Freda Starbuck’s picture legacy • Scredington revisited
A seafaring family • Experiences of a World War I soldier

Notes & Queries • Six pages of books

Magazine of the Society for Lincolnshire History & Archaeology
Lincolnshire Past & Present

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The deadline for contributions to the next Bulletin and the Summer issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present is 11 May 2002. Material should be sent to the Joint Editors at Jews' Court, Lincoln LN2 1LS. It will help the Editors if articles are sent typed, double spaced, and with a good margin. They may be sent on disk -- this is very helpful -- if they are Word for Windows/compatible files.

Cover picture: Scredington, Packhorse Bridge -- Photograph by the late Alec Wells of Bourne. This picture was taken in 1975, shortly after the then water authority had done some curious things to the base of the arches, all without archaeological monitoring. Those were the days!
EDITORIAL

This year seems to have been an eventful one already. Sadly we have to remember the life and achievements of several members of SLHA, in particular the contribution of our former President, Dr Dorothy Owen, to the history of medieval Lincolnshire. She will be much missed as a scholar and a kind and generous friend. Arthur’s own tribute is to be printed separately from this magazine, but we would welcome personal reminiscences from members and friends. We were sorry to hear of the death of Ruth Moore, who had done so much work on the SLHA library. The society was represented at the funeral of Ron Drury. Ron was a real stalwart in the days of the original blue news letter, and although failing sight had prevented him doing so much writing in recent years he was always ready to help researchers with queries on Frampton and Kirton matters. Our sympathies go out to all the families and friends.

Millennium histories or history related projects are still appearing from all corners of the county. They take various forms, but we should be grateful for the input of all the grants that make so much of this work possible. Our current President, David Robinson was, I believe, collecting information on Millennium Projects, and perhaps we shall be able to illustrate some of these in the magazine – the ones that are not written accounts, that is. They will certainly provide a variety of resources for future generations.

We are continuing to publish entries from our Lincolnshire 2000 competition, and in this number you can read about the Starbuck family photographs, by Rosalind Boyce, ‘The Captain’s Bell’ by John Adams, and an ingeniously presented ‘Letter from France’ by Brian Thornalley. We have more of these entries to come in future numbers, and hope to have an ‘extra page’ magazine in the summer. In addition to the essay entries Mr John Porter, formerly of Scrodington, writes about changes in his native village. I was privileged to meet him and hear his talk at Scrodington last year, and it was an informative and highly entertaining evening.

But don’t be fooled into thinking we can ever have too many contributions – keep sending them in!

Hilary Healey, Joint Editor
Rosalind Boyce looks at the life of Freda Starbuck and her Legacy of Photographs

In 1986 a wonderful collection of photographs taken by Market Rasen photographers John Bissill Starbuck and his son Cyril Sidney, was left to Lincolnshire Library Service through the will of Miss Freda Starbuck. The collection contains about 200 topographical photographs and postcards of Market Rasen and district. Most of these have been reproduced many times and are well known. In addition, local events are covered including coronation festivities, market days, De Aston School sports days and Old Boys' dinners. Most fascinating of all are the many family photographs.

Freda's grandfather, John Bissill Starbuck (1852-1935) was, in her words, 'a pioneer of Lincolnshire photographers... an enthusiastic and accomplished photographer; had seven children; to his eldest son he handed on his love of photography.' Freda wrote of her father. [He] used photography more as a hobby because he had a chemist's shop in Market Rasen, he attended evening classes for Latin, married at twenty-two...'.

The name of Starbuck has been well known in Lincolnshire for many years through the family firm of J.H. Starbuck and Son, which produces the best in bread and confectionery products from its premises in Union Street, Market Rasen. This firm was founded by Cyril's younger brother Harry, Freda's uncle, in the 1930s.

Cyril Starbuck and Mary Elizabeth (Bessie) Ranson were married on 5 September 1900. They were a handsome couple. They spent their honeymoon in North Wales and two large albums are filled with scenic photographs of the area. It seems that in the early days of their marriage Cyril and Bessie lived at Bessie's family home at 14 Queen Street, where she had a china and glass business. The couple's elder child, Dorothy, was born in 1902, and Freda followed in 1905. Cyril was apprenticed to Wallis Byron Jevons, a chemist at 14 King Street, and later, perhaps after Mr Jevons's death in 1912, the family moved to that address. Copies of his indentures are in the collection.

In about 1920 another move was made, this time to 30 Willingham Road, which remained the family home until Freda's death in 1985. Cyril never qualified as a pharmacist and at some time teamed up with...
Henry Payne, who was qualified, and founded the firm of Payne and Starbucks 'chemists and druggists' at 13 Queen Street. This firm was in existence until the 1960s. Payne and Starbucks's sheep-dip was a well known feature of Jameson Bridge Street and photographs of it appear in the collection.

The family photographs reveal much about family life in a small town in the early part of the 20th century.

The two pretty little girls and their fond mother and father appear to have had a very happy and comfortable life. There are numerous photographs of the sisters from babyhood to young adulthood and beyond. Many outings and holidays are shown - Wales, Skegness, Blackpool, often by car. There are even pictures taken by Cyril of a pale little Freda in bed recovering from scarlet fever.

Cyril, and later Dorothy, took part in theatricals and appeared in Market Rasen Operatic Society productions of Gilbert and Sullivan operas and these are shown in two albums.

There are many 'box Brownie' snapshots of Freda and Dorothy as young women relaxing in the garden of 30 Willingham Road with their friends, some show a gramophone horn directed out from the French window. The girls and their mother were very clothes conscious and the whole series of pictures gives a clear indication of the styles of dress worn by middle-class women throughout the period.

Freda attended Lincoln High School from about 1916 to 1923 and travelled there daily by train. A photograph of her taken in 1919 at the age of 14 shows a solemn girl in a short, rather shabby overcoat, dark stockings, boots, the inevitable schoolgirl's 'soup bowl' hat and carrying a large bulging satchel. (The fashionable young woman came a little later). On the back of the picture is a touching note by her father: 'We hear the 2 o'clock train coming but no longer our little girl comes home very hungry for her dinner - Father'. It is likely that Cyril wrote this after she
had left home, and shows how much he missed her.
Freda left Market Rasen in 1923 to begin her nursing training at The London Hospital, Whitechapel. There are many snapshots of this period. She loved nursing and was immensely proud of her achievements. In her early career she worked as a private midwife looking after mothers and babies in their own homes. Many photographs and snapshots depict this period and it is obvious that she was in her element with children.
In a letter Marjorie Woodcock, who worked with Freda at the Bromhead Nursing Home in Lincoln in the early 1960s, writes: ‘Freda talked incessantly about her nursing career... [she] had looked after Lord Snowdon as a baby and young child [and] had a photograph of herself with his family... & was holding him in her arms; this was of great interest as it was around the time of his marriage to Princess Margaret.
‘She always took a holiday during Wimbledon fortnight in order to watch the TV whilst enjoying her strawberries and cream. Patients actually thought she was attending the whole fortnight in person! Many mothers benefited through the years due to her skills & many colleagues have enjoyed working with her, both medical and nursing.’
Unfortunately the Lord Snowdon photograph does not appear in the collection. My personal connection with Freda Starbeck dates from 1958 when I was a young teenager and my family moved to 27 Willingham Road, three doors away from Freda and Dorothy. At this time Freda must have been about 53 and it was at the period when she was working at the Bromhead with Marjorie Woodcock.
Nothing is known about her life and career from World War II until she returned home to Market Rasen. Presumably she retired in the early 1960s. At what point she had come home is unclear, perhaps after her mother’s death in 1956 she considered it her duty to look after Cyril and Dorothy, who was by this time suffering severely with arthritis. Cyril died in 1961.
I remember Freda as a severe, rather aloof woman, not exactly endearing. It has been pointed out that this was a characteristic of nurses at the time, or it could be that she resented coming home. However, she was very kind to me at the time of my daughter’s birth, and after then seemed to ‘melt’ a little and become more forthcoming. In old age, as in her youth, she was very particular about her appearance, and was always smartly turned out, most often in a tailored suit, ‘Windsmoor’ or some other quality brand. Her little poodle dog ‘Bean’ always accompanied her, and appears in some of the photographs.
After her retirement Freda became an active member of the WEA and attended numerous local history courses in Market Rasen, encouraged by Rex Russell, The Misses Gibbons of Holton le Moor also attended. Freda would sometimes bring her grandfather’s and father’s photographs to show to the other class members. The Misses Gibbons would put her right in no uncertain terms as to the various events and dates depicted. She had the idea of compiling a descriptive ‘walkabout’ guide to Market Rasen using the topographical photographs, and was assisted in this by Miss Marie Lill and Miss Mary Walker (Miss Walker, who also attended the class, worked at the post office before her retirement). Only two volumes of this project were completed. They are most interesting and well thought out, but unfortunately contain several inaccuracies, the most glaring being where the date of her grandfather’s death is given as 1915 when it was probably about 1935.
Among the papers deposited at the library along with the photographs are various notes and estimates concerning the copying of old photographs, well before the days when this became fashionable and shows how much technology and interest in family and local history have developed over the past 25 years.
Neither of the Starbeck sisters married. Freda achieved fulfillment through her nursing career, but what

The elegant young woman, perhaps on her 21st birthday

about Dorothy? In the 1930s she ran a small dairy and confectionery business at 51 Queen Street, but later, as has been mentioned, she was to suffer severely from arthritis and became something of a recluse, never leaving the house. In about 1969, I called on Freda on some matter and was asked inside, a rare event. ‘You know Dorothy, don’t you?” she said. I

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replied that of course I did, although in fact I had barely been aware of her existence in spite of us being near neighbours. She died in 1980. There was considerable animosity between the two sisters, perhaps due to resentment on both sides.

When I was secretary of Market Rasen WEA in the early 1980s, Freda told me that she was very concerned about the fate of her photographs in the event of her death and that she wished to leave them to the WEA. The WEA had no facilities for dealing with them, and after some thought I suggested that the library might be the right place and in due course this is where they were deposited. Freda seemed most relieved and grateful to have this matter settled.

Freda died at the age of 80 on 22 May 1985 after falling down the stairs at home at 30 Willingham Road. She lives on in this wonderful collection of photographs.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am indebted to the following people for helping me to build up a picture of Freda Starbuck and the background to her photographs:

Mrs Joan Starbuck, I am also most grateful to her and to the Starbuck family for allowing me to research and write about Freda.

Mrs Marjorie Woodcock of Southrey for information about Freda's nursing career.

Mrs Betty Greathead of Market Rasen.

The photographs are reproduced by permission of Lincolnshire County Council, Education and Cultural Services Directorate, Lincoln Central Library.

Further information has been obtained from Kelly's Directories of Lincolnshire 1896-1937.

The Starbuck collection is kept at Lincoln Central Library. It has recently been added to the computerised illustrations index of photographs in the County Council's collections.
It was over 30 years ago that John Porter began to look into the background of his native village and has built up a collection of books, articles and photographs. He gave a talk on his history in the village in November last year.

Uncle Harry spoke these words on his last visit about half a century ago - shortly before 1950 - as we walked round the village where he had been a child fifty years before me. We had several things in common - born on the same farm, moving away to pursue our careers, leaving a brother to run the farm, returning now and then to seek out familiar people and places, and keeping alive our interest in our native surroundings. Change in Scredington up to that time had been very slow because the survival of its people largely depended on the essential attachment to the soil they could see and feel and cultivate. If they sought something really different, they had to go outside to find it.

But after the Second World War, the very conditions necessary for this existence had begun to fade, and change became inevitable. Look at any hamlet, village or town today and you are seeing the result of all the changes - the additions and subtractions - that have taken place since the first tent was pitched, the first stone was laid or the first tuft of grass was chewed off. In half a century many changes can occur and much can be lost altogether. It is because of the increasing pace of this change that I am recording for the future what happened to Scredington in the half century between 1950 and 2000.

"Take the names," Uncle went on. Many of the village surnames when he was born in the nineteenth century survived to the middle of the twentieth, despite the tragic impact of the First World War. Some of the names were equally familiar to us both - the parents who had been his playmates and whose children were now mine: Lawson, Wright, Wilson, Holland, Sharman, Bailey, Brocket, Isaac, Oram, Woodford, Coulson, Melton, Heslam. When it came to my turn to make return visits, I witnessed the gradual dwindling of this list until in 2000 only two were left - the Hollands and my own.

Some years ago, I was sitting with a map spread out on the sloping meadow by the church. My improved copy of the six inch edition revealed that what I had for long taken to be an inexplicable letter 's' printed by the churchyard wall was in fact the "5" of the 50 foot contour which was fairly traceable for most of its run. Suddenly, everything became clear. The church and the churchyard were on ground that was over fifty feet above sea level, and on all sides - for half a mile to the south and more than a mile in other directions - the surrounding land was lower. Now I understood why the first settlers were attracted to this spot where they...
established what was to become my native village. Here was a rise in the ground that in former times would give defence to those in occupation of and sight of any approaching from outside. The height would be sufficient to see over the lower trees, of which there were many in Kesteven. [The first syllable of the name indicates 'wood'.]

About a quarter of a mile to the north was constant fresh water in the sluggish beck that ran from the limestone heath on the west, and besides the presence of elk, boar and deer for meat, there was nearby land that could be used for arable and pasture farming.

To the west was a track, the original of the modern Mareham Lane, running south from the important settlement of Sleaford, where any traveller might pause on crossing the beck and see the slight rise in the ground less than a mile downstream. This is, I believe, what happened to the Saxon settler/warrior Scirheard, who recognised a safe place above the potential flood level and occupied or created a

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**KEY TO THE MAPS**

Lost features
A Sleaford and Bourne railway
B Tile and brick works
C Hambledon Moat
D Hambledon hamlet
E Pattinson's Moat
F Beacon
G Bastards Field
H Bubbling Field
J Butt Pringle
K Bell's Moat
L Penfold wall
Change of function to dwelling house
M Station House
N Swallows Buildings
P Smithy
R Wesleyan Chapel
S Shop
T Bluebell pub
V Cycle shop (dismantled)
W School
X Vicarage
Y Bell's Farm buildings

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Fig 1 SCREDINGTON – Changes since 1950

Fig 2 SCREDINGTON – Features and sites that have been lost since 1950. Dotted lines show hedgerows that have been removed.
settlement there. From this small hill where I was sitting with my map 1500 years later, he could watch movement along that track, by now improved under the Romans to become a second land route from Lindum Colonia to Durobrivae, and further on the western horizon beyond the trees, see stretches of Ermine Street.

There was also a view to the east where the land sloped imperceptibly to the Car Dyke, the marshes and the coast. His name became associated with the spot and the ‘ing’ addition came from the later Vikings, which produced the title ‘Scirheardingas’ meaning Scirheard’s people. The final ‘tun’ indicated a sort of enclosure.

At that time of social and economic development, the constant movement of goods and people in populated Kesteven gave a new importance to the identity of places. One can imagine a group of travellers on this route, once hour south from the Saxon stronghold at Sleaford, looking across and asking who the collection of buildings visible on the rise belonged to. Given that a settlement was usually named by those outside it (those within had little need for a name except when they went outside), many clusters of habitation were taking on new names, whereas until that time there had been less need for a definitive one. Before long a written form would appear thus sealing its identity for future reference.

Although the site of Scredington might have been inhabited since the Bronze Age (a flint arrow head has been found nearby), and the Romans probably maintained a presence, given their proximity at Sleaford, Thurlaston and on the Marcham Lane, no trace of any settlement in these early periods has been found. Consequently, all the visible evidence of past occupation that was familiar to both Uncle Harry and me dated from the twelfth century onwards.

Sadly, fifty years later, the elements of change have affected far more than the trees and eleven features of this evidence have been lost.

In some cases all trace of their former existence has been obliterated. To add to the disaster, six miles of hedgerow, some of it ten feet high, have disappeared along with twenty-nine cattle ponds, both losses having had a tragic impact on local wildlife. The map in figure 1 shows the position of these eleven lost features, outlined here.

A newcomer might still see remnants of the Steaford to Bourne railway line [A] but would not find the site of the nearby Tile & Brick Works [B] that once employed over twenty village labourers and, when later flooded, teemed with birds and, on hot days, village boys learning to swim.

One of the greatest losses was Hambleton Moat [C] - destroyed in 1963 at the request of the tenant farmer in order to tidy up the large field it stood in. What a bitter and tragic contradiction to the present policy of set-aside! Although there had been no visible evidence of any associated buildings for many years, it is said that even the site inspector at the time regretted its destruction. In addition to its historical significance, the regular four-sided waterway had for generations been a haven for water birds in summer and for village skaters in the hard frosts of winter. Apart from a few stored artefacts, the only evidence of its former existence is a 28-page booklet, now out of print.

While the walls of the adjoining Hambleton Hamlet [D] had largely crumbled in Uncle Harry's youth, several apple and damson trees survived into my early years. All trace of that grassy site is now also lost to the same plough that overran the moat. In a nearby field, the smaller crescent-shaped Pattinson’s moat [E] was filled in 1969.

It is curious how five of these lost features were associated with the ancient footpath from Sempringham to Haverton. On Gorse Hill, it passes within sight of the earlier location of a beacon [F] that is said to have marked an east/west trading route between Boston Stump and Spitalgate Hill, 400 feet above Grantham. It used to be identified by a dark patch of July corn. The footpath then enters the Bastards Field [G], once an area of natural trees, bushes, gorse and long grass, now ploughed up, where Dick Turpin concealed a consignment of tea to avoid the taxman. It appears he was also avoiding Mareham Lane.

As it leaves the churchyard, the footpath follows Buttink field [H]. It is a narrow field, only twelve yards wide but about one hundred and fifty yards in length. It belongs to the nearby Buttink Farm. On its eastern side was a similar-shaped field known as Butt Pringle [J]. While a butt might suggest a boundary, it is believed that at one time compulsory Sunday archery practice was probably held at the butts in or near this field close to the church. This activity could have given it the name of Butt Balk - a ‘balk’ in Old English was a narrow strip of unploughed land. No archaeological remains have been found in it, however.

The footpath then passed between another moated house [K] [the moat was ploughed over in 1970] and the medieval stone-built Penfold [L], where drovers could hold their cattle for the night, after watering them in the beck. The photograph shows the last remaining part of the penfold before it was destroyed in 1984.

Besides the actual loss of these valuable features in the half century under discussion, a further factor lies in the change of function of several village amenities, which becomes a loss in another form. The ten buildings that have suffered in this way are shown in Figs 1 and 3. In 1950 they were: Railway Station House, Swallow’s Farm buildings, Bell’s Farm, the smithy, the Wesleyan Chapel, the shop, the Bluebell pub, the cycle shop, the school and the vicarage. Their contribution to the web of daily life that was once the fabric of Scrodington is evident in their titles. The conversion of all but one [the cycle shop] into dwelling houses has had a deeply depressing effect on the social pulse and the economic life of the village.

There are ten surviving significant features today [Fig 3] that show some evidence of their original function. On the half-acre of ground above the fifty foot contour [11] which attracted the very first settler stands the parish church [2]. Although largely rebuilt in 1869, it retains some mediaeval parts including the font and porch door from the Early English period as well as the north wall with its false door - thought to have been included in the construction of churches to tempt the devil away from the real entrance on the other side. The oldest
surviving stone feature — the pack horse bridge [3] — dates from about 1250, probably replacing an earlier ford. Curiously, in my childhood it was known as the Roman Bridge. The bridge, the stone pavement on its southern approach [4] and the footpath [5], mentioned above, that crosses it deserve a closer look. This path on the east side of the village must have developed for pack horses and travellers on foot when Marcham Lane was in a poor state of repair for wheeled vehicles. It reaches Scradington from Sempringham Priory in the south, crosses the Salt Way at Threeringham, continues over Gorse Hill where it meets the parish boundary, passes the church and drops to the Beck where it is raised above flood level by the stone pavement between the hedge and the ditch. Maps show this footpath then leading north from the bridge in Northbeck in the direction of Haverholme Priory. St Gilbert of Sempringham founded the Gilbertine Order in 1148 and was soon after given both Haverholme Priory and Marcham Grange for his good work. The stump of the original Marcham Cross [6] can be seen by the roadside. Since these spiritual centres are linked by this footpath, and he is known to have visited them, it is very likely indeed that Gilbert himself passed along it. He lived to be 106 and died on the journey between them. The Manor House [7] in Northbeck dates from the late sixteenth century and is little changed while nothing is known about the Barn Cross [8] on the south gable of the barn at Buttkirk Farm. Most outstanding are the two medieval moats surviving out of an original five. The one in Thorny Close [9] is a rectangle with a raised central platform, while that in Hall Close [10], now a scheduled ancient monument, is a more complex construction and is well-documented. And so at the close of those fifty years something of the past and present of Scradington has been recorded. Now, at the beginning of the Third Millennium, I can walk in Uncle Harry’s footsteps, inviting my nephew [who has already moved away] to join me, and can share with him the village that Uncle Harry and I once knew and I can tell him of some of the things that were once fundamental to the life of his birthplace and he will never encounter. Fortunately, there are indications that the enlightened attitudes to preserving the past and the bodies dedicated to that aim will ensure that much of the present village can survive, some of the losses might even be restored, and the end of the next half century will be a more fortunate chapter in its slowly unfolding story.

Summer 1935 — George V’s Silver Jubilee — in the school playground

original document

This piece from the Lincoln, Rutland and Stamford Mercury of 2 June 1848 was found by Neville Birch.

The Fate of a Grating. — The River Linn, which rising in the neighbourhood of Hagworthingham, in this county, begins its course at length in the German Bias, has long been celebrated for the excellence of its salmon trout. A reverend descendant of the Apostles, who is she priest of two of the parishes through which it runs, and claims the fish as his own, has often... had his righteous spirit vexed by the sad havoc committed on his finny property by the anglers of an adjoining town. In vain were notices issued that all trespassers would be prosecuted — still the devotees of old Isaac Walton would come... and depart loaded with the trout intended for the young Swans in the neighbourhood. At length his Reverence, after due consideration of the cost, determined... to have a large iron grating put down in the river at the extremity of his estate, which reaching from bank to bank, and being deeper than the water, should prevent the trout from passing beyond it. Happy thought! Speedily was it executed. But, alas for apostolic wisdom when applied to other than apostolic subjects! For a time the grating well answered its purpose, and delighted anticipations were indulged at the Rectory of an abundance of sport... but ere long the openings in the grating were filled up with... flags and grass... until the accumulated waters flowed over the grating, and formed in the fall a miniature Niagara, which speedily washed away the soil from its base, and formed an aperture through which the waters rushed from below, carrying with them the trout for whose preservation such pious care had been taken. Shortly after the sad event, his Reverence... went to view the scene, and after meditating for some time on the vanity of all human anticipations, said in reply to an inquiry of his servant as to the future destiny of the grating, ‘Take it away, John; take it away, and say nothing about it.’

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Dear reader,

My name is Harry Thornalley. I am the oldest son of Abraham (1870-1940) and Mary (nee Smith), of Skegness Road, Burgh le Marsh, born on 21 February 1891. I never married – well, I never really had much chance. I had three sisters and seven brothers, though Joseph died aged two.

A family of 11 children was quite normal then, spread out over a period of 24 years in our case, from Doris in 1890 to Charlie in 1914. They came close together, but there was a gap after Willie in 1902 to Frank in 1911. Fred and Arthur squeezed between Frank and Charlie. I might as well mention that John, Florence and Clara arrived after poor Joseph's death, in 1894, 1895 and 1898. There, that's everybody!

At an early age, instead of going to work on the land, I joined the Imperial Forces, trained as a cook and served for five years. After that, in a manner of speaking, the world was my oyster. I left home to go to Canada on 27 June 1913, aged 22 and full of expectation of a successful life in the Dominion. I enclose a copy of the inscription that Baptist Minister for Burgh, F. Cole, wrote in the Bible that he gave me to mark the occasion.

So anyway, a year or so later, the balloon went up in Europe, didn't it? And when it wasn't all over by Christmas, as they said it would be, well – in Toronto, we began to get a bit excited about the Great War.

I enlisted on 28 July 1915, joining the 74th Battalion of the Canadian Infantry (2nd Central Ontario Regiment). My medical, in August, was something of a farce really. They filled in my Medical History Sheet with all kinds of personal details: height — 5ft 7¼ ins; weight — 163lbs (that's 11 stones and 8 pounds to you in England); complexion — dark; hair — dark; eyes — grey; chest expansion — 35 to 40 inches; good physical development, with no smallpox scars, the two vaccination marks on my right arm were noted, as was the scar on my forehead.

Capt. J. Graham, the MO, put down that I needed fillings, but didn’t say how many. He also wrote ‘Slightly defective eye sight in left’, under the section headed 'Slight defects but not sufficient to cause rejection'. However, and I don't know who it was (not in Captain Graham's hand
for sure) but somebody wrote at the top of my sheet: 'Rejected for defective eyesight'. But then, on second thoughts, I guess, he crossed it out and put 'OK'.

Was that luck or what? So, I was in, as a Private with the Regimental Number 135890. I took the Oath and signed the Attestation Paper in front of a Magistrate at Niagara on 10 August 1915. I reported to Camp Niagara that same day and not long afterwards found myself in hospital with tonsillitis. Must have been the excitement — or a reaction, perhaps, to all the jobs they gave me: three anti-typhoid inoculations on the 4th, 9th and 12th August and a vaccination also on the 12th. Otherwise, fully protected, you might say. I spent 41 days in hospital from 26 September to 8 November, having the operation on 14 October 1915.

I enclose an Army photograph of me in the Signal Section, 74th Batt., taken in Toronto in 1916, with snow on our boots — that's me, back row, third from the right.

We sailed from Halifax, Nova Scotia, for England on 29 March 1916, aboard the SS Empress of Britain, arriving in Liverpool on 9 April. We were transported south to the camp at Bramshott, not far from Liphook in Hampshire. On 3 May I was provisionally promoted to the rank of Lance Corporal — with PAY! A month later, 2 June, I was hospitalized at Bramshott with a hernia, of all things, and had to have an operation.

For a change, a stroke of luck came my way in the shape of a 21 days furlough sick leave from 30 June to 20 July, during which time I visited my family in Lincolnshire, with an allowance of two shillings per day "in lieu of quarters and rations". At home, my likenesses was taken as a memory before going to France. I enclose a copy — no snow this time!

For reasons best known to the Army, I was transferred to the 102nd Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, on 18 July 1916, on which day my rank of L/Cpl. was confirmed.

A year and a day after taking the Oath, I embarked for France on 11 August 1916 and we docked at Le Havre on the 12th. My medical records show that six months later, on 25 February 1917 I was admitted to the Etaples Isolation Hospital, being described as 'dangerously ill' with 'suspected enteric'.

An official letter was sent to my parents in Burgh le Marsh, advising them of my state of health, to which was added: "... permission to visit this soldier cannot be granted." Then this was followed by another communication to tell them that on 6 March 1917, I died of para-typhoid disease. You will find my name carved on the War Memorial at Burgh le Marsh church. As for me, I remain in France, buried at Etaples Military Cemetery. Plot XXI, Row N, Grave 2. As luck goes, mine went.

Sincerely yours, 135890,
L/Cpl. Thornalley H.
47.1 Gunworth Ferry
David Hamilton’s query as to the whereabouts of this site, understood to be ‘four miles north of Stilton, 5 miles south of West Deeping’ was included in the last Bulletin as it was just too late for the magazine. Richard Hillier, Local Studies Librarian at Peterborough, has sent us an extract from a book (not named) on Northamptonshire place names. The earlier form of the name was Gunwade. The site is near Castor, South-west of Peterborough, on the River Nene near Milton Park. The accompanying copy from the first edition OS 1 inch to 1 mile map has been slightly enlarged.

47.2 Gunworth Ferry
There is no simple answer to Mr Hamilton’s request for information on Gunworth Ferry. I have consulted Dr Hodson (Tewin, Herts) whose doctoral thesis concerned the information that was available to travellers before roads were marked on maps, before they were turnpiked and before Ogilby’s survey was published in Britannia (1675). The nearest he got to Gunworth was a tiny hamlet recorded as Gunwade. He never found Gunworth on a map though the name was given on the sources below. His research centred on the almanacs and other guides to the routes travellers could use throughout England. Peregrine Rivers’ almanac (Cambridge, 1627 and later editions) recorded a route northwards from Stilton that turned north-eastwards passing towards West Deeping. At a point roughly where the Ermine Street crossed the Nene is the hamlet of Gunwade; the route then went via Bourn towards Lincoln or to Boston through Spalding. Trigg’s almanac of 1746 recorded the route still in operation and the final note he had of it was in Schardanus Ryder’s list of 1753, a series that had begun in 1656. It has to be remembered, however, that, like the maps of the period, there was a great deal of copying from previous sources and the information given at a certain date might not reflect the actuality. The hamlet appears on 6in and 25in maps of an earlier period. Gunwade is marked on the first edition OS 1in map of 1824 (ie 1825). The site is at the southern end of Milton Park, between Castor and Overton Waterville and very near the site of the Roman Durobrivae.

Ray Carroll

47.3 Coronation Doors
The massive sluice gates or doors that were put up when the Coronation Channel at Spalding was dug in the early 1950s have recently been removed. The channel was built to relieve pressure on the River Welland following the 1947 floods, and the gates on Cowbit Road, separated the river and the new channel. Does anyone have any photographs, recollections from the period?

47.4 Caythorpe Court
The house will be ceasing its role in agricultural education later this year. Although the premises have been greatly expanded in recent years, at the core is the period house and garden of 1901-3 designed by Sir R. Blomfield for Edgar Lubbock, a brewer and banker. If you have never been, the house interior is a splendid period piece and it used to boast some amazing Art Nouveau style boot scrapers outside the front entrance.

47.4a Exotic animals
Following the story in the Lincolnshire Echo (15 March) that the University of Lincoln is planning to keep monkeys and snakes at its Riseholme campus, does anyone know any stories of similar animals in the county?
47.5 Early 19th Century paving of town streets
William White in his 1856 Directory of Lincolnshire says of Sleaford: ‘In 1829, and the two following years, the whole town was flagged, paved and drained, and the bridge and other thoroughfares widened, at the cost of nearly £5000;...’ He goes on to mention the new Sessions House. We know quite a lot about it and its building – but despite the hefty sum involved, no one seems to know who carried out the work or who designed the paving etc project (or projects). We would be grateful therefore for any hints anyone may have come across. For example, was similar work being carried out in other Lincolnshire towns at this period; and if so, by whom? Our (unsupported) hypothesis is that William Parry, paver, of 30 Bailgate, Lincoln, may have been involved at Sleaford. His son Thomas (1818-1879) was articled to Charles Kirk the elder (1791-1847), at Sleaford; and later became the Pary of Kirk and Parry of Sleaford and London. Since Charles Kirk the elder, amongst other projects, built the Sessions House at Sleaford (1830; £7000) this may have been how and when Kirk the elder met Parry; and Parry junior was sent to Sleaford, in 1834. Is Parry the paver known of in other towns? (It should be noted that he was very long lived – 1796-1876. He was still in business in 1861.)

Michael Turland

‘Father of Lincoln City Council’
We were sorry to hear of the death on 18 March of Councillor Trevor Rook. A former Mayor of Lincoln and City Sheriff, he served on the City Council for 23 years. Last year he was elected for the third time to Lincolnshire County Council. Important in the winning of Lincoln with Neustadt and setting up the Christmas Market, he was a popular councillor known for many campaigns. Colleague Bud Robinson said that Councillor Rook ‘devoted his life to Lincoln and its people.’
The Captain's Bell

Mary was black-leading the grate. Not that she had to. There was plenty of money. Her father was well enough off to have servants, but he had always kept a tight hand on the purse strings. Maybe that's why he had accumulated all his property. Named in the 1878 Trade Directory as a 'Barge-owner', he was shown as owning 'Adams Yard', his own house and land and twenty other properties, including shops and a saddler's, stables and orchards and a dozen acres of prime building land.

When he died in 1897, he left upwards of £25,000, which was a lot of money in those days, but it didn't stop his spinster daughter having to black-lead the grate, whiten the doorstep, polish the linoleum, and generally look after her dad and her young nephew John, who had been left with her so that he could go to school when his father's family moved to Lincolnshire. Nor did his wealth prevent them from 'fitting' from Hilltop to the little house in Aire Street when all the boys left home and little Ginny, young John's sister, went to live with Sarah Pickersgill, Edward Adams' only other daughter.

Mary had been a bit jealous too when her father had given ships to all of his sons except Robert, who had a bad limp and who had gone to be mate for his brother, Captain John. She had been called after her grandmother. There had been another Mary born twelve years before her – Mary-Jane, whose names were those of her grandmother and mother but the baby had died, and Mary and Sarah-Jane were the only daughters left to Edward. Sarah had married a Pickersgill and was one of her father's tenants.

There had been six boys altogether, but only four had survived infancy. Of these, Edward was born in 1851, John, my grandfather, in 1854, George, who also inherited the name of a dead sibling, in 1856, and Mary's youngest brother Robert, in 1864.

The Adams family were well thought of in Knottingley, where sloops were built in the yard and Edward had been a councillor. Oh yes, Mary could have had some expectations, but she still had to stay at home and look after her father and John, simply because Sarah-Jane had beaten her to the marriage stakes. So there she was, straightening the crick in her back as she stood up from the squeaky, slippery and somewhat cracked linoleum.

Edward and George were happily sailing up and down the Yorkshire, Lincolnshire and Norfolk coasts – no black-leading for them. Edward was later to become landlord of The Crown at Saltfleet, Lincolnshire; George was to drown in Hull dock several years later. John, his wife Harriet and their three pre-school children, with brother Bob, were sailing to Lincolnshire. Only the three younger children were aboard the Try. Mary couldn't help envying them.

She would not have been at all jealous of John and Robert, had she known that, at the moment she put down the linoleum they were battling against a terrible sea. Off the Lincolnshire coast, close to where Richard Hoodless had sunk his horse a few years before to save another ship's crew, they were both struggling with the rigging, while Harriet covered with the children on a sea-swept deck. As a local paper described it more than 50 years later:
'On a February night a sloop was approaching the Haven (Saltfleet's river) with a cargo of coal, captained by John Adams of Saltfleet, with his 19-year-old brother, Robert as mate. Also on board were the captain's wife and children and a navigation pilot. It was a wild night, with a tearing wind throwing the breakers most high, and in that raging sea, the ship went ashore and broke up. The storm mounted in fury; efforts to attract attention on shore failed; the captain's wife, his children and his mate died during the night, and the tumult of the storm faded into quietness. 'Dawn lit across the skies, and the young captain and the pilot, in the agony of their hearts, saw that their ship was beached just short of the sandhills, and that the tide had receded and left them lying on dry land. Painfully, and slowly, for they were barely living, they climbed off the wreck and took the first news of the disaster to the village. 'That story was told to me,' said the reporter in the 1930s, by Mrs Alice Adams, aged 80 years. The captain died many years ago, and she was his second wife.' Mary didn't even get away from KNOTTINGLEY for the funeral. She had to stay at home to look after young John. The gravestone in Louhth cemetery reads: 'In affectionate remembrance of Harriet the beloved wife of Captain John Adams aged 26 years and of their three children, Robert aged 5 years, Harme aged 5 years and Louise aged 1 year 3 months, also of Robert aged 19 years brother of Captain John Adams who perished by shipwreck at Saltfleet Feb 19th 1882', followed by a quotation from Proverbs about the 'Lord's ways in the deep'. In later years, I often wondered why my grandfather took up more space on the stone than anyone else when he wasn't even buried there! The village chapel produced some verses called 'The Saltfleet Shipwreck' - 'John Adams was the captain, with his wife and children three... and sold it at twopence a sheet. This was supposed to help him get back on his feet. However, although not much help was forthcoming from his father, not a great deal was needed. The Try was not badly damaged. The cargo was almost intact and he was able to sell it for a price that took into account any sea-water adulteration, which in any case, when it was burnt, produced interestingly coloured flames. Harriet, according to Uncle Jack's birth certificate (John Adams born on the second of December 1875 at Trinity Lane, Louhth) had been a Harvey. I think she was a seamstress, like many girls in those days. Certainly her cousin Alice was. She came to look after Captain John when he took up residence in Saltfleet, being described in the local Trade Directory variously as a 'Coal Merchant' and a 'Master Mariner'. Of course, two young people of differing sexes, even though related by marriage, hardly presented a satisfactory arrangement in a little Lincolnshire village in the 1890s, so their names are to be found, scratched with a diamond engagement ring on one of the windows of the New Inn (centuries older than many others designated 'Old'). They had ten children, and tragedy did not finish there for Captain John. I discovered in 1969, from a lady on the doorstep in Cleethorpes, when trying to beat Jeffrey Archer for the Parliamentary seat at Louhth, that one of their daughters was scalded to death in a dolly-tub. All the old names came round again, William (the name of Edward's father), Edward, George (my father), with a few new ones: Alice (after her mother), Elsie, Florence, Albert, and Herbert and Ernest, who both emigrated to Canada with my father on the day of Edward VII's death. My mother told me that my father asked Captain John for some money when they left but he would only offer a loan, expecting interest. Grandfather appears to have had a busy and interesting life. He spent a lot of time at the New Inn, playing his melodeon, a kind of squeeze-box. My father remembered being terrified by the Captain's looming shadow as he stumbled into the room where George, as a three-year-old, was strung up in what he called a 'crib', with a broken leg. On 23 December, 1895, 'Councillor Adams proposed that a supply of water was necessary at Saltfleet and that it was desirable to obtain a parish pump.' On 15 April, 1896, 'Councillor Adams proposed a petition be prepared by the Clerk for the Postmaster-General, begging him to supply a Post Office for Saltfleet.' On 5 January, 1897: 'Meeting to consider the proposed light railway scheme from Saltfleet to Grimsby. The Parish Council approved the proposed scheme, believing it will confer a great benefit to the district,' (and especially to Captain John). Described as a 'Coal Dealer', he had been elected in fourth place out of a Council of eight with 33 villagers' votes. In 1897, in my sister's scrap-book, we find the resurrected Try, 'Official Number 54512' carrying 39 tons of 'Goole' (coal) from Keaoby to Saltfleet. The lading duty paid to the Customs House at Grimsby was twopence. During the 20th century, the sons followed in Edward's and John's footsteps. William founded a prosperous farm and had two daughters who went to the girls' grammar school with my sister, Margaret. Uncle Ted was a market gardener and ran a bus service to Louhth. He had a lot of his namesake grandfather in him as he knew to my cost as a pretty labour picking his potatoes. Uncle Jack had two ships, one of them called the Rose. He founded his own dynasty in Lincolnshire, his grandson, Brian, being one of my juniors at King Edward VI Grammar School, Louhth. Captain John died in 1927, quite a long time before I was born, but I was fascinated by the anchor on his gravestone in the Skidbrook cum Saltfleet churchyard. Huge flukes of anchors stuck up through the rank grass of the paddock where I used to climb the worn-out apple trees to eat the crumpled fruit. I'd be waiting for Dad to get the rally ready to go to the station. He'd back the old mare, Violet, into the shafts, and we'd set off
with me perched on a pile of folded coal-bags. He would often sing Two Little Girls in Blue. I used to go to the granary above Violet's stable to eat bran out of the big old box, although I was certainly well fed enough at home. I remember one afternoon eating a whole loaf of Harvey's bread with butter after three or four hours picking up the kindling. Dad chopped from logs with an old meat-cleaver to take on his rounds. One day, behind the bran-box, I found a weather-worn, curved piece of wood with the letters TRY carved on it. It was the name-board of Grandfather’s sloop.

Dad had come back from Canada two years after Captain John’s death, in order to run the coal business. He married my mother in 1931. She tells me the only wedding present they had from Granny Adams was Great-uncle George’s sea-chest in which Dad’s clothes were kept. It’s a beautiful old thing with paintings of a sailing-ship and two Victorian ladies inside the lid.

The Try had finally been wrecked without hope of repair, carrying a cargo of Hoyland Silkstone coal when Dad was still in Canada. It would be when the directors changed the description of Captain John from ‘Master Mariner’ to ‘Coal Dealer’ or ‘Coal-Merchant’. Dad wouldn’t let me keep all that was left of the ship inside. He made me put it in the coal-house, next door to the outside privy. I’d tried hard to resurrect it, but a small boy’s efforts were far too puny. The cracks opened, the woodlice got into them, and, after I’d tried to paint it, killing a horde of those creatures, it fell apart.

Clarence Webster, who, it turned out later, had found this piece of wood, was a lovely man. One of a few village carpenters, he was a man of the sea, married to a Swedish Rasmus, with four daughters. He used to get them to help him to ‘sand-scribe’, dragging up bits of wrecks and making them into beautiful furniture, each piece of which was marked with the name of the ship the wood came from. Clarence had come across the wreck of the Try at the mouth of the Haven with several tons of coal still on board. I found out that my cousin, John Tuxworth, son of Aunt Florrie, had bought some of it. He’d offered the ship’s bell to Granny Adams, but she didn’t want the old thing, covered with mud as it was and the brass turned dark green. He left the name-plank and took the bell home, setting it in a lovely oak surround. It later become the property of Enid, one of his daughters.

I didn’t know all this until very much later. During my days of obsession with Grandad’s ship and life, before and during the war, I would sit on Granny Adams’ beautiful cast-iron seat, just outside her window, wiping the coal grime from the smooth, once green-painted, heads of the snakes and greyhounds. Or I would lie on the cold oilcloth of her coach and survey the stiff portrait photographs of the two uncles still in Canada standing silently over the mantelpiece. Gran was old, always dressed in black cloth that my mother had difficulty finding in Louth, and as she slept in her Windsor rocker, she would bubble and murmur in a way that embarrassed me slightly. What a shame that all the family photos disappeared after her death.

In 1946 I won the scholarship and went to Grammar School. In my second year I was assigned to hear my Latin master illustrating the anastomtic meter by reciting the line: ‘John Adams, the Captain of Saltfleet’. He did not remember this when I asked him about it many years later. During the holidays I swam from Mr Webster’s boat, without his permission. It was just moored there, in the Haven. I picked potatoes with all of the Webster girls, played football with Enid’s husband. I never heard any more about the Try, although I read several reminiscent newspaper articles.

I left school, was heart-broken when I was the first of my family not to become a sailor, but, instead, did my National Service in the Artillery in Gibraltar. After Cambridge University, I had to do teaching practice for my post-graduate certificate in education, and I managed to be placed for a large part of this in the school at North Somercotes to which all the Saltfleet pupils had been transferred in 1941. Two of the children in the class I had most to do with were Graeme and Dinah Daines, Enid Webster’s children. Even more than most of the Saltfleet children, who were a well-brought-up bunch, Graeme and Dinah were very intelligent and likeable. I remember that Graeme was a pretty good footballer, like his dad, who died far too early, depriving the village of his genius at right-half.

It wasn’t until the 1970s, however, that I found out that Enid had the bell. I went to see it in Louth and asked if I could buy it. ‘Never,’ she said, it will be Graeme’s when I die. He loved his grandfather, you see, and it’s an example of his work.’ Well, now she is dead, like her husband far too soon, and I’ve used all my efforts to chase Graeme. I have another beautiful, big brass bell in my hall. I inherited it when I bought the house... and, Graeme, it would fit beautifully into Clarence’s surround. Do you think we can negotiate?

The Try as she is today, having been wrecked in 1900 off Rimac

The author is a native of Navenby and ideally situated to write its history. As a trained blacksmith he regards himself as a better bender of steel than of words; nevertheless he has gathered here a good collection of photographs and written a lively text. A very detailed contents list shows that a conducted tour has been prepared for us, street by street giving details of inhabitants, shops and businesses. When we get to the church, school or other notable sites we are taken down other byways, such as evacuees, Coleby Hall, or the author's early life as an apprentice. Much is revealed of the lives of ordinary folk and their jobs and, incidentally, of curious place-names, e.g. the 'Smooth', the author is defeated by Clint in Clint House and Lane, however. Good type has been used but the photographs might have yielded better detail on a different paper. Recommended.

ATKINSON, Rosetta and COTTAM, Pat. Rippingale village... The authors, 2001. [6], 349pp. (including over 400 illus.). £15 hbk, plus £4 p&p. from Mrs Cottam, 3 Doctors Close, Rippingale, Bourne, Lincs. PE10 0ST.

This is a cornucopia of a book. The authors and their assistants have combed every local source for photographs and around them have written a very lively text. The early sections are shaped by 'walking' all the roads of the village; then follow sections on farming, the militia, twentieth century wars and their effects, including the Home Guard and the service of men overseas, village organisations, including the Rippingale and Dunsby Pig Club. A short final section refers to Ringstone, a manor forming part of a lost village but within the present village boundaries. There are many subdivisions and numerous byways are followed. There can hardly be any more postcards or early photographs to be discovered; there are also reproductions of old bill heads, sale notices, indentures, adverts and all sorts of printed ephemera. All with connections with the village in the last 150 years will find a great deal of interest here. Very good paper has been used and most of the pictures have come up well.

BRIGHTON, Harold. From shire horses to Shetland ponies. The author, 2001. 16pp. No ISBN. £2.50 plus 27p for p&p from Pode Hole Farm, Pode Hole, Spalding PE11 3LR.

His success at recalling his long life on a farm at Pode Hole led to Mr Brighton writing his memories down for the local newsletters. He has now been persuaded to put them together in this little booklet. Fascinating they are in describing a farming way of life now largely gone with other aspects of the tough times in the 1930s onwards. Nicely put together by all concerned.

CHAMBERS, Peter. The wrecks and wreckers of Mablethorpe. The author, 2001. 132pp. No ISBN. £9.50 pbk, plus £1 for p&p from 42 Gibraltar Road, Mablethorpe, LN12 2AT. All proceeds to Mablethorpe Lifeboat Funds.

A picture book with excellent captions. It tells of the custom started in the 1880s by Jabez Mountain and John Shaw of buying up old ships and developing a ship breaking industry on the beach. From 1900 to 1914 one ship a year was beached at Mablethorpe and six at Sutton on Sea. While the author concentrates on the former, as he rightly suggests, what applied at one place would have applied at the other. When an old ship had finished its useful life it was bought, beached, often turned into a 'museum' for a season before being broken up. Well over 100 photographs illustrate a little-known part of our coastal history. Much of the town's history is incidentally revealed in this fascinating and well produced book.


A authoritative, brief account of the remains, how they fitted into the original overall design and usage of the medieval church and useful biographical notes on St Hugh, Bishops Henry Berghersh, William Atwick and Edward King. Excellent photographs, many in colour. Highly recommended.


A fascinating insight into a marsh farmer's way of life and also of his thought processes, particularly with reference to his Methodism and his views on his neighbours is presented here. Through an example of serendipity the editor came across a reference in the Lincolnshire County Archives, which led her to discover a collection of diaries. The text has been prepared from the diaries of Billy Paddison, supplemented by another diary in private hands and a number of volumes (called here, the Village Diary) which included many photographs. As such we have a clear account of a life spent largely in the marsh village of Saltfleetby by a man who lived through the whole of...
Victoria's reign and died in the middle of the First Great War. Paddison was born in Buslingthorpe in 1839, the son of a poor tenant farmer-cum-labourer and when he was seven the family moved to the tenancy of a small farm at Saltfleetby. The diary records that his father paid £1260 for 21 acres but not how the purchase was financed (typically, Paddison records that at the time he was recalling this in 1888 he felt it was not worth that much then).

As Mrs. Crust notes the style of writing and the use of language improves over the years although he only had a basic education at school and, one suspects, he learnt as much from his attendance at Sunday School and the local Methodist Church. So we learn how he approached farming, his various attempts at wooing a wife (although rather pathetically he recalls that as he was poor he had nothing to offer a wife when he was still young). Money seems to have had a great hold on him and, even if he was not miserly, he was also what might be thought of as fairly 'tight'. He could be generous to those needing help in some circumstances.

The other pervading motif of the diary is his connection with his church, his attitude to fellow members and his frequently expressed grave doubts of the possibilities of a good afterlife for many of his neighbours who had not seen the light or confessed their sins (as, it is very strongly implied, he had). His judgmental attitude can be noted when he writes of a fellow farmer: "In latter years his inclination seemed very religious and, had he not been a rich man... would have been a Christian" (p. 67).

A good deal of incidental information can be gleaned here, modes of travel, the way information was passed on (Louth market gossip was one important method), the price of commodities and, of course, the ups and downs of farming life, not only his own but the trying circumstances of his fellow villagers. His love of his mother shines through and his relationship with Miss Frances Fletcher is a long running saga, as Mrs. Crust points out his later life was apparently devastated by what we would now call agoraphobia.

The diaries are not quoted in a strict chronological order and this makes it a little hard sometimes to follow the threads of his life, it is particularly so when he himself is trying to set down what he remembers of his early life some thirty or more years later. As a result of this method the same passage (for 29 Dec., 1914) is repeated (p.175 and p. 189). The use of the photographs means that we have not only a very clear picture of what many houses and farms looked like but we also meet the people who lived in them in words and often pictures - a valuable record. One oddity reveals, I suspect, the editor's youth; on p. 97 is a table of how the £8 wage he paid his new boy was made up (per year!); the inclusion of the £ sign for every entry means that it is quite hard to make the sum come to £8.

However, this is a very valuable record. Very few people of Billy Paddison's class and background could have been keeping such diaries for so long a period and, even if they were, not many have now been put in front of us in such a readable way. It reveals so much of the Victorian 'poor' farmer's life and it deserves a wide readership.


Two years ago we reviewed favourably "The hidden places of Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire (LP & P, no. 37), now the same publishers have changed everything by dropping one county from the contents and adding neighbouring Nottinghamshire - a greater convenience for many possible users. The counties are still subdivided to aid travellers by car but the sub-divisions are more and the content greater. All the maps have been redone in colour and the original very attractive line drawings have been replaced with colour photographs. The general aim is still to lead tourists to the counties' main attractions with much useful information on where to get good food at all levels while out and about. I foresaw many explorations this summer being based on this altogether useful guide.


More and more villages in the Grantham area have had something prepared for the Millennium and a gap for those who are filled with this little booklet. A brief sketch of the early history is followed by notes on the church, Marston Hall, Hougham railway station, village hall, etc. There are quite a few photographs but they are so reduced in some cases that it is hard to distinguish people's faces. We are promised a second book (and more?); perhaps we could have more on the early history of the hall and its inhabitants, more details of the church architecture and the incumbents and post-1945 history. A good first attempt, nevertheless.


This smartly produced report deals with field work in the Lincolnshire marsh with two main papers on Romano-British settlement in East Halton Skitter and on saltmarsh discoveries in the Ingoldmells area. Excellent colour photography and good drawings and maps.

JACKSON, J.P. Index of postal history items in the Society folio. Spalding Gentleman's Society, 2001. [3], 61pp (Occasional paper, no. 1). No ISBN. £4 pbk plus £1 for p&p to G. Burrows, c/o The Society, Broad Street, Spalding PE11 1TB.

Strictly for students of our early postal systems Mr. Jackson has been through much of the early correspondence held by the Spalding Gentleman's Society (SGS) and recorded the postal marks on each item, with
useful analyses of the writers of the letters, places of origin, the marks (all illustrated) and notes on the postal systems in operation from the seventeenth century onwards. 442 letters have been examined from the period 1696 to 1782. The SG5 has decided to open up to a wider public much of the treasure available to its members. A good start has been made.


This is an important little book for it covers Lincolnshire in the twentieth century, the point at which most histories stop! The contents deal with various aspects of the last hundred years; the chapters cover landscape, secular, religious, and military buildings and are all written by local experts in these fields. There are numerous photographs. At this price it is unreasonable to expect an index but the authors have helped in this respect by putting place-names in bold letters, thus making it much easier to 'spot' a particular entry. Highly recommended.

Terry Hancock, Cherry Willingham.

NORTH KESTEVEN DISTRICT COUNCIL. Solstice to solstice: a collection of poems and stories by residents of North Kesteven; [photography by Beth Davison; Morag McGill, writer]. NKDC, [2001]. Unpaged. No ISBN. £4.99 spiral bound from NKDC tourist offices or DC Offices, Kesteven Street, Stamford, NG93 7EF.

An unusual production. Colour photographs taken from church towers open out into three page panoramas and deal with views of Hykeham, Metheringham, Swinderby, Timberland and Wellingore in winter with the same views retaken in summer. The pictures are backed with rhap-sodic texts. A couple of interleaved sheets contain drawings made by local children. Well produced it should interest anyone with connections with those villages.

PASK, Brenda M. Beckingham & Sutton; based on the research of D.A. Lichfield, edited by Brenda M. Pask, with additional material by Patricia Allen & Beckingham History Group. BHG, 2001. 60pp. No ISBN. £5 spiral bound, plus £1.50 p&p from Mrs. G. Green, The Willows, Hillside, Beckingham, LN5 0RQ (cheques made payable to Beckingham History Group).

In our summer issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present Brenda Pask's book on Denton was warmly welcomed. Now she has collaborated with the Beckingham History Society to produce a volume on another village on the western edge of the county. She has had the considerable assistance of the late Mr. Litchfield's notes on the early history and Mrs. Patricia Allen's research into the last two hundred years in the village, particularly the Milnes family of Beckingham Hall.

Mrs. Pask's own input is clearly seen in the lists from the Lay Subsidies of 1342, inventories from the sixteenth century onwards, a reproduction of the Bishop's transcript of 1587, the Hearth tax records of 1665 and the list of people who paid for the repairs to the church in 1787; the modern photographs are largely hers too. Mrs. Allen has also contributed two attractive drawings. It all adds up to a thoroughly well worthwhile piece of work, nicely produced and deserving of a wide circulation.


This is clearly a labour of love and Mrs. Pope has put together useful descriptions of these small villages. Markby is, of course, most known for being the only church in Lincolnshire with a thatched roof. Two thirds of the booklet deal with Markby and besides a piece on the Augustinian Priory, there are notes on the school, a number of houses and two present families. For Hannah (or Hannay) a description of the church is followed by two short items on houses in the village with a final pair of pages on Hagnaby Abbey. A few more dates would have made it more useful, e.g. when did Charlie Kirkham fill in the tunnel to the Priory and the Alford Tramway cease? However, you get a good deal for your money - there are 24 pictures and 3 maps besides the text!


Now that Lincolnshire Library Service has, regrettably, withdrawn from publishing on local history we should be grateful that Heritage Lincolnshire has taken on the mantle of producing easily affordable books in this field. The present title stems from entries received for the publisher's 1997 'Women at war' competition. It is made up from personal recollections of ladies who served in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, the Women's Land Army or as nurses, ARP wardens or in munitions; there are also memoirs of those who stayed at home and 'got on with it' despite all the wartime tribulations. As such, it is a snapshot of life in the county during those hard days and is an easy, sometimes amusing, read, such as, when two London girls arrived at Louth station for WLA work at 'Odles', only years later did Mrs Lusby discover the place was spell Howdles. Many of the girls found the conditions Spartan, especially those from the cities. The only criticism of this well-illustrated work is the lack of specific locations which would be valuable for future local historians; for instance, "the whole place was home for forty Land Girls and six members of staff" - but the only clue is to where that was is that on VE-Day everyone 'congregated in the centre of Billingeborough'. Nevertheless, a
useful and interesting addition to Lincolnshire studies.
T. Hancock, Cherry Willingham.


It's a misuse of bibliographical terminology to call this a second edition (back cover) when the publisher's publicity material makes clear that this is a reprint of Professor Rogers's book, first issued in 1983. That said, it is good to welcome back a title that has been out of print for some time. The strength of the book is the reliability of its history and the great use that has been made of older prints and photographs to illustrate the story.

The text is very readable, enlivened as it is by the author's debunking of some of the earlier historians of the town (chapter I) and a general liveliness of style. Although there is a tremendous amount of history and analysis of a great variety of source material (especially strong on the trades and sources of wealth of the inhabitants) in these pages the narrative flows very easily. There is comparatively little of the modern development of the town. The text only devotes a few pages to this aspect, the section on the nineteenth century (9 pages) begins ominously "Stamford went to pieces in the nineteenth century..." and the final section on the modern town only has six pages, though much of these two periods is illustrated in the early photographs.

It is a pity that some effort was not apparently made to update the list of sources; the History of Lincolnshire is now complete in twelve volumes, there was a second edition of Harrod's Antiquities of Stamford... in 1822.


A follow-up to To Hell and back and Hell on earth by the same author, who lives in Lincolnshire; like them this book is a tribute to the young men of Bomber Command who nightly and with grievous casualties bombed Germany and occupied Europe in WW2. Each chapter tells the story of one crew and its operations, which ended in tragedy or some other notable event. Many became prisoners of war while others were helped by the Resistance. Some are very poignant as when one pilot, having completed his regulation tour of 30 operations, was, like so many others in a similar situation, posted to be an instructor at a bomber training school in Yorkshire. In November, 1944, aloft on a stormy night, the pupil pilot reported an engine oil leak; they landed at the nearest airfield and, with the engines still running, the instructor went to look for the leak, whether he was blown by the wind or not he fell into the turning propeller and was killed.

The author interviewed the rapidly diminishing band of ex-Bomber Command veterans for their histories and the author is to be congratulated on rescuing these stories for posterity. There are some photographs but they are the usual 'crew shots' and illustrate some of the personalities interviewed. Not all the stories have a Lincolnshire connection but, as in any book featuring Bomber Command, several do. The three volumes together record the experiences of ordinary young men, who volunteered to fly in one of the most dangerous environments of WW2, one in which 55,000 of their comrades were killed.

Terry Hancock, Cherry Willingham.


Essentially a religious and social history, this book follows the gradual re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Church and community into Stamford over the last 200 years. The book provides an informative overview of events after the death of the last Catholic monarch (Queen Mary) and concentrates on the significant events of the church's restoration within the town. Some notable examples include the initial founding of the mission in 1800, the appointment of a dedicated parish priest and how the original Catholic chapel in All Saints' Street was replaced by the larger church of St Mary and St Augustine (on Broad Street) in 1864. The book clearly outlines the political and social changes that took place to allow Catholicism to re-enter mainstream society, not only from a national perspective but from a local one as well. In particular, it shows how certain Catholic individuals and their achievements both within the church and in a wider context influenced public opinion. From the efforts of some of these people, the Catholic community grew in Stamford, despite unrest from protesters regarding various Catholic Relief bills issued from parliament from the late eighteenth century onwards.

There are a number of illustrations included and it is worth comparing the photograph of Goldie's original church interior of 1864 with the photo depicting the radical overhaul undertaken by Father Adams in the 1940s, totally transforming its appearance.

Whilst the book is an interesting read it might have been beneficial to those not familiar with the Roman Catholic Church to have provided a glossary of some of the religious terminology, thus making it more accessible to a wider audience. It is worth pointing out that the book provides an invaluable source of the social history of Stamford in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. While some of the sources are acknowledged in the text a bibliography might have provided the reader with further information.

Gail Smith, Heritage Lincolnshire.


A lot of information is packed into
this little booklet. The first pages discuss the cultivation of cranberries for which the place was well-known in past times and the crops that have succeeded the demise of that particular industry. The history of the village is touched upon and the present villagers and their trades are dealt with. The last three pages are given over to a directory of trades, people and local services and is bang up to date. There are a lot of pictures well produced including six in colour. Excellent value.

NEW BOOKS, RECEIVED OR ANNOUNCED

ANSWER, Harold L. Bygone Reepham. The author, 2001. 64pp. No ISBN. £5.20 pbk plus £1 for p&p from the author, 4 Alsiea Terrace, Reepham, Lincoln LN3 4DJ.


MIGHILL, John. St Wilfred's Church, Metheringham: guide and history. The author, 2001. No ISBN. £4.50 incl. p&p from the author, 3 Church Walk, Metheringham, LN 4 3HA.

This work is already out of print. I'm sure the author would still like to hear from you in case a reprint is produced.


ROBINSON, David N. The hook of


THOMAS, Jean and BRANCH, Diana, compilers. Langtoft: a portrait of a South Lincolnshire village. The compilers, 2001. [8], 85pp. ISBN 0 902844 46 2. £5.75 pkb (incl. p&p from Mrs Branch, 18, West End, Langtoft, Peterborough. PE6 9LS)


WILBOURN, A.H. and ELLIS, R. Lincolnshire clock, watch and horologist makers. Lincoln, Hansord, Ellis & Wilboourn, 2001. 194, [3], 46pp of illustrations. ISBN 0 9541584 0 7 bbk; 0 9541584 1 5 pkb. £22.95 bbk or £14.15 pkb (but stocks are very limited of this version) plus £3 p&p from the publisher, 6–7, Castle Hill, Lincoln LN1 3AA. (Revised version of the entry in the last LP & P).


The Historical Atlas of Lincolnshire by Stewart Bennett and Nicholas Bennett has been taken over from Hull University Press by Phillimore and re-issued as a hardback at £25. (ISBN 1 86077 166 1). Apart from the correction of a couple of minor printing errors and a new final page on Lincolnshire 2000 very little has been altered. A new map represents the county in 2000, replacing an earlier map, which curiously left north Lincolnshire blank since, at that time, ‘the future of South Hamberside is currently under review’...

It is a pity that the opportunity to update the bibliography has not been taken since so much material has been published since the first edition; the list of the posts held by the contributors is now quite out of date also. However, it is good to have this important work available once more, it is to be hoped that the next edition will permit the authors to bring their work further up to date.

The romantic tale Havelok the Dane by Charles W. Wheeler has been reprinted (Tunbridge Wells, 2000) at £10 pkb. First issued in 1900 and reprinted quite often this is a fresh look at a yarn with a good deal of Lindsey as the setting.

Another fictional work that may pass by unnoticed is Paul Doherty’s Corpse Candle (Headline, £9.99 pkb). A medieval mystery it is set in the mythical St. Martins in the Marsh.

WARNING NOTE 1
Would-be purchasers should note that a book by Barrie Stradling entitled Tuesday nights in Grimsby is not of special local significance. It is the diary of a ‘masochistic’ (the author’s word) Millwall Football Club supporter!

WARNING NOTE 2
A new book by Alan Edwards (Robson Books, £16.95) entitled Lionel Tennyson, Regency Buck is not about one of the poet’s early and unknown ancestors. It is the biography of the Hon. Lionel, who captained England at cricket in 1921 and is perhaps most famous for 74 not out in the Lord’s test and 96 runs in two innings at Leeds with his arm in a basket guard. He was Alfred, Lord Tennyson’s grandson who became 3rd Lord Tennyson in 1928 and died in 1951. According to The Times (17/12/01) he was not a ‘reliable family man... drank too much and ruined himself by wildly optimistic gambling’.

WWW.

We invite readers to recommend their favourite web sites. Here are a few to be going on with:

www.lincsheritage.org (Heritage Trust of Lincolnshire). Very attractive site. Useful links to other Lincolnshire and East Midlands organisations.

www.local-history.co.uk (Local History magazine). Details of past and current issues. Links to other sites. Lists of societies and courses.

www.ukc.ac.uk (University of Kent, Canterbury). A large number of photos of Lincolnshire windmills (mainly 1930s) in a special collection in the Templeman Library. Large collection of colour photos, including Lincolnshire (Lincoln, Long Sutton) and farming/windmills (Maud Foster, Heckington).