LINCOLNSHIRE PAST & PRESENT

No 26 Winter 1996/97

Winter - Boston Stump from the north-east

CONTENTS

Editorial

Beech Farm, Greetham

Barton on Humber Literary Institute

Two Clock Towers and Several Etceteras

I Remember - Kirton in Holland

Mutterings on the Lawn

'Eastgate Revolutionized'

Notes and Queries

City and County Museum - At Last Some Light

Faces and Places

Bricks and Tiles in Heckington Fen

Book Notes

Page

2

3

8

12

14

17

17

20

21

22

22

23

Linda Crust

Jeannie Bishop

Winston Kime

Fanny Cumberworth

Peter Wylon

David N. Robinson

Christopher Sturman

The deadline for contributions to the next BULLETIN and the SPRING issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present is Saturday, 15 February 1997. Material should be sent to the Joint Editors at Jews' Court, Lincoln LN2 1LS (Tel: 01522 521337, Tues. to Sat., 10a.m. to 1p.m.). It would help if articles are typed with double spacing and a good margin - send SAE to Jews Court for 'Notes for contributors'. Also please contact us if you use a word processor, as we can accept some disks.

Cover: Lithographic View of Louth Market Place, c. 1850, by T. W. Wallis (1821-1903). (David N. Robinson Collection)
EDITORIAL

We hope that the range of material—both geographically and in the variety of topics covered—will have considerable appeal to Society members and other readers. As always, we need your support; please keep sending us your contributions (if we are not able to use material directly we will advise as to any necessary illustrations and additions).

On occasions, we have used the Editorial to address matters of wider concern; it is now probably timely to air some concern about the state of the Local Studies Collection in the new Lincoln Central Library. Those of us who used the Collection in the past, in the old Free School Lane building and more recently at the Castle, have valued the support given by the specialist staff. Now that expertise appears to have gone. No longer does a Local Studies Librarian preside at the desk (it is there, but I have never seen it staffed) and enquiries are dealt with centrally.

Whilst, understandably, staff shortages may dictate this new policy what perhaps is of greater concern is the state of the collection itself. Most of the material is now on open shelving, valuable antiquarian works and some manuscript collections on occasion seem to ‘spill’ from the shelves. Surely this is not good library practice. If the policy is worrying on conservation grounds, it seems doubly muddled thinking to have apparently unique material available on open shelves. The advantages of an open access policy are many, but it appears misguided to have rare items there as well. Surely the Library Service are custodians of the Local Studies Collection—alas, policy at present seems to suggest they are now the managers of its erosion.

Christopher Sturman (Joint Editor)

SOCIETY FOR LINCOLNSHIRE HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY
OFFICERS 1996-97

Chairman: Mr N.C. Birch
Vice Chairman: Miss P. Wheatley, Mr D. Start
Hon. Secretary: Mrs M. Birch
Hon. Treasurer: Revd R. Loxley
Hon. Purchasing Officer: Miss E.T. Wagstaffe
Hon. Mailing Officer: Mr D. Boyce
Hon. Postal Sales Manager: Mrs M. Birch

Hon. Journal Editor: Mr C. Sturman
Hon. Editors, Lincolnshire Past and Present: Miss R.H. Healey, Mr C. Sturman
Hon. Bulletin and Diary Dates Editors: Miss R.H. Healey, Mr N.C. Birch

If you are writing to the Society with queries not related to this magazine, please address letters to the Chairman.
BEECH FARM GREETHAM

Linda Crust

Beech Farm, once thought to be an eighteenth century brick house, has been revealed as a mud and stud Pennine-type aisled hall house dated circa 1420. A few people had voiced the feeling that it was older than it seemed at first impression but the peeling back of the layers surprised and delighted everyone connected with it. Mr and Mrs David Price, the owners, engaged Guy Taylor and Associates of Newark as architects for the work on Beech Farm. The architectural conservator and adviser is John Hurd who is a visiting lecturer of the Institute of Advanced Architectural Studies with special interest in mud and stud houses. He is also involved with the International Council on Monuments and Other Sites (ICOMOS) and is Chairman of UK Earth Structures Committee. The site is in good hands.

This article will detail the historical evidence revealed so far and outline work yet to be done. Comment will be made on the probable type of usage of various rooms using evidence of local probate inventories of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. The house itself is a document of change through the centuries - a palimpsest of rural domestic life.

Working on the site on conservation, exposure and reconstruction is a team of truly dedicated people. The core workers have all had experience on at least a dozen mud and stud buildings and they are assisted by a flow of enthusiastic post-graduate students who are all keen and appreciative of the opportunity to work on such an exciting house. The team works according to the principles of the Society for Preservation of Ancient Buildings (SPAB) who believe that where a building has evolved over a period to time, the evolutions are to be conserved as well as the original form. In one area, however, this principle has been slightly amended. In the northern bay the first floor has been removed, taking this part of the house back to its origins as a hall-house open to the ridge (Fig. 1).

The type of house known as Pennine aisled hall house is a single timber framed hall rising to the roof, uncelled. It is an early and fundamental style of building based on the Roman basilica which occurred in large numbers in the Pennines. Beech Farm has only one aisle, on the east side, not added but built into the original building.

It would be helpful if one could match up probate inventories to the house but that seems impossible. 'Beech Farm', a late nineteenth century name, is no help. There are thirty one inventories for sixteenth and seventeenth century Greetham, any one of which could relate to the house, but without positive links one can only say that, for instance, the inventory of Hoges Butler (L.A.O. Inv. 12/255) is typical of a farmer in the area in 1541 and could relate to the house.

Brenda Webster and I are planning to do more investigation of wills and land ownership but it is unlikely that we will match any inventory to the house with certainty. Between 1538 and 1569 there are seven Greetham inventories which list goods and chattels but do not specify rooms. In 1571 the inventory of William Latrope (L.A.O. Inv. 50/462) appears defining, 'parlour', 'hall', 'chamber' and 'kitchen'. Other houses show only hall and parlour at this date. By 1600 all the Greetham inventories are listing chambers - one might reasonably assume that all farms in the area of the statue of Beech Farm now have a first floor inserted by this date.

Taking William Latrope's house as typical of the type in the area in 1571 one would expect, from the inventory, to find a mixed farm growing barley, peas and oats. Horses and oxen are both used and sheep are important there being 160 sheep and lambs. The parlour contains four bedsteads with bedding, chests, linen and woollen cloth. The hall and kitchen which are combined in the inventory, contain the usual brass and pewter, lead, tubs, cupboards, chairs, stools and hustlement. The chamber is used to store crops.

In 1631 George Massonne's goods were set down (L.A.O. Inv. 138/192). This may or may not have been the same house as William Latrope but is given here as a farmer's house in Greetham, typical of others. There was a hall containing two tables, cupboards and chairs; the kitchen is listed separately with its pewter, chamber pot, salts, brass pots, spit and brewing vessels etc. The parlour contains two beds with bedding, chests, a table and much linen. A buttyry with barrels of ale appears. Three chambers are now listed: hall, parlour and kitchen. The parlour chamber is a store room for barley, oats and bacon; the hall chamber which appears to contain only
Fig. 1. Groundfloor plan of Beech Farm Greatham before restoration. (Drawn by Marianne Silby)
one little table - there may be other worthless things here but apparently no bed. The kitchen chamber stores malt and barley and a stock bed. By this date then the first floor rooms are beginning to be used as sleeping quarters. Beech Farm chamber floor boards do not date as far back as this - possibly they were replaced for some reason. Almost all the boards are eighteenth century softwood with one or two older ones but no wide oak boards.

At the beginning of its life the house was a hall-house of one cell, with east aisle, open to the ridge and thatched. There would be a hearthbed in the mud floor and a smoke bay in the roof. There is evidence for both of these. Some fourteenth century tiles have been found embedded in repairs at the old end of the house and could well have been part of the hearth. As the inventories show, a century later the hall would have been divided into hall and parlour.

Later, possibly by the mid-sixteenth century, a timber-framed smoke hood with mud cladding would have been introduced in a central position and the remnants of this survive. About a century later (there is evidence of much alteration circa mid seventeenth century) a brick cladding was placed round the chimney stack. At this time only the north bay of the house was heated. This would not have been unusual. A room used for spinning or weaving (anything to do with wool) would not have been heated as heat causes wool to embrittle. Around the turn of the eighteenth century a second stack was put in to the south of the central chimney. This massive central chimney stack now holds two modern fireplaces which will be removed.

Until a date somewhere between 1730 and 1830 the walls were of mud and stud. This is a structure of slender wood armature built up with mud. This allowed the builders to build quickly and thinly; other types of earth building could be 20” thick but with this construction the walls are only about 13” thick. Some vertical oak timbers have been replaced at the south end and many lats have been replaced. This work has been done by Rob Ley, a devotee of hand tools and traditional building methods. Rob has hewn all the wood himself. The oldest timber (in the south end gable) has been dated by dendrochronology at 1390. Other timbers vary in date and, up to circa 1640, they are numbered with joiners' marks - one system for the east side and one for the west.

In the chambers there are lovely taking braces in the centre bays which confirm that the house was once an open hall. Timbers of this quality would be sure to have been on show and not hidden in a store chamber. The quality of door mouldings and chamfers is taken as an indicator of quality or status in a house. Beech Farm chamfers are plain and deep with triangular stops. There are no mouldings. This sort of work would indicate a yeoman farmer of reasonably high status.

The brick cladding has now been removed from the house but, where possible, the old mud walls have been retained. Where repair or replacement was necessary members of the team have made wet mud bricks and placed them on either side of the lats making a double thickness wall. The wet 'bricks' are placed in position and battled in with a wooden hand tool devised by mudders as the most efficient way of doing the job. When the walls are complete they will be covered by a mud skim and painted. In medieval times yellow ochre was popular mixed with lime wash for outside walls. Any of the earth colours would have been a possibility as an outside wall wash.

In medieval times the house posts of a modest farmhouse would be set on padstones and the walls would be earthfast, rising in mud out of mud. At Beech Farm there is a Spilsby green sandstone plinth of poor quality which is rather unusual in mud buildings and points to a reasonable status. Three miles away a similar type of plinth was used in the original hall at Harrington, still revealed to the north of the tower.

A pit has been dug at the back of the house for the extraction of mud. For this building 8% of sharp sand was added to the subsoil. Originally barley and rye grass were used as a binder but rye is now impossible to obtain in organic form. The small amount of rye now grown is inorganic and that would not do as it contains nitrogen. Chopped organic barley straw is used at Beech Farm and the crumbled chunks of old mud that has had to be removed are mixed in (Fig. 2).

Every mud building is different. There are many magic recipes for mud offered by builders and historians but the mix must depend on the subsoil. Old builders had a wonderful empirical understanding of how to convert subsoil into the proper mix. Nowadays it is done by analysis. Many people ask about the animal dung content but it is now thought that the dung in English walls was incidental as animals were used for treading the
mud. In our climate dung is not particularly useful in a wall but in a hot climate, such as India, the mud recipe will contain dung as a useful constituent.

The thatched roof has yet to be uncovered, taken down and rethatched (Fig. 3). That is a summer job and will take place in 1997. John Hurd feels that Lincolnshire is losing its vernacular accent to thatch and the work on Beech Farm will give an opportunity to continue this tradition. It will be thatched with a flush ridge, very understated, and hazel bands called liggers holding thatch down along the ridge and eaves. In the last 200 years there have been hybrid wheats which are wheat/rye crosses. This looks like reed and is known as combed wheat reed. The thatch on the steeply pitched roof now is long straw which is a rather shaggy thatch.
held on with hemp ties and woven straw ties. Some eighteenth century ties survive in extraordinarily good condition. The thatch has been combed off and replaced several times but the bed straw dating from mid-seventeenth century remains and this date ties in with a major restoration of the house circa 1640.

Most traces of early fenestration have been lost but there were some window frame marks from the days of the hall house. Where there is evidence, those openings will be used but otherwise the most recent modern openings will be used. Very plain, oak-mullioned windows will be used with square leaded lights inspired by those surviving at Aubourn Hall. This is a fair compromise and honest use of modern materials and methods.

Analysis of layers of wallpaper date them from the end of the eighteenth century up to modern times. In parts there are twenty layers and this repapering was often deliberate as the paper would be used to hold the mud walls together. Papers range from neo-classical to dolly-blue floral prints and wonderful 1850s' wrought iron and gondola patterned pseudo-Venetian papers. Underneath the paper there were 22 layers of gloss paint in the area over the bressummer of the fire in the northmost ground floor room. Beneath that there were seventeen layers of limewash. In addition another twenty layers of limewash were found under bricks holding floor beams above the bressummer which makes a total of at least 79 redecorations.

Discoveries so far have been exciting as the house is unpeeled. The chimney stack and the thatch may reveal more information of the house's past. 1997 will be a year of great interest in the life of Beech Farm.

Acknowledgements

I wish to acknowledge the help and encouragement offered by John Hurd, Rob Ley, David and Sherrie Price, Marianne Sühr and Brenda Webster.

APPENDIX: JESS BLADES AND JOYCE CONEY

No less interesting than the house is the lives of people who lived there. It is impossible to relive all these lives but I was able to trace a couple of women who had lived in the house, in sequence, from the early part of the twentieth century to the eighth decade.

***

Jess Blades (née Parker) was born at Beech Farm before the first World War. She grew up in this small, pretty village with two sisters and a brother. Her father, Frederick Parker, died when she was only eleven but the family continued to farm the 200 acres, firstly by her grandfather in his lifetime, then with her brother Fred as a somewhat reluctant farmer (he would have preferred to have been an engineer). Jess's memories of Beech Farm are all good. 'I remember everything as lovely. The bad times I suppose I forget.'

Jess always enjoyed farming. When she came home from the Wesleyan School in Hornsea castle, it was her delight to be out and about on the farm. It was a mixed farm, mostly arable but with some sheep and pigs. 'I would turn the turnip chopper handle, and the chaff cutter. Then when I was tired of turning I would perhaps feed it.' She was a favourite of Grandfather Thomas Parker as he was always willing to yoke up the pony and take him around in the tub trap. 'Grandfather had a very loud voice. If he wanted anyone from the fields he would just go outside and shout and, usually, he was heard.' In those days a farmer's daughter was not expected to do field work as there was plenty of women's work in house, yard and dairy but Jess loved the horses and spent as much time with them as possible, feeding and grooming, catching and caring. 'Jet, Diamond and Star - I loved them.' There was always a trap pony which she enjoyed riding. Particularly remembered is Fanny who 'wouldn't let anyone else catch her except me'. Sunday journeys to the Methodist Chapel in Queen Street, Hornsea were with Fanny between the shafts. Whilst the Parkers were worshipping, the pony would wait in The Bull yard.

Inside the old house great meals were cooked on the range: 'Mother always made our bread - and our butter too. The bread was so good we would want to eat it up the first day. It would be put to rise on the hearth in a huge pancheon covered by a clean cloth.' Friday was baking day and Jess, with cold hands, was especially good at pastry making. There were two pantries - one for dry goods and one for dairy products and food for immediate consumption.

Jess's sister kept Rhode Island Red hens and, after
harvest, the henhouse on wheels would be taken out into the stubble. Harvest was a time of rejoicing but Jess hated the rabbit shooting which followed. A threshing machine contractor would come from Hagworthingham to thrash the corn. Autumn brought a harvest of fruit from the orchard and the apples were spread out in the apple chamber in an outbuilding.

Cattle were brought into the crewyard to winter on oat straw, and fed cowcake and roots. If Mr Gill, the Horncastle butcher bought Parker cattle he would always sell some prime joints back to them. 'The taste depended on how they were fed. You don't get that taste now.'

'Mother used to decorate, papering with flour and water paste. She would put on brown paper first, to hold the walls together we thought, and paper on top of that. We took mice and beetles, and bit of damp, for granted then. We had three or four cats. There was always one allowed in the house by the fire - Trixie I remember.' She smiled fondly thinking of Trixie's soft coat. Childhood at Beech Farm was an idyll for Jess Parker.

***

'I was a young wife with a baby when I first came to Beech Farm. It was the end of the war. We still had the blackout.' Joyce Coney was horrified by her first sight of the rather remote farm. Although a country girl by birth, she had been in service in Boston in her teen years and had become used to the plumbing of civilisation. There was no water or electricity laid on to the house and baths were still taken in a tin bath in front of the fire in winter and in the washhouse in summer. One daughter, Margaret, was a poorly baby and the Coney's were delighted to have mains electricity finally connected on Christmas Eve 1951. As soon as she was able to go to town Joyce bought an electric fire and a kettle; she already had an iron. The Coney's welcomed the modern world.

The range was exchanged for an electric cooker and the house was host to many parties. 'Christenings, birthdays, weddings and always a big shooting party on Boxing day.' Memories came flooding out - of massive bakers and shooting parties with the yard covered with pheasant and partridge laid out in braces. 'We all went out shooting as we grew older,' daughter Frances told me. 'There was one man who was a terrible shot. Poor Uncle Syd had a lead pellet in his ear one year.'

As materials came on the market after the war, the Coney's put in new grates, new doors and new windows. 'I didn't like the blackleading and I was glad to do away with some things. I had the little-paned windows taken out.

The farm grew corn, potatoes, sugar beet, kale and, of course, hay for the cows. They kept some sheep and the sickly lambs would be brought into the kitchen to be nursed. 'We changed from a dairy herd to a beef herd.' The days of horses were past and young Frances ('If I'd been a son I would have been a farmer.') loved nothing better than to go on the tractor with her father.

Although cherished by a loving husband, Joyce was no wimp. 'I knew how to put a pig away. My mother and my mother-in-law taught me a lot. I made bitterness too.' The Coney's carried on the tradition of taking pig-fry round the village and they were never short of food. 'We kept a good table. Think of the sausages and sausage rolls and the cluice...'. In season fruit was bottled and, later, frozen. 'My daughters are all good cooks too,' Joyce told me proudly.

The Coney's and the Parkers left their mark on the farm. They are part of its continuing history.

---

BARTON ON HUMBER LITERARY INSTITUTE

Jeannie Bishop

Most larger villages and small towns had an 'Institute' of some kind or another, for example even the small and isolated New Holland had the Yarborough Literary Institution. Some Institutes had more intellectual literary or philosophical society aims, where libraries formed only a supporting part of their activities. In larger towns emphasis was often more scientific and educational with effort being put into museum facilities or learned lectures.

In 1868 in Barton on Humber an attempt was made to open an Institute, modelled on similar style to the
Church Institute in Hull. The first number of the Barton Institute Gazette of Monday, 27 October 1873, describes its inception and aims:

Like most useful institutions, the Barton Young Men's Institute sprung from a small beginning. About the latter end of 1858, it simultaneously occurred to two or three different parties that such an association would be very beneficial to this little town. These people, having some little energy, at once set about the affair, and it was very speedily announced that a gratuitous supper would be provided for about thirty young men. At the meeting held afterwards the ball was set going, and it has been kept moving ever since.²

At a Special General Meeting, held on Tuesday 7 May 1872, it had been resolved that some changes be made to the constitution:

In Rule Two the words ‘in conformity with the principles of Evangelical Christianity’ be struck out...
- the first part of Rule Four be altered thus: ‘That there be three classes of members - Honorary, Ordinary, and Lady Members (reduced subscription for Lady Members) entitling them to all the privileges of the Institute save and except the use of the Reading Room...
- Rule Five be altered thus: ‘that any persons of good character be eligible for members subject to the approval of the Committee. Names of intending members to be given to the Secretary...³

The admittance of Lady Members proved to be a very good move in view of their not inconsiderable help in manning the stalls at the Bazaar held the following year. The above issue of the Gazette (edited by Mr Ball and Mr Jackson) also reports on the opening of this Bazaar and explains the reason for holding it:

Year after year we have made progress, and our fondest hopes are now, we think, about to be realised.

For some considerable time we were content to borrow newspapers, one day old, from persons friendly to us, in addition to one or two daily ones, which we took; but now we have four daily papers, four weekly illustrated periodicals, and one weekly paper, besides some of the best monthly magazines.

Our library has risen gradually. We commenced with putting into circulation the books we had begged, but it was soon seen that much more could be done, and the committee have year by year added to the number, according to the means at their disposal, so that now we have 750 on our shelves, or amongst our readers. By some we are charged with too many works of fiction, whilst others say we have far too few of that class. Some think we require works of greater solidity - books of travel, history, etc. etc. We have a few of nearly all kinds, but not nearly enough for the demand, and this is one reason why we are having the Bazaar. We want more, and better books, but we also require more accommodation. Should this effort be successful, we shall turn our energies towards establishing a really first class library for the town and neighbourhood.

The second issue of the Gazette printed the following day (Tuesday, 28 October 1873) reported that the Bazaar raised £84 14s. 3½d. from various stalls, including refreshments, plus a weighing machine, a magic lantern, a galvanic battery and a fortune teller.

The meetings of the Institute, which had about this time approximately 170 members, were held in the Temperance Hall in Barton but the desire was to have their own premises.

The Committee achieved their aim of erecting a new building in 1874, in Chapel Lane. The name was changed to the Barton Literary Institute and it was resolved that Wednesday, 2nd February 1875 be fixed as the opening day and that the ‘Members for North Lincolnshire be invited to attend the ceremony, that Major Uppleby be asked to take the chair, and in case he refuses then the other Magistrates be invited, and that all the Protestant Ministers of the town be invited’.

The above resolution, plus the occupations of some of the committee - farmer, grocer, newsagent, bookseller, bootmaker, draper, surgeon, and whiting manufacturer - give an idea of the social class who had been and were intended to be patrons and users of the Institute and its new building.

The following examples of a few more of their Resolutions give an indication of the flavour of the Institute and their literary aspirations:

- that any persons of good character be eligible for membership
- that the members shall have access to the Reading Room from 8 a.m. to 9.45 p.m. daily (Sundays excepted)
- that the Life of Thomas Cooper, Hood’s Poems, T. Carlyle’s History of the French Revolution and Westward Ho be purchased
- that four people be requested to deliver lectures
- that Hull and North Lincolnshire Times be
discontinued
- that a class be formed for Botany under direction
  of Mr. John Morley
- that a phonetic class be formed under the
direction of Messrs. Donington and Caston
- that Messrs. Jackson and Fristedley read 'Jack
Sheppard' and report thereon to the committee
- that Ouida's books be at once withdrawn from
the library
- that 10 volumes of Household Words be
purchased for 35s.
- that a Spelling Bee be held
- that the following books be purchased:
  Curiosities of Natural History, 4 vols (3s. 6d.);
  Bakers Ismailla, 2 vols (7s.); Mrs Bray's Revolt
  of the Protestants and Joan of Arc; Carlton's
  Black Prophet
- that John Doughty be asked to keep the Books of
the Library in order for a salary of £1 per year
- that no inhabitant of Barton is at liberty to use the
Reading Room unless he or she is an actual
member by payment of subscription.3

Of particular interest are the long opening hours of the
Reading Room, especially as libraries today frequently
face the prospect of opening hours being reduced; the
practice of examination of titles, e.g. 'Jack Sheppard'
before approval is given; the removal of the Ouida's
novels which were considered to glorify decadence and
luxury.

Many Institutes had problems of limited resources with
the result that purchase of new books was an on-going
difficulty. Some decided to borrow rather than buy and
entered into an arrangement with Mudie's Circulating
Library (established 1842), whereby in return for an
annual subscription, they would be supplied with a
number of the newest books and to exchange them for
others on a regular basis. In 1881 the Minutes record
that the attention of the members be called to a supply of
books from Mr Mudie.

White's Lincolnshire Directory of 1892 (p.133) records
1,600 volumes in the Library and a membership of 250.
Messrs Arthur Gant Poole (watchmaker, jeweller and
optician, 15 George Street) and George Wright (agent
Wesleyan and General Assurance Society, Maltby Lane)
were the Librarians and Mr J. P. Pullan (of Cobb and
Pullan, coal merchants, keel owners, Waterside Road)
was the Secretary.

In 1898 the committee had pleasure in stating that a few
friends have recently presented to the library about
eighty volumes including the works of Marie Corelli,
and other modern and popular authors. A new catalogue
was to be prepared during the summer (price to be 3d.)
and consequently the library would be closed for three
months.6

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the Institutes
came to be seen as middle-class institutions and the
library, which had previously been of less importance
often became their sole reason for existence.

Other Institutes tried to be more of a community or
social meeting place for the moral recreation and re-
 laxation of the inhabitants. A wide range of activities
were offered, as a means of obtaining funds for books
and to enable them to offer other entertainments.

Barton seems to have had higher healthy, moral and
intellectual aims than some. In 1903 the Annual Report
'regretted to report that attendance had been very small'
at the lecture 'Limelight Views of Darkest Africa' and
a paper on the 'Growth and Influence of the Press'. An
interesting letter has survived from a former member,
now moved onto newer pastures, who is having a little
dig at Barton folk and delights in telling of the range of
activities now offered to him at his new Institute. It
provides a picture of the role these societies played in
middle class social life. The address is given as 'Lin-
colnshire Constabulary, Superintendent's Office,
Bourne.' (Bourne, near Spalding, had a population of
4,361 in 1901, that of Barton was 5,671.) The date is 9
February 1903. He writes:

Dear Sir,

I thought the enclosed papers may interest you. As you
will see Bourne is one of those wicked places where the
Institute caters for the body as well as the mind.

And yet you would find any day or evening quite
double the number of people using the Reading Room
than the average numbers who used at attend the Barton
Institute. You would find plenty of ladies there during
the evening during 'smoking hours', and I have not yet heard
of complaint about smoking, or seen anything objection-
able in it. We have Billiard Handicaps and Whist Tourn-
ments running all the Winter, and they are well patron-
ised. We had a Progressive Whist evening last week, at
which 48 people took part (I took the 1st prize for
Gentlemen by the way). We have a Cycle Club, Tennis
Club and a few other things all connected with the
Institute and also a Musical Club for Winter months
-practise once a week. On the ground floor is the Reading
Room, Card Room, Ladies Room and Caretakers apart

10
ments; 2nd floor - Library, Billiard Room; top floor - Music Room, 'Sing Song'. Youths under 18 not allowed in Billiard Room.

The L is altogether in a very flourishing and vigorous state. I have this year been put upon the Billiard and Debates Comm.

How are things at Barton? You are a funny lot, but on the whole it is not a bad place to live in.

Yours faithfully,

H. Bailey

The letter gives an idea of what one man thinks is an ideal Institute. (The library does not appear to be high on his personal priority list.)

In 1905 the President, Henry Jenkins Tomlinson, died and the Committee deplored the loss sustained. He had held the office of President since the Institute was formed and was 'the pioneer of all its undertakings'. Tomlinson had lived at Whitecross House and had been in business at 9 George Street as Tomlinson and Crowder, wholesale and retail chemists, druggists, booksellers and binders, stationers, publishers of the Hull and Lincolnshire Times and insurance agent; he was also the Registrar of Marriages for Barton District.

In 1906 a Draughts Club was formed but membership and the number of books issued continued to fluctuate. The funds of the Institute were often in a precarious state, such that for a number of years whilst the Magistrate, Mr J.B. Tombleson, had been Treasurer there was a regular deficit owed to him. When H. J. Bullivant took office as Treasurer, a grand Evening Concert by the Barton St Cecilia and Male Voice Choirs on March 14th 1907 had been arranged by Mr W. H. Dewey, the proceeds of which were to be applied to paying off the balance due to the ex-treasurer.

In 1910 they had a balance in the hands of the Treasurer of £2 5s. 9½d. 'an event which has not occurred for many years'. Membership was 130 at this time and upwards of 2,000 books had been issued during the previous year but in the Annual Report the Committee were again appealing to the public to support the Institute by becoming subscribers.

The Institute was obviously an important part of the middle and upper class social life of Barton for many years and the decline in popularity could have many causes: death of many of the original stalwarts and supporters; a predominantly middle-class Committee - the impression of an elitist middle-class 'club' would deter many working class members; insufficient 'popular' titles, books and journals; high subscriptions; and the increased availability of other sources of books, for purchase or loan (the Church Institute also had a library).

The Hull Times of 22 August 1925 reported the sale of the Literary Institute under the headline an 'Old Link Destroyed':

... after being closed for over three years, its purpose having obviously been served, the Barton Literary Institute was on Friday week sold by auction by Mr George Canty at the George Hotel.

The building was erected in 1874, and for many years was looked upon as one of the most important institutions of the town. The leading citizens of Barton were connected with it, and also the nobility of the county lent its

![Fig. 1. The Barton on Humber Literary Institute building today.](image-url)
patronage for many years.
In 1882 a grand bazaar was held for the benefit of the library and lasted three days... The foregoing particulars (of the bazaar) were contained on tissue paper handkerchiefs... and indicate that the Literary Institute was a necessary component part of the life of Barton in those days.

A brick-built building, the Literary Institute contained a large reading or lecture gallery, a commodious library, and also a games room.

The Institute building is today used as a Leisure Studio, Gym and Beauty Salon (Fig. 1), the 1990s equivalent of the Victorian ideals of rational recreation - to restore health and renew, encompassing positive purpose and the virtues of self-improvement and utility. The social and cultural norms may have changed in the way we perceive enjoying our leisure but the original Trustees could only approve of the building's new life. Also, the Public Library is within view in Providence House, the former home of Thomas Tombreston, the Treasurer who subsidised the Institute for so many years!

Notes
2. Baysgarth Museum Barton on Humber, Ball Scrapbook. The date 1858 appears to be a misprint. Other archival and documentary evidence points to 1858, e.g. Minutes and Annual Reports, and Lincolnshire Directories.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.

TWO CLOCK TOWERS AND SEVERAL ET CETERAS

*Winston Kime*

'Notes and Queries' (*Lincolnshire Past & Present*, Autumn 1996, 25.7) makes reference to Skegness and Wainfleet clock towers (Figs 1 and 2) and readers may be interested to learn that these two red brick edifices, five miles apart, have been maintained on almost parallel lines in their near century existence.

During this last year, both underwent major repairs and, in the case of Wainfleet, it was part of a town enhancement scheme which saw the smartening up of the market place and other parts of this ancient town. In Skegness, the clock tower refurbishment coincided with the complete reconstruction of the adjacent Tower Esplanade and Compass Gardens. It is perhaps not surprising that both clock towers should require restoration at the same time, as they were built at the same time, with the official opening dates only three months apart, in 1899.

As is fairly well-known, Skegness clock tower commemorates Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee of 1897 and it was paid for by local subscriptions and officially opened by the Countess of Scarbrough, wife of the resort's landowner, on 11 August 1899.

Wainfleet clock tower was unveiled on 2 May that year, a memorial to Walter Martin of Wainfleet Hall who died at the age of 38 in 1896. It was built at the expense of his widow who presented it to the town. Walter Martin was agent for the Bethlem Hospital Estate which owned a large part of the land in Wainfleet and he was also chairman of the Firby to Wainfleet and Skegness railway companies and the Skegness Pier Company. He is buried in the churchyard of Wainfleet St Mary, his grave marked by a tall broken column, 'erected by some of the tenants on the estates for which he was agent', according to the inscription.

Many years ago, I was told by a lady who had been in service at Wainfleet Hall at the time Walter Martin died that he had picked at an aching tooth with a pin, which caused blood poisoning leading to his death. True or false, I cannot be sure, but the person who told me was reliable and in a position to know.
Fig. 1. Skegness clock tower c 1905, with the Osbert House Hotel (later Butlin House) on the left.

Fig. 2. Wainfleet clock tower and market place, c 1930, with a "Progressive" bus stopped on its journey to either Skegness or Boston.

Walter Martin's widow, Louise, was the daughter of Doctor John Thimbleby of Spilsby, whom Richard Gurnham tells us in *Victorian Spilsby* (Spilsby Branch W.E.A., 1984, p.22) "lived in some style" at Drummond House in the High Street, with housekeeper, groom, cook and children's nurse.

Mrs Martin vacated Wainfleet Hall after her husband's untimely death and took up residence in Skegness, originally at Harrington Gardens in Lumley Road, long
before those tall terrace houses were converted to shops and cafes. She subsequently remarried, her second husband being Chris Simpson, an entertainer with Fred Clements’ concert party who were giving shows on the sands and at Arcadia Theatre. The alliance was strongly opposed by the family and proved a complete disaster with Mr Simpson soon departing with mysterious haste, never to return.

Mrs Martin Simpson, as she was known, became a well-known and highly respected personage in Skegness, acclaimed for her many good deeds and acts of charity. She was patron of many organisations and in constant demand for opening bazaars and rummage sales and, in 1915, she built the Parish Hall (afterwards renamed the Church Hall) in Ida Road and gave it to the town in care of the church.

I remember her during my boyhood, often to be seen on her tricycle in the days when there were not many motor cars about. When she walked along Lumley Road, in her lilac cloak and costume, white gloves and veil, it was as if royalty was on parade, with people stepping aside for her and gentlemen tipping their tributes. She died, aged 96, in a Surrey nursing home in 1951, three years after leaving Skegness to be near her daughter.

After Walter Martin died, the new land agent for the Wainfleet Bethlehem Estate was Charles William Tindall who was already land agent for the Earl of Yarborough’s estate at Brocklesby in the North Wolds. He moved to Wainfleet Hall and died there in 1926, aged 77. Charles Tindall opened a branch of the estate agency, James Martin, Son & Tindall, at 8 Bank Street, Lincoln, in 1897 and the Wainfleet office closed down after his death. He founded the Lincoln Red Cattle Society in 1895 and he was also a justice of the peace. The imposing lychgate at the entrance to the churchyard of Wainfleet St Mary was erected to his memory. It was hand-carved from a single oak tree taken from Brocklesby Park and was dedicated on 7 June 1931. Wainfleet Hall is now the boarders’ house for Skegness Grammar School.

One final small link with the Martins and Wainfleet Hall. A familiar figure in Skegness in the 1920s was town crier, William Seton, who had been a groom at Wainfleet Hall during the Martins’ residence. Unlike the gorgeously attired town criers resuscitated for recent holier-in-charge contests in East Lindsey towns, William Seton wore a sober tweed jacket, cord breeches and shiny leather leggings. He would stop at regular intervals on his peregrination up and down Lumley Road and, raising his gleaming megaphone to his lips, would read out in a stentorian voice the news of forthcoming sales, whistdrives and dances, recent deaths and other local happenings. I believe he was the last of the Skegness pavement newsreaders.

**I REMEMBER - KIRTON IN HOLLAND**

Fanny Cumberworth

[This article was a finalist in the Holland Old People’s Association essay competition in 1966, exactly thirty years ago. It was written by Mrs Fanny Cumberworth (nee Bishop), of Wyberton, who was a native of Kirton. It was intended to publish it in a local magazine at the time, and we had permission, but for various reasons that fell through, but we thought today’s readers would be interested. H. Healey]

How strange it is to write about oneself. Imagine what it is like to be one of a large family. I had eight sisters and five brothers, or perhaps I ought to say six, but as one of my brothers died before I was born, he will not be mentioned. I was one of the younger members of the family, to be precise, the youngest but one. What a good job too, because the oldest members of the family had to look after we younger ones, which I’m sure must have been a very tiring job. As each member of the family arrived a name had to be thought of and so at this stage I will mention the names they chose in order as we arrived—Harry, Carrie, Jenny, Joe, Nelly, Kitty, Charlie, Grace, Fred, Frank, Dorothy, Sally, Fanny and Alice. At this stage I must mention we had wonderful parents and in spite of the fact that our family was a big one, my parents had love and affection for us all. Strange as it may seem my mother and father were born on the same day.

My father was a signalman on the railway which in those days was considered a very good job, the wages
being much better than many other occupations, especially land work, and what a good job with so many mouths to feed. I suppose I would say that our young life was more or less one routine. When each of us reached school age, the older ones had to be responsible for our care, with strict instructions from mother not to let us get hurt and to see that our coats were put on before we left school 'when it was necessary to wear one'. As we had to cross the railway to get to school, naturally again great care had to be taken.

How certain things seem to make an impression on a child's mind. The first great happening I remember was when I was about four years old. A horse attached to a trolley was leaving the station yard after having deposited a load of potatoes, when suddenly the horse took fright and galloped into a fence, with the result that the driver was thrown and killed. He was the son of the owner and about twenty-five years old. Naturally it was the chief topic in the village for weeks after. At this point I will tell you that the village was Kirton, being four miles south of Boston, our nearest town.

It almost makes my mouth water when I recall the lovely puddings my mother used to make, the jam rolls, and to use the slang expression 'the good old spotted dick'. On Sundays of course, it was the Yorkshire pudding with the joint and what a joint it was, always weighing from ten to twelve pound, but how good it was! My father did the carving and of course knew our individual likes and dislikes. Those that liked their meat well done got the outside. I myself liked to see the blood run, so mine was one of the later plates to fill. My father was full of humour and sometimes, if it should be a beast's heart, he would say, 'Now who wants the first cut?' There would be chorus of voices shouting 'ME!' He would then put the carving knife through the heart which, of course, only opened to reveal the stuffing. Naturally there were peals of laughter.

My father and brothers were bellringers, but to use the correct word today 'campanologists', so of course we were all brought up to go to Church - three times on Sundays - and it would not do to be late, otherwise my father would be down from the belfry and would see us, so once we left home it would not do for us to loiter. My grandfather on my father's side was the village butcher and although I have mentioned that my father was a signalman, he had been taught to slaughter animals. During the winter months, when he was not on duty, he used to kill pigs for people and of course, the extra money was a godsend with so many mouths to fill, but how tired he used to be.

My mother used to have a dressmaker to make our clothes. She would be at our house for perhaps two weeks at a time. We were always well clothed and, to use the expression, 'well shod'. My father insisted that my mother should buy the very best shoes, or perhaps I should say boots in those days, because he used to mend them himself, and he used to say 'If you don't buy the best, the uppers won't stand to be mended.' And there was footwear to be mended every week. Woe betide us if our shoes were not cleaned before we went to school because our father would be watching for us to go across the railway crossing.

My mother used to be terribly worried if any of us were ill, not only from a maternal point of view, but in those days there was no free doctoring, and so she did her best to keep us in good health by her own patent medicine. We had to line up every Saturday morning for that teaspoon of brimstone and treacle. Even so, it did not stop us from having all childish ailments such as Measles, Chickenpox, Whooping Cough and Mumps.

As I grew up we managed to get a piano and some of us had music lessons. What a din it must have been as each of us had to practise, but it pleased our parents very much as we improved our playing. A friend of my father used to call in most weeks and he always wanted me to play 'Alice, where art thou?' I couldn't understand why he always wanted that particular tune, but have learnt since that his wife's name was Alice. Naturally as I grew up, the older members of our family had left home, either to be married or to go to their various occupations. My two eldest brothers were put to the building trade, two others were signalmen and the other in the Police Force. My four eldest sisters were cooks, and we remaining five girls were shop assistants as each one reached the age necessary. My own wage when I started at fifteen was one shilling a week for the first year, 2s. 6d. the second year and 7s. 6d. the third year.

I haven't mentioned the preparation required when Christmas was approaching. For a day or two before the puddings were due to be made we had to be happy to eat the crusts off the bread, the insides being saved for the puddings. What a job it was preparing the things required, also for the mincemeat. One had to stone one's own raisins in those days. Also the suet was bought from the butcher which had to be chopped. What a long
time it seemed to take. My mother used to make her own dough cakes and we had to take them to the local baker who used to bake them in his own oven for a small charge. We used to take them in (what was called in those days) a mail cart. It was a wicker contraption with two long handles. When Christmas morning arrived what excitement there was! Our stockings having been left on the line attached to the kitchen mantelshelf the night before were now fastened to our bed rail. Our stockings consisted of an orange, apple, nuts, sweets and a toy or game for each of us. A doll, perhaps for one girl, a tea set for another, Ludo and Snakes and Ladders. These were the chief things at that time. Money didn’t allow for more.

Our entertainment outside the house was the Boston Fair in May. We used to collect all the rags and bones we could find a week or two before the Fair was due so that we had money for the roundabouts. During the winter there would be a Church Social which again we would save our pennies for. What a lot one seemed to get for a penny in those days. My father gave us our weekly penny each Saturday morning when he collected his wages. How we used to gallop to our little village shop. I often wondered what we could have looked like viewed from the other side with our faces pressed close to the glass, wondering what we should buy.

All that I have written up to now has been of the pleasing things of my young life, but sooner or later there is bound to be something happen which is unpleasant. I must now refer to the time when war was declared between Germany and England. I was fourteen at the time, perhaps not quite old enough to realise how serious it could be. It was quickly brought home to me by the fact that immediately three of my brothers were in the forces having already been in the Territorial Army. It wasn’t long before a fourth brother was also in the army. It was a great worry to my parents having four sons in the fighting line. What great rejoicing there was when a letter came from each one of them saying they were well. However, that was only short-lived, for within eleven months news came that my eldest brother had been killed. What sadness it brought to our home. I recall quite vividly our Vicar coming down to our house when he heard the news, and all of us were at home at the time, kneeling in prayer against our kitchen chairs. The second blow came when within a year when news came that my second eldest brother had also been killed. Our home that had always been such a happy place before was again suddenly cast in gloom.

We will go back to the humorous side. My two youngest brothers were twins, and were so alike that it was a job to tell which was which when apart. Like all boys when young, they naturally got into mischief, but invariably one would get blamed for something the other had done. The school inspector who used to visit the school at different periods used to wonder how the schoolmaster knew which one he was speaking to. Very bravely the schoolmaster pointed to one twin saying, ‘You’re Fred, aren’t you?’ but the reply was ‘No sir, I’m Frank.’ I have earlier mentioned that my father was full of humour and very witty too. In those days we used to hold in the village what were then called ‘Smoking Concerts’, and he was often asked to sing. They were funny little ditty songs which I understand caused great laughter. Also at these concerts a dinner was served prior to the entertainment and it was told to my mother that after my father had eaten his plateful, perhaps feeling he could eat a little more, passed his plate to the carver asking if he could have it ’soled and heeled’. I have previously mentioned that our family were ringers and they rang many a peal on the Church bells and so, as my maiden name was Bishop, I can say that the ringers of the peal were all ‘Bishops’. Our local Vicar would say that it was a nice thing to have the Bishops kneel to him instead of the other way round. Of course only jokingly.

Wash day for mother and oh, what a lot to tackle. In those days when you wore combinations, knickers, two petticoats, frock and pinafore it used to take her one day to wash and the next day to clean up. Having mentioned the loss of my brothers, after that my father seemed to become a sick man and within two years died at the age of fifty-nine. My mother, fortunately for us, lived to be eighty-eight. I have two sons and a daughter of my own and I hope that in years to come they will be able to look back with as much pleasure of their youth as I have done.
MUTTERINGS ON THE LAWN

Peter Wylion

In the 1940s, George III’s statue, south of Lincoln, was toppled from its column, having been designated a flying hazard. He may now be seen in the grounds of Lincoln Castle.

I liked the aeroplanes. They cleared my head better than Willis - père ou fils - could ever do.
If we’d had such machines when I was king, dashed if I wouldn’t have been a pilot too.

Think who I could have bombed. What? What? I had more enemies than Jenner’s sufferers had pox.
That devil Wilkes. Ungrateful colonists.
Appeaser Burke and Charles James festerin’ Fox.

Take my advice and never wear a crown.
Damned heavy hat. Death is a holiday from life - although I miss all my Cordelias and my long suffering, ever faithful wife.

Even eternity is hazardous!
I’d been so long aloft, the preliminary lunch caught me off guard. Before I’d time to blast their eyes, the scallywags had turfed me off my perch.

Put me back on top of Dunston pillar.
Let Lincolnshire downpours soothe my feverish brain.
Parade the pick of your metal monsters.
I long to salute a fly-past once again.

‘EASTGATE REVOLUTIONIZED’

David N. Robinson

The following Editorial, signed ‘Rip van Winkle’, was printed in the fourth issue of the Louth and North Lincolnshire Advertiser, dated 14 May 1859. We print it here in its entirety (though it has been divided into paragraphs for ease of reading) as it captures something of the spirit of the age, a feeling of general pride in the recent improvements made to the town. In addition to the cover illustration - very much a contemporary view, we include three early twentieth century photographs of the town which show many of the mid nineteenth century shops mentioned in Eastgate (Fig. 1), the Town Hall of 1854 (Fig. 2) and the market place with the Market Hall of 1866 (Fig. 3) - the realization of the ‘Butter Market’ scheme alluded to by the writer. [C.S.]

***

The entrance into the town from the Railway Station will be greatly improved by the new stone pavement which is now being laid down in the place of the well-worn asphalted road. The space from the prison corner to the Wellington Hotel is rapidly filling up with middle-class houses, which have been lately much in demand. It is a pity that greater uniformity has not been maintained in the erection of these otherwise ornamental buildings. We question whether any town in Lincolnshire, except Grimsby, has improved so much during the last quarter of a century, as Louth.

Leaving Ramsgate and passing along Eastgate, what a pleasing transformation we find from the unsightly and protruding long garden wall, into the two beautiful buildings of Roger Sharpley, Esq.; next we meet with the noble edifice, provided as a place of worship by the Free Methodists, at a cost of about four thousand pounds. The scene is certainly marred by the old and dilapidated public house, ‘The Woodman’, - a century behind the times. In our progress into the interior, we find an anomaly - a Temperance Hotel Beer Shop, which strikes us as having a sign-board too many, and is rather a proof of the march of ingenuity, than of the march of temperance or consistency. Mr. Pearson’s splendid mansion, formerly a big unsightly warehouse, must be regarded as an excellent metamorphosis, but as a set-off against this gratifying discovery, we are disposed to indulge a feeling of regret that Mr. Ashton’s property has not yet met with a spirited and speculative purchaser, as such an exceedingly eligible site, would doubtless be advantageously and profitably occupied by superior houses, or moderately rented shops.

The new shop fronts of Messrs. Bennett, Hodden,
Fig. 1. Louth market place with Rogers & Marsden's 'Byzantine Gothic' Market Hall of 1867.
(David N. Robinson Collection)

Hurley, Hazelgrove, Golam, Tidman, and Noble, arrest the attention, but our admiration is excited still more by the magnificent establishment of Mr. Odling. The Auction Mart of Mr. Ryall, and the modern plate glass fronts of Messrs. Kiddall, Wilson, Fanthorpe, and Barret, cannot be passed unheeded. Mr. Morton's beautiful building merits great praise.

There is a rumour afloat that the Swan Inn, which protrudes very awkwardly at the opposite corner, is

Fig. 2. Eastgate, Louth, looking towards the Fish Slambles.
(David N. Robinson Collection)
likely to be removed and replaced by first-class shops - the sooner the better in our judgment; this Inn, realising forty pounds a year to its proprietor, occupies abundance of space for three forty pound shops and a few square yards to spare, whereby to widen and improve the street.

Mr. Mawer must be congratulated on the astonishing improvement made to his establishment, which however is rivalled by the newly-erected premises of Messrs. Swaby and Snowden.

Next strikes our admiring gaze - the Townhall - the most splendid edifice in the town, except the church, and as a specimen of modern architecture unsurpassed by any public building in Lincolnshire - a wonderful contrast to the 'Pepper Box', as it is contemptuously designated in the market-place of Grimsby.

Proceeding in our investigations toward the centre part of the town, we find three excellent shops, modernised by the late unfortunate Mr. Armitage, now occupied by Messrs. Walker, Adlard and West, next Mr. Melluish's conspicuous premises. Mr. Catling's very showy banner is in danger of being eclipsed by Mr. Boothby's nearly completed new and handsome shop; yet the Number One Drapery Concern, over the way, maintains its respectability and dignity.

The shop of Messrs. W. Shepherd, Keith, Oldham and Button are worthy of note; it is not long since they, at a considerable cost were made to vie with their neighbours. In the market-place, we perceive, that not many years since a row of first-class shops, belonging to Mr. Larder, have been built; a row equally elegant belonging to Mr. Pearson, grace another site; but we cannot overlook Mr. Gates's extensive and imposing establishment, of those of Mr. Brotherton and Mr. Askey.

Mr. Jackson's edifice is worthy of the great Metropolis. Nothing has been heard lately of the proposed company, who were to purchase the premises between the Town-hall and the Market-place, for the purpose of erecting in their place a covered Butter-market, and new street; this improvement must sooner or later be added to the list. Few towns of equal importance are destitute both of a covered Butchers Shambles and Butter-market.

Other parts of the town have improved greatly; for instance, Broad Bank is now filled up, quite to the Union-house, with most splendid private residences, but the traffic having chiefly increased on the east side of the town, more capital has been expended there than elsewhere. More than fifty new fronts have been put out in Eastgate in little more than ten years. Before the opening of the Railway, the chief place of resort was
Westgate, which on Sabbath evenings was thronged with young people (not to their credit or moral benefit); now, the most popular promenade is in the opposite direction, from the Market-place to Louth Park.

Other places of interest and ornament have sprung into existence, within a short period; among the most important, are the Cemetery, the Primitive Methodist Chapel, the Baptist School-room, and the Corn Exchange, and we are shortly to have added, a Savings Bank; all indicative of public spirit and Christian enterprise. With the advance of morality and religion, population is advancing, education is advancing, arts and sciences are cultivated, peace and order are prevailing, and to crown the whole, a race of sober, thoughtful, pious youths are being trained, who promise to eclipse their ancestors in mental vigour, commercial enterprise, self-respect, and intelligent Christianity.

NOTES AND QUERIES

The Editors would like to remind readers that although addresses will be passed on we would appreciate the responses being sent first to the magazine, otherwise this section has no value!

26.1 DOWNTOWN (Lines P&P 25). This item has brought several replies (almost none of which agree with each other!):

As a schoolboy at De Aston (Grammar) School some fifty years ago, I was never aware of any sensation of going ‘UP’ or ‘DOWN’ when going ‘INTO’ town. Certainly I had no thought of the relative position (geographical or otherwise) of the town’s secondary modern school. Perhaps as a bus boy I missed some local nuance. More relevant, surely, is the fact that Market Rasen falls in the shadow of the Wolds, falling from Ludford, through North Willingham to the town. As De Aston is between North Willingham and the town centre, it would be less than logical to refer to going ‘UP’ town. As to the more general point about going ‘UP’ to London or ‘DOWN’, does this not have its roots in the railway age with ‘UP’ and ‘DOWN’ trains? Or is this a chicken and egg situation? (Don Dowson)

Perhaps those people whose work took them to London regularly thought of themselves as going ‘up’ and coming ‘down’ home again to relax at the weekend. At Castle Bytham in the 30s everyone was ‘down’. (Alan Crawford)

Growing up in the east end of Lincoln we always went ‘up town’ even though we were on a level with the city centre. (Pearl Wheatley)

During my early years in Bradford, Yorkshire, I attended St. Bede’s Grammar School (1944-1951) on a hill at the other side of town from my home. I was given two [old] pence a day for bus fares - ‘half penny down’ (to town), ‘half penny up’, ‘half penny down’ and ‘half penny up’. Later, we always travelled down to London. When I settled in Lincolnshire, some twenty years ago now, I continued to travel down to London and still do. I do not know anyone who goes ‘up to London’. Charles Tennyson d’Eyncourt MP FRS (1784-1861) and his family were ‘frequent fliers’ to London from their Tealby home at Bayons Manor. Innumerable references in family correspondence indicates that they invariably went up to London and down to Lincolnshire. Sometimes they simply went from their Park Street, Westminister, home ‘into Lincolnshire’. Was this a social affectation? Incidentally, after my arrivals at Gatwick Airport, I always go from there ‘up to London’. (Jim Murray, Tealby)

26.2 JURDAN CROSS (Lines P&P 25). Dr D M Owen has supplied the following references:
1. Cal.Pap.Registers 1390 (partly reproduced in Lincolnshire Notes and Queries, XIV p.61): Licence to Robert Joneson of Merton, rector of 2/3 of a benefice of Rippingale to build and found, without licence of the ordinary (i.e. of the bishop) a chapel of Holy Cross and have mass and other divine offices celebrated there on a spot in certain fields within the parish bounds near the High Road in which stands and stood a certain wooden cross whither by reason of the miracle wrought there great multitudes with offerings resort there. John, Bishop of Lincoln has forbidden such offerings. [This is Bishop Buckingham] 2. Lincolnshire Archives Office episcopal records Ter 1/118v and 198 - chapel fields in Rippingale and Claypole.

If any reader has been doing any investigation of the landscape history of either of these parishes and has
located either of these fields, please let us know. (H. Healey, Joint Ed.)

26.3 MEMORIAL, POSTMANS PARK, LONDON. The July 1992 number of Family Tree magazine gave an interesting account of this unusual monument in Postman’s Park, near London’s Guildhall, a 50ft. long cloister adorned with Doulton tiles which records an assortment of heroes, including, as the writer of the article puts it, ‘G.F. Watts an artist!’ There is one Lincolnshire reference: ‘Arthur Strange, Carman of London, and Mark Tomlinson, on a desperate adventure to save two girls from a quicksand in Lincolnshire were themselves engulfed. August 25, 1902.’ Can anyone throw further light on this story?

26.4 INDUSTRY ON MAPS (Lines P&P 25.4). Enquirer Richard Oliver has pointed out a typographical error in this item. The reference to ‘pre-1905’ should have read ‘pre-1915’. Our apologies. This error may explain the lack of response to date.

26.5 DECOYS. My passing reference to decoys in a previous note (Lines P&P 24.3) brought a note on Lincolnshire decoys from Nigel Kirkman in Wiltshire. Although the subject has been covered in many articles in recent years in a variety of publications, a summary of this note may be useful to new readers. He quotes from the book I referred to, The History of Borough Fen Decoy by Tony Cook and R. E. M. Pilcher (Providence Press, Ely, 1982). The authority on decoys, Sir R. Payne-Gallwey, in 1886 (The Book of Duck Decoys) recorded as many as 44 still in use in England. Only one was then in use in Lincolnshire, the one at Askby (Bottesford parish, near Scunthorpe), in its heyday the most successful in England. Many decoys were made in the Lincolnshire fens during the eighteenth century [some possibly earlier?]. At one time 38 existed in the south and south-eastern parts of the county, especially between Boston and Wainfleet, and near Spalding and Bourne. J. Wentworth Day in A History of the Fens (Harrap and Co., 1954), lists 40 in Lincolnshire. Friksney New Decoy, one of the best, worked until 1878. Fleet Decoy (the Fleet Coy which started this correspondence) was destroyed indirectly through the cutting of the South Holland Drain. Others ceased to work in the early nineteenth century. In 1950 five were still in use, all in Cambridgeshire or East Anglia.

Additional notes: Fleet Decoy was not actually cut by the South Holland Drain (locally often called the South Holland River) but no doubt ceased to function because of the improved drainage. Its shape was still shown on maps until the 1950s. The South Kyme decoy, one of those mentioned by Wentworth Day, was in the fen known as the Six Hundreds, now part of Heckington parish. Also recently brought to my attention by Antonia Kershaw of the KCHME (Royal Commission on the Historical Monuments of England) is an useful article ‘Duck Decoys’ by E. Denison and V. Russett in the Somerset Archaeology and Natural History Society Journal, 133 (1989), pp. 141-55. This is useful reading with an excellent bibliography.

CITY AND COUNTY MUSEUM - AT LAST SOME LIGHT!

At the time of going to press there comes news of future plans. Unfortunately the time scale of the public meetings means that these will be over by the time this magazine is out in January. The news so far is very encouraging but there is no time here for detail. Readers who are SLHA members do not need to be told how heavily the Society has been involved in concerns over the future of our Museum and how much letter writing was involved. Now that the new Library (for more on this, see Editorial!) is up and running, we looked forward to hearing of something in the way of a survey of the splendid vacated Greyfriars building before it is given a new use. For a while all seemed quiet. Now as a result of a consultancy investigation various very positive proposals are to be put forward. These appeared initially to be Lincoln City based (there was a brief item in the County Council’s recent newspaper which readers may have seen) which will be of concern to those of us who are from the County rather than the City, but now we know more of the detailed proposals it is clear that the wider area will be represented. For the moment the important point is that very positive statements are being made and the Museum staff are enthusiastic.
FACES AND PLACES

AS OTHERS SEE US. In July last Richard Boston, Guardian journalist, visited our Boston in search of material for an article in celebration of American Independence Day. He cycled from Boston to New York, where the Boston Standard caught up with him and photographed him leaning against the New York road sign. He was apparently impressed by the Stump (the writer did not see the article, which presumably came out on 4 July) and wondered why it was not world famous!

On a more down to earth level, Lincolnshire places continue to feature in the current rash of costume dramas on television. The Red Hall at Bourne (for serious information on which see Lincs. History and Archaeology, 8, 1973, pp.13-34) appeared briefly in Moll Flanders as a house in Virginia; other parts of the film were shot at Grimsthorpe and at Glotho church.

HEDGEROW PROTECTION BILL. The draft consultation paper for this Bill has been and gone by the time you read this. It was not too well advertised to groups and societies connected with heritage matters, but nevertheless several comments have been sent from Lincolnshire and the East Midlands which we trust will be duly considered. Clearly it is to be welcomed, but one particular proposed Regulation, that data on important hedgerows would have to be in place on the date the Regulations were published, did cause disquiet, as it would not allow for any fresh research to be added to the record. Since not too much historical research on Lincolnshire hedges is yet in print, this is worrying.

SLEAFORD. Archaeologists from Archaeological Project Services, based at Heckington, have made a number of discoveries whilst working for Anglian Water in the St Giles Avenue/Old Place area of Sleaford. Older readers will recall the excavations by Mr and Mrs Jones there in the 1960s. Amongst other finds from that time were Iron Age coin moulds, Roman buildings and part of the medieval St Giles' church with its burial ground. Further work around Old Place in the 1980s uncovered Roman burials and settlement remains as well as medieval and later features. For the current investigation ground-probing radar, operated by a Worcestershire firm, was used for the first time in the Sleaford area. New finds include medieval and Roman burials, Roman buildings and what are believed to be walls of a smaller Saxon church that existed before the medieval church of St Giles.

GATEHOUSE AT THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION, FOLKINGHAM. This gatehouse, often incorrectly mistaken for the House of Correction itself, though that no longer exists, is the property of the Landmark Trust, who specialise in the letting out of unusual properties for holidays. In November 1996, the Trust held an Open Day at the gatehouse, which was very well attended. The building has been attractively done up in a style appropriate to its period (1825, by Bryan Browning). Those of us of an adventurous nature were able to go down a ladder and look at the cellars. For anyone interested in renting a Landmark property for a break, a list can be obtained from The Landmark Trust, Shottesbrooke, Maidenhead, SL6 3SW. Tel: 01628 825925.

BRICKS AND TILES IN HECKINGTON FEN

A TILE-MAKER WANTED
A Good Hand at making all Sorts of Tiles may have constant Employment and good Wages, by Personal Application, or Letters Post paid, to Mr. E. NOTTINGHAM, Heckington Fen, Lincolnshire. Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford Mercury January 16 1789.

[Later the same brickworks was owned by a Mrs. Millhouse - see Lincs Directories of different dates for further information on owners - I do remember someone at Heckington Show many years ago producing a photograph of her in a carriage outside a large house. Very much earlier, of course, there was brick and tile making during the Roman period over a mile to the south, and using the same bed of clay. This site is also in the modern Heckington Fen. One of these tile kilns was excavated in the 1960s].

22
BOOK NOTES

Christopher Sturman

Copies of most of these titles can be obtained through the Lincolnshire Heritage Bookshop at Jews' Court. Postage is extra.
Shop hours: Tues.-Sat., 10a.m. to 4p.m. Telephone enquiries Tues.-Sat, 10am to 4pm.

ANNE WARD, The Lincolnshire Rising 1536 (2nd edn).
Louth Naturalists', Antiquarian and Literary Society, 1996. 44pp. illus. ISBN 0 9520117 4 3. £6.50 + £1.50 p&p
from The Museum, 4 Broadbank, Louth LN11 6EQ.
The late Anne Ward's The Lincolnshire Rising 1536 was first published in 1986 to mark the 450th anniversary of the event but has been unavailable now for some years. In his Foreword to this welcome reprint, the Oxford historian Steven Gunn writes, 'Anne Ward gives the most detailed and lively account available anywhere of the dramatic events that stunned Lincolnshire in 1536...'. In her close study of the evidence and attention to its local context, Anne Ward was one of the pioneers of a new approach among historians of the risings of 1536 which has gained ground steadily since she wrote. In the process a number of researchers have joined her in the conclusion she made more explicit in her article 'More thoughts on that Rising': that the yeomen and townsmen of Lincolnshire were quite capable of organising their protest without steering from above by aristocratic conspirators.' The article referred to, which was first published in this magazine's predecessor, the S.L.H.A. Newsletter, is included in this new edition (however in its title 'that' has been changed to 'the'); there are also a number of additional illustrations. Another useful volume therefore from the Louth Naturalists', Antiquarian and Literary Society, whose publication record over the last three or four years has been most impressive, though it must be admitted that it would have been helpful if some of the more recently published conclusions on the rising had been listed — for example Steven Gunn's doctoral thesis on Charles Brandon mentioned in 'More thoughts...' was issued as a book in 1988 — and that Anne Ward's original Bibliography had been re-edited to correct errors and some inconsistencies in style.


JOHN R. KETTERINGHAM, ed., A Cathedral Miscellany. The Association of the Friends of Lincoln Cathedral, 1996. ISBN 0 9512738 4 1. £4.75 + £0.50 p&p from the Friends of Lincoln Cathedral, The Cathedral, Lincoln LN2 1PZ.

Lyne Broughton's Interpreting Lincoln Cathedral will be reviewed in a future issue of Lincolnshire History and Archaeology. It is a most attractively produced and finely illustrated scholarly essay - though it is also intended for the non-specialist - in the interpretation of the imagery of the external and internal sculpture of the cathedral, of its medi eval stained glass and, in what is perhaps its most innovative sections, of the symbolic function of its setting (heavenly Jerusalem and its earthly counterpart) and of Exchequer Gate (though here the author also offers a radical interpretation of the symbolism of its passageway bosses).

The other two works on Lincoln cathedral should have wide general appeal. David Cuppleditch's book is principally a photographic record of the cathedral, its dignitaries and helpers, royal visits and various events — there is, for example, a particularly attractive group portrait of the principals, including the composer and Gervase Elwes, involved in a performance of Elgar's 'Dream of Gerontius' in 1910. One of the strengths of the book lies in the fact that the compiler has evidently had access to a fine collection of relatively contemporary photographs (that is post war as opposed to more 'archival' material). Elsewhere I have commented in these book notes on the relatively thin nature of the captions accompanying some of David Cuppleditch's earlier books, but in Lincoln Cathedral most of the information is judicious and informative. Only on occasions does one want more: if one didn't know the people involved it would be easy to imagine that the person being installed as dean in the picture on page 61 was Canon Peter Binnall (who is not named) rather than Oliver Feneleys; it might also have been helpful to have given dates of birth and death of some of those pictured, or failing that their years in the service of the cathedral (the portrait of the Ven A. C. Jarvis, a former archdeacon of Lindsey, is a case in point). One of the most telling photographs in the book is of the cathedral and the city in 1917, partly shrouded in fog (it is part of a section dealing with the continuing problem of restoration). Remedying the effects of atmospheric pollution, has been one of the interests of the Friends of Lincoln Cathedral. It is appropriate, therefore, to welcome John Ketteringham's A Cathedral Miscellany, a collection of short papers on diverse aspects of the cathedral's history - links with the architecture of Trondheim cathedral, the Civil War period, metalwork, bells, weathercocks, etc. - a number of which were first published in the Friends' Annual Report.


This is a most attractive small volume. It presents the daily diary entries (8 January 1917 to 6 January 1918) made by
Jane Glen, then in her early thirties, whose family were small farmers in Ruskington (the editor in his introduction and brief footnotes helpfully identifies family members, their friends and acquaintances). The daily rhythm of agricultural activity at Poplar Farm (very much a family run operation), journeys by bicycle and train, and aspects of village and chapel life emerge strongly. The entry for 11 June is typical: 'My bike punctured up picked a piece of Glass last night. Mended it & Dad’s. Dad went to Ruskington. His byke burst & He sent it to Sleaford for new tube. Lizzie & I went in Carotta, Dad came aft. Practice at Chapel.' But this diary is also particularly valuable for recording the effects of the war on family and locality: there are many entries describing Zeppelin activity - on 25 September bombs were dropped on Anwick landing ground but several fell on neighbouring farm land, including Poplar Farm; the editor records in full a memorandum summary note entered on the flyleaf detailing shortages, the effect on prices and the breaking up of pasture land for field crops, etc. Sadly Jane Glen did not long survive the end of the Great War: the final page of the book records her death in the influenza epidemic of December 1918 and the inscription on her gravestone in the village cemetery. I found reviewing this diary strangely affecting: my grandparents and great-grandparents were small farmers elsewhere in the county during these years. They left no diaries or letters, but through reading this small volume I can begin to understand the diurnal realities of their lives; I am certain others may well feel the same, as it brings to life a world which in many other respects is irretrievably lost.

I drew attention to two recent publications in the series 'Shire Archaeology' in the last issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present, an addition must now be noted, PHILIP de JERSEY, Celtic Coinage in Britain (1996, ISBN 0 7478 0325 0, £4.95), an extremely useful introduction to the subject with a section on the Coriatuvi (formerly known as the Coritan) the tribe centred on Lincolnshire. Also noticed are a number of Shire titles which focus on nineteenth-century tradesmen and craftsmen, including a reprint of W. A. JACKSON, The Victorian Chemist and Druggist (1981, ISBN 0 85263 583 4) and two new publications, GRAHAM HUDSON, The Victorian Price (1996, ISBN 0 7478 0330 7) and TREVOR MAY, The Victorian Undertaker (1996, ISBN 0 7478 0331 5). All these modestly priced booklets (£2.25 each) contain an informative and attractively illustrated general essay, useful lists for further reading as well as a list of places to visit - the Museum of Lincolnshire Life features prominently in these. Local historians often neglect the importance of printing in the economic, social and cultural transformation of the period and Graham Hudson's booklet is especially valuable in exploring the printing of tradesmen's cards, billheads, handbills and other ephemera. Such material also features prominently in the illustrations to Trevor May's The Victorian Undertaker, but here the focus is broader, namely the cultural and social context of death and mourning in the period. One final Shire title must be mentioned here, namely TIM BUXTAUM, Icehouses (1992, ISBN 0 7478 0150 9, £2.25), a most attractive introduction to the subject of both private and commercial icehouses, their design and architecture. As a child, I was shown the icehouse of the Mansion in Westgate, Louth, by its then owner, the late Jack Yates. I was completely fascinated by this and was anxious to learn more of the subject. In those days it was difficult to find any thing more than an encyclopaedia entry on the subject; fortunately anyone today seeking similar information is in a different position thanks to Shire!

The fourth part of KENNETH CAMERON's The Place Names of Lincolnshire covering the wapentakes of Ludborough and Haverstoe (it is, appropriately, dedicated to Kathleen Major), has recently been issued by the English Place Name Society and is reviewed in the 1996 issue of Lincolnshire History and Archaeology. The price to non-members is £30.00 (plus £3.50 pp) from the English Place Name Society, Department of English Studies, University of Nottingham, Nottingham NG7 2RD). The first three volumes - respectively covering the County of the City of Lincoln, Yarborough Wapentake and Walshelf Wapentake - are also available from the Society at the same standard price, though part two which is a 'double volume' covering two subscription years, is £60.00. Not only are individual settlement names discussed, but minor names, the names of roads and streets, those of rivers and streams, as well as field-names, are also all surveyed in detail (the Ludborough and Haverstoe volume, for example, contains many field-names relating to the medieval salt-making industry of Marschapel and North Coates). With the Lincolnshire survey continuing apace (part five dealing with Bradley Wapentake is now in preparation) members of this society are reminded of the advantages of joining the English Place Name Society: annual membership is £25.00; members not only receive the annual volume but also the Society's Journal - the current number (vol.28) contains, amongst other articles, Barrie Cox's 'Yarboroughs in Lindsey', a fascinating extension of research begun with his 'The pattern of Old English burh in early Lindsey' published in Anglo-Saxon England, 23 (1994), pp.35-56.

Other books received/noticed (some items are reviewed in Lincolnshire History and Archaeology vol.31 for 1996):


HENRY THOROLD, Lincolnshire (Pimlico County History Guides). ISBN 0 7126 9892 2. £10.00.

ANN THWAITE, Emily Tennant: The Poet's Wife, Faber, 1996. xix + 716pp. illus. ISBN 0 571 16554 0. £25.00.