nine.

My Scotch ramble now is past, my rhyming at an end.
But bear in mind the truth you'll find in these few lines I've printed.
I wish you all good health and strength as through this world you roam,
May you and I, when we come to die, go to a brightener home.

TOM LIDGETT,
Jacquins and Grimsby.

Tom Lidgett Mystery Pictures: Who and When was Tom Lidgett?
WHAT MADE HIS LIFE A HAPPY ONE?
(The Experience of One of Our many Customers.)

Much to buy and little to spend
The wants of his family had no end.

A brilliant thought popped into his head;
"Try Beedall's Outfit shop," it said.

When he reached the door and looked within
Our big assortment made him grin.

There were best new goods pile after pile,
And he felt himself compelled to smile.

Our prices he found were cheaper by half,
Which pleased him so he had to laugh.

There was nothing he saw he couldn't afford
We gave him such bargains he fairly roared.

FOR YOUR SAKE! FOR OUR SAKE! FOR EVERYBODY'S SAKE!
LET NOTHING PREVENT YOU FROM SEEING

BEEDALL'S GRAND NEW WINTER STOCK OF
HATS, CAPS, CARDIGAN JACKETS, WOOL SHIRTS, WOOL SINGLETs
AND PANTS, KNITTED SOCKS & STOCKINGS, now showing at
22, WICKER, NEAR CORNER PIN.

WEAR THE SHEFFIELD WORKMAN'S SHIRT 1/10d DOUBLE STITCHED.

Come to BEEDALL's for specially clean dyed Cardigans, and have no more blackened shirts, when you pull your jacket off
Knitted Socks from 6d, Knitted Stockings from 9d, Champion Wool Singlets 1/1d
WEAR BEEDALL's 1/11 FELT HATS, AND 3/11 ALL FUR HATS, UNEQUALLED IN VALUE.

BEEDALL's,
22, WICKER, Near CORNER PIN.

19th century advertisement which seems to be connected with John Beedall (Drapery, Millinery, Mantles, Mourning,
Hosiery and Gloves) of 19 High Street, Horncastle
LINCOLNSHIRE PLACES - SOURCE MATERIAL

Part Twenty-Six

We are pleased to be able to resume this feature which last appeared in Lincolnshire Past & Present, 14 (Winter 1993-94). We are in the middle of the letter D and this number includes Dunholme, a village particularly well documented by the late Terence Leach. It is appropriate that we include in this number his own final contribution to this feature, since the idea of producing this reference list, which was begun back in the days of the old S.I.H.A. Newsletter was entirely his own.

For readers living in places whose names begin with later letters of the alphabet (think of the enormous number under S and T) there is clearly quite a long wait; you will find a basic list of references in the card index at Local Studies Library, currently at The Castle, Lincoln LN1 3AA (tel: 0522 523019). Once again, we are indebted to Eleanor Nannestad, Local History Librarian, for help in compiling the material. We have been building up quite a long list of references omitted in the earlier lists, and plan to devote a page or two to these in the near future. If you have anything to add, now is the time to let us know.

Additional references for places already listed have been sent in by readers. Please write in if you know of an article which has been omitted. Please note that no references to articles in Lincolnshire Life are given; your local library will have copies of the Indexes to the earlier numbers, some of which contained quite useful items. The volumes of Lincolnshire Enclosure Acts referred to are kept in the Lincolnshire Local Studies Reference Library, they are not publications as such. UP (unbound pamphlet) references also apply to the Local Studies Library.

DRIBY
OLDFIELD, E., Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet (1829), pp.157-61

DRINSEY NOOK (parish of Torksey)

DRY DODDINGTON (modern parish of WESTBOROUGH and DRY DODDINGTON)
GREEN’s Lincolnshire Village Life, Vol. VIII, p.112.
ROSS Manuscripts, Vol. XIV, Loveland Wapentake.

DUNHOLME
1. Lincoln Road. 2. Scothern Road. 3. Aeshy Lane. 4. Holmes Lane. 5. Watery Lane and Holmes Lane.
6. Ryland Road. 7. Fen Lane and Market Rasen Road. 8. The Village Centre
ROSS Manuscripts, Vol. XII, Lavenham Wapentake.

DUNSBY ST ANDREW (site in LEASINGHAM Parish)
TROLLOPE, E., Skelling and the Wapentakes of Flaxwell and Aswardhurn (1872), pp.234-35.