LINCOLNSHIRE PAST & PRESENT

51 Spring 2003

East Coast floods, 1953      Brayford Villa      Tennyson and Gladstone at sea

A Lincolnshire drover      The Lucas Freelite      Perils of publishing

Book reviews

Magazine of the Society for Lincolnshire History & Archaeology
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The deadline for contributions to the next Bulletin and the Summer issue of Lincolnshire Past & Present is 12 May, 2003. 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: Flood devastation on the East Coast, 1953
EDITORIAL

As we move into spring we are not only looking forward to the summer, but also looking back to a variety of persons and events that are being remembered in the country as well as the county. Foremost in my mind are the floods of 31 January 1953, I have a minor connection with these as you will read, but others have kindly provided other reminiscences. There have been a number of exhibitions in the coastal areas that were worst affected, but sadly they were not widely advertised outside the immediate vicinity, and many of us only heard about them when they were over!

The bicentenary of John Wesley's birth is, of course, being celebrated nationally as well as locally, and there will be many events taking place not only throughout the year but also as part of Heritage Open Days Weekend in September. An account of the Lincolnshire Methodist History Society by the late Jim English gives us an appropriate connection here. I believe there are other anniversaries which could be investigated during the year - did the Beeching axe strike Lincolnshire in 1953? No doubt some of our railway enthusiast readers can tell us!

Other topics in this number include Gordon Taylor's account of Henry Cross, drover (an entrant from the 2000 competition), two industrial archaeology items - the Lucas Frecliffe and Dogdyke pumping station - and an investigation into Brayford Villa by Dr Dennis Mills. Dr John Ketteringham describes his publishing experiences, and there is an unusual article about Alfred Lord Tennyson with a nautical connection by Jim Murray. As is often the case, we are short on archaeological contributions, but no doubt someone will come to the rescue in due course!

By the time you read this, Flora Murray will have celebrated her 90th birthday. Flora has had such a long connection with the Society in all its forms as well as links with countless other Lincolnshire organisations, that there would be no space to go into them all here, so it is enough to say 'Happy birthday, Flora', from all of us!

Hilary Healey, Joint Editor
Brayford Villa
Where was it, what was it, when was it?

Dennis Mills

View of Halford’s on the Brayford Villa site from the north west at the junction of Fifth Road and Beevor Street, Lincoln - an ordinary retail park today, but 100 years ago it was very different

[Photo Dennis Mills, 2002]

Members of the Survey of Lincoln Project are preparing an historical atlas of Lincoln for publication, which will be centred on the four 20 inches-to-one-mile plans of the city drawn by James Sandby Padley, dated 1842, 1851, 1868 and 1883. These plans are being evaluated against other sources and against ground measurements relating to contemporary buildings that still survive. In general the standard of Padley’s accuracy is proving to be very high, but a few features depicted by him deserve very careful attention. For example, all his 20-inch plans show Brayford Villa (Figs. 1 and 2), but give no clue as to its function, status, or ownership. In describing how a wide range of sources has been used to discover more about Brayford Villa, this article may encourage others to carry out similar small-scale studies elsewhere in the city.

Brayford Villa was about a third of a mile south of the Brayford, making the name seem improbable, but before the opening of the Midland Railway line in 1846 there was only open country between the ‘villa’ and the Brayford. The site is approximately represented to-day by the north-eastern part of the retail park in which Halford’s, Comet, Curry’s and Dixon’s are located, south-east of the traffic lights at the junction of Tritton Road, the Ropewalk and Beevor Street. Before these relatively recent developments the site was occupied by Rutron’s (new) Boiler Works.

Although use of the term ‘villa’ has varied considerably and the ornamental copse shown south of the buildings suggests gentility, this site seems an unlikely location for a ‘villa’, being at a height of only 13-14 feet above sea level. An undated estate map (LAO, Padley III/462) shows that the site was only a quarter of a mile from the Swanpool before this water body was reduced in size. The location was also only accessible from the city by the Holmes Bridge (Fig. 1). The road passing to the north of Brayford Villa, later to become Beevor Street, was only a dead-end accommodation road leading to the fields in the northermost part of Boultham parish. The road branching off to Brayford Villa was also a dead end, as there was no bridge for wheeled traffic over the Main Drain towards Boultham village until several decades later.

Map evidence and early directories
Map evidence suggests that Brayford Villa was newly built at the time of Padley’s 1842 survey, since it does not appear on any of the pre-1842 maps of the city. Although at smaller scales than his 20-inch plans, they could easily have accommodated the villa. They include William Marral’s map of 1817; Padley’s own earlier
map of 1824; the OS map reproduced in the Report of the Commissioners on Municipal Corporation Boundaries, Part II, 1837, facing p. 103; and Dewhurst and Nicholls' six-inch map of Lincoln, 1839.

56 is not very surprising, because the editors did not attempt the level of detail to be found in Lincoln City directories. The first city directory was the quite impressive publication of 1843 by Victor and Baker, which lists 'Jno. Slack, wharfinger, Brayford villa', in the A-Z list of residents. However, in the list of wharfingers he appears simply at Brayford.

There is also a reference to Slack's (now Albion) Yard at 171 High St (between St Mark's and the future line of the Great Northern Railway, see Fig. 3). This was used by London vans that set out from there three times a week in pre-railway days. The county directories of 1826-56 also show that John Slack was busy as a wharfinger at Slack's Wharf, Brayford Head, presumably at the river end of his Yard, on the present site of the northern end of the Lincolnshire Echo office. Vessels went out to Boston and Horncastle in one direction and Gainsborough and Yorkshire in the other. Pigot's Directory of 1828-29 mentions that he had a warehouse at this wharf. At various dates other interests appear, but nothing to suggest that he was associated with a location one third of a mile south of the Brayford. Is it possible that Victor and Baker's use of 'Brayford Villa' was a clerical error, rather than a record of Slack's residence there?

**Derby Grounds [Farm]**

A fresh start was possible when Maurice Hodson pointed out that as the place-name 'Derby Grounds' is associated with land on either side of Beevor Street, that name and Brayford Villa may have been synonymous. Akrill started his series of Lincoln city directories in 1857, but neither the publication of that date nor his 1863 directory yield any clues, the first Akrill reference to Derby Grounds being in 1867. Even this shows confusion, as two entries suggest that Derby Grounds were near the Holmes Bridge or thereabouts, whilst the entry in street sequence puts Derby Grounds immediately south of the Midland Station!

1867 Akrill Lincoln Directory, Street sequence:

HIGH STREET (west side, moving from south to north)

...143, 144

Derby Grounds

John Noden

Dawber & Gentel's Office

Midland Railway Station

153, 154, etc....

Alphabetical sequence: Noden, Jno., Farmer, Derby Grounds, near Holmes-Bridge.

Classified sequence: Farmers: Noden, John, Derby Grounds, near the Holmes.

Professor Cameron listed Derby Grounds in his Place-Names of the County of the City of Lincoln, his source being the Lincoln poll books of 1859, 1862 and 1865, which confirm that Derby Grounds was located in St Botolph's parish. In 1859 James Watson was the elector recorded, John Noden at the two later dates. White's 1872 county directory includes 'John Noden, farmer, Derby Grounds Farm, Boultham Road' in

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These maps appear to be supported by similar negative evidence from written sources. For example, it is not possible to identify Brayford Villa in the 1828 valuation of the city. However, the convoluted nature of parish boundaries in this area may have led to its not being recorded. Brayford Villa was within the parish of St Botolph, but occupied a site that might more obviously have been part of 'St Peter-at-Gows', or even St Mark's parish. Close to it on the west was Boultham parish, and this led to the area being included with New Boultham in some late Victorian directories.

The fact that no references to Brayford Villa have been found in the county directories of the period 1826-
the A-Z list of residents. The reference to Boultham Road again displays ignorance of the relevant geography, as this is much further south. (Table 1 at the end of the article summarises all occupiers' particulars).

Census enumerators' books (CEBs)

After the discovery of these names, the census enumerators' books for the decennial censuses of 1841-1901, were searched using the surname indexes. John Slack was found to be actually living at Slack's Yard in the 1841 CEB for St Mary-le-Wigford parish. He was listed as a carrier and wharfinger, aged about 50, with a wife and son of about 15 and three other people in his household. The 1841 CEB for St Botolph's parish makes no reference to Brayford Villa or Derby Grounds Farm, or any other property that might be identified with them, suggesting that it was not yet built on census day, 6 June 1841. In the 1851 census the James Watson mentioned in the first poll book is described as a farmer of 117 acres, employing two labourers. The household contained Mr and Mrs Watson, a niece, a widowed uncle (agricultural machineman) and two farm labourers.

In 1861 John Noden was living at Derby Grounds, a farmer of 150 acres, married with one child, employing four labourers and three servants; three of the farm servants and one domestic servant being co-resident. A house large enough to sleep seven persons, and buildings being used for farming purposes tally well with what Padley had shown, especially the semi-courtyard arrangement of the buildings and the apparent stack-yard to the south fenced off from the nearest field.

In 1871 John Noden (sic) is recorded as a farmer with 160 acres, employing three men and two boys. The household totalled ten persons, Norden, his wife, son and mother-in-law, and three male farm servants and three female servants. Similar searches in 1881 and 1891, using the address column in the enumerators' books as well as the surnames found in directories, were without the hoped-for result, in the second case perhaps due to damage to the document. In 1901 Derby Grounds Farm was found with the remark that the house was 'not in occupation'.

Changes wrought by rail construction

When the line was built in 1846 the Midland Railway cut across the route from Brayford Villa to the Holmes Bridge shown on Padley's 1842 plan. Not only was there a railway, but also two dells (Fig. 2), created by quarrying for spoil to raise the railway above flood level. An engraving of this scene is in J. G. Ruddock and R. E. Pearson, The railway history of Lincoln, 1974, 1985, p. 109. The same book has an 1846 map illustrating the MR's abortive proposal for a siding round Brayford, which shows the route (between the Holmes Bridge and the unnamed Brayford Villa) already cut off, but not yet replaced (p. 229).

Railway companies had to make restitution or accommodation of some kind in such circumstances. Comparing the 1842 and 1851 Padley maps, it seems probable that the Midland solved the problem by providing a bridge over the Witham, which led into the High Street through railway property south of St Mark's Station. This explains why Akrill made references to Derby Grounds at this point in the High Street sequence. The route described became known as Firth Road (Figs. 4, 5, 6). However, as the built-up area of the city expanded it also became necessary for the Midland to provide a level crossing to carry Ropewalk and Beever Street traffic across the line, as apparently shown by the Ordnance Survey 25-inch plan of 1886, thus approaching Derby Grounds Farm from the west.

More directories: the appearance of New Boultham

Akrill's series of directories continue the pattern of the 1867 directory in 1877, 1881, 1883, Thomas Jackson replacing John Noden between 1867 and 1877. When Ruddock took over from Akrill with the 1894 city directory, the pattern of entries changed, partly because Ruddock began to include entries on villages in the vicinity of Lincoln. Under Boultham parish in the 1894 directory 'G. Hardy, Derby Farm', is included, despite the farmhouse being in the city, although, as is shown below, much of
Fig. 3. The entrance to Albion Yard (once Slack's Yard) is on the right. The building occupied by MVC was once the Lion Hotel, in whose yard the Lincolnshire Road Car had their first bus station. The buses entered via Brayford Wharf East and left through an archway under the left hand side of the hotel.

Fig. 4. The junction of High Street and Firth Road. Notice its sinuous course which came about because it had to thread its way through the Midland Railway's southern goods yard. The low stone building in the distance was a stable block for MR horses. (Photo, Dennis Mills, 2002.)

its land in Boultham. White's 1892 county directory states under Lincoln that Geo. Hardy was a butcher in the New Market, house in New Boultham. A grassland farm close to the city would have been attractive to a butcher wishing to 'finish' animals for the market. Probably his slaughter house would have been inside the extensive farm buildings.

In 1897 Ruddock omitted both Hardy and Derby Grounds Farm, but Kelly's 1896 county directory has 'Thomas Hardy, farmer, Derby Farm, New Boultham'. In 1899 Ruddock recorded Fuller Welling at Derby Farm, but there is no reference to either in the 1901 and subsequent directories.

The reason for this is bound up with the acquisition of the land for industrial development. Under New Boultham by 1894 Ruddock was recording Peppletons, sugar boilers (confectionery factory), and Dawson's leather works, which were located west of the railway crossing on the north side of Beevor Street. Dawson's rebuilt factory occupies both sites to-day. Foster's Wellington Wood Works adjacent to the farmstead on the south had been established by 1883 (Padley 1883 map) and the site was further developed in 1898-1900 (M. R. Lane, The story of the Wellington Foundry, Lincoln. A history of William Foster and Co., Ltd., 1997, pp. 36-38). Also shown on the 1883 Padley map in Firth Road is Cannon's glue factory.

The 1901 census entry ('not in occupation') and the non-appearance of Derby Grounds Farm in the 1901 directory both tally with the Lincoln Urban Sanitary Authority's Register of Plans for Streets and Buildings kept at City Hall. Entry 3430 dated 4 April 1901 granted Ruston, Precote and Co permission to build a new Boiler Shop, which the plans indicate was to be of six bays. The OS six-inch map surveyed in 1904 (published 1907) shows that it had been built without the two shorter bays near Beevor Street.

The history of Derby Grounds Farm demonstrates that Brayford Villa was primarily a farm. Too much should not be made of the varying acreages reported in the census, since these figures relate to the farmer, rather than to the farm. One could hypothesise that the basic unit was 117 acres, as reported in 1851, with extra fields rented at the later dates, or bought and added on, taking the figure up to 160 acres in 1871. On the reasonable assumption that at least some of this
land surrounded the farmstead, by 1901 its nearest fields had disappeared under urban development. The building of the railway loop line to the south and west of it in 1851-52 must have compounded the inconvenience. However, all this information does not answer the question as to whether Victor and Baker's use of the name 'Brayford Villa' supports Padley's use. Is this just a coincidence? It needs at least one more good documentation to settle the point.

Date of origin - early railway plans

The earliest relevant railway plans are for the line opened by the Midland Railway in 1846, which were drawn up in 1844 (Lincoln Central Library - Nottingham and Lincoln Railway and Lincolnshire Archives - LAO KPI6167). Properties on and adjacent to the course of the proposed line were surveyed and recorded as to ownership and occupation, much like present highway plans. The numbers on Figure 1 refer to property owned by the trustees of the late Richard Ellis (of Boultham) and occupied jointly by William Ellis and John Slack, who tenanted more land further west. Slack will be remembered as the warfarer recorded in Victor and Baker's 1843 city directory as living at Brayford Villa. John Slack was not residing there on 6 June 1841, and no match for William Ellis has been found under either Lincoln or Boultham.

However, the railway evidence shows that both the directory and Padley's 1842 map are correct in their use of the name Brayford Villa, even though the railway plan marks the farmstead without naming it. Its depiction coincides with Padley's. Although the name had passed out of use by 1851, Padley did not remove it from the three later editions of his Lincoln city plans. Deletion of anything from a copper plate was relatively troublesome, involving the use of a rounded wooden mallet, and usually requiring the re-engraving of surrounding detail. By comparison, as the city grew, it was easy to add new detail in virgin territories, but where it was important to make a change, this appears to have been done, e.g., a correction to the St Mark's parish boundary east of Sincil Dyke and north of the site of Portland Street.

The fields occupied by Ellis and Slack and shown on Figure 1 extended, by rough estimation, to about 70-80 acres, accounting for about three-quarters of the land reported by James Watson in 1851, when some land had already disappeared under the railway and had cut the farm into two sections. Padley's 1851 and 1858 maps suggest that there was a crossing on what became Beevor Street allowing farm carts to cross the line, but probably not for some years a crossing with gatekeeper for public use. The name Beevor Street originates much later with the Ellisons, being the surname of an Ellison wife (Ron Drury, in a letter to the Lincolnshire Echo, 28 January 1988).

The voluminous records of the Ellison estate were also consulted, but these are almost entirely concerned with the sale of land further south in Boultham parish in the period from about 1910. However, one document includes an estate map of c. 1880 which shows a group of buildings named Derby (sic) Grounds corresponding to Padley's Brayford Villa (LAO, BS124/1/1/255).

Finally, a plausible explanation for the name 'Derby Grounds' is that this belonged initially to the whole of the semi-detached portion of St Botolph's parish west of the Witham (Fig. 1). This may have been connected with the late fourteenth-century house popularly known as John O'Gaunt's Palace, John O'Gaunt having had the earldom of Derby among his titles. This rich merchant's house stood on the west side of the High Street near the present Gaunt Street, on a plot running down to the river and thus opposite the semi-detached part of St Botolph's parish. (D. Stocker, "A very goodly house longing Sutton. A reconstruction of John O'Gaunt's Palace. Lincoln, Lincolnshire History and Archaeology, vol 39 (1999), especially p 13 and footnote 24).

Sources and Acknowledgements

These have been indicated in the body of the article, except for the Urban Archaeological Database housed in the Heritage Services section, Department of Planning, City Hall. This was an invaluable shortcut to some of the sources, as rather unusually for an archaeological database it covers a time span down to the modern period. It contains information gathered from sources such as maps and directories, as well as architectural and archaeological observations, which can be interrogated with respect to individual buildings. John Herridge gave most freely of his time and expertise in my use of the UAD and in commenting on every draft of this article. I also wish to thank Neville Birch, Maurice Hodson, Ray Hooley, Joan Mills, Robert Wheeler and Neil Wright for their helpful comments on early drafts.

Fig. 5. The present bridge carrying Forth Road over the River Witham on the site of the original. It may be the original bridge of c. 1846.
THE LUCAS FREELITE

My first encounter with a Lucas Freelite came in 1963 when I spent a year between school and college at Downham Market in West Norfolk, on the edge of the fens. My only transport was the bicycle on which I explored the area around the town. On my evening and weekend forays west of the Great Ouse I began to notice the occasional isolated farmhouse or cottage. In the garden or yard was what at first glance might have been a wind pump but on closer inspection was clearly a wind powered generator. These strange devices were uncommon but by no means rare, though I never saw one anywhere else but in the fens. They consisted of a tall wooden pole or a narrow steel lattice tripod. At the top was pivoted something like a large model aeroplane. At the front was mounted a twin bladed wooden propeller, and protruding to the rear was a triangular sheet metal tail vane. The equipment invariably locked old and weather beaten but on some of the tail vanes the name ‘Lucas’ was still legible. I was told that they were ‘Lucas Freelites’. They must have been a good deal more numerous at one time because there were a lot of the steel lattice masts still in evidence in the fen, but with a television aerial in place of the Freelite.

Ten years later I returned to the fens, but by the time I moved to the Boston area in 1974 the Lucas Freelite was becoming extinct, though there were still a few examples about. One, which many readers may have seen, was on the old A16 main road just out of the village on the Boston side of Surfleet. This Freelite in the garden of a roadside bungalow was clearly visible from the road. The bungalow was a neat but simple wooden structure, typical of the humbler sorts of property where Freelites were to be found.

There was another at a cottage on the Trader Bank at Sitsey. A cottage at Crows Bridge near Wainfleet also had one; this disappeared but not long after, a Freelite suddenly materialised in the garden of a house at Toyneton Fenside - was it the same one?
I suspect that a migration such as this may have been a common phenomenon. As the national grid gradually spread its tentacles down every road and country lane the diminishing number of Freelines was driven ever deeper into the fens. The one at Toyns Fen side was not there for long (this was about 1980 and I suspect it may have been erected as a curiosity rather than as a serious power supply) and I have not seen one since.

The Lucas Freelite first appeared in 1937 but was developed from an Australian design that originated in the late 1920s. The headgear consisted of a casting that pivoted on a bracket clamped to the top of the mast. The small cylindrical generator was strapped to the underside of a cradle at the front end of the casting and the six foot diameter propeller was fixed direct to a tapered extension of the generator’s armature shaft - there was no gearing. The DC generator was a modified Morris Cowley dynamo of a shunt wound, 2-brush type, charging either two or four 6-volt, 130 ampere-hour lead-acid lorry batteries. The customer had the choice between a 12 or a 24-volt system.

The Freelite was intended only for domestic lighting and was capable of supplying a mere six 40-watt (max) light bulbs. It could, however, be used to charge motor vehicle batteries or to power a car radio, for which purpose the generator was fitted with a radio interference suppressor.

The recommended height for the mast was 35 to 40 feet. Provision was made for the propeller to be furled (ie turned out of the wind through 90° and locked) manually from the base of the mast by means of a pivoted, spring-loaded handle and a length of fencing wire. The furling mechanism of the headgear was also designed to operate automatically to ensure overspeed control in high winds, though I cannot work out exactly how this was achieved from the limited information available.

The system was intended to ‘cut in’ at about 200 rpm with the wind speed between 10 and 12 mph, reaching its maximum output (180 watts) at 25 mph. At this speed the automatic furling mechanism operated and the system ‘cut out’.

Greasing the generator bearings and refilling the central pivot oil bath every three months was advised, with a full service annually. The Lucas handbook urged the Freelite owner always to ‘handle the propeller with great care and by the centre portion only’ and warned that ‘any damage, however slight, may cause loss of balance and consequent vibration, with excessive wear to the generator’. Did wooden propellers eventually warp? The thought of a six foot propeller rotating at 200 rpm on the end of what was essentially a motor vehicle dynamo suggests that this might have been the Freelite’s Achilles heel.

Lucas ceased production of the Freelite in the late 1950s, although in the 1970s they were producing two alternators of different sizes specifically for domestic wind generator systems manufactured by small specialist firms. It would be a pity if none has survived and what was a brief but distinctive feature of the fen landscape has passed into oblivion.
Dogdyke Pumping Station is in steam again...

Dogdyke Pumping Station near Tattershall was built in 1856 to replace a wind-powered fen drainage engine on the bank of the River Witham. It comprises a steam-operated beam engine driving a wooden scoop wheel and it survived in service until 1940 when it was replaced by a Ruston and Hornsby diesel engine. Following extensive restoration work by the Dogdyke Pumping Station Preservation Trust, the engine was returned to steam again in 1977 and it has attracted considerable interest both locally and further afield. Unfortunately, in 1998, the boiler failed its annual inspection and the Trust was no longer permitted to steam the engine. There then followed four years of fundraising, negotiation with English Heritage and a number of funding bodies to finance the replacement of the boiler and carry out essential repairs to the buildings. The Society for Lincolnshire History & Archaeology obtained a grant of £200 from the East Midlands Industrial Archaeology Conference towards the work and there were contributions from local authorities, WREN and other bodies. Heritage Lincolnshire helped the Trust with the administration of the grant applications and gave valuable guidance. Thanks to all these efforts and heroic work by Trust members there was a grand reopening of the station on 4 August 2002 in the presence of representatives of all these organisations.

The station now boasts a modern oil-fired steam generating plant, which allows steam to be raised in a matter of minutes and needs minimal attention, thus allowing Trust members to devote more time to other tasks such as explaining things to visitors. In addition to the steam engine, the diesel engine is operated, and there is a small museum of fenland drainage. The station is open to the public on the first Sunday of the month, May to October, from 2pm to 5pm. Entrance is via a private road at Bridge Farm, approximately one mile west of Tattershall Castle on the A153.

Chris Lester
Flora

East Coast 1953

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! Along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.
And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her wetering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin
and rout -
Then beaten foam flew round about -
Then all the mighty floods were out.
So farre, so fast the eygre drove,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high -
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby'.
From 'High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire' by Jean Ingelow

This year being the fiftieth anniversary of the 1953 east coast floods, many memories have been aroused. BBC Radio Lincolnshire took its shiny bus to a number of coastal venues and recorded recollections, and several interesting and harrowing stories were heard, some of which were placed on their web site at www.BBC.co.uk/lincolnshire. Inevitably there have been references to past floods, especially 1281, 1571 and 1810.

One popular item usually mentioned is Jean Ingelow's famous poem, The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, 1571. And here problems arise for local history. This poem is highly atmospheric, but it has to be remembered that it was written in the 19th century, and despite being titled after an actual event it is fiction not fact!

Two aspects in particular catch the imagination. One is the alleged tune played on the church bells - The Brides of Enderby. Although Mavis Enderby is a real place, and bells could be used to warn of danger (as was planned in World War Two) there is no such tune or peal of this name; it was an invention that fitted the rhythm of the verse. I hope this will not upset the Canadian place, which reputedly named itself after this particular Enderby reference!

The second myth is that the tide came in as a really gigantic Eygre or tidal bore - nowadays usually spelt eagyre. There is no doubt that Jean Ingelow conducted some research in preparing the poem (though sadly, not into bell ringing!) and used accounts of the 1810 floods in some of her images. She may have known people who remembered 1810, and an exceptional eagyre is commented on the Stamford Mercury of the time. This is the only reference to an eagyre on the Witham although there used to be a modest one on the Welland at Fosdyke. The best known in the county is probably the one that occurs on the Trent near Gainsborough, but others probably know more about that one.

You can read more about Jean Ingelow's sources in the article by Valerie Purton and the late Chris Sturman in Lincolnshire Past & Present no. 6 (Winter 1991-2) pages 3-6. A few more flood references are noted in a number 10/11 (Winter 1992-Spring 1993) of the same magazine, pages 29-30.
Nan's story

Nan owned a beautiful house close to the sand hills at Woolla Bank, Chapel Six Marshes. It had been built from plans at the Ideal Home Exhibition. Recently widowed, she decided to occupy herself by rearing pigs and keeping chickens. She also had a donkey for her grandson to ride. As she was no expert with pigs she had invited a friend, a local farmer from Hogsthorpe, to visit her and give her some advice. On the night of the 1953 floods they were sitting chatting when the fire started to splutter. ‘That’s funny, George’, Nan said. ‘I’ll go and look out of the front door; it sounds very rough.’ She went through the hall and opened the heavy oak door, whereupon water rushed in nearly up to her knees. She shouted for George and he too was met by the rising water. The staircase was by the front door so they both started to climb up, looking behind them at the water still rising. To their amazement one of the pigs came floating in. It too landed on the staircase so all three ended up in Nan’s bedroom. There Nan and George spent the night sitting on the edge of the bed with the pig snuffling round the room. The power failed and they listened to the loud bangs and crashes, wondering if the house would collapse.

They were rescued in the morning by boat. My husband and I went down to see if we could help, and after the water retreated we found what strange things it had done. The kitchen was almost demolished and the heavy gas cooker was taken out of the kitchen and through a passage into the pantry where we found it standing upright behind the closed pantry door. In the sitting room was a small chest of drawers in which Nan kept her best cutlery. On opening the firmly closed drawers we found they were full of seaweed and dead grass but almost all the cutlery was gone. A few items were found near the sand hills. Wedged firmly under the first step of the staircase was the donkey’s collar.

All the pigs and chickens were drowned and littered the nearby road. But Nan, George and the pig that spent the night with them survived. Sadly, now, George and Nan have passed away and the house was demolished a few years after the flood.

Hilary's story

Betty Kirkham has contributed Nan’s story, which has not previously been in print, and has also kindly supplied some photographs. My own contribution follows on from this – the furniture link is quite fortuitous! In view of the many horrendous tales of the time, perhaps a little lightness will not come amiss. My piece is taken mainly from my diary, and is not very detailed. I had just turned 18, starting my first term at Lincoln School of Art, and floods were not my main concern, though I did note that sweet rationing ended on 5 February!

Before the Second World War we had stayed at Sutton on Sea a number of times, in a house belonging to Miss Sharples, a teacher, in Church Lane not far from the ‘pullover’. After the war my mother and aunt bought a small cottage further down Church Lane, and named it Dorna Cottage (derived from their names, Dorothy and Marjorie – but it did have dormer windows!) It had been a pair of one-up one-down tenements, with a lean-to rear. This latter was mostly wood and glass and we euphemistically called it the veranda. The whole had been made into one cottage, but the enterprising pair returned it to separate holiday lets. Illustrations of the cottage before and after the flood were printed in Lines P&P 10/11 (1992-3) p30. No one occupied it during the winter.

The weekend of the flood (31 January) there is no reference to it at all in my diary apart from a suggestion that the weather might be to blame for the cat being unwell! No doubt we would at some stage have heard flood news on the wireless and I think we were telephoned by Mr Long of Simons, Ingumells and Young, the local estate agents, who had actually been outdoors whilst the water was rising. My father was unable to get through to the coast at first, one of the problems being that looting began early on, and passes had to be given out. He went on a bus from Alford the first time, but it turned back, though he
got through on the Wednesday. The roads were in a really bad state, not only from the tidal action but also damage by lorries bringing slag and materials to repair the sea bank. The next normal high spring tides, due on Friday, 14 February, precluded visits for another week.

My diary entry reads: 'Floods. Slug now being taken from Scunthorpe to Sutton. Heard from my father of his two attempts to get to Sutton— one in a bus from Alford, which turned back. He went to Alford and saw others from Church Lane; most of those we know are safe, though the Craigis had a bad time. Hope Timothy [cat] was OK. Miss Moxon [neighbour] left Twinkle [her cat] to be called for— she said when she left our cottage had lost two windows and a door— who knows how much now! And full of sand too, I expect. Saw all photos in the paper— the front of Sutton is just gone— it's quite unbelievable.'

To add to the problems we had snow on Sunday 8th and more the following week. My aunt and uncle had an aerial photograph of Sutton on which we could see that the cottage walls were still standing. My mother went for the first time on 21 February and said the mess had to be seen to be believed.

'Sutton News Little sand, mainly mud— all in mattresses, cushions etc. Dorothy's bed settee and table changed places and crockery on table quite unharmed! Also two plates OK under foot of immovable dresser. Dorothy's knife drawer gone but someone else's sideboard drawer instead. Deck chair at bottom of garden and man next door drying some of our coconut matting! Roads shocking [because] made of slag. Front door gone and another down with masonry also. Roof of veranda OK and upstairs too.' My own first visit to Sutton was on 23 February. We were unable to set off very early as a visitor came and stayed too long.

'We got off late in noon [so] were only in Alford about 3pm! Marks of sea begin after Hannah about three miles inland, sea not in sight! Devastation at first not as bad as I imagined, but worse as you go on. Those huge piles lying around and caravans all over. Could drive through Mr Morgan's house! Took some photos. Very few people about and no animals. Church Lane [apparently] not as bad as before. New sea bank [in Acre Gap] looks tiny. Mud in house dreadful, but sort of cleaned veranda (no water on) and got stuff into there. 'Long strong pong' wasn't too bad. Trouble with car before we left. Got home pretty late but after a very interesting day.'

In fact the mud in Dorma Cottage was in no way as bad as some people had experienced— it was much worse nearer the dunes. But there was a tide mark five feet up the wall and we never painted over that bit. A few weeks later my mother spotted a small bamboo table of hers standing in the middle of a field and had to stop the car to get out and collect it. We heard of one family [the Craigs?] who had retreated upstairs and had to listen to their grandfather clock banging backwards and forwards as it sloshed about in the room downstairs. They said they were so relieved when the front door gave way and the clock finally floated away.

As far as I recall the Sutton cats whose welfare I worried about were both safe, although our own elderly, poorly cat at home, Pebble, went off and died in the middle of all this. Dorma Cottage was sold some years later. I did not go back to look for it until the 1980s, to find that it was gone and, having had a large garden, had been replaced by several new houses in a development called something like Studio Court. An adjacent property was called The Studio.

Hilary Healey
Recollections from the Rectory

Ethne Kingsley
(formerly Wood)

On that unforgettable night of 31 January 1953 my husband, the Rev James Wood, was away, taking a weekend mission at North Kyme, so the children, Elizabeth, Helen and Hilary (5, 6 and 7) and I were alone at the Rectory.

I was ironing and listening to the wind howling in the trees down the drive, when there was a loud knocking at the front door and I found Mrs Radford from the bungalow across the clouds were tossing, and to let it gleam for a few seconds on the sea water creeping up through the grass in the Glebe field on the eastern side. These gleams of moonlight on the creeping sea are something I shall never forget, and is a sight that must, many years before, have registered forcibly on the memory of Jean Ingelow for she describes the same thing so graphically in her poem ‘High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire’.

The sea had not crossed the drive into the field on the other side, except where there was a dip near the gate and here the water was over my ankles. By the time I had roused the Laws and told them to come to the Rectory the water was over my knees as we waded back through the gateway.

We watched through the Rectory windows as the sea gradually flowed over the drive into the second field, then we turned off switches and took ourselves and a few necessities upstairs. The water came up to the steps at the front of the house and lapped against the walls at the back before the tide turned. The fact that no water entered the Rectory or the church paid tribute to both the Georgian and Norman builders, whose perception had found two slightly raised areas in the flat landscape.

The children slept through that night and so knew nothing of its happenings until the next morning when I took them with me to find out what had happened in the village — which we didn’t reach, being stopped by the police at the top of Sea Lane — but they were most excited to find the now uncovered drive a mass of drowned earthworms, all stretched out to great length, and so thick on the ground it was impossible to step between them. The next night’s tide removed them all and brought us a fresh lot.

I am afraid I have to admit that these earthworms are the only thing the girls can remember of the actual flood itself.

I had not been able to get in touch with my husband, the phones being off, and at North Kyme he had been aware only that the terrific gale of the Saturday night had blown a slate off the North Kyme church roof, which had narrowly missed his head, so he was amazed after the service next morning when folk who had heard the news on the radio before coming to church asked him if his family was safe at Ingoldmells.

He was able to contact Skegness on the phone, where the girl on the switchboard recognised his voice and said, ‘It’s alright, Father, your family at Ingoldmells are safe.’ After buses from Kyme, Woodhall, Horncastle, and finally a taxi from Skegness, he got home to his parish to find much destruction and many deaths.

My clearest memories of the Sunday are of the women of Ingoldmells and...
Addlethorpe who got back into their wartime WVS uniforms and took over caring for those who had lost their homes or been evacuated, and of the exhausted young men of both parishes who had gone out into the blackness, with their boats and equipment, to rescue people from danger and flooded homes. A number of people owed their lives to them, and, although they never received any medals they certainly earned them.

A few nights later, when another high tide threatened, the police evacuated us and sent us into Skegness for the night, and in my memory is the row of fire engines along the top of the Roman Bank near Butlin’s theatre, pumping away at the sea, once again lapping the top of the bank.

The police let us back the next day, so that Jim could give help and comfort to those who had lost so much, and finally to take the funerals of those brought day by day into the church. It seemed to be never-ending, and the officer in charge of the police (who did their job with great sensitivity) told my husband that they too were beginning to be under great strain from their constant search for victims among the ruins of their homes. With three little children I could not do much to help — beyond a lot of baking — but at least I could see, as each funeral came along, that there was always a clean, pressed surplice ready for the Rector, to help with the dignity of the service.

There are memories of that time that everyone must share — the tragic wreckage of bungalows between the sea and the bank, where their occupants had been trapped — the beach café with only its roof protruding above the sand — the expense of water in front of Mr Paul’s shop, where previously had been an empty field with only the West farmhouse in the distance.

When the coastal road was open again we went one day on the bus to Sutton. In front of all the roadside houses and along the streets, mattresses and bedding were still drying out on fences and hedges. The smell was dreadful, as it was from the dykes, where the backwash from our sewage-contaminated coastal waters had flooded inland.

Even in the midst of trouble and distress there are often little bits of humour to be found. At that time the Rector was also Rural Dean and had been helping with the parishes of Friskney during its vacancy. The second week after the flood there was a ring on the phone. My husband picked it up. ‘The Rector of Ingoldmells speaking,’ he said and was met with a deathly silence. After a long pause a shaky voice whispered, ‘Is that YOU? You’re supposed to be DEAD! I’m ringing up to ask the time of your funeral.’ It was the churchwarden of Friskney, who having seen in the local paper that a minister had been drowned at Ingoldmells had presumed that it was the Rector, being unaware that a retired Methodist minister had lost his life in one of the wrecked bungalows.

About 10 days after the flood the Skegness police brought me a cable from my parents in Australia, asking if they could let them know if we were alive. In all the upheaval it had never struck me that, even if the floods had been mentioned on Australian radio, our little village of Ingoldmells might have been picked out, among all the large towns, for a mention! Someone who had been listening to the radio in Victoria rang up my mother in New South Wales at 2am and said, ‘Have you heard that the whole of the east coast of England has been flooded, that the village of Ingoldmells is under the sea and that everyone there has been drowned?’ There were no international telephone calls in those days so my parents had waited, hoping to hear from me, and then sent a cable, which had taken three days to come. My quick return cable of reassurance had also taken three days, so my unfortunate parents had to wait in anxiety for two weeks, and my mother afterwards developed diabetes from the shock. She had comforted herself knowing it was a two-storey house, by hoping that we had got upstairs with a few tins of food but also, having a sense of humour, hoped we hadn’t forgotten the tin opener!

Not only homes and lives were lost on that night of the flood — lost also was what had been known as ‘that pretty little village by the sea’. Trees came down in quiet little Sea Lane and at the end of the drive. Houses lost part of their garden frontage as the lane was widened by 15 feet to accommodate the huge lorries that trundled up and down all day with material to repair the sea walls and equipment to remove the wreckage.

Hundreds of sightseers swarmed in to see the destruction, bringing much noise and litter. Our pet rook would examine them with interest from the top rail of the front gate, enjoying the chips with which he was beguiled, but making us fearful that he would be grabbed and find himself tied by a leg in a back-yard in Sheffield.

But one thing, apart from a little alteration here and there, has not changed, and that is the church. For over a thousand years it has squatted on its little rise, through floods and famines, war and strife, joys and sorrows, being there for the community at the time of the flood 50 years ago, as through the centuries. May the descendants of those who survived the flood continue to treasure it.

Unfortunately the gracious Georgian Rectorcy, in its lovely setting of old horse chestnuts, elms and other globe trees, its garden, arches and lion-topped walls did not fare so happily. We loved it as our home, but it belonged not just to us but to the whole village, and in these more appreciative days it would have had a preservation order placed on it. But in the upheaval of reorganisation after the flood such a thing was not given thought. About 12 years ago, while the house was vacant, Elizabeth and Helen took a sad walk around the outside and found, at the foot of the wall, the broken remains of one of the lions. They placed the pieces in a carrier bag and brought them home. Too shattered to reassemble, they now lie lovingly wrapped in the home of someone who, as a little girl, loved those lions when the flood came to Ingoldmells 50 years ago!
Want to be an author?
— John Ketteringham gives some helpful advice and warns of

The perils of publishing Lincolnshire's heritage

Recently my thirteenth book, Lincolnshire Natives and Others, appeared on the shelves of those few shops in the county that are prepared to stock such titles. I think, therefore, I can claim to have had some experience both as a writer and publisher. I thought it might help and perhaps be something of an eye opener if I recorded my own experiences in trying to do my bit to promote Lincolnshire's heritage.

The first booklet I had published was a history of St Giles church Lincoln which appeared in 1985. In 1987 Lincoln Cathedral; A History of the Bells, Bellringers and Bellringing was published and a second edition of this book appeared in 2000. In succession followed the three books in the Lincolnshire Hotspatch series, Lincolnshire Bells and Bellfounders, A Cathedral Miscellany, and the three books in the Lincolnshire People series. I have actually published myself seven of the thirteen books I have written.

Having given the reader the background I will try and set out the more important points to bear in mind when considering publishing a book with a local rather than a national potential readership.

The cost of printing will be several thousand pounds. As well as the cost of printing, a professional publisher, in order to arrive at the retail price of the finished book, will need to take into account travel, telephone calls, postage etc. A self-publisher will usually not be so meticulous in recording these items.

Complimentary copies of the book will have to be sent to magazines, newspapers and other publications so that the book can be reviewed—a book will not sell unless potential purchasers know if its existence. Six copies must be put aside for eventual dispatch to the Agent for the Legal Deposit Libraries. It is a requirement of the Copyright Act 1911 that every book published is deposited with the British Library, the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the University Library, Cambridge; the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh; the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, and the National Library of Wales. Although it is not essential, I think it is unwise not to arrange for an ISBN (International Standard Book Number) to be allocated to a book. If a book is not recorded in this way details will not be circulated to libraries and book sellers and sales will be drastically reduced. If an ISBN is known booksellers can more easily trace the source of a book when potential customers ask for it. It is probably wise to have a barcode printed on the back cover and a good printer will be able to arrange for this to be done. Some retailers will not agree to stock a book without this.

Having decided to go ahead with the proposed book and publish oneself I suggest that three estimates for the printing are obtained. However, do try to examine a book produced by each printer to ensure that the quality of the paper and the clarity of the print are what you want. Take a good look at the quality of the reproduction of the illustrations. If at all possible have the book bound with a spine. Be very sure that the book title is printed on the spine. This should be obvious but I know of one well-known publisher who forgot to do this! No one is going to bother to look at a book stacked on the bookseller's shelves if they can't read the title.

The printer will need to know the number of copies required, the size of the pages i.e. A4, A5 or a special size; the number and type of the illustrations and whether they are to be printed in black and white or colour. It is important to know what extra charge will be incurred if the author exceeds the number of pages or illustrations estimated. Having chosen an estimate, add to it a suitable amount to cover any cost you might incur for the purchase of photographs or for employing an illustrator, the retailer's percentage and other expenses. You should now be able to arrive at the retail price as shown by the following example:

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Based on these figures, with a run of 1000, each copy will cost £6.20 to produce. The usual retailer's percentage is 33 1/3 but one well-known store charges up to 55%. Most of us cannot afford to deal with them. If, based on these figures, the retail price is fixed at £10, you will actually receive £6.66 per copy. You then have to decide if this is sufficient. I think in this case I would increase the retail price to at least £10.50.

The amount I have included for incidentals is probably enough to cover the cost of telephone calls and postage for most authors. In my own case these costs are high because my books on Lincolnshire People involve considerable correspondence with agents as well as the subjects themselves. The amount I have included for postage and packing is for the purchase of suitable materials in which to despatch orders by post. With my last book I allowed 75p for this but in fact the postage on each book was over £2 and the packing I think about 67 pence! This was a book, which like Topsy, grew, and I ended up with about a quarter more pages than I originally estimated. This added to the cost both of production and the postage on the finished book.
I have mentioned reviews above and these are very important. Another means of publicising a book is by advertising but this can be expensive and adds to the cost of producing the book. I have never advertised any of my books but I have published several by subscription. I have found that by offering a reduced price to those who are prepared to support a book by subscribing before they have seen the finished article quite a reasonable sum can be raised.

This brief account is intended simply as a guide and in practice potential authors need to sit back and seriously consider what they are letting themselves in for. Perhaps the most important item, which I haven’t mentioned, is the cost of the manuscript itself. We all tend to think our own work is of interest to others. Put bluntly but realistically it is rare for this to be the case. I have found that many authors of such material will not agree to editing. One must be prepared to have a manuscript read by several people from different backgrounds. My last book was read thoroughly by three people each of whom found errors and made suggestions. I also arranged for certain sections to be read by specialists in a particular field.

The Lincolnshire Methodist History Society

Jim English

When the Wesley Historical Society was inaugurated in about 1888 and was formally constituted in 1893, its aims were to promote the study of the history and literature of Methodism. The founders were mainly Wesleyan Methodists and the early emphasis was on the Wesley family and on Wesleyan Methodist history and biography, but gradually its scope spread to Methodism in general.

An Irish branch was formed in 1926 and was the only local branch until an East Anglia branch was inaugurated in 1958. Gradually local branches spread to cover most of the British Isles, a Lincolnshire branch being created on 8 June 1963. It was, like so many Lincolnshire historical initiatives, the brain-child of Terence Leach, and among the founder members were Rex Russell, Laurence Elvin and the late William Leary.

The aims of the society were:
1. To promote the study of Methodist history in Lincolnshire by arranging lectures, outings and the publication of a journal.
2. To encourage preservation and recording of any and all records relating to Lincolnshire Methodism.
3. To encourage the preservation of Methodist buildings where they are thought to be of historical importance and interest.

The Society continues to work to meet these aims and, although the pattern has changed over the years, two lectures are now held each year (the October one being combined with the annual general meeting) and are held at Methodist chapels in various parts of the county. Outings take the form of a summer tour of a Methodist circuit with short historical talks at each of the chapels chosen as stopping places.

A journal has been published from the earliest days, the first being dated October 1963, and was until 1967 printed with The Epworth Witness – the journal of Epworth Old Rectory, home of the Wesley family – and the resulting title, The Epworth Witness, and the Journal of the Lincolnshire Methodist History Society, has caused confusion to library cataloguers and others who assumed that the two were a single publication.

The journal, which is now published twice a year, has now reached volume 5, number 11 and by now totals some 960 pages of articles on Lincolnshire Methodist history and Lincolnshire Methodists. The contributors range from local Methodist historians to names known nationally (and internationally) as Methodist scholars. The 1988 volume (it was published only annually for four years) contains he Lincolnshire Methodist History Society: its origins, growth and future written by Terence Leach to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the founding of the society. The LMHS is one of the participating societies that organise the annual Brackenbury Memorial Lecture and most of the Methodist lectures have been printed in its journal. Journals are exchanged between branches of the Wesley Historical Society and those received from other branches are deposited in the Gwyron Aston Library at Epworth Old Rectory.

Runs of the journal are available in the Lincolnshire Archives, Lincoln Central Library, Gainsborough and Grantham libraries, Scunthorpe and Grimsby libraries, and the libraries at Bishop Grosseteste College, the Spalding Gentlemen’s Society, Epworth Old Rectory and a number of university libraries. The society has 63 individual, 17 family, and 13 institutional members including three in America. The annual subscription is £3 for individual, £4 for family, and £5 for institutional membership.
On 7 July 1883 the four-masted steamship Pembroke Castle, built by the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, was launched at Barrow-in-Furness. She was 400ft 2in long, with a speed of 12 knots, and had been bought 'on the stocks' by Sir Donald Currie (1825–1909), the Scottish shipping magnate and politician. His Castle Line operated fast ships to India and South Africa, which were familiarly known as 'Currie's Calcutta Castles'. Castle Line eventually merged with the Union Line to become the famous Union Castle Line. Pembroke Castle was sold to the Turkish government in 1906 and renamed Bezmi-Alem for use as a Black Sea coastal passenger vessel. In 1915 Russian warships sank her off Samsoun.

On completion the ship undertook a shakedown cruise to the Western Isles of Scotland, the Orkneys, Norway and Denmark, carrying many dignitaries (mostly prominent Liberal politicians) as passengers including Mr W. E. Gladstone MP (1809–1898), Mr Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892) and his son Hallam who kept a journal of the voyage.

At 4pm on Saturday 8 September 1883 the Pembroke Castle steamed out of Barrow with crowds of people lining the shore cheering the Prime Minister and Poet Laureate. She anchored that evening off Ramsey on the Isle of Man. She arrived in Scotland on Sunday 9 September and lay to anchor in the Sound of Jura. Whilst the vessel waited to board visitors arriving by rail and via the Crinan Canal, Gladstone and his party went ashore at 'beautiful' Oban and visited the picturesque castle at nearby Dunstaffnage.

On Tuesday 11 September the Pembroke Castle weighed anchor and got underway towards Loch Hourn accompanied by the Jessie, a steam yacht owned by James Currie. In the evening the ship returned to the Isle of Mull and dropped anchor in the bay. Early the next morning the vessel left the anchorage and proceeded to Gairloch. After an excursion to visit Loch Maree 'between ferry, heathery hills, covered with grey crags, very wild – by the side of a rushing burn' they sailed at 7pm for Orkney via Cape Wrath. Gladstone wrote in his diary, 'Tennyson read us last night half the 'Promise of May' & we discussed the plot among ourselves'. Tennyson himself flirted outrageously with the young and beautiful Miss Laura Tennant who he nicknamed 'the little witch'.

It is not clear whether Pembroke Castle passed the Isle of Skye to the
west or via the eastern passage through the Kyle of Lochalsh, but Gladstone (always an enthusiastic, but never a good sailor) described a 'rather heavy roll after emerging from the shelter of Lewis (sic)'). Nonetheless, as the vessel approached the Pentland Firth via Cape Wrath, both Tennison and Gladstone thought the 'whole landscape was one of the most beautiful they had ever seen. A telegram to the authorities in Orkney from Sir Donald Currie gave them little time to prepare to welcome the Prime Minister, Poet Laureate and party.

The vessel docked at Kirkwall at 10am on Thursday 13 September. The Bailie, Mr Thomas Peace (1832-1892) and described by Gladstone as 'very intelligent', standing in for the absent Provost Reid, rapidly convened a meeting of the Town Council and organised a fitting reception for the distinguished visitors. The illustrious pair was feted in beautiful weather by throngs of people in holiday mood. The party walked through the 'narrow streets... gay with Orkney and Shetland wool shops', visited the fine Cathedral of St Magnus and a Pict burial ground at Maeshowe, ten miles away. On their return to Kirkwall, at 4pm at a ceremony in the United Presbyterian Church, the Freedom of the Royal Burgh was conferred on both men before an assembly of 1500 delighted Orcadians. Rather coyly, Tennison had declined to make a speech, claiming that he was 'infinitely shy before a crowd'. Gladstone, accepting the honour for both, graciously praised Tennison's poetic achievements. 'Mr Tennison's exertions have been on a higher plane of human action than my own... I anticipate for him... immortality,' he declared.

At Tennison's suggestion the cruise was extended to Norway and Denmark. It was intended to sail at 6pm that day, but dense fog caused the captain to delay departure. Gladstone wrote to Queen Victoria apologising for not asking royal permission to visit a foreign country. She was not amused and later delivered a sharp rebuke. The Queen had never cared for her Prime Minister, believing him to be 'a dangerous fire-brand' and complaining that 'he addresses me as if I were a public meeting'. She had once asked Tennison to persuade Gladstone to resign:

'Early on Friday morning, 14 September, Pembroke Castle sailed for Norway. During the pleasant, calm voyage, Tennison described the moonlit lane of sea behind the ship as 'like a glorious river running to the city of God'. They reached Christiansand on Saturday before luncheon. The party visited the town and trotted on horseback to the Torsridal waterfall. Gladstone thought the Norwegians 'a most courteous and apparently happy people'. Their stay was short, for at 6pm the same day they sailed for Denmark, arriving at sunset on Monday 17 September. They steamed into Copenhagen harbour, berthing in the inner basin, watched by 'a multitude of people'. Tennison and a large party landed and strolled in the famous Tivoli gardens. After breakfast the next morning Gladstone and Tennison visited the museum dedicated to the famous classical sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen (1770-1848) and later walked to the Rosenborg Palace where a British Embassy official presented them with bouquets of violets and red roses.

An invitation came from King Christian IX of Denmark for them to dine at the Castle of Fredensborg, the autumn residence 'far out in the country'. They left the quay by railway, which Gladstone described as 'competing successfully with the snails' and set down to dinner at a horseshoe table, 'a party of six in a party of eighty'. The glittering assemblage included the King and Queen of Denmark, the King and Queen of Greece, the Princess of Wales, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Princess Mary of Hanover and assorted minor royals and aristocrats. Gladstone confided in his diary that 'there was no etiquette; sovereign personages vied with one another in their simple and kindly manners... the most interesting evening I ever passed among Royalties'.

Not to be outdone Sir Donald Currie reciprocated and received next day a party of forty, including at least 25 royal and imperial glitterati, for a magnificent luncheon on board the Pembroke Castle. 'Nothing could go off better,' wrote Gladstone, 'with Tennison reading to them in the smoking room'. But Tennison, in response to some small complaint from the Empress of Russia, whom he took for some lady-in-waiting, patted her on the shoulder saying 'Thank you, my dear, thank you'. A truly Tennisonian gaif!

With the almost indecent hysteric haste, which had characterised the whole cruise, they sailed at 5:30pm following the lunch, London bound, to the accompaniment of 'bands playing andrigging manned' and the warships of several nations dressed overall. The vessel arrived off Gravesend at 6:30 on the evening of Thursday 20 September after a voyage, as Gladstone put it, 'of 670 nautical miles [in 51 hours; over 13 knots per hour]'. The party arrived back in London by train at 1pm on Friday 21 September 1883.

During the voyage Gladstone had quietly approached Hallam Tennison and Sir Arthur Gordon to ascertain what the Laureate's reaction would be to the offer of a peerage, an honour which, with due modesty, Tennison had turned down several times in the past. One evening after dinner the poet informed his son, 'by Gladstone's advice I have consented to take the peerage, but for my own part I shall regard the simple name all my life'. This regret echoed that of his grandfather George Tennison (1750-1835) half a century before. Nonetheless, when the offer of a peerage finally came in the December of 1883, Tennison significantly suggested to the Prime Minister that he should be known as Lord Tennison d'Eyncourt. This was the title that, more than forty years before, had elicited his deceased uncle Charles Tennison d'Eyncourt MP (1774-1861) of Tealby. A title he had once described as 'unbelievable folie de grandeur' was now his preference.
Ever since man tamed wild cattle to use for his own benefit, he has herded them together and driven them to water and to and from summer pasture. The trade of 'cattle-droving' was carried out for many centuries in our islands. It was the movement of beasts, by cattle-drovers, from their rearing areas to markets for sale, and from these to areas where they could graze and grow fat, before again being driven, this time to large industrial cities for slaughter.

From the 15th century onwards, and probably long before, men of the Highland clans stole cattle, driving them into the fastness of their own territory, only to have them stolen from them by men of a different clan. The same kind of activity took place in the Borders where Northumbrian cattle thieves or 'Reivers' raided into Scotland, the Scots retaliating. Quite often on these forays a skirmish would take place with loss of life on both sides. It seems acceptable, that when an organised cattle trade developed, men with this experience would be ready and willing to play their part in it.

Cattle buyers from Yorkshire and the Midlands were journeying far into the Highlands and out to the Western Isles buying cattle and sheep, which they would then drive south into England. They would be acting on the instructions of landed gentry and others with funds available to make a profit from this new trade.

A local example is contained in a letter (Lincolnshire Archives) from a dealer to Mr George Tennyson, a farmer of Market Rasen. It advises him that 'I have purchased 15 Kyloes [Highland cattle] which are on their way to him, that one has died at Annan, Dumfriesshire, its hide sold for £1. The letter also suggests that in future years Mr Tennyson should place his advert earlier, as the cattle had suffered due to severe weather conditions.

The cattle referred to were the native breed of Skye and the Western Isles. Small, hardy and industrious, they thrived in the cold, exposed and often...
mountainous conditions, in areas that could not support an arable form of agriculture. Black beast were thought to be the hardiest and most durable, though dark or reddish brown was common. In the breeding, dealing and droving of them they were described as ‘Black cattle’ and were usually sold when aged three to four years.

As the trade increased, established markets, called ‘trysts’ became important. Crieff and Falkirk were the largest. In 1795, at Falkirk, sales of over 60,000 cattle, representing an annual value of nearly £300,000, were recorded, not including sheep or other livestock.

From these trysts the cattle were driven south via Carlisle (Mr Tennyson’s purchase) through the Yorkshire Dales or, via Peebles, Selkirk and on down the Great North Road. Vast numbers passed through the toll bars — how many just drifted across the wild moorland and remote passes can only be surmised. Drovers were thrifty, they seemed to have an inborn reluctance to pay tolls and taxes.

At and after Bewtry, the number of droves diminished as cattle were driven eastwards towards the rich grazing on the salt marshes of Lincolnshire, Norfolk and Suffolk. In our county the route would take them to the River Trent at Littleborough, where they would either be ferried or would swim across, the Trent not being bridged below Newark in the 18th century.

Then on to Till Bridge Lane, which is described in 1788, on a map drawn by Captain Andrew Armstrong, an engineer officer, as The Great Drove Road to Wragby and Hornscott, eventually reaching the coast, the Middle Marsh, the estates of the Massingerds and the Drakes; where they replaced the third of their bodyweight lost on the arduous journey. After a few months of grazing, turning grass into meat, they were ready to be driven on once more, this time by local drovers, to their final destination, the slaughterhouses of the industrial towns of Yorkshire’s West Riding.

Henry Cross was probably a ‘topsman’, as the head drover was called, who with a few assistants and their ‘collie’ cattle dogs, gathered a herd of, by now, fat cattle, and headed westwards. The journey would possibly have taken them back along the route they had travelled down some six months earlier, but so thin then, that the descriptive name ‘runt’ would have been applicable. They rested all night in the Drover’s Yard at Utterby (long since demolished).

An average day’s journey being about 20 miles, four days later they reached Darfield, a village in the Dearne Valley of South Yorkshire, about equidistant from Barnsley and Doncaster. Here then, and until some 20 years ago, stood a toll house where, paying the charge required to take his animals over the bridge that crossed the River Dearne, he put the drove safely into the pinfold, but was taken ill and died on the thirteenth day of June, 1781.

The difficulty of road travel and the summer heat prevented his remains being returned to his family in Lincolnshire. He was buried in All Saints’ churchyard, Darfield, and subsequently a gravestone was erected. The 18th century picture shows a lady holding a small child. Henry was buried and his gravestone erected beside the path immediately behind the child. Proof that the picture existed before 1871.

I have been aware of this stone for over 60 years. I have passed it frequently and the inscription ‘Drover and Salesman’ have stayed in my mind. It was only recently, on a visit, that I realised that there was also an inscription on the reverse, previously obscured by lichen.

The church magazine describes a gravestone with a date, 9 January 1795, as ‘one of the oldest in the churchyard’. Was this an oversight or part of a little mystery surrounding Henry Cross? His burial is not recorded in the parish register, nor in the bishop’s transcripts submitted to the Diocesan Office in York, though burials taking place only a few days before and after 30 June 1781 are.

What else, then, has it been possible to establish about the subject of my story? Much of it is pure conjecture.

1. He was born on the Marsh in 1740 and baptised at St Peter’s, Markby.
2. He was the oldest son (of which there is documentary evidence) of Vincent and Susannah Cross.
3. He may have been the grandson of John Cross, referred to in a letter in the Lincolnshire Archives.

‘Letter dated 15th August 1719 from Richard White (steward to Montagu Garrard Drake of Croft) contains the comment, ‘Jno Cross’s Drove is on ye road for London & requesting that Marmaduke Allington, Esq let him have a receipt by Jno Cross whom I have ordered to pay the same.’

4. Letters of Administration are recorded in the Lincolnshire Archives under reference 1781/21 and show that he died intestate, leaving under £300. They are dated 23 October 1781 and witnessed by Mary Cross of Utterby, widow; Vincent Cross of the
same place, farmer; Richard Richardson of Owersby, farmer.
On the same page item 1781/17 is an entry for Theophilus Cross of Trusthorpe. He left £430 and this is dated 8 May 1781. The witnesses are: Sarah Cross of Trusthorpe, widow (her mark). Vincent Cross of Theddicthorpe, grazier; George Mawer of Covenham St Mary’s, farmer.
Theophilus was Henry’s younger brother, the Vincent Cross of Theddicthorpe I believe to have been his middle brother, and the Vincent Cross of Utterby was their father. I believe that Henry Cross had four children from a previous marriage. In the Lincolnshire Archives there is a record of his death followed by the birth of his son, registered by his widow, Mary, who named the child Henry after his father.
With regard to the gravestone, which I believe to be uncommon in that it has inscriptions on both sides, was the spelling of ‘Utterby’ and ‘Laulth’ influenced by how, say, the physician or parish constable heard it from Henry or one of his companions?
Cattle drovers appear to have had the trust of all levels of society. They delivered letters along their routes and paid accounts on behalf of landed gentry. They ensured that their charges were delivered on time and in reasonable condition. As recorded by Sir Walter Scott in Marmion – “From Scotland to Devon. All this for a shilling [five pence] per day and nothing towards the return journey. What a spectacle it must have been. One Highland drover at the peak of his career is recorded as having “a single drove, 10 miles long when it commenced the journey to Falkirk Tryst.” The Vicar of Dodington (1898) describes them travelling south from Drinsey Nook – cattle, sheep and small Highland ponies.

LINCOLNSHIRE’S NATIONAL YOUNG ARCHAEOLOGIST OF THE YEAR 2002
Clemency Cooper, a pupil at Spalding High School, was the national winner in the 13-15 years age group of the Young Archaeologists Club Awards in autumn 2002, the British Archaeological Awards. Her entry was based on ‘A Roman Dinner Fit For An Emperor’ with a full menu (including a "special this evening" wine!) as well as details of tableware and the actual seating arrangements.
The archaeological evidence for the food chosen was also supplied. During the event her proposed meal, which included ‘Milk-fed snails’ for starters and ‘Hot boiled goose with lentil and chestnut sauce’ for the main course, was prepared, which she was able to sample!
Clemency, who hopes to go into archaeology, is quoted as saying she would like to do field work ‘whilst my limbs still work’ and then go into museums. Some of may recognise the bit about limbs still working!
Full details of the awards appeared in Current Archaeology magazine number 183, published December in 2002.

COUNTY COLOURS – Solution to winter quiz in LP&P 50
Reckitt’s Blue was developed in Boston. Some say Lincoln Green was red like Lincoln Red cattle and the Red Arrows. There is a Blue Pig, Bull and Ram in Grantham, which is also associated with the Grey Friars. There is a Silver Street in Lincoln, Branston and Bardney, and there are pubs called the Green Man in many places. Bad fortune is said to follow if a white cat looks into a window, and a black dog usually means the same. On the road between Wrawby and Brigg a ghostly white calf is said to appear to lure travellers into the bog. Cathedral choristers and chanters are dressed in Mary blue, but Lincoln City FC are sometimes known as the Red Imps. If you are a yellow belly you will find this quiz easy!

A NOTE ON SEARCHING FOR COAL IN LINCOLNSHIRE
Another site of coal trials in Lincolnshire is Claxby by Normanby. White’s 1872 Directory says, ‘Some years ago, great efforts were made to get coal here, but the quality was so inferior that the speculation was abandoned.’
Armstrong’s map of 1775 marks the site of a trial coal shaft to the north of the Claxby to Normanby road, on the scarp face of the Wolds. I assume that this is the same trial referred to in White’s. Is anything more known about this? Christopher Padley

A NOTE ON SHOP AWNINGS
A number of shops in Market Rasen still have their sun awnings and some still use them. The reason is certainly to protect the stock in the window from the sun, because of both its bleaching and heating effects. The shops in question all face south. I would expect that in other towns where they survive, and in old photographs, there will be few on shops that face north. In Rasen, some of the blinds still in use cannot be fully extended because they are so low they would catch the heads of pedestrians and extend so far into the street they would be ripped off by passing lorries. Christopher Padley
OBITUARIES

Douglas Boyce

Douglas Boyce died last October having spent nearly half his life in Market Rasen. It was well spent. He was very much involved with the local community. He taught mathematics at De Aston school and was active in their extracurricular activities. He was keen on music and drama both at school and in the town. As a long standing member of the Society for Lincolnshire History & Archaeology, we remember him as a local historian. Through his studies with the WEA he was involved in their publications on Market Rasen and updated them. His last publication on War Memorials in the town was finished shortly before he became seriously ill.

For several years Douglas journeyed to Lincoln each quarter to organise the members' mailing. We express our thanks for this and record our sympathy to Rosalind and Katherine, his wife and daughter. We pay tribute to this mathematician turned historian.

Pearl Wheatley

Sue Gates

Sue Gates will be remembered locally, nationally and internationally for her work in developing and promoting the Tennyson Research Centre at Lincoln Central Library. Sue joined the library at Lincoln at 18 and after two years at college in London returned to work in the reference library, where her interest in Tennyson began. She progressed to become first City Reference Librarian and later took on a wider role as County Reference Librarian. During her time at Lincoln Central Sue ran a happy department with a team that took great pride in the quality of information provided to the public. Sue also had great depth of knowledge of local newspapers and was involved in the National Newspan project—a full-time project to conserve local newspapers on microfiche. This project, which has now been in progress for more than 20 years, will ensure that local history researchers have access to good quality copies of local newspapers for many years to come. Another lasting resource for local historians, created in 1990, is the Illustrations Index. Sue, together with Catherine Wilson, started this as an interdepartmental project. Its aim was to index all photographs held throughout libraries, museums and archives, thus allowing easy access to all materials. This ongoing project of some 200,000 entries started life as text only but now includes some images thanks to scanning.

Inevitably we must return to Sue and her work in the Tennyson Research Centre. This was the love of her working life and she devoted herself to the centre and its users. The promotion of knowledge of this local hero was her pleasure and passion. Untold numbers of scholars have her to thank for work well done. Sue valued the centre greatly, but perhaps did not realise what a tremendous contribution she had made to its excellence and success. We will all miss Sue both personally and professionally but know that the work she started will continue as a fitting tribute.

Chris Knight

Picture: Sue Gates (left) with visitors at Tennyson Research Centre, HOI, 1997 (photo by D. Mills)

Histories of military units generally fall into two broad categories. A relatively recent trend is towards the use of recollections and experiences of individual survivors, expressed in their own words and linked to a general narrative. The longer-established tradition is to focus on the 'whole unit' experience with frequent reference to individual stories to illustrate the wider point.

John Benson's book belongs very much to the latter school. Thereby, Benson risks not engaging the reader with his story and producing an impersonal account. Instead, the sureness of his narrative, the evident quality of his research, and lack of over-recording minutiae, take his account along at a good rate and present an interesting and enjoyable read. Minor errors seem to have escaped the attention of the proof reader (the title 'Field-Marshal' is consistently misspelled throughout, for example, and, on one occasion at least the 49th (West Riding) Division is referred to as the 'Polar Bear's Division') but these errors take nothing away from the story of the battalion that served first in the Norwegian fiasco in 1940, followed by two years in Iceland, before taking part in the Normandy landings and the subsequent campaign in Europe.

Having previously written (together with the late Jack Bartlett) about a Territorial Army unit, the 60th Field Regiment Royal Artillery, in 'All the King's Enemies', the author has stayed on familiar ground with this book. In rural counties such as Lincolnshire, Territorial battalions were very important in both World Wars.

The 4th Lincoln's, by nature of their pre-war organisation and training, were, for a large part of the war at least, very much a 'Lincolnsire' unit. The battalion was formed from civilian volunteers who trained for one or two nights a week and at weekends in companies based in Lincoln, Boston, Horncastle, Spilsby and Alford. Consequently, the casualties suffered by the unit as a whole had a profound effect on the home community in which the men had been based.

'Saturday Night Soldiers' does not labour the local connections but tells the story of men like Major Donald Stokes TD, whose family business was the coffee shop on the High Bridge in Lincoln, Corporal Sid Hall from Horncastle and Private Norman Barber from Boston.

The sacrifices of these men mean that today we enjoy the freedoms we often take for granted. Such sacrifices deserve more than gardens of stone. 'Saturday Night Soldiers' in its small way is a further tribute to their lasting memory.

Bryn Hammond, Spalding.


These two books are ideal companions to any car journey or for planning walking trips in the county or its southern neighbours. The first title treats the Fens as a purely Cambridgeshire phenomenon, but that means also ancient Huntingdonshire: 28 sections give some historic notes on places worth visiting together with detailed descriptions for walking. Every section has its own OS area map and good photographs, all in excellent colour. Useful notes, addresses and index add to the general value.

The second also has 28 sections and they cover all of the county with walks as far apart as Long Sutton, Thornton Abbey, Walsby, Cleaxon and Normandy le Wold, and the Vale of Belvoir. The whole county is mapped on two open spreads and each walk is again accompanied by its own area OS map and suitable illustrations. The maps are bang up to date and the walks easy to follow. Both are highly recommended to all interested in exploring our part of eastern England; all you require is encapsulated in books that fit neatly into a decent pocket.


The author's indefatigable search for photographs of all areas and periods yields another look at Louth. The pattern follows that of other of his works; two pictures per page with suitable and informative captions. Careful attention has been paid to layout so that the boring format of other examples (two postcards all the same size per leaf) has been avoided.

The earliest picture is of 1870 and shows a large group of young ladies preparing to play croquet. In a chronological array taking us up to 2000 we see many of the town's activities, streets and visitors of all types. The quality of the photographs is high, the author is to be thanked for bringing them together to form such an interesting town chronicle and the publisher for reproducing them so well, especially those of more than a hundred years ago.

DEJARDIN, L.A.E. *Mills and milling in Kirton in Lindsey*. Kirton in Lindsey Society, 2002. 28pp. No ISBN. £2 pbk ( £2.6) by post from The Society, 20, Grove St., Kirton in
Lindsey DN21 4BY).
This booklet is the sixth published by Kirton in Lindsey Society. After a general introduction to windmills, the author traces what is known of mills in Kirton in Lindsey from Medieval times onwards, though the majority of information is about the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Much of this is culled from directories and surviving photographs. The history of each mill is traced as far as possible, together with details of the owners or tenants. Deservedly, a whole chapter is devoted to the surviving, restored Mount Pleasant Mill, which is in full working order and open to the public.
Unfortunately, there are a few statements which indicate that the author is not fully familiar with windmill technology. Nevertheless, this is a valuable contribution to the study of mills in Lincolnshire.

Catherine Wilson, Reepham.

This is the latest in an ongoing series that puts us further in the author's debt. He has rescued a wide range of older material and written them up with informative captions that greatly enhance the interest and usefulness of his careful researches. A useful map helps us to find our way around an area that, even to many yellow bellies, is still largely unknown territory. The pictures should lure more of us to visit although, sadly, much that is recorded here has disappeared forever. Many of the older illustrations record ways of life in agriculture, communications (particularly the little railways of the area) church and chapel that now seem practically prehistoric, emphasising, therefore, the value of the author's efforts. There is a good section of group pictures, which will enhance the appeal for locals trying to identify themselves or their relations. Recommended.

The growth of the fishing industry and the development of Grimsby go hand in hand. This illustrated booklet records how in 1850 the first box of fish arrived in the town and the new railways, trying to oust the progress on the other side of the Humber in Hull, made the major contribution to the trade that put Grimsby on the map. The rest, as they say, is history and it is all succinctly set down here in the first part of the book with details of the various smoking processes, right up to the fish finger, in the second section. The Enderby family has been involved here since the 1870s and the author is thus well placed to write this informative work.
Here are the memoirs of the miscellaneous life of a boy growing up in a village near Scunthorpe (Ashby) in the 1930s. The privations of life in a terraced house, originally without electricity and the 'privy' down the yard, are not glossed over but the pleasures available to boys growing up in a slower world, where transport was still largely horse drawn and football and cricket could still be played in the streets are here faithfully recalled. How life seventy years ago in a Lincolnshire village has changed! Are boys still being chased by bulls and farmers on the way to school? Does the Ashby Feast still provide the central focus of the year for the villagers? Collecting birds' eggs is now frowned on very severely but not then. What has largely disappeared is lovingly recalled. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

As Mr. Gostick points out he is one of that mighty band of amateur historians and it is at such people that he aims his researches. He has a fantastic knowledge of the area and has continuously and carefully observed events throughout his long life. He traces the route of the river from its source near Willoughby to Chapel Hill and the River Witham. He elucidates its history from the nearby Iron-Age forts right up to the recent disputes with Anglia Water over its water abstraction policy. Topics range through a golf club, mineral water producers, gravel extraction, stone quarries, part of a castle's defences, the fire brigade, even cooling water for the power station; the range of uses to which the power of the Slea has been applied is amazing!
Especially emphasis is on the most important events affecting Sleaford, which deal with the Enclosure, Turnpike and Navigation Acts, together with the founding of the Peacock, Handley & Co bank, and the impact of the railways. The Slea Navigation occupies an important section of the book, as it was seen as Sleaford's link with the outside world. That company even contributed towards the clearance of a stoppage under the High Bridge in Lincnmf.

Rightly, he draws attention to the fantastic amounts of water that lay under the ground in the Sleaford area. Such resources enabled the Waterworks to easily service the town, and were also used to create the mighty Bass Maltlings.

Sensibly bound, this is, by its wealth of examples, a source book that deals with the river's associated geography, geology and hydrology. These, together with the local human activity, give it its sense of purpose. It is profusely illustrated with reproductions of postcards and photographs. Although in no way intended as an academic book the author's philosophy shines through and its contents can inspire one's own researches.

Neville Birch, Lincoln.

author, 33 Littlefield Lane, Grimsby DN31 2AE.

This little booklet serves a useful purpose since it is just over 100 years since the building now housing the gallery was opened (1895) as a Congregational Chapel. A brief outline of the history of the site (formerly Intax Farm and dateable to the reign of Edward III) is followed by notes on non-conformism in Grimsby leading up to the building of the chapel, whose subsequent history is well documented. In 1978 Grimsby Town Council agreed a 50-year lease to renew the expanding and increasingly popular Doughty Museum. Pevsner noted its “free Arts and Crafts style” and clearly it suits its new occupation very well. Nicely produced and an interesting, well written record.

QUANTRELL, D.A., editor. Living history: personal memoirs of Alford. [2], 34pp. No ISBN. £2.50 plus p & p. from Mrs. D. Quantrell, 68 Chauntry Road, Alford LN13 9HW.

The editor has persuaded a dozen local people to put down memories of other folk from the Alford locality. Many are records of wartime with servicemen’s stories prominent. The anecdotal style suits the material well. For those with Alford connections there is enjoyment here as former times are relived.


Dr Pacey has performed a valuable task here in collecting together Mrs Rudkin's notes on the village with additional notes on the church and photographs from her collection. First published in 1992, a second edition has now been called for. It is to be hoped the booklet achieves a wide circulation since the conversational style (the notes were used for a lecture first) makes it not only very informative but easy to read.


This short work packs in a lot of history. As the author says at the beginning, "[Thomas] lived at Moulton Castle and signed the Magna Carta. Everybody knows that". She then goes on to show how the Moulton family firstly came to the county and made their fortunes and, secondly, how the family by marrying into other rich land-owning families continued to exercise power in the area until the end of the 15th century. Failure to provide male heirs was the trigger to their decline. On the way we meet many Thomas Moultons and their machinations make fascinating reading. Thomas Moulton did not sign the Magna Carta - he wasn't even at Runnymede since he was being held prisoner at Corfe Castle in 1215.

Sometimes colloquially written, much learning and research is succinctly written up. There are many references, a bibliography and a family tree. Excellent value.


SOUTH WITHAM ARCHAEOLOGICAL GROUP. Knights Templar site at South Witham. SWAG, [2002], CD ROM, £10 incl. p&p as above.

Keen to promote the rich and varied history of their village SWAG have been busy again, this time producing a book on South Witham packed full of pictures of views around the village since the advent of photography.

Readers are invited to take a stroll through the village (using the accompanying map), comparing some of the modern views with those recorded through a collection of old postcards and photographs. In addition, some of the history behind the buildings and their owners is also captured vividly through memories of several long-term village residents.

Although at first glance readers might assume this contains a relatively modern social history centred around the lifetime of photography there is much here which looks back to earlier periods, including its Anglo-Saxon origins and early industries, including the mill, timber yard and tan yard. One helpful addition would have been a select bibliography, as readers may be left wondering which sources have been used to track down much of the older history of the village.

Additionally, some of the illustrations portraying former residents and businesses do not include information on the age of the photograph - even an approximate date would add greatly to these descriptions.

Anyone interested in the Knights Templar should also be reminded that one of the first projects SWAG completed was a CD ROM packed with information on the Templars and the nationally important Knights Templar site within the parish.

Editor’s note: I am grateful for the above review, provided through a third party, which arrived unsigned.


This well-produced book has twelve chapters - NE Lincolnshire before the Iron Age (by J. Edward Dickinson); Some N. Lines historians (Nick Lyons); Walking the Clay bank (Richard S. Clarke); The founding of Grimsby (Kevin Grace); The Humber Keels (Karen Prescott); The Cleethorpes promenade (Alan Dowling); Cleethorpes, the seaside resort (Jeanie Mason); Some aspects of a pre-enclosure farm in Barrow on Humber (Neil Wilkins); The coastal airfields of Lincolnshire (Patrick Otter); and Letters from a seaman and A brief look at Grimsby’s fishing heritage (both by the editor). Most have useful notes and references as well as a select bibliography.

This book is to be welcomed; its contents add considerably to our knowledge of the history of North Lincolnshire and I hope that other books will be planned both on the same area as well as other regions of the county. Only one chapter is, sadly, inadequate - that on the Humber Keels. Nobody can do justice to this topic in five pages (which is all the author allows.

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herself); no notes or suggestions for further reading are provided for this chapter. It is not difficult to select outstanding chapters but when I mention these I do NOT wish to detract from the real value of other chapters. The two by the editor are valuable in different ways. That on Letters from a seaman is particularly vivid and that on Grimsby's fishing heritage packs a lot of important information into eighteen readable pages.

One critical comment is necessary. The book's sub-title - Discovering local history - (which appears on the cover only) receives too little attention. Few contributors give readers much guidance to discovering local history and this would not have been difficult to incorporate in their chapters. To help forward this aim the Notes and References and suggestions for further reading could have been enlarged in scope and also printed in a much larger and more legible type-face.

One hopes the book will enjoy a wide readership.

Rex Russell, Barton upon Humber


The first question a reviews editor asks himself on receipt of a new book is - Who is going to read this for me? Often enough one can find someone who knows something of the subject willing to take on the job. But, nearly as often, one can't find anyone suitable or willing. Neil Wright's latest study in industrial archaeology is a case in point. Only he has read all the archival sources that survive, has the knowledge to make sense of them while knowing the characters and history of Boston in the detail necessary to create a readable and credible account of this part of the town's development.

Knowing the author's reputation one accepts the quality of the study and writing and can only applaud the result. This is, in short, a fine piece of work and it makes a very worthwhile contribution (again) to our knowledge of the town's history.

NEWLY PUBLISHED BOOKS


&p from the publishers at Control Tower, Wickenby Airfield, Langworth, Lincoln LN3 5AX.

NAYLOR, Stanley. Lancaster memorial: Bishop’s Farm, Sibsey Northlands, Boston, Lincolnshire: dedicated to the crew of Lancaster Bomber ED 503 who died on Friday 29th January 1943... produced by the committee of the Sibsey Lancaster Memorial Trust...; revised edition. The author. 2002. ili, 29pp. ISBN 0 9527846 6 1. £4.75 pbk (but special price of £4.35 incl p &p from the author at 15 Edinburgh Crescent, Kirton, Boston PE20 1JT - cheques payable to Sibsey Lancaster Memorial Trust).

PACEY, Robert. Lincolnshire church organs: a history, gazetteer and directory of organs, harmoniums American organs, pipe organs, barrel organs and the instruments remaining from the old church gallery bands in the churches and chapels in the county of Lincolnshire... Old Chapel Lane Books, 2002. 103pp. ISBN 0 9515806 8 X. £4 pbk (£5 by post from the author, Old Chapel Lane Books, Burgh le Marsh, Skegness PE24 5LQ).


SLEIGHT, GORDON. All Saints Church, Nettleham: ten centuries of change and development. The author, 2002. [9], 35, 4pp. No ISBN. £4 pbk (£5.50 by post from the author. The Vicarage, Vicarage Lane, Nettleham, Lincoln LN2 2RH).


It's not our usual policy to list all the street maps or new editions of OS maps in all their different ranges that have appeared recently. However, the Ordnance Survey has begun a new series of street plans that are something else, called Photomaps (and published by Overview Mapping Ltd - ISBN 1 903658 0 6 - at £5.99).

The simplicity of the Lincoln example (which, I think, is the only county example published so far) makes one wonder why it has not been done before.

It consists of an aerial map of an area that extends from north of Ermine to Boultham and Carwick in the south and from Burton Waters in the west to the outer end of Bunkers Hill in the east. The other side of this large sheet (180cm x 70cm) continues coverage well to the south of the city. Each road has the name printed along its actual site, main roads are coloured as appropriate to their status and the map is colour printed. Many buildings are labelled and clearly visible.

With this map one should never get lost in Lincoln again. An area map appears on the back and the folder contains a street index. But, is the new cinema complex really called the Odeon? See the front cover!