Bardney before 1940

Gainsborough Library 1961

Bryant's map of Lincolnshire

Another village record

Touches of Tennyson

Plus - six pages of books - ideal Christmas presents
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Article</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Editorial</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quicksets &amp; Hedges at Enclosure original documents compiled by Rex Russell</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gainsborough Library Remembered</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On the Reliability of Farm Names on Bryant's Map of Lincolnshire</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jews' Court and the Jew's House</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Industrial Archaeology Visit to North Yorkshire</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Another Village Record: a Nonconformist's View</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bardney Before 1940</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Touches of Tennyson</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silk Willoughby, St Denys - the fort</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bookshelf</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Lincolnshire Past & Present Editors: Hilary Healey, Ros Beevers - Reviews Editor: Ray Carroll - Production Editor Ros Beevers

The deadline for contributions to the next Bulletin and the Winter issue of *Lincolnshire Past & Present* is 19 November, 1999. Material should be sent to the Joint Editors at Jews' Court, Lincoln LN2 1LS. Tel 01522 521357. It will help the Editors if articles are sent typed, double spaced, and with a good margin. Details (SAE, please) available from Jews' Court.

Cover picture: A group of local historians from Grimsby at the Stamford Grammar School Summer School in 1938 (see p 10)
Editorial

In this issue we have the usual mix of articles, from Canon Swaby's reminiscences on the influence of Tennyson to Rosalind Boyce's memories of Gainsborough Library in the 1960s to a report of an industrial archaeology visit to North Yorkshire. We are given a timely reminder by Jean Mills and Robert Wheeler of the caution with which old maps should be treated, a subject we have touched on from time to time in these pages. We hear more about Jews' Court, this time not about SLHA's work in the building but about some of its long history. Maureen Birch, the Society's Hon Secretary, has spent some considerable time studying the building's past, including its more recent history, and we look forward with interest to her forthcoming booklet.

For some strange reason we have no Notes and Queries items this time; perhaps everyone was away enjoying summer holidays and resting their enquiring spirits. It is a long time since we had any 'Mystery Pictures' i.e. unidentified photographs presumed to be Lincolnshire. Now that photocopying is so much improved in the county's libraries we may not even need to have the original.

Next a few practical matters. It is certain that this number of the magazine will be arriving late. We do apologise but, as readers will appreciate, most of those involved have to fit the work, which as in any society, is unpaid, alongside full-time employment. Contributors could help us a little by sending for the Notes for Contributors and setting their work out accordingly, whether handwritten, typed or word-processed. I have to say that even a few 'old hands' have slipped up once or twice. We will soon be able to accept contributions on disc again if they are Word files or compatible, and you will be able to contribute by e-mail too. We hope to produce some new notes with details on all this very shortly. A useful reminder for new contributors is to make sure that your name and address or telephone number appear somewhere on the actual manuscript or at the back of an illustration so that the various pieces of information don't become separated. We have a steady trickle of contributions coming in at present and we are always pleased to receive more. Finally I would like to give special thanks to Ros Beevers for livening up the appearance of the magazine. We hope readers are pleased with the results.

Hilary Healey (Joint Editor)
QUICKSETS (HAWTHORN) & HEDGES AT ENCLOSURE

(original documents)

Individuals and groups currently researching Lincolnshire parish history may be coming to the stage of investigating Enclosures. Accounts of Enclosure procedure have been produced by Rex Russell and published in a number of places. Below is a selection of newspaper items from him relating to Enclosure.

Notices in the Lincoln, Rutland & Stamford Mercury

18 November 1796 TO DEALERS IN QUICK
FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND of yearling and TWO Years old
Quick to be sold by THOMAS LEIGHTON, Swineshead, Lincolnshire.

4 November 1796 To be Sold. TEN HUNDRED THOUSAND of exceeding good and strong THORN QUICK now growing.
Enquiries of Mr. Benjamin Bull, Gardener, at Wyberton near Boston.

30 July 1802 POSTS and RAILS
All sorts of OAK POSTS for Enclosures, OAK GATE POSTS and FIR RAILS, TIMBER.
DEALS, and all Articles of Wood used in Buildings, Navigation or Drainages, may be had on
the lowest Terms by Application to B. B. Thompson, Merchant, Hull. July 22, 1802.

22 February 1805 p 3 col 3 WHITE THORN QUICKSETS To be DISPOSED OF, immediately,
A Large Quantity of excellent Two-year old WHITE THORN QUICKSETS, clean and well rooted. They
are well worth the notice of those Gentlemen engaged in planting new Enclosures, and will be sold low.
For further particulars apply to Messrs. ORDOYNE and GAUNT, Nurserymen, Newark upon Trent.

27 September 1805 QUICK-SETTING, &c. / PROPOSALS in writing (post paid)
to Mr. JOHN SEVERS, CROSS SWORDS INN, at GRANTHAM, on or before
SATURDAY, 25th of October next, will be received from persons willing to contract for
the Labour only of upwards of 3000 Acres (of 24 yards) of Fencing, Setting-down,
Quick-setting, and Diking, to the inclosing lines in Gonerby and Manthorpe Open Fields,
in lots of 200 Acres each ...

3 January 1794 p 3 col 2
"The great scarcity of that valuable article for fences, thorn quicksets, has enhanced the price in all its
states, at least one third. The reasons assigned for this uncommon scarcity are, the large demands for
fencing the many extensive commons to be enclosed, - the last spring being unfavourable to its growth, from
blights and mildew; - and the present season producing no haws. The want of this article will be grievously
experienced by the owners of lands, and farms, in particular, as no substitute can be had to answer its
purpose and the growers must be some years, even should the next season supply them with a sufficiency of
seed, before they can produce a quantity adequate to the demands."

10 January 1794 p 4 col 2 ASH PLANTS / To be sold
Several Thousands of Strong Ash Plants, at a reasonable
price. Enquire of Mr. Thomas Barr, Spilsby, Lincs.

28 December 1821 p 1 col 2 To QUICK BUYERS
Any person wanting the best White Thorn Quick, of two-years' growth, may
have from one to fifteen hundred thousand, of a good sort, and at low
prices, by applying to William Leak, at the Peacock in Kirton, near Boston;
if by letter, post paid.
The two articles on Gainsborough in the Spring edition of Lincolnshire Past & Present, especially Our Old Town Revisited, transported me back almost forty years and gave me the incentive needed to write up some of my memories of the time when I was a junior assistant at Gainsborough Library.

Gainsborough library remembered

Rosalind Boyce

Reproduced by kind permission of Lincolnshire County Council Education & Cultural Services Directorate, Gainsborough Old Hall

The Old Hall and Library, Gainsborough, taken in the early 1960s at about the time I was there.
(Note the buses parked at the side of the library).
When I left school, employment, though plentiful, was a hit and miss affair. Career advice was sketchy and work experience undreamed of. For girls who didn’t go to university (few did) nursing, teaching or secretarial work were considered suitable, none of which appealed to me. But having read Moity Hilton, Library Assistant in the Bodley Head Career novels series, I decided that librarianship might not be a bad idea, and this is how I found myself the newest and greenest recruit at Gainsborough Library in the autumn of 1961.

The 1905 red brick Tudor-style Carnegie building looks much the same as it always did, but those who today are familiar with its light, modern interior would be amazed if they could step back to 1961. It was a drab, gloomy place full of dark brown polished wood, and was almost always cold. My first task on my first day (and for many subsequent days) was to unwrap the newspapers and magazines and set them out in the newsroom. The newspapers were fastened to rods and laid out on high desks. The magazines, as I remember, were placed in plastic folders and left on the tables.

Newsrooms were a feature of all libraries for many years and the one at Gainsborough was the room to the left of the front door, which later became the children’s library. Back copies of each newspaper and magazine were kept at the counter to await collection by those mean or impoverished persons who had purchased them at a special auction held at the end of the financial year. If any were missing it meant trouble: ‘We’ve paid for those papers!’. Newsrooms generally were not popular with staff, being favoured by tramps and various unsavoury characters who used the place as somewhere to keep warm, though warmth does not feature largely in my memory of Gainsborough. The winter of 1961 was particularly cold, the boiler was temperamental and my fingers were red and swollen with chilblains. It was suggested to me that I ought to wear fingerless mittens, but I cannot now remember if I actually did so. We library assistants wore nylon overalls, items that have disappeared in the intervening years along with newsrooms. Mine was green and I was very conscious that it was long and dowdy, but it served its purpose in keeping my other clothes (e.g. skirt and jumper) clean, and I suppose we all looked dowdy - perhaps this is where the poor image of librarians originates. The static on the nylon attracted dust and the overall was difficult to get clean when it was washed at the weekend.

A Scottish lady, Miss Isabella B. Thomson, was the Chief Librarian; she was too important to wear an overall. To me she appeared very glamorous, if a little intimidating, in spite of her advanced years - she must have been all of forty-five. She had dark, wavy hair and wore brilliant red lipstick that came off on her coffee cup. She appeared to have a very comfortable life at Gainsborough. She had many friends in the town, and often received them in her office for long chats. I would be dispatched to make coffee for them. Coffee-making held terrors for me as milk was boiled in a saucepan balanced on a 3-bar electric fire turned on its side - no health and safety regulations in those days.

Under Miss Thomson’s influence the shelves in the lending library (the room to the right of the front door) were lined with the latest books on bridge, cookery and gardening. The other subjects were poorly served with ancient tomes bound in black, dark green or maroon. Plastic jackets were just being introduced for new books and were a great improvement. In my subsequent library career, books always came ready jacketed from the supplier, but at Gainsborough we had to put the jackets on ourselves. Making them fit was no easy task and they were the cause of many a sore finger, the plasters invoking ‘What have you done to your finger, dear?’ and other such comments from the readers.

The mention of Our Old Town brought back bitter memories of ‘mending’, or rather, trying to decide which books needed mending, rebanding or ‘throwing out’. I don’t know what the criteria were. ‘Mending’ involved strips of linen and a semolina-like substance called Polliwog paste and was not entirely successful to say the least. As with ‘jacketing’ I never came across ‘mending’ in my subsequent career.

‘Throwing out’ was a very risky business - a dingy book with a dark red cover seemed to me an obvious candidate and I placed it on the appropriate pile. It wasn’t long before I found myself being severely reprimanded for attempting to ‘throw out’ Our Old Town but how was I to know?

Soon after I arrived, Miss Thomson surprised everybody one morning by announcing that she was leaving to become Chief Librarian at Goole. She remained in that post until her retirement in 1974. She died earlier this year. Her place at Gainsborough was taken by Jim English. Under his charge, the library was brought into the modern age, but in my
memory, his first and greatest achievement was changing the electric fire for a proper gas ring for boiling milk.

People have sometimes wondered why I never cared for work with children. This is why. We never had the whole day off on Saturday - we either finished at noon or worked on until six, depending which week it was. Even worse than coffee-making and 'mending' was Saturday afternoon. I didn't so much object to working - it was busy and the time passed quickly - it was the children's library that I dreaded.

At that time the children's library was situated somewhere in the region of the stairs to the present mezzanine, right out of sight of the counter and entirely unsupervised, the result of which was bedlam with books pulled from the shelves and strewn all over the tables and floor. It 'closed' at 4.30 on a Saturday and it was my job, as the newest junior, to put this mess to rights and have the books shelved and put in order by 6pm - all by myself, as far as I remember, but it may not always have been the case. This was bad enough, but the worst agony was that the bus home to Market Rasen departed at 6pm and I was fearful of missing it.

Time would race by - I would get all the books on the shelves, then I would have to set about putting them in order - the time would race faster - Willard Price... Noel Streetfield... when I arrived at Elfrida Vipont's Terk in the Morn it meant I was nearly there... when six o'clock came, the 'tidying' would be finished and I would rush out to the bus stop. The bus rarely left before ten past, but I never stopped worrying. Nowadays there is no bus service from Gainsborough to Market Rasen on Saturdays, and only on weekdays in school term-times.

I worked in libraries for 28 years altogether, almost all with Lincoln and Lincolnshire. I have a very great affection for Gainsborough and look back at that year at the library with nostalgia for a world gone by (without wishing for those days to return). I am still in touch with Diana Rose whom I met on my first day there. She recently reminded me about the proposal at that time to demolish the Old Hall and replace it with a carpark. (She also told me that before the days of the electric fire, the milk saucepan would be put on an open coal fire). I must confess that the Old Hall meant little to me in 1961, although I do remember much earlier being taken there by my parents, and being shown round by a distinguished white-haired gentleman whom I now think might have been Harold Bruce.

For the past ten years I have worked on the computer index of the collections of photographs in Lincolnshire museums and libraries. In 1991 I was gratified to have the chance to index the Gainsborough photographs, including those by Ernest Carter and George Brocklehurst, and Jim English's slides. I was totally oblivious of them in 1961, although they must have been there. Just recently, in 1999, I have been indexing the photographs kept at the Old Hall, and again the memories of 1961 have been flooding back. 2005 will see the centenary of Gainsborough Library. I hope that when the time comes, this anniversary will be appropriately marked. Is Gainsborough's longest serving library building in Lincolnshire?

Poachers at Heckington

A spirited chase commenced last week at Heckington, by the Constable of that place and several men charged to assist him, to take two poachers named Medlar and Burgess. One being in bed, made his escape out of the window, with nothing on but his shirt, and showed real game, taking hedges, ditches, roads and ploughed fields, without shoe or stocking, and was closely pursued through seven parishes for the whole day: night coming on, and the hunters running by sight, not by scent, lost him, and were compelled to give him credit for resolution and activity. The other, Burgess, took shelter under a large brewing tub; one of the pursuers suspected that to be the case, and got upon it and held him down, while the others came up and secured him.

The Chesterford Chronicle - 26 December 1834

[I have no idea why this should have been in a Chesterford paper, and there does not seem to be a Heckington in Essex. Ed.]

6 Lincolnshire Past & Present No 57 Autumn 1999
ON THE RELIABILITY OF FARM NAMES ON
BRYANT'S MAP OF LINCOLNSHIRE

Robert Wheeler & Joan Mills

Bryant's 1828 map of Lincolnshire is regarded as a useful supplement to the Ordnance Survey Old Series in that it names isolated farmsteads. In any era when names could not be read off farm gates, establishing a name could only be done by enquiry. The Ordnance Survey is known to have entered into detailed correspondence on the form of a name that should appear on its maps. An independent surveyor must generally have limited himself to oral enquiries and the reliability of his names would have depended on whom he asked. The authors' investigations in three parishes south of Lincoln suggest that Bryant's sources were not always reliable.

Harmston presents the least favourable picture. Bryant names three farms. Clark's Farm was owned by Benjamin Thorold Esq of Harmston Hall and occupied by Joseph Clarke. It is referred to as 'Heath Farm' occasionally in the ratepayers' lists but in a context where the purpose was to distinguish it from other property occupied by Clarke; it is quite credible that 'Clark's Farm' was the normal name.

Thorold's barn was a field farmstead and cottage also owned by Benjamin Thorold. Since he owned four-fifths of the parish, his name would not have been a useful way of designating a farm-house. In the 1851 census it was referred to simply as 'The Barn', in 1861 as 'Harmston Barn'. Bryant's name is unlikely to have been the form used within the parish. Parsonage Farm was not a farm but a cottage. It was the personal property of the Rev Henry Clark, the Vicar of Harmston, who had built it on land adjoining his glebe, which he bought in 1825. The remainder of this land, together with his glebe, he leased to Joseph Clarke.

The cottage can be traced through the Census Enumerators' Books. In 1851 it was occupied by Henry Clark's groom; by 1861 an adjoining cottage had been added; by 1871 it had indeed become a farm. Bryant's name was doubly wrong - the property was not a farm, nor did it belong to the parsonage, merely to the then parson.

In the western part of Branston, Bryant names two farms (Tonge's Farm and Featherby's Farm). There is evidence to suggest that Charles Tonge occupied the former and John Featherby owned the latter.

In the parish of Canwick, Bryant names six farms. Two are named after their owners (Corporation Farm and Parsonage Farm). By 1851 their names were 'Manor Farm' and 'Rectory Farm'. Bryant's names are nevertheless credible. Two more (Kirton's Farm and Green's Farm) were named after their apparent occupiers. A fifth farm bears a topographic name (Grove Farm), which is not known from other sources. Finally, Sheepwash Grange is given its long-standing name (together with an alternative).

Greens Farm and Grove Farm are adjacent. From 1813 the latter was Sibthorpe property. The former was never owned by the Sibthorpes; it is unclear who owned it after 1815 though the occupier is listed as 'Chettie' in 1816 and by 1834 the farm seems to have been owned and occupied by a Charles Popplewell. A William Green appears from the rate books to have occupied the same farm from 1792 to 1817 (after which there is no list of ratepayers extant until 1837). A list of the allocation of pews in the Canwick Register describes Green as a Sibthorpe tenant in 1815, and the size of a holding suggests he was occupying Grove Farm. William Green died in 1828, bequeathing his farm stock to William Goulding, his grandson, who thereafter appears briefly as one of the Canwick farmers, most notably in the parish return for the 1831 census, where he is listed alongside Popplewell. All this is consistent with Green remaining at Grove Farm until his death and the tenancy being taken over by his grandson. Certainly for Green to have been occupying Greens Farm in 1828 requires not one but two improbable moves. In short, Bryant's name Greens Farm appears to have been attached to the wrong farm.

Taken together, the three parishes produce three farm names that appear to be erroneous. The mistakes could perhaps have resulted from a diligent enquiry of an unreliable source, such as someone from an adjoining parish. However, there is a further name that does not allow such an explanation - Harmston Mill. This is a windmill standing on the parish boundary between Waddington and Harmston. At the
present time it lies within the parish of Waddington. There is no evidence that the parish boundary has moved since 1828 and no mill appears in the Harmston rating lists of that period. Nevertheless, the Ordnance Survey Old Series shows it as lying just outside the County of the City of Lincoln, presumably in error. Bryant marks the parish boundary in the same place as the OS, which thus places the mill in Harmston. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Bryant copied his boundary here from the OS map and made up the mill's name.

To conclude, the minor names on Bryant's map need to be used with caution. Whilst they have potential to provide information unavailable from other sources, errors are quite common and collateral evidence should be sought.

Notes
1 See eg J. B. Harley's introductory essay to Vol IV of Margary's reproductions of the Old Series Ordnance Survey Maps of England and Wales pp xvii.
2 Names in italics are those given by Bryant.
3 Lincs Archives Office (LAO) Harnston Par 14/1.
4 LAO BS 18/2/5.
5 LAO Branston Par 10 and 62/13768.
7 Including Waddington but not Harmston.
Jews' Court and the Jew's House

In the Summer issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present Pearl Wheatley described the day-to-day life of SLHA headquarters, Jews' Court, which stands on Steep Hill next to the Jew's House. In this edition, Maureen Birch tells its story. A fuller account will soon be found in Mrs Birch's book about Jews' Court, the medieval houses on Steep Hill, and the Jews of Lincoln, to be published shortly by SLHA.

The Society for Lincolnshire History and Archaeology is very fortunate in having such an auspicious headquarters as Jews' Court in Lincoln. Over the years myth and legend have become intermingled with fact and, as documentation is scarce, it is not easy to separate the two. The story that draws most people to Jews' Court is a legend based on prejudice and hate: some Jews were accused of killing a little boy and throwing his body down a well at Jews' Court. Although totally untrue, the Jews being used as scapegoats, similar stories are to be found in York and Norwich and other places too. This myth was further encouraged when a resident of Jews' Court in the nineteen twenties, unable to find the legendary well, had one 'dug'.

During 1271 a very important event took place in Lincoln, which was highly regarded by all the English Jewry - Judith, the daughter of a Jewess called Bellasser, was betrothed to Aaron son of Benjamin, Jew's House, a twelfth century building, is regarded in legend as the home of the beautiful Judith and it is said that the betrothal took place in a synagogue next to the Jew's House. Tradition has it that Jews' Court stands in the area where this synagogue was, and this inspired a young Jewish couple to have their betrothal celebrated at Jews' Court in 1992. [See Lincolnshire Past & Present No 7].

After the expulsion of the Jews in 1290, Jew's House became the property of the king, and eventually was presented to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln Cathedral by William de Thornton. Several early historians thought that the magnificent doorway to Jew's House was the original entrance to the synagogue. In 1934 a visit of the Jewish Historical Society to Jews' Court brought about the first occasion on which the municipality of Lincoln has been in official contact with any Jewish body since the Middle Ages. (Councillor George Deer, then Mayor of Lincoln). The present building has been altered many times during its history and during the nineteenth century housed many families. In the first part of this century, Jews' Court very nearly came to a sticky end but was saved by a forerunner of SLHA. It is thanks to the Lincolnshire Architectural and Archaeological Society, who rescued and renovated the building, that Jews' Court, although not as old as its neighbour, was preserved. It is well known that Steep Hill was one of the main areas where the Jews of Lincoln lived in medieval times, and the city itself was one of the chief places associated with them. Aaron of Lincoln, one of the richer Jews, provided some of the money to build the Cathedral. Yet the Jews were eventually driven out of Lincoln as they were from cities in all of England.

Over seven hundred years later some Jews have returned to Lincoln and now meet regularly at Jews' Court. It has seen much activity since it became the headquarters of SLHA in 1988. The present Society is the offspring of several amalgamations of local history and archaeological societies, and celebrated its 25th birthday in 1999. Jews' Court is now the home of a very large family indeed, for SLHA has members not only in England and the British Isles but in many countries abroad as well.

Faces from the past

Flora Murray has kindly provided this photograph of the 'Grimsby Group' of local historians who attended a summer school in local history at Stamford Grammar School in 1938. The Lindsey Rural Community Council and Lincolnshire Local History Society organised the summer school. L to R back row: Miss Helen R. Hall, Miss Ethel Greenfield, Mr Charles Beares (Headmaster, Waltham School), Miss Agnes Inches, Miss Lilian Greenfield, Mr Frank Harrison, a headmaster from Cleethorpes. [unknown]. L to R front row: the Rev A. C. Sinclair (of Beelsby, whose history of Beelsby was regarded as a model at the time), Miss Mary Hardy, Miss Molly Drewery. Charles Beares will be known to many as author of Lincolnshire in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.
INDUSTRIAL ARCHAEOLOGY VISIT TO NORTH YORKSHIRE

Report by Stewart Squires

This four-day visit in May 1999 was based on the picturesque village of Staithes, on the coast north of Whitby. Many of us go to this area of the North Yorkshire Moors National Park for its scenery. We were there to look at it from underneath, as this was specifically a mining visit, looking at mining here of both today and yesterday.

Our first call was at the Potash Mine at Boulby. The siting of the modern pit head buildings on this landscape is a good illustration of the problem of integrating large buildings into the countryside and how they cannot be hidden. The mine does, however, provide jobs to the benefit of many who live there. The potash mine opened in 1974 and serves mainly the agricultural industry. At some 1100 metres it is the deepest mine in Europe.

Following a presentation on the company, Cleveland Potash, and its activities, we were kitted up to go underground. The equipment included a heavy belt carrying the battery for a helmet lamp and emergency breathing apparatus. Entering a rather claustrophobic lift cage into which we were tightly packed, we were taken underground. Even falling at around 30 feet per second it takes some time to reach the bottom. The rate of acceleration and deceleration is carefully controlled however so that the experience is not quite the white knuckle ride it could be. Pit bottom is below the potash seam. Here is a bed of rock salt through which access ways run and from which roads go up to mine potash. Two areas are being exploited. One, almost under Whitby, is temporarily flooded. When the mine is working visitors are not taken here because the temperature is in the mid 40s C. We were taken out under the North Sea, about 3.5km off Skinningrove.

We travelled in a flat-bed Transit with seats fitted at the rear. The journey normally takes about 25 minutes but we paused en route to look at the strata, and at the point where the road goes under the sea - marked by a sign reading 'coast'. Once at the working face we saw the work of the geologist, who sets the route of mining, the cutting process itself, and the roof bolting system. It was very hot, about 55°C, dusty and noisy. In addition to potash, the mine also produces rock salt.

Back at the pit bottom we were shown the loading and haulage system taking the product to the surface, before taking the lift back to the surface ourselves.

The visit lasted four hours and we were left with many vivid impressions of modern mining. From then on we were to look at the history of ironstone mining in the Cleveland area. Day two started with a trip to the Tom Leonard Mining Experience at Skinningrove, the only museum in the country devoted to ironstone mining. Here, at the former Loftus Mine, worked from 1848 to 1958, we were given a guided tour, which included the museum and the ventilation system, went inside the North Drift, and took 'the mining experience'. The last introduced us to methods of mining and just what it was like for the men and boys who worked in what seemed very primitive conditions and often in the dark. The museum can be well recommended and has a core of committed volunteers.

On leaving the museum we spent some time in the open air as a contrast, and we also looked at some other sites and buildings related to the industrial archaeology of the area. The first of these provided a strong contrast to the work members carried out to record the remains of ex RAF Stenigot and the development of radar within the UK. At Stenigot we recorded the buildings of World War Two and the Cold War early warning system. On the cliffs at Boulby, said to be the highest in England, we visited the site of the first attempt to give early warning.

During the First World War explosives were produced at Skinningrove. Its coastal situation made it an easy target for bombing, and following a raid a sound mirror, one of two in this area, was built to pick up the engine noise of zeppelins over the North Sea. Once pinpointed, aircraft could be sent to intercept them.

The rest of the day was spent at Ravenscar where we looked at the site of the 'town that never was', a failed attempt to create a new town in the late nineteenth century. We also took in Whitby railway (1884-1965), Ravenscar Brickworks (1900-1960), and the Alum Works, which worked from 1640 to 1890. Day three was
devoted to the Port Mulgrave Mine (1857-1881). The main haulage road of this mine was subsequently developed into a railway tunnel through which ore from the mine we were to visit the next day, Grinkle Mine, was taken and shipped out from the dock at Port Mulgrave.

With a guide, we penetrated about 1km into the workings. Roof falls and flooded roadways were taken in our stride - a fascinating, and strenuous, insight into areas last worked over one hundred years before. This mine was on the coast, and ore was also quarried along the foreshore at low tide. The afternoon was spent walking below the cliffs to see the cliffside entries into the mine, the quarries, evidence of how the tide was managed, to give longer opportunity for the men to quarry ore, and evidence of early docks cut in the rock, tramways and runways. Port Mulgrave was built for the carriage of ore by ship to Teesside. We explored its remnants and were interested to note the reference on a National Trust board that it had been built largely by labourers from Lincolnshire.

Day four was our visit to the remains of Grinkle Mine. These lie alongside the Boulby Mine. Grinkle worked from 1865 to 1934. The remains now lie in a sylvan setting through which runs a well-used public footpath. We had much to see, including drift mouths, an inclined plane, loading hopper, haulage engine beds and the route of the tramway. Here we bumped into our landladies from our Staithes B&B places who, having heard so much about mining in that area from us, decided to see for themselves the remains of their mining heritage. All in all, it was a very enjoyable visit, which could not have been the success it was without the great welcome and enthusiastic support of so many local people. The various sites were extremely interesting, but I, at least, was left with the feeling that I have chosen the right career path in that I did not become a miner, and that I can work in the open air, in daylight. I do not envy at all the working conditions of miners, especially those of 50 years ago and before. Finally, we have to thank Cleveland Potash, Alan Chiltem and his team at the Cleveland Mining Museum, and Simon Whitlock for sharing his time and knowledge of mining at Port Mulgrave and Grinkle Mines.
Another village record: a nonconformist's view

Eileen Elder

"The Ormsby squire would not allow a Methodist chapel on his estates but in nearby 'open' villages they flourished," Margaret Goodrich

In her article 'A Village Record' (Lincolnshire Past & Present 36, pp 11-14), Margaret Goodrich describes something of the nineteenth century Church of England in the Lincolnshire Wolds villages of Driby and South Ormsby. Her account, based on a bundle of nineteenth century papers, draws attention to some of the effects of the system of Church of England patronage whereby the squire of South Ormsby was responsible for the appointment of his own parish clergy. Mrs Goodrich notes that the squires of South Ormsby, the Massingberd Mundy, were the patrons of the united living, and their cousins, William Burrell Massingberd, Francis Charles and William Oswald Massingberd, uncle, nephew and great-nephew, held the living from 1780 to 1911 with only one slight interruption.

In the course of her discussion relating to the number of parishioners attending Easter and Christmas communion services, Mrs Goodrich draws attention to one specific consequence of the power of the alliance between patron and parson, noting 'the Ormsby squire would not allow a Methodist chapel on his estates but in nearby 'open' villages they flourished'. This comment brings to mind the record of nonconformism in the vicinity of Driby and South Ormsby, and, in particular, within the adjacent parish of Swaby. The following record is that given to me by William Burnett (1878-1976) of Swaby. William Burnett's view was that of a committed nonconformist from 'another village'.

William Burnett was a lifelong 'Wesleyan', although by the time of his death in his ninety-eighth year he would be more commonly termed 'Methodist'. He was born at Swaby in 1878 of a nonconformist family and except for a 30-year break during his early working life when he was employed some miles from his place of birth he was a continuous member of the Swaby Methodist congregation. In old age he recalled his youthful years, placing particular emphasis on his personal wish that the record of nonconformist religion within the parish of Swaby should not be forgotten.

As can be seen from the first edition of the one-inch Ordnance Survey map, the parish of Swaby lies next to the parishes of Driby and South Ormsby. In 1891 its population including the hamlet of White Pit amounted to 364 while the combined parishes of South Ormsby cum Ketsby with Driby made 353. As explained in 'A Village Record', South Ormsby with its satellite village of Driby was a 'closed' parish. However, Swaby was somewhat different. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, unlike South Ormsby where the village was governed by a resident landowner 'squire' who appointed his own parson, in this parish all the major land-holders were absentee landlords and there was no square nor cleric resident within the parish. When it came to the matter of nonconformism, the absentee landlords followed the same line as the squires of South Ormsby and there was no encouragement of nonconformism across the major part of the parish, but within the hamlet of White Pit a number of small enclosures were owned by neither the church nor its allies. In this area the religious views of the establishment held little sway, although it would be far from the truth to say that they had little effect. The effect was easy to see, and it was not a sight that was likely to please the squire and clergy of nearby South Ormsby, for it was to White Pit that many of the nonconformist worshippers that were referred to in Margaret Goodrich's article regularly repaired on a Sunday. Here they consolidated and financially supported White Pit's own nonconformist congregation, for as William Burnett clearly recalled, White Pit was the closest point at which many of the squires of Ormsby's nonconformist tenantry were able to assemble for religious observance.

The first Wesleyan Chapel to be built within the parish of Swaby was a tiny building. Its date of construction is variously given as not much earlier than 1790, or more specifically as '1806'. It stands on the western side of the main road through White Pit, a simple brick building with a slate roof. As the Alford Circuit was not formed until 1812, the construction of this meeting place speaks volumes for the strength of the local Wesleyan movement at this time. In 1839 it was
replaced by a larger chapel 'with a school-room upstairs', built on land purchased 'for the sum of £19 6s 0d from John Stones.' It was situated slightly to the east, on the minor road that links White Pit with Swaby village, and is now used in connection with a joinery business.

Within 30 years congregations had outgrown this building and John Stones sold a further plot of land for a new chapel. This was built in 1886 for the sum of £717. This chapel was described as 'large and commodious' with a schoolroom and vestry. In architectural style it was similar to the Methodist chapel on West Street in Alford albeit smaller and simpler in scale. The schoolroom survives as Swaby village hall but the chapel itself was demolished some years ago. Its former importance can be judged from the size of the area available for carparking to the front of the village hall.

In common with other Methodists the country over, the White Pit Methodists experienced quarrels and splits, and in 1869 a splinter group, the 'United Free Methodists' established a separate chapel. At a later date this building was used by the 'Primitive Methodists'. According to William Burnett, by the mid 1930s this building was no longer in use as a chapel. It was used as a store room for some years, but by the time of its demolition in the course of road-widening c1960, it was derelict.

How was this independence of religious activity within the parish of Swaby viewed by the established church, and what action did it take to counter it? At the beginning of the nineteenth century the church at Swaby was in a nearly ruinous condition and in the absence of a resident clergyman there was little or no provision for the instruction of children according to the teachings of the Church of England. In an attempt to remedy this situation a new brick and slate church was built at a cost of £500 in 1828. It was a direct replacement of that which had been a very poor thatched building. A substantial rectory was built in 1839 at a cost of £1,200, the same year as the second nonconformist chapel with its schoolroom was being built at White Pit. Finally, in 1857 a Church of England school was built. It was situated at the junction of Church Lane and the main road, a location approximately equidistant between Swaby village and the hamlet of White Pit. It cost £322 18s 2d. The opening of this school probably brought to an end the dame school, which had been the only source of elementary education in the parish before then.

Through his recollections William Burnett chronicled the decline of religious observance in the parish. By the closing years of his life the population had fallen and Swaby was once again deemed to be of insufficient status to warrant the presence of a resident clergyman. Instead of Holy Communion or Matins every Sunday morning, and Evensong every Sunday afternoon or evening, only one service per Sunday was held in the parish church. The Methodist chapel, formerly the pride of the local nonconformist community, had been forced by financial pressures to close. The remnant of the Methodist congregation held a monthly service in the parish church. Ironically, instead of being the heart of nonconformist community, the Methodist chapel was let to the Church of England as a store for redundant church furnishings.

In old age William Burnett was often asked by those with shorter memories than his why such a 'large and commodious' chapel had once been built in such a small hamlet as White Pit. His reply was always the same - 'Why? Because the people of Dibby, Calceby, Ketsby, South Ormsby and Walmgate were not allowed to build their own chapels. People from all these villages, as well as Swaby, used to come to services and, large as it was, it was often full.' He would then go on to make clear that these people regarded the restrictive powers of such as the squire-patrons of South Ormsby and their clergy as an infringement of personal liberties: only beyond their sway could the freedom to worship according to personal belief be found. For this freedom, William Burnett recalled, whatever the time of the year some would walk many miles.

As an office holder it used to be his habit to arrive at chapel on a Sunday evening 'in good time'. One hot summer's evening he reached the chapel door and turned to look down the road he had just walked. The sight that met his eyes was of a hill side just full of people walking, walking to chapel. There was not a horse, nor donkey, nor mule to be seen, nor a wheeled vehicle - just people walking in total silence to chapel. It was 'said Mr Burnett, 'the finest sight of [his] life.'

This article is compiled from a combination of the writer's own diaries and Swaby records.

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* Mrs Goodrich made a correction to her original article but it was not discovered before the magazine went to press, for which we apologise. Ed
Bardney before 1940

After visiting Bardney recently it set me thinking of the village as I knew it in the 1930s up to the Second World War. I attended the Wesleyan School until I was 14 years old and then had Mr Jubb's milk round with the pony and milk float; this made me very familiar with the village and the people living there.

This is what I remember of Bardney. The station end of the village was always referred to as 'Down Ferry'; here were the two factories - sugar beet and Foster's cannery; also Cliff's bakehouse and Dawson's butchers. Quinceys had a blacksmith's and wheelwright's, also a timber business and they were undertakers. Here was Mr Bone's grocery shop and the station, which was the junction for Wragby, Louth and Grimsby. The branch line went to the right and passed over Abbey Road where there was a level crossing and gatehouse. At the end of this road were the ruins of the old abbey.

It is always said that Bardney people leave their doors open. There are a few stories about this, but the one I like is that because the monks tried to reach the abbey for sanctuary the people along the way left their doors open so the monks could take refuge in their houses until it was safe to carry on. Going back to the centre of the village, near the abbey stood a six-sailed mill and house, in which Mr and Mrs Bunn lived with their family.

Round the corner from the mill you were in the 'square'; the Angel Hotel and the Nag's Head pub stood on the corners, with Todd's butcher's shop and Treadgold's lovely old shop. It was a grocery and a drapery. There was Cliff's bakehouse and Saddler's shop and Miss Bradley's sweet shop, as well as Mr Thompson's barber's and tobacconist's shop. Kent's bakehouse, Blythe's newspapers, Lee's small garage and Quincey's and Holden's grocery and drapery shops were all along the end of Station Road.

The rest of the village was known as 'Round Town'. There was St Laurence's church and a beautiful chapel and lecture hall, the church school, Parker's butcher's, Blades' sweet shop, the pinfold, and the post office; also Mr Brackenbury's busy chemist and grocery, the Wesleyan school, Miss Daubney's sweet shop, and further round the corner was the CWS store with its own bakehouse. There was Harsley's fish and chip shop; they also had a van called 'The Jubilee' to go round the villages, as well as an ice-cream bike. Mr Marks had a timber business and was an undertaker; he was also the chapel organist for as long as I can remember. There was Tommy Todd's sweet shop, Bell's blacksmith's shop, a cobbler's shop and the Black Horse Inn, and stables and rooms for the horses and carts used by the CWS. There was a Primitive chapel on Wragby road and another timber yard, and behind the yard was a cricket ground, and this brings you back to the Square.

We had two sets of tennis courts - Mr and Mrs Duckett had one for learners and two for seniors. There were four music teachers - Miss Pollington, Miss Barton, Mr Marples and Mr Bridger.

Mr Skayman was the chimney sweep and Mr Hogg was Town Cryer, and yes, he did ring a bell and shout 'Oyez'.

Three more pubs were in the village - The Jolly Sailor, Station Hotel and The Sloop, also a small one along the bank called The Anchor. Men from Sheffield used to come by train to fish in the Witham. There was a Salvation Army meeting hall. The fair was held every year on the green. There was a town band and school sports and a field day held in Daubney's paddock. A man came every Sunday afternoon on a motorbike with a sidecar, selling ice-cream and the Sunday School outing was by train to Skegness once a year.

Dr Sidebottom was the first doctor I remember, then Dr Exley came. Bardney never seemed like home to me after they demolished the chapel and Treadgold's Corner. I remember always feeling great going into Treadgold's. Mr Treadgold managed the grocery side and Mrs Treadgold used to preside over the drapery with the help of Maud Turner and another lady whose name I can't remember. Mrs Treadgold was always beautifully dressed with lots of black and beads - this is when my own love of beads began.

When the war started, things changed very quickly. Most of the boys I had gone to school with were soon in the services and away to war, and we had a great number of servicemen stationed in Bardney and an aerodrome was built on the outskirts at Lowfields, bringing in many more airmen. Life began to change in the Bardney that I knew in the 1930s, and now although I live less than ten miles away, I seldom go back. Home is where the heart is and mine is in Thimbleby.
Touches of Tennyson

J. E. Swahy

People living in Wainfleet, Louth, Mablethorpe and Barton on Humber may find a little interest in an account of how a man whose life covered most of the nineteenth century has touched the life of one whose life has covered most of the twentieth.

The writer spent his boyhood in Wainfleet, but there only one person mentioned to him the name of Alfred Tennyson. She was Florence Wilson, a dedicated teacher of small children at the Bryant School in Barkham Street. She gave me a copy of Tennyson's poetical works on my twenty-first birthday. She liked to think of Wainfleet as the 'little town' of the Brook. There is, indeed, a watery link between Somersby and Wainfleet, as the Somersby Brook enters the River Lymn.

In the twelfth century the waters of that river were diverted to join the stream carrying water from the East Fen to Wainfleet Haven. A more direct cut was made to the Haven in 1818. Of course a poet's description of a stream can be composite, including features of several streams. The mention of 'twenty thorpes' and the fact that the poem was written soon after Tennyson left Somersby do, however, suggest that Somersby Brook was at the front of his mind.

One might fancifully suggest that at Louth Grammar School the shadow of Tennyson fell on the writer. At morning assembly I stood beneath a bust of the poet. Three Tennyson brothers went to that school, residing with their grandmother in Westgate Place. It is well known that Alfred was not happy at the school, and in later years would not go down School House Lane. The headmaster, Waight, was a flogger, and it is interesting to note that the school seal shows a bare-bottomed boy being caned. The school attended by the Tennysons was on the site of the one attended by the writer.

From the windows one could see the old deep red brick wall of Westgate House with its foxgloves and a rich variety of weeds. That wall was one of the few happy memories Alfred took away with him. I like to think it inspired Flower in the Crannied Wall.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand.
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

This is fancy on my part, for the poem was written 50 years after Tennyson left Louth, and crannied nooks are plentiful. I do, however, confess to beginning a Harvest Festival sermon in Louth St James as if fancy were fact.

The writer was rector of Mablethorpe from 1953 to 1960. The poet was inescapable. The children of Dr Tennyson often spent holidays there and I read with delight a letter in the County Archives from the exasperated doctor when he found he was too late to book rooms. Every shed in Mablethorpe, Sutton and Trusthorpe was occupied by 'greasy and pot-bellied grocers and linen drapers'. The story is well known of how Alfred and his brother Charles hired a carriage to go from Somersby to Mablethorpe to shout their verses to the waves after Jackson of Louth had printed Poems by Two Brothers. Tennyson continued to visit the little place and loved it to the end of his life. The population of St Mary's parish was 205 in 1841, and St Peter's had 37. White's Directory of 1842 said there were about a dozen lodging houses in addition to The Book in Hand. A grocer, bricklayer, coal merchant, fisherman, carrier and gardener took in summer guests.

The gardener was George Wildman, and Sir Charles Tennyson, the poet's grandson and biographer, quotes from a letter Tennyson wrote to his future wife in 1839: 'I am housed at Mr Wildman's, an old friend of mine in these parts, he and his wife are two perfectly honest Methodists. When I came I asked his wife after news and she replied, Why, Mr Tennyson, there's only one piece of news that I know, that Christ died for all men', and I said to her, 'That is old news, and good news and new news', where-where-with she seemed satisfied.'

Not long before the poet's death his son Hallam visited Somersby, Mablethorpe and Bayons Manor and reported to his father how they fared. A proposed visit by Sir Charles to the writer had to be cancelled, but I could have shown few existing houses linked with the poet. One may be seen behind the amusements arcade near the Pullover owned in the middle of this century by Mr Jackson. What I did discover was that the fireplace surround in one house was of tiles depicting scenes from the Laureate's poems.

Lincolnshire Past & Present No 37 Autumn 1999
A few of these tiles were sent to the Usher Art Gallery in Lincoln.

No one has better described the incoming tide in this part of Lincolnshire than Tennyson did, likening it to the fall of a knight in The Last Tournament -

Fall as the crest of some slow arching wave
Heard in the dead of night along that table shore,
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Widening for half a league, and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing.

John Betjeman recited these words in his inimitable way at a meeting in Louth Town Hall once on behalf of the Lincolnshire Old Churches Trust. Ode to Memory is one of Tennyson's earliest poems and seems to refer to the Lincolnshire coast:-

... a sand built ridge
Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
Overblown with murmurs harsh;
Or even a lonely cottage whence we see
Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh.

The writer was vicar of Barton on Humber from 1960 to 1971. Tennyson pursued him there. The Tennysons had lived across the Humber in Yorkshire before they came to Lincolnshire. Sir Charles discovered that a Ralph Tennyson had been articled to a Barton solicitor and the Tennyson Society held a meeting there. Unfortunately little could be seen of the house where Ralph had lived on the south side of the Market Place, since a shop had been built in front of it. After the meeting the writer made two discoveries. One was that R. Brown, author of a two-volume Early History of Barton on Humber, wrote an ode in the poet's memory when Tennyson died. The other was the finding in a cupboard in the vestry of St Peter's church, under a great pile of junk, a dust-stained setting of Crossing the Bar. It was published to be sung as a tribute after Tennyson's death in 1892. Later the words found their way into the second supplement of Hymns Ancient and Modern, but the Revised Ancient and Modern omits it. The only time I have sung it was at the funeral of a Humber pilot. [It was also sung at the funeral of one of our recent Tennyson enthusiasts, Terence Leach, Ed].

I have sung Tennyson's Strong Son of God, Immortal Love many times. It is in both the old and the new editions of The English Hymnal and contains most of the 1849 prelude to In Memoriam. Sometimes I wonder what I might have said if, about 40 years ago, I had been able to accept an invitation to preach at the annual service of the Tennyson Society in Somersby Church. Perhaps I would have pointed out that Tennyson was, among all English poets, the one who had the greatest sense of the music of words. He also possessed a mind well equipped to enter into the controversies of his time. Let it suffice to say that In Memoriam was published ten years before The Origin of the Species and that between Arthur Hallam's death in 1833 and the publication of In Memoriam, Tennyson had been wrestling with such questions as 'Are God and Nature then at strife?'

Tennyson's House, Mablethorpe

Tennyson's house at Mablethorpe
The drum-shaped Norman font of about 1100 predates the church, St Denys' being built during the period 1325-1336 when William Armine, then lord of the manor, was also Bishop of Norwich. The Venerable Edward Trollope, in 1872, thought the font was 'remarkably striking'. It has nine interlacing arches with a rope pattern around its circumference. The cover is octagonal, was made in 1891, and bears the inscription 'Let little children come unto me. Wisdom. 1891', there being one word or date on each face.

_Drawn by W. H. Collin_

Silk Willoughby, St Denys

This is, I think, the sixth book by David Cuppleditch with a county content but is the largest in its aim and the extent of its coverage. Where the author in former volumes has confined himself to a single town or smaller definable areas, like the recent *Lincolnshire Wolds*, this time the whole county appears to be in focus. To some extent the author has made an effort to avoid covering the towns that have been subject of earlier books, Louth and Lincoln.

The title makes it clear that the author is presenting a selection of pictures from various parts of the county intended to stir the readers’ own memories of times past. In this he succeeds admirably. There is bound to be a personal element to the choice of images and Mr Cuppleditch has made available much fresh material; in fact, one marvels at the range and quality that still seems to be finding the light of day and is so deserving of wider dissemination.

In all too short an introductory note the author refers to many of the county’s earlier photographers and the first section of the book gives us a few examples of their work, largely family portraits but a number of the backs of their *cartes-des-visites*, which are more notable as examples of Victorian printing styles.

There follows a selection of pictures arranged under different subjects or areas of the county; transport is followed by the Lincolnshire coast, county ‘characters’, the Wolds, North Lincolnshire (Not Humberside - the author’s emphasis), Boston and the Fens, ending with South Lincolnshire. Merely to give the section titles is to illustrate one of the book’s main shortcomings: the uneven coverage of the county as a whole: there is nothing specifically on many of the county’s towns; one postcard suffices for Gainsborough, there are two pictures only for Grantham (one, of course, being of St Wulfram’s church), four of Crowland Abbey plus one other (of a pair) taken during an outing to the village made by a group from Grimsby, two of Spalding, one of Skegness (omitted from the index) but none of Holbeach or Long Sutton. There are seventeen of Boston but generally speaking the southern and western parts of the county are under-represented in comparison with the north-eastern section including the coastal strip to Skegness.

The photographs themselves are otherwise well varied and the production is excellent, especially when the age of some of them is taken into consideration. The captions are informative, many of the images in the section on Lincolnshire characters are of great interest, illustrating as they do many older rural crafts and trades that have now disappeared; quite a number of these, however, are undated and even a tentative guess based on the author’s undisputed extensive knowledge of the local scene and the county’s early photographers would have been helpful.

All in all this is a very well produced hardcover book that will give great pleasure to those who receive it. The choice of subject may sometimes seem idiosyncratic but becomes part of its charm. Recommended. Ray Carroll


Although this collection of essays on Lincoln Cathedral was published four years ago it has only been available through the Friends before. It is now on general sale and deserves a wider audience. A wide selection of topics is covered with a number of older papers taken from earlier annual reports of the Friends. Ray Carroll


This is a real labour of love very carefully and thoroughly carried through. The diaries have been transcribed in great detail and a very full picture emerges of the life of their author and his various agricultural enterprises. For the student of rural life and agricultural economics at the turn of the seventeenth century this provides a fund of detailed material on costs, agricultural, business and working methods. Interest also extends to the inclusion from time to time of various national matters. It is hoped that a fuller (more expert) review of this work will appear later. It can be recommended to all interested in earlier forms of land cultivation in the county and life in our part of rural England when the diarist was alive. Ray Carroll


This short book aims to fill a gap; the author felt there was a need for a short account of the poet laureate’s life and that of his family with particular reference to the local scene around Somersby; a small pocketable book available to visitors to the area. The intention is not, unfortunately, met; the book has some inaccuracies,
Tennyson's first poems were not published two years before he went up to Cambridge; both events were in 1827. Arthur Eden, who rented Harrington Hall, is better described as Rosa Barings' stepfather than as her guardian; the story of Sir Robert Peel being so moved by Tennyson's reading that he offered a pension for him is quite at odds with the facts since Peel did not give Tennyson a pension but offered him £200, which Tennyson refused. The book is written in a readable style but, apart from several typographical problems (the top of page 12, for instance) and the irritating use of 'strata' as a singular noun, can only be recommended with caution.

Ray Carroll


This is a useful guide to many of the county's towns and villages. It only gives snippets of information about each place but what it does provide seems to be accurate.

The book is arranged by area, starting with the Cambridgeshire sections and followed by seven sections covering Lincolnshire, working from south to north. Much of the content relates to pubs and eating places and the text is enhanced by many black and white drawings of hostellers and shops. A useful short list of speciality shops and activities should encourage the user, as the whole book intends, to explore. Readers will know that wherever their journeys take them they will be assured of good refreshment facilities from tea-shops 'up' and that places of interest are not missed. It is robustly enough produced to withstand the frequent handling any traveller might give it.

Ray Carroll


Memories pass so quickly, even in a relatively stable community like Lincolnshire. Canon Graham Neville was Director of the Diocesan Education team through the 1980s. He virtually single-handedly 'discovered' the first of the two unrelated Hicks who served as Bishops of Lincoln in this century. It is a mark of the importance of this that Oxford have been persuaded to give Hicks the major-monograph treatment. It is a beautifully produced book, with a price to match. It should be available in local libraries.

Reviewing for the SLHA requires a particular perspective. What are the 'Lincoln' things to be said about Hicks? It has to be granted: 'Not a lot.' At least to my knowledge, there are no piously retold stories of his episcopate (1910-1919) treasured in the parishes of his diocese - in sharp contrast with the in-his-own-time-sainted Edward King, Hicks' immediate predecessor. This study arises (in part at least) from a perception of the unfairness of this. In making the case that Hicks was an altogether more substantial character, who pointed the way to a more appropriate (though less popularly accessible) model for the church's presence in the 20th century world, Neville reveals the character of his own theological commitment. The consequence is that - as he himself confesses - Hicks' Lincoln years fit awkwardly into the shape of the book.

In a sentence, the argument is that Hicks exemplified the impact of John Ruskin on an able priest's education, that exposure to the responsibilities of parish life (especially during his time in Salford and at Manchester Cathedral) caused him to take well-thought-out and radical positions as a regular writer in his friend C. P. Scott's Manchester Guardian, and that by the time he came to Lincoln he had been persuaded of the righteousness of the Labour Party. Hicks provided a model of leadership for multilinear and well-informed churches active in mutual charity at every level within society, as opposed to a corporatist church over and against society. It is clear that here is the heart of Neville's attraction to Hicks. It is a judgment, however, that is important enough to be worth more specific illustration and development. It is not enough to conclude with the gnomic sentence: 'Or else [Hicks' willingness to find usable good in opposites] may foreshadow a necessary temper in a pluralistic society'.

This is a work of intellectual history, and that in itself is to be welcomed in England. Its subject was 16 in 1859 when Darwin's Origin of Species was published. Neville observes insightfully that generation that there were a variety of responses to the new forces and revolutions 'acting from outside upon a core of personal commitment before those forces gathered strength'. Hicks always remained something of an outsider among the bishops; he went to Oxford, but his father was a local tradesman with debt problems. He was a prayerful, intelligent family man, always within the Church of England, but he was portrayed as having the whiff of 'chapel about him, partly because his first (rural) experience of parish life persuaded him of the practical power of the brewing industry to degrade the lives of the poor. He was for all his public life known as a leading figure of the United Kingdom Alliance in its campaign for local-option prohibition. So it is not surprising that Lambeth did not encourage Hicks' name to be considered by the Crown as a potential bishop until, Neville claims, it was too late for him to make the mark nationally of which he was capable. Hicks' liberalism was all about prophetic continuity and its practical effectiveness in changing society. The coming of World War I clouded what he could do.

The spotlight is not on the Lincoln years. Though someone involved in the life of the late Lincoln Theological College cannot help wondering whether it was not Hicks as bishop who stabilised its self-identity as at the same time sacramental/pastoral, missionary/worldly, and critical/scriptural. They are epiphenomena that fit him. It was Salford where he had his glory days; whether passionately denouncing Boer War adventurism, at the heart of C. P. Scott's editorial team at the Guardian, thinking thoughts of a new international order of peace and justice, or living in close long-term contact with his inner-city parishioners. All his life he had one foot outside the institutional church, in classical scholarship, journalism, or social work.

20 Lincolnshire Past & Present No 37 Autumn 1999
But English Christianity has to include Spalding (where Hicks helped set up a branch of the Labour Party) as well as Salford. Neville, like Hicks and the Danish Bishop Grundtvig, is for prophets, and therefore for the future. If his serious attempt to find in Hicks a tradition on which we can build a liberal but coherent model for the next century's church is to succeed, it will need to fit that great variety of communities comprising the diocese of Lincoln. — Canon Dr John Norser, Sudbury, Suffolk


More photographs of a bygone age and more Lincolnshire villages being covered. Soon, if the present process continues and one hopes that it will, there will not be one of the historic county's 630 parishes not pictured somewhere in a fair amount of detail. Here we have pictures of a clutch of villages around Chapel St Leonards as the title makes clear.

An interesting selection is provided and they are well produced on good quality art paper. The captions are brief, often of a humorous nature, and usually provide rough guides to the illustration's age by quoting the year the postcard was posted. Variety is lent by the inclusion of bill-heads, trade cards and advertising handbills; several of the latter give details of the sale of properties and offer an extra dimension to the picture of life years ago. I am sure the RSPCA would have something to say about 'pig pelting', one of the 'attractions' at the garden fete at Anlaby Manor in 1937.

The range of subjects covered is excellent, with transport and rural life quite strongly displayed. All in all this is an excellent little publication and is thoroughly recommended to all with any interest or connection with the area. — Ray Carroll


Another very useful compendium of photographs and postcards, largely of pre-war origin. The pictures are arranged in subject groups: around Alford, West Street, church and chapel, windmills, clubs, Alford town centre, people, businesses, transport, pubs and, finally, schools.

So we can obtain a very clear idea of how the town was in earlier days and, dotted among the various categories, some of the remarkable men (and one woman, Mrs Nainby, who continued her husband's photography business) who operated in the town. Two portraits are of special interest: one is of John Higgins, an estate manager who was born in 1796, and the other is of Frank Graves who was parish organist for 67 years. This could be, one supposes, some sort of county record. The photographs of the town's four windmills are of interest and the transport section has two illustrations of the Alford and Sutton Tramway, including a very well produced picture of the opening day in 1884. In fact, all the illustrations come out well on the art paper that has been selected. The only drawback is that the use of an imitation copper-plate script for the informative captions is not conducive to legibility. That apart, the book is well done. One hopes that the venture achieves such deserved success that a work featuring villages around Alford might eventually appear. — Ray Carroll


This is the revised second edition of a local history handbook first published by Batsford in 1983. As a Senior Research Fellow at Nene University College, Northampton, and County Editor of the Victoria County History, Philip Riden is well qualified to produce such a work, which has been re-written and updated, and its publication at under £10 is achieved by the omission of any illustrations - an omission that does not greatly detract from the usefulness of the work and puts it within reach of young potential students of local history towards whom it is partially aimed. It covers the expected ground - a survey of the development and present state of local history; sources in, and use of, libraries; a similar section on record offices; maps; landscape and buildings; use of national collections; writing and publication - all supported by fourteen pages of further sources, which are wide-ranging and bang up-to-date with several 1998 publications cited.

He has a healthy view on the necessity for publication of the pitfalls of the various possible approaches to this (where his opinions sometimes verge on cynicism), he is critical of the work of industrial archaeologists, and it seems strange in these days of relatively cheap machines that a book published in 1998 is not more positive on the usefulness of computers [incidentally, when will we get a good book on using computers in local history?] - yet we perhaps need reminding of the virtues of traditional methods of research, note-taking and note-keeping. If at times the author lets his prejudices lead him astray from his core purpose of providing practical guidance, particularly for those new to local studies, his book nevertheless can be relied upon as a guide for beginners, and as some of his guidance perhaps goes beyond a beginner's needs, those with more experience may find useful reminders of what local history research is, or should be, all about. As such it can be recommended for several levels of expertise.

The book is attractively produced and the typeface used makes for easy reading. — Jim English, Gainsborough


Lincolnshire Past & Present No 37 Autumn 1999 21
These stories and reminiscences were 'collected' by the guides at the BBMF as a result of listening and talking to visitors who often have a more than passing connection with the aircraft displayed. Careful listening and a little encouragement brought out the details, which range through building and designing, to all aspects of flying and maintaining similar - and sometimes the actual - aircraft during their wartime service. These are intertwined with details of current operations and duties that so often link the past with today. Initially the style appears a little coy - but it soon becomes very engaging, and is quite simply the result of visitors telling their stories in their own way, proud of what they did yet often reluctant to talk too much about it.

Part 2 is a brief supplement of anecdotes collected as a part of a Lincolnshire County Council reminiscence project in 1995. Six of the Flight's guides talked to author Fiona Sampson about their wartime experiences. It is presented in rather a haphazard form and has a quite different feel from the main text.

Beautifully produced, with excellent photos, mostly colour. Good value. Owen Northwood, Donington

SLEAFORD CIVIC TRUST and NORTH KESTEVEN DISTRICT COUNCIL. Monday is market day... Memories of Sleaford: a selection of stories collected from seasoned Sleafordians... [edited by C. Boon, L. Gastick and B. Heppell]. Heritage Lincolnshire, 1998. 44pp. ISBN 0 948639 21 0. £3.95 pbk.

This is a delightful book resulting from the Sleaford Oral History Project, part of the Sleaford Pride initiative. Within its pages we are treated to fascinating memories regarding family and social life, work, education, leisure, and many of the characters associated with Sleaford in previous decades - memories shared by many Sleafordians. The book is divided into several sections with illustrations and memories interspersed with explanatory text. We read the reminiscences of people who worked for well-known firms long associated with Sleaford, such as Sharpes, one of the major employers in the area with worldwide trading links, at local shops, and at the Bass Maltings, including a rare description of the malting process. From this book we glean something of the atmosphere of Sleaford - depicted in these memories as a thriving agricultural market town that 'catered for everything from a tack to a tailcoat', which may well still be true! Julia Dabbs


This volume will deserve all the plaudits it should receive from all interested in the county's history. This large work has long commanded the respect of researchers into the Sleaford area's history and very high prices when (or if) copies of the original came on the market. The antiquarian bookseller's loss is the modern reader's gain.

Modern production methods have enabled the publishers to reproduce the text as originally printed; this is all gain since Victorian printers tended to use much larger and, often, more legible typefaces than some that appear in modern mass-produced works. The only modern addition is a short but exemplary introduction by Dr Simon Pawley, himself a noted historian of the Sleaford scene. The easy way to have reviewed this reissue would have been to copy his words entirely. He tells us a little of Trollope himself, warns against taking the section on the Ancient Britons too uncritically but emphasises that a book that has been used so often and well for 130 years already deserves to be read as assiduously for another similar period. It is perhaps worth pointing out that only about one third of the text relates directly to the town of Sleaford: the other two thirds cover a wide range of villages from Ancaster to Swaton and from Billinghay and Dogdike to Dunby.

Heritage Lincolnshire have put all students in their debt. This is an important work both in itself and for the impetus it has provided for later research. If the price seems a little high it is still cheaper than much that stems from today's academic presses, it is a handsomely produced volume with a binding that should readily stand the hard wear that it will undoubtedly receive. Ray Carroll, Quadrant

BOOKS RECENTLY ISSUED


GERRISH, Margaret. Old Nunthorpe, the 'Garden City' dream. NE Lincolnshire Library Services, Grimsby Central Library, 1998. 37pp. ISBN 0 9534395 0 X. £5.50 pbk.


HUNT, William M. A Town Remembers those
How many more books of photographs of old Lincoln can the market sustain? Two more have recently been published, in good time for the Christmas season - and they certainly make ideal presents - but many of us have already bought similar volumes by Laurence Elvin, Maurice Hodson and Ann Yeates-Langley. Both books cover the twentieth century only; Mr Cuppleditch arranges his in seven chapters in chronological order from 1900 to 1999, while 'Memories' concentrates on the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s (within living memory for many) and takes a thematic approach, with chapters on topics such as 'School-days', 'Wartime' and 'Shopping'. The quality of reproduction is good in both books, and both include a substantial number of photographs that have not appeared in published books of illustrations before.

Cuppleditch usually has two illustrations to a page, with captions that are concise, but generally give sufficient explanation, and helpfully relate local events to what is happening nationally. As the title suggests, it is chiefly about Lincoln, but a few items from outside the city are included, such as the Bardney Pop Festival, Saxilby Ferry and South Hykeham School. If there is an obvious omission, it is that there is no mention of the Queen's visit to open Pelham Bridge in 1958. Her visits in 1990 and 1996 are covered, as are visits by other members of the royal family, but surely 27 June 1958 was one of the most significant days for Lincoln this century. There are a few errors with the dates; the railway bridge ('Tainbridges Bridge') was dismantled in 1987, not 1993, war with Germany was declared on 4 August 1914; Queen Elizabeth visited the city on 14 November 1980; the new library was opened in October 1996 by Melvyn Bragg. The photographs in
this volume are dated more precisely than those in *Memories of Lincoln*, and these minor errors do not detract from an enjoyable book.

I was concerned that some of the prints were recognisable as copies of items in the Local Studies collection at Lincoln Central Library (eg the one of cyclist G. J. Wilkinson on the page facing the foreword) is from a collection donated by Mr Wilkinson himself to the city's museums and libraries in 1912), and although a general acknowledgement to Lincolnshire County Council is given at the back of the book, the Central Library has no record of permission to publish being sought, or of payment of the standard reproduction fee. This book includes a street map of Lincoln and a useful list of honorary freemen of the city.

*Memories of Lincoln* is one of a nationwide 'Memories' series, published in Huddersfield. Mostly, the photographs are larger than those in the Cuppedditch book, and are not accompanied by captions but incorporated into a substantial narrative, written by Kevin McIlroy in a conversational style, designed to trigger people's memories and encourage them to indulge in a little nostalgia. Unlike David Cuppedditch, Kevin McIlroy is not a local man, but nevertheless he has a feel for Lincoln and its history, and has managed to include all the significant events in the city this century and produced a volume that will give pleasure to many. Apart from two pages on Branston Hall, the book is exclusively about Lincoln. As well as important events and significant buildings, he has included short histories of some well-known firms: Jackson Building Centres; Hill Osborne & Co; Alston; EEV; Dixon & Hogg; Doncaster Transport; and Simons of Lincoln. These are very interesting, particularly as there are as yet no published histories of these firms (apart from Simons), and are all very much part of Lincoln's history this century. However, parts of the section on Hill Osborne verge on advertising and read like a publicity leaflet to prospective clients. Some sections of the book, such as 'School days', tend to be selective, perhaps because a relevant photograph was available, and it would be unrealistic to expect a book such as this to mention all Lincoln schools, but I felt it was a pity that neither Bishop Grosseteste College nor the University of Lincolnshire & Humberside are featured, whereas the other major further and higher educational institutions of De Montfort and North Lincolnshire College are. There are some major errors (River Witham; Lindum Hill; the Great Exhibition was 1851; and the Queen's visit was on 27 June 1858) including misleading statements (as far as I am aware Woolworths never moved from its High Street site until the Waterside Centre opened; there is no record of Lincoln City FC playing near the Stonebow, although their ground was near St Mary's Guildhall before they moved to Sincil Bank in 1995; the Albion Hotel was not lost to Wigford Way, Portland Place was replaced by the Thomas Cooper Memorial Church (Baptist), formerly in St Benedict's Square - the Central Methodist Church is opposite). However, the aim of these books is to give a feel for the past rather than to be an accurate history, and in this they succeed. Both books would be of interest to anyone who has lived in Lincoln at any time this century, and would make very acceptable gifts, although they would be expensive to post being both hardbacks. To answer my initial question, I doubt if there is room for many more books of historic photographs of Lincoln unless they are on a specific theme, such as 'Schools' or 'Sport'.

*Since this book was received we have heard that it was due to be pulped, because of a contravention of the copyright regulations - however, as we go to press it is still on sale at several shops in Lincoln.*