Lincolnshire Past & Present

Suffragettes in Lincoln

POTATO MEMORIES
Lincoln to Barton Turnpike Road
Names on War Memorials

TREASURES OF The Collection
NOTES AND QUERIES
Belgian refugees at Belton in WWI
Welcome

Our cover article about Laura Taylor (née Webber) and the suffragettes in Lincoln was written following Elizabeth Ashford contacting the author, Richard Skipworth, via SLHA about his article, 'A Tailor’s Victory' in Lincolnshire Past & Present No.93, on Arthur Taylor and his victory in the 1924 General Election. Elizabeth is the granddaughter of Laura and Arthur Taylor and has kept the suffragette belt that is pictured opposite. The cover photograph, showing suffragettes on Lincoln Cornhill, has been widely used, including by Ann Yeates-Langley in her 1997 book, Lincoln: a pictorial history. The Cornhill is still the venue for meetings and rallies today, and is the site of Speakers’ Corner in Lincoln. The photograph, originally a postcard of 1908, can also be found on the Speakers' Corner Trust's website.*

Turn to page 17 for Beryl Jackson’s lively first-hand account of potato farming from the 1940s to the 1970s and please do let us know your own experiences of farming, selling, cooking or eating Lincolnshire’s famous taotes. Head to page 9 for Mike Credland and Dave Start’s research into what Lincolnshire war memorials can tell us about trends in male forenames, page 13 for Angela Downs’ look at the life of a toll-bar keeper, and page 11 to find out what on earth the Romans could have done for Richard Lucas in the 1980s.

Ros Beevers, Editor

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Front cover: Suffragettes on Lincoln Cornhill, 1908
THE HAUNTED HOUSE

Richard Skipworth on the women's suffrage movement in Lincoln and an able young politician called Laura Webber

In the year that marks the 800th anniversary of Magna Carta, a suffragette belt is a fitting symbol of one woman's participation in the struggle, in the 20th century, to extend political rights to [approximately] 50 per cent of the population.

The women's suffrage movement made very extensive use of artefacts such as badges, sashes, jewellery and sheet music in support of the cause. The 'direct action' wing of the movement, the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU), advertised a range of suffrage themed products in its journal Votes for Women and eventually sold them in its own shops.

Illustrated is a fine example of a suffrage belt - a belt to be worn round the waist, and not a sash to be worn across the body - which belonged to Laura Webber (1889-1966), a Lincoln woman who, aged 17, founded, with a friend, the suffrage movement in the city.

Born in Sleaford, Lincolnshire, Laura Webber (later Taylor) was at this time living with her family in Sycamore Terrace, Lincoln - now counted as part of Newark Road. Even at 17 a fine public speaker, Laura campaigned vigorously for female suffrage and met many of the leading suffragettes through organising meetings at which they spoke, for example Mrs Pethick Lawrence, co-editor of Votes for Women.

The belt, commissioned by the WSPU in July 1908, is made of Petersham (thick, corded silk ribbon) in green, white and purple, with a brass buckle. The colours were selected as symbolising green for hope, white for purity and purple for dignity, and are used on many WSPU items.

The buckle features a cartoon that appeared on the very first issue of Votes for Women - a giant female figure clasping a 'votes for women' placard haunts the Houses of Parliament. The cartoon, drawn by Irish artist David Wilson, was first published in the Daily Chronicle in April 1907. The Daily Chronicle was a high circulation Liberal Party supporting newspaper, generally sympathetic to female suffrage.

The cartoon was popular with suffragists and it featured on a number of products, such as a card game, 'The Game of Suffragette', where the back of each of the 54 cards shows 'The Haunted House'.

The name 'TOYE', which is inscribed in the left hand corner of the buckle indicates that it was made by Toye who made many items for the WSPU. This company is still in existence today, manufacturing...
all sorts of uniforms and regalia including the FA Cup and FA Cup medals.

The year 1908, when the belt was manufactured, saw an intensification of the struggle for female suffrage, and this was reflected in Lincoln. On 8 October 1908 a party of London-based suffragettes travelled to Lincoln and proceeded to disrupt a Liberal Party meeting addressed by the Home Secretary, Herbert Gladstone. Having been ejected from the meeting they were chased round Lincoln and, according to The Lincoln Leader and County Advertiser, 'roughly handled by the mob' and threatened with 'ducking in the Sincil Dyke.'

On the following day an impromptu meeting on the Cornhill in Lincoln was held by three of the suffragettes (Mrs Leigh, Miss Macaulay and Miss Cove) who had travelled up from London. In the photograph one of the women, probably Mrs Leigh, 'recently sentenced to three months imprisonment for breaking Mr Asquith's windows', is addressing the mainly male crowd of about one thousand. Mrs Leigh was a forceful speaker who dealt with hecklers in a witty way, at one point mimicking Lincoln's MP, Charles Roberts.

Is there a connection between the suffragette belt and these events? The belt can be dated with some certainty as having been manufactured between July 1908 and December 1909, since after 1909 Toye products are inscribed 'Toye & Co.' It is reasonable to assume that the belt came into Laura's possession sometime in that period, but could a young woman of fairly modest means have afforded what Elizabeth Crawford describes as 'one of the first purpose-made jewellery pieces commissioned by the WSPU?'

Elizabeth Crawford also comments that suffragette jewellery might be given by the WSPU 'as reward for deeds done or hardships endured'. Could it be that the belt was presented to Laura because of her work in support of the struggle for votes for women? Was she involved in the disruption of the Herbert Gladstone meeting or with the organisation of the open-air meeting on Lincoln Cornhill? There is some tentative evidence to suggest that she may have been.

The Lincoln Leader hints darkly at 'treachery', which enabled suffragettes to gain tickets to the Gladstone meeting. Laura's daughter recollected that 'she (Laura) had once helped organise a meeting in the Corn Exchange... but hadn't got permission so had a conflict with the police and was roughly handled...'

When Laura married Arthur Taylor (later Lincoln's first Labour MP) in the Autumn of 1909, she apparently promised her husband that she would 'not participate in militancy herself', so it is unlikely that the belt (produced by the very militant WSPU) was purchased by her or given to her after this date. Nevertheless she seems to have remained in touch with the suffrage movement and her suffragette friends up until 1928, when women were granted the vote under the same basis as men.
Sycamore Terrace, where Laura lived in her youth, now numbered as part of Newark Road, Lincoln.

Sources:
Photos of suffragette belt and Laura Taylor and family supplied by Elizabeth Ashford, granddaughter of Laura Taylor. The Lincoln Leader and County Advertiser, 10 October, 1938.
Oral evidence on the Suffragette and Suffragist Movements, 1974–1981, interview with Anne Walker by Brian Harrison (20-3-1976) and by Linda Walker (3-6-1976) about her mother, Laura Taylor, available at The Women's Library @ LSE (www.lse.ac.uk)

NOTES & QUERIES 99:1
Sri Lankan Road Roller

Tony Dent visited the Highway Museum near Kandy, Sri Lanka, recently and noticed a Marshall's road roller, apparently different from the one seen by Adam Cartwright in 2012 (N&Q 89:1).
Our fifth account of Lincolnshire people during the First World War is given by Terry Fulton

General view of the house known as Temple Belwood, whose Lodge was home to Belgian families during the early years of the First World War.

BELGIAN REFUGEES AT BELTON

THE MID-WINTER months of 1914-15 were wet, not just ordinarily wet, but soaking wet. It was one of those familiar spells when Britain is assailed by a succession of gale force winds from both the North Sea and the Atlantic, going on for week and after week, and giving us a rainfall well in excess of the average. It was definitely not a time to be on the move, but refugees can rarely plan their travels, and in late 1914 thousands of them were fleeing the German advance, heading for Britain. These were the Belgians and, along with other towns and villages in the Isle [of Axholme], Belton played a part in this forgotten episode of our history by offering them shelter. It is fascinating to think of Belgian families walking the lanes of Belton in that muddy winter and inevitably it raises the questions: how did Britain come to be involved? What did Belton people do to help? And how did the refugees get on here?

In 1914, as a democratically elected government, Asquith's cabinet had to justify a declaration of war on Germany to the British Parliament and people. It was not enough that we had treaty obligations to both France and Russia, something with more popular appeal was needed. The Kaiser came to Asquith's aid by invading Belgium, thereby challenging a long-held principle of British foreign policy that the Low Countries should never be occupied by a power with the ability to threaten Britain. Furthermore, Britain had promised, in the Treaty of London in 1839, to guarantee the integrity of Belgium.

Soon the British Government's propaganda machine swung into action, exaggerating German atrocities in Belgium, and the case was made for the despatch of the British Expeditionary Force (BEF) to support her. A wave of sympathy for Belgium, the underdog, swept across Britain and her resistance was praised in popular song – Belgium put the kibosh on the Kaiser – a joyful expression of Britain's relief that Belgian resistance had delayed a possible invasion of this country.

As German troops made rapid inroads into Belgium the British Government made more practical gestures of support for our beleaguered ally: it invited Belgians to come to Britain 'to receive the hospitality of the nation' (Katherine Storr, details below) and, having already established a central War Refugees Committee, it encouraged the formation of local committees to organise accommodation for those taking up the invitation.

Although only a few Belgians crossed the Channel in the early days of the war, it was after the capture of Antwerp in October 1914 that this trickle became a flood, and local organisation became vital. It is believed that the number of local refugee committees in Britain eventually totalled about 2,500 and that altogether 250,000 Belgians sought refuge in this country.

The first signs of Belton’s response to this appeal were discussions at the...
vestry meetings in early December 1914. By the end of the month matters had been formalised; a public meeting with a very large attendance had been held, embellished, typically for those times, with prayer, hymn singing and the National Anthem. As reported in The Epworth Bells of Saturday 26 December 1914 this meeting saw the village worthies swing into action:

It was decided to provide for six or seven refugees. A ladies' committee was appointed to borrow or beg necessary furniture, etc. A gentlemen's committee to ask for potatoes, carrots, etc. Mr McNamie has offered the use of the coachmen's lodge, Temple Belwood, and also to educate any children free of charge. He will be most useful as an interpreter. Colonel Senior has promised one rabbit per week for every member of the family over eight years of age.

In addition Messrs Wilkinson and McNamie, Trustees for the owners of the Temple Belwood offered the Lodge, comprising two 'low rooms' and five bedrooms, rent free as well as agreeing to clean and repair it as necessary and to provide one ton of coal and firewood.

By the time Belton received its first refugees on 14 January 1915 the Lodge was fully furnished and provisioned. In all, six Belgians, in two families, arrived: M. Jean Beauvais with his wife and child, and Mme Prova and two children. With a flourish of hospitality and, one suspects, not a little parochial pride a wagonette was sent to pick them up at Crowle Station and take them to the Public Hall, Belton. There the ladies put on a tea with, as The Bells put it, in a phrase itself redolent of that bygone age, 'a bountiful supply of creature comforts', and after tea a Mr Clark treated the company to a lecture about Belgium. It might be thought that this reminder of a homeland recently left in appalling circumstances was the last thing the visitors needed, but apparently the Belgians were much interested and the children were especially delighted to see the views of Antwerp, from which city they had come.

By this time most of the villagers seemed to have become involved in support of the newcomers. Perhaps there was a feeling among the population of 'there but for the grace of God go I', especially as Lincolnshire was perceived as being in the front line of any attack on Britain. Certainly, reports in The Bells tell us that 'nearly all the parishioners contributed one or more articles or money to assist in the furnishing of the Lodge', with the ladies' committee working hard 'to get it in order, as well as to stock it with provisions of every kind'. (16 January 1915). Throughout their stay in the village the refugees benefited from acts of individual kindness and ongoing programme of events to fund their needs:

Mr Everett paid the Treasurer £4/14/9, the proceeds of the recent lecture promoted by the Wesley Guild. The Treasurer also reported Mr Joseph Smith had given 10/- Miss Mary Bywater had sold primroses to the amount of £3/3, and Mrs Collinson had presented the refugees with a ton of coals.

(24 April 1915).

Furthermore the Overseers of the Poor, dispensing what passed for benefits in those days, arranged that 12 shillings a week should be given to each family. All this was in keeping with the official line from London that the Belgians should not be expected to work and were to be treated strictly as guests. It is surprising therefore to learn that one of the conditions of Belton's accepting refugees was that, should there be a man amongst them, he would be expected to work in the garden at Temple Belwood. It turned out that M. Beauvais was a painter and decorator and, rather than being given work in the garden, he was encouraged to practise his trade in the area. Even so, it was stipulated that he was to be allowed to keep only £1 of his earnings each week, any more being kept in a fund to be given to him only on repatriation.

However, it must be said that when, after a few months, the unfortunate M. Beauvais suffered a hernia and was unable to work, the Overseers came up trumps by increasing the allowance to his family to 15/- a week.

Clearly the refugees were cared for materially in Belton, though we know little about how well they fitted in; foreigners in a small rural community in 1915 must have been a rarity and perhaps objects of suspicion. Furthermore difficulties within the refugee community were by no means unknown. According to Katherine Storr's excellent study, Belgian Refugees in Lincolnshire and Hull 1914–1919 (ISBN 978-0-9568473-1-1), it was not uncommon for Belgians to have problems settling in this country and they were inclined to move around a great deal. This could be attributed to the refugees being generally townsfolk, predominantly from Antwerp, who were often directed in small groups to country districts where they felt isolated and lonely, or perhaps differences in social standing or religion caused friction between groups of refugees. Belton's experiences bear witness to these problems.

Mme Prova did attempt to integrate with the local community. For example she contributed a long article to The Epworth Bells about the privations experienced during her escape from Antwerp, including with it an expression of gratitude for the hospitality the refugees had received. However, the fact is her period of residence in Belton was a troubled one. Mme Prova and the Beauvais family soon fell out and could not continue to live together.

What caused the problems remains a mystery: it might have been a class or religious issue - we don't know. But it is easy to imagine disagreement arising between any two families thrust together in one household. The Belton Committee's initial preference for housing one family only appears to have been justified. We know that Hull, admittedly with more, and more varied, accommodation to offer,
imposed the limit of one family per property to avoid the disputes that Belton experienced.

The upshot in Belton's case was that the War Fund and Refugee Committee found alternative accommodation for Mme Prova, but she objected to that also, and so the Committee arranged for her and her family to return to London. She had spent only three months in the village. In fairness to her, Mme Prova did end her stay in the village with a letter to the Committee thanking members for 'their goodness to her'.

Soon, on 20 October 1915, Mme A. Forceville and her baby daughter, Marie, arrived from Cornwall at the expense of the Belton Committee, which had high hopes that they would be more stable replacements for the Provas, particularly as Mme Forceville had two married sisters living at Crowle. She did stay in Belton for over a year, but when the sisters moved to Southampton she, understandably, followed them. This was in mid-December 1916, by which time it appears the Beauvais family had already returned to Belgium, and Belton's involvement in the settlement of Belgian refugees came to an end.

The announcement in *The Epworth Bells* of the departure of the Forcevilles was accompanied by a brief statement that 'it is not the intention of the Belton Committee to entertain other refugees, as there are so many calls upon the public' (16 December 1916), which there certainly were, although the statement leaves us wondering if behind their decision there was an element of frustration and disappointment that an attempt to play a part, begun with such earnest enthusiasm, could have come to an apparently unsatisfactory and premature conclusion.

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**PICTURE POST**

*Neil Wright was given this copy of a photograph taken at Sutton Bridge, perhaps showing a plough play or carnival, possibly in the 1920s? Can anyone throw any more light on this scene?*
A Note on the popularity of male forenames recorded on Lincolnshire’s war memorials

THE SOCIETY for Lincolnshire History and Archaeology recently published a guide and gazetteer entitled The First World War Memorials of Lincolnshire, written by local military historian Michael Credland. The book includes a register of the names inscribed on the 295 external war memorials in Lincolnshire. They include names from the second world war and subsequent conflicts where these have been added to an existing memorial. In all, the register records the names of some 10,810 Lincolnshire men and women who died, or served and returned in the wars of the twentieth century, the majority dating to the 1914-1918 war.

Names on war memorials are not recorded consistently. The surname is always given, but first names are only listed on about 45% of the memorials, the rest recording initials only. Nevertheless, the sample of first names gives an interesting glimpse into the popularity of male names in the last decades of the nineteenth century. From around 8,500 individuals recorded as having died or served in the first world war, first names are recorded for about 3,200 (37%) of them. A much smaller sample is available in the second world war; around 2,300 names are recorded with first names given for about 42%.

It is possible, therefore, to calculate the frequency of male forenames and to give a scale of their popularity. The two charts (right) give the thirty most popular male forenames recorded from memorial inscriptions in the 1920s and 1940s respectively.
The diagram on the left shows the changes in popularity of the names in the 25 years between the wars.

Interestingly some names retain their popularity while others change, but the overall position is one of considerable conservatism. Nine names have dropped off the top thirty during the interwar period: Albert, Sidney, Percival, Samuel, Wilfred, Horace, David, Francis and Leonard. The new entries taking their places are Kenneth, Alan, Leslie, Stanley, Eric, Cyril, Ronald, Reginald and Norman. One might speculate that a study of the emerging film industry of the 1910s and 1920s would provide some of the background to these changes.

It is possible to bring this enquiry up to date by reference to data from the Office for National Statistics. They give current name popularity lists by region – although only for the top ten names. The analysis for the top ten boys names from First and Second World War memorials to 2012 gives the chart below.

Once again, the persistence of names such as Harry, Charles, Jack, George and William is remarkable and only perhaps partly explained by Royal name choices!
WHAT DID THE ROMANS EVER DO FOR ME?

Richard Lucas bemoans the fact that the architects and builders of Roman times spared little thought for their 20th-century counterparts.

Apart from the Ermine Street, Lindum Colonia and Newport Arch, the answer must be gave me a headache in 1986 – and '87 and ‘88, and '89!

In the 1980s my main way of earning my living was by building high quality houses on spec. Sam Scorer, a local architect, had a strong social conscience so that when the Georgian terraced houses on the hillside above Spring Hill were pulled down as slum clearance, he planned to rebuild the area with new houses for ‘ordinary people’. This did not work out in the way Sam had wanted. The nearest he got to it was to persuade local builders Simons of Lincoln to get permission to build four blocks of flats on the hillside. In fact, they only built one, and decided to do no more.

Sam built himself a modern style house at the bottom of Gibraltar Hill and below his property; he owned a site that had contained seven cottages, serving on to Spring Hill. This building plot caught my eye as a possible development site. Sam Scorer had a draft plan for building two houses. Sam and I agreed a price on the basis that Sam would do the design and get planning permission for the houses. That was not straightforward as I was concerned about old retaining walls and my liability for the property above. There were also trees on the site and it was within an area of archaeological interest.

This hillside site already had two levels on it and Sam’s design used the two levels in the design – garages at the Spring Hill level and two-storey houses above, with front doors on the upper level, with access steps. Steps would take you to the front doors of the houses at living areas. Internal stairs would rise to bedroom and bathroom on the top level. The living room and main bedroom would have bay windows with views over downhill Lincoln.

The uphill end of the site was roughly level with the footpath, and archaeological investigations found some stone footings, which may have been Roman, so the engineers decided to lay reinforced slabs as house foundations to cause as little...
disturbance to the ground as possible. Designs were made and permissions obtained so that in October 1986, work began.

Unbeknown to me, in 1975, Mr Hopton, owner of the Old Vicarage on Gibraltar Hill, had built an extension, towards the East, to create another flat in the large building, which was in multiple occupation. I think he did not have the advice of a professional engineer, perhaps he had only an unqualified builder.

In the autumn of 1986 some cracks appeared in the walls of this extension and Mr Hopton claimed for subsidence damage on his insurance company. It in turn put the matter with its loss adjusters, who in turn called in engineers. The engineers obviously thought that the problem was so serious that they gained authority to engage Soil Engineering Ltd of Peterborough, and they recommended Professor Chandler of Imperial College, London, who was a leading authority on subsidence problems. The experts thought the subsidence was very serious and were concerned that it was wide-ranging and could affect land and buildings down-hill as far as Spring Hill. They warned the City Engineer, Anglian Water and East Midlands Gas, as well as the police, fire brigade and ambulance service. As a result Spring Hill, Gibraltar Steps and Drury Lane were closed to the public.

On 27 December, 1986, water was observed welling up out of Spring Hill and on 2 January, 1987 a burst water main was found on Gibraltar Steps. On 17 January, the gas supply was cut off to 7 Gibraltar Hill; and also the props supporting the roof of flat 6, at the Old Vicarage, fell down.

In order to assess and gauge the amount of movement, it was decided to make 5 boreholes, spaced down the hill from the Old Vicarage, by Sam Scorer’s house and at Spring Hill road level. These showed that there was make-up ground consisting of ironstone, flas clay, and also where there was standing water.

The make-up ground was shown to be between 2.15 and 6.60 metres deep. This was made up of silty sandy clay which was slightly organic, containing pieces of limestone, ironstone chippings and a few chippings of brick. Also there was wood from a time when it was used as a fuel, and oyster and mussel shells.

It was explained that the natural form of the Lincoln Cliff, with its top strata of limestone and under layers of clay, gave a concave outline, but here in Lincoln where the hill top had been occupied by the Romans and later the Normans, and maybe earlier than that, the overburden, rubbish and perhaps fortress excavation, had rested in the concave area and smoothed out the hillside. Coupled with this rainwater had been emptied into the ground by soakaways, which in turn lubricated the face of make-up material with the clay face, which under adverse weather conditions caused the over burden to slide. This is what was happening from a point south of Drury Lane to a point south of Sam Scorer’s house. The old vicarage and 5 Gibraltar Hill showed movement within the buildings, whereas Sam Scorer’s house, No 7, moved as a whole.

A number of properties, including mine, were threatened with damage, and there were several insurance companies representing the property owners and the mortgage companies. These insurance companies met and agreed that, rather than be involved in litigation, they should seek an engineering solution. This was agreed and three major retaining walls were to be built: one supporting the bottom section of Gibraltar Hill, one above my properties using about a metre of ground and the third wall was sited on the back of the footpath to Spring Hill, still supporting 7 Gibraltar Hill and uphill of my houses. The work was done in 1988 and 1989, after which I was able to finish my houses and offer them for sale.

I needed to borrow money to build these houses, but the rates of interest were very different from those charged today; in my case, I was charged 16% per annum on a large sum.

-So when you ask what did the Romans ever do for me, the answer is that they gave me a lot of worry and many sleepless nights!
Toll Bar Keeper on the Lincoln to Barton Turnpike

Angela Downs throws light on the occupation of her 18th-century ancestor.

John Farrow (c1752-1820) was baptised at Bole, Notts, married Isabella Brown of Knaith and lived successively at Knaith, Caenby, Bracebridge, Wrawby and Wragby. The marriage bond drawn up for his daughter in 1797 describes Farrow as 'toll-bar keeper'. Why did John and Isabella move about so much? Did John work at a succession of toll bars?

According to a plan of the road and toll bars based on a survey in 1845, the turnpike road from Lincoln to Brigg would have passed through the parish of Caenby, while Bracebridge was on the principal road heading south from Lincoln. The records of the Brigg Turnpike Trust at Lincolnshire Archives and an article in Lincolnshire History and Archaeology throw a good deal of light on John’s career.

The Lincoln, Brigg, Barton and Caistor Turnpike Trust (commonly referred to as the Brigg Turnpike Trust) was set up in 1765 to construct and manage the road from Lincoln through Brigg to Barton-on-Humber, together with a branch from Brigg to Caistor. Tolls bars were set up at Barton (on the road to Barton Waterside, near the watermill), at Wrawby Street, Brigg (at the north end, on the eastern edge of the town), at Bigby Street, Brigg, at Clithy Lane (south end, across the High Road to Caistor), at New Bridge (on the 'new bridge' near Brigg on the Lincoln Road, i.e. the western end of the town) and at Riselombe Lodge corner (north of Lincoln). A further bar between Riselombe and Brigg was initially rejected by the trustees, but a new bar was later added at the south end of Waddingham Lane, bringing the total to seven.

In the early years toll gatherers were appointed on a weekly stipend (5/- in 1765, increased to 6/- from February 1766 because of the dearness of corn). The first toll gatherers, appointed in Sept 1765, were William Crowther at Barton turnpike, William Kay at New Bridge, Charles Evans at Wrawby Street and in Brigg and Henry Brookes at Bigby Street end in Brigg. In October 1766 they all received 20/- for drying their houses this winter. In July 1770 William Kay's widow replaced him at the New Bridge bar. In 1771 new toll bars and houses were to be erected by Caistor (near Humber Gate) and at the south end of Waddingham Lane; Charles Partridge was toll gatherer at ‘Riselam’ (Riselombe). In July 1773 Thomas Burrows was appointed toll gatherer at the new turnpike house in Waddingham Lane, and the two toll bars and houses at each end of Brigg were to be replaced by one to be erected in Wragby Field.

By 1774 there appear to have been a total of seven toll bars. Northwards from Lincoln, these were at (or were known as) Riselombe, Waddingham, New Bridge, Wrawby and Barton, together with (on the Caistor branch) Bigby and Caistor. Toll charges were fixed periodically by the trustees and displayed at each bar. They were to be collected at Riselombe, Waddingham (with ticket for New Bridge) and Wrawby or Bigby (tickets for Barton or Caistor) in the north-bound direction, and at Barton (ticket for Wragby), New Bridge (ticket for Waddingham) and Riselombe when travelling south.

Helpfully, the trustees proposed that the bars be modified to enable gatherers to collect tolls at night without going outside. 'Turn styles' were also to be added. New toll gatherers appointed between 1775 and 1780 were John West at the new turnpike house being erected between Clithy and Caistor; Anthony Frankish of Caistor at New Bridge (replacing Ann Key, discharged); William Grocock at Bigby (replacing William Thompson, resigned); and Richard Maw at Bigby (who replaced William Grocock, deceased, in December 1780).

From 1783 onwards toll gatherers were no longer appointed on a fixed stipend. The tolls were let by auction for a rent (at first for one year, but soon for 3-year periods) for which the bar keeper could live in the toll house and keep the tolls he collected (the rates were still fixed by the trustees). It was thus clearly in their interest to report to the trustees cases of evasion of the tolls, which they did regularly, resulting in the construction of various side bars and blocks on alternative roads. People living near the turnpike road could make agreements with the trustees to pay an annual sum known as...
'compounding,' allowing them to pass as and when they wished.

The first of these new leases are recorded in 1783, beginning with the lease of the 'tolls arising at Risam Bar to John Farrow servant to Lawrence Monk Esq for the rent of £120 for one year to commence at Michaelmas next, the said rent to be paid quarterly to Mr Watson [treasurer]. John Farrow was to give such security (for payment of rent) as the trustees shall approve and to allow the neighbouring people residing near the turnpike road to compound as usual. Similar lets were made to Ann Crowther widow (at Barton), Anthony Frankish (New Bridge), George Evans (Wrawby), Thomas Burrows (Grayingham - which seems to have replaced Waddingham), widow West (Caistor) and Richard Maw (Bigby) at rents ranging from £46 (Grayingham) to £157 (New Bridge).

John Farrow, then aged 30, obtained his first position as toll-bar keeper at Riseholme in 1783 when he was also a servant to one Lawrence Monk. Lawrence Monk Esq was in fact one of the trustees of the Turnpike Trust and the home and seat of the Monk family was at Caenby Hall, just south of the village of Caenby and practically on the turnpike road. The dates of baptism of John and Isabella Farrow's first three children at Caenby suggest that he had probably worked at Caenby Hall for at least six years and it may well have been at the suggestion and with the recommendation of his employer that John successfully bid for this first lease. John and Isabella's youngest daughter, Martha, was born around this time and the fact that her baptism has never been traced may be related to the fact that...
the church at Riselholme had fallen into disrepair and was no longer in use.

It appears that the value of the tolls was difficult to estimate as several of the toll gatherers were soon deficient in their rent payments. By January 1784 John Farrow was £35 in arrears and the clerk of the trustees was asked to write to demand £15/12/- as compensation. Nevertheless, and despite a note in the minutes for November 1785 that his 'removal or continuance' from Riselholme Bar was to be considered, he appears to have remained there, and in April 1786 he obtained the lease of Riselholme for a further year, this time for the lower figure of £76. One year later (in April 1787), however, when all seven bars were re-let for three years following advertisements in the Cambridge Chronicle, Riselholme was let to Anthony Frankish (then of Wrawby bar) for £105.

So it seems that either John made no bid or, perhaps more likely, he was out-bid on that occasion. In any event, he did not obtain the lease of any of the bars on the Brigg turnpike. He would thus have been obliged to leave the toll house and may have moved at that time to Bracebridge where he appears to have turned to farming. Indeed, as was apparently the case with many toll-bar keepers, he may well have been farming already to supplement his income at Riselholme. Another possibility, as yet unexplored, is that he also worked at what would appear to have been the first toll-bar south of Lincoln on the Peterborough road (at Bracebridge).

Whatever he did during his time in Bracebridge, he seems to have made good because ten years later, in April 1797, John Farrow 'farmer of Bracebridge' is back on the Brigg
NOTES & QUERIES 99:2

Lincoln Cathedral stained glass

Regarding Toby Morrow's query about what happened to Lincoln Cathedral's stained glass during the Second World War (N&Q 98:3), Geoff Tann offers the following information:

A rapid trawl of scanned newspapers in the British Newspaper Archive (http://www.britishnewspaperarchive.co.uk) finds several helpful press items relating to the protection of stained glass at Lincoln Cathedral during World War II. To summarise:

26 August 1939, Yorkshire Post & Leeds Intelligencer – the Dean and Chapter at Lincoln had not yet decided to remove stained glass from the cathedral.

6 September 1939, Lincolnshire Echo – 'Work to remove stained glass has begun' (Dean’s Eye photo caption).

15 May 1940, Lincolnshire Echo – with photo, work to be completed this week.

2 August 1945, Lincolnshire Echo – report about the reinstallation of the stained glass being in progress. Panels had been placed in numbered wooden cases and stored in underground chambers of a former stone quarry below the Cathedral Works Department premises.

Meanwhile, Pat Firman remembers something else:

I recollect seeing raised areas of turf between the Choir and the Chapter House, and being told that the Cathedral glass was buried there. This would be in 1939. I do not know what this included. There was a long period when the East Window was supported by huge timbers, and it may be that the glass was taken out to preserve it until the window was restored – I would guess that might have been just before World War II.

If during World War II cathedral stained glass was stored beneath the Works Department premises as reported in the press, does anyone know any more about the raised turf between the Choir and the Chapter House in 1939?
POTATO MEMORIES

Beryl Jackson describes the production of Lincolnshire's most famous of food crops from a farmer's perspective

My earliest memory, in the 1940s, is of having to drop the early seed potatoes in the garden because, as my father told me, 'your back is closer to the ground than mine'. I also remember as a schoolgirl, 'cross-harrow picking', which involved picking the small potatoes and others left behind after the women had picked the field. My father would harrow the field in both directions, a job done by a horse pulling the harrows. It was a very boring job; we walked what seemed miles for what appeared to be a few potatoes.

In those days there was no question of leaving the 'chats' in the ground; they were used to feed the pigs and cattle. The pig 'chats' were cooked in a steamer and as children we would eat them while they were still hot, sometimes having to remove a baked mud coating and the skins.

Planting

As an adult, in the 1960s, I planted potatoes from a seed tray held by two people in pre-ridged rows, a very back-breaking job. Keeping your balance was also difficult in the narrow furrow. Following this, we used a planter, which planted two rows at a time, but seated on the machine on a windy day was a very unpleasant dusty job. Because we were not moving, it was also a very cold task, even though sheeting was placed where possible to protect us.

Our neighbour had a Ferguson tractor pulling a planter with a bell that 'pinged' when a potato was to be dropped to enable regular spacing. The sound of the 'ping' was monotonous.

Our next planter was a semi-automatic machine with belted cups that passed through the seed potatoes. Seated on the planter, we put seed in empty cups and removed any extras to leave a single potato in the cup. As with the previous planter, sheeting gave us some protection from the cold.

One year, the machine was making a strange noise so a mechanic from Christian & Dobbs, from whom we had bought it, came to look at it. His comment was 'there is nothing to go wrong'. We continued the planting until the belt suddenly broke. We shouted loudly to my husband on the tractor to stop, but he could not hear us. Eventually we stopped after leaving many yards without dropping any seed. Once again the mechanic was summoned; apparently the planter had been wrongly assembled.

Harvesting

We had a similar experience at a later date with a new Whitsed potato harvester. The potatoes were showing damage from what appeared to be scratch marks. It was not long before the 'mat', which conveyed the crop to the conveyor belts at the top, broke after only a few hours work. Once again faulty assembly was the cause.

The Whitsed harvester had two conveyor belts at the top, one that was supposed to catch the clods of soil and the other the potatoes. Of course that did not work in practice. If the machine was bringing up too many clods, more hands were required to prevent them going into the store.

When the pace became hectic, our sense of direction became unfocused, resulting in the person opposite being hit with either clods or potatoes. One of our workers was barely five feet in height. One day a badly aimed potato hit her in the face. Daisy protested, 'that was my cake-hole!'

On windy days, we suffered from dust blowing up through the machine. We wore goggles to protect our eyes and we had some protection from the cold with a sheeting device secured with luggage straps to enable it to be removed quickly for repairs or adjustments to the machinery.

In a wet season it was hard work for one tractor and sometimes a second tractor was used to pull the harvester, but often the tractor catching the potatoes would bog down. Then tempers would flare and it would be obvious that we would have to use the 'hoover' and use baskets for picking.

One year it was impossible to use the hoover so we resorted to a spinner. This was a machine used in earlier times and had been horse-drawn. Our machine was adapted for use on the tractor power take-off. We finished picking the field in February, when the potatoes were unsaleable. However, the land had to be cleared. On the potato harvester the 'chats' would fall back onto the field and some larger potatoes would also be left. It was not considered economical to hand pick them; it was hoped that frost would destroy them. However, it was surprising how little soil was needed to keep them safe, and many survived to become unwelcome 'volunteers' in next year's crop.

Baskets

The earliest baskets were handmade wicker baskets, but eventually machine-made wire baskets replaced them, and later they were made of plastic. On wet land the deposit of mud would accumulate on the basket and we would bang the baskets on the cart, much to the annoyance of the 'boss' seeing the damage done to his baskets!

Potato graving

A site was chosen on the edge of the field and attention was paid to ensure that the site was level. Loose bales were used by the 'graver' to put on the potatoes. Any ruts made by the
cart and tractor when delivering a cart-load were filled in to ensure that when the crop was riddled later, there were no potatoes in ruts.

During the day, the 'graver' placed the straw on the potatoes and, to prevent the straw from blowing away, spits of soil were placed on top of the straw. A certain amount of time was allowed for the heat to dissipate before the first layer of soil was applied by a spade. A second layer was required to keep the potatoes safe from frost. To allow essential ventilation, no soil was put on the ridge.

There was a certain amount of skill required in earthing the grave; if not done properly the soil was inclined to slip off. The grave in appearance looked like a scaly fish. Sometimes an early sharp frost occurred before the second coat of soil had been applied and the potatoes would be frozen. Sometimes rats would get in the graves and not only did they damage the potatoes but they would let in the rain to create more damage. One year when harvesting the crop, a nest of half-grown rats came up on the picker. There was a lot of screaming!

Earthing the grave by hand was replaced by a JCB, and waiting for the contractor to do the job with his machine was an anxious time; a sharp frost put the crop at risk. The JCB tended to put on rather more soil than using a spade, with the result that it took longer to remove the soil when the potatoes were riddled. In the late springtime the potatoes would have chitted in the grave, and these had to be removed before the crop could be marketed.

Eventually we got a front-end loader for earthing the graves. This was also used for removing the soil when riddling. We also bought a metal-framed structure covered with a polythene sheet to protect us when riddling the potatoes. This replaced the shelter made from sacking. In my father's time, sacks were stitched together with sisal binder twine. As well as using the 'recycled' sacks for providing a shelter, he used them to secure the corn stacks after he had 'thatched' them. As the grave shortened, the metal shade was moved along, requiring four people to move it. On the muddy ground this was hard work. Sudden gusts of wind caused the structure to take off and it would be bowled along until the wind lightened. A wise precaution was to lash the frame to the tractor before the wind strengthened. Eventually the practice of storing in graves was replaced by indoor stores.

**Sacks**

At one time eight hundredweight heavy hessian sacks were used in the field for bagging the potatoes.
when ridding the grave. These were tied up with sisal binder twine; later the plastic binder twine was used. Ten-ton flat-bodied lorries came to collect the sacks. There was a certain skill in loading the lorries and if not done properly the load could slip. We sold our potatoes through a local firm, Cook Franklin and Ward, whose sacks were printed CFW 1/6. I sometimes used a sack as a doormat. One day Arthur Cook called at our house and, seeing the 'doormat', said 'There must be pounds worth of the firm's money being used for doormats.' After this the sacks were turned inside out to obscure the printing.

Eventually the hessian sacks were replaced with 4-stone paper ones. At first this did not meet the approval of the person bagging off. It not only meant that he had twice as many sacks to tie up, but his skill in tying with twine was replaced with a gadget, which twisted a wire fastener together. Over time it was realised that the paper sacks were an improvement.

On one occasion my husband decided to burn the trail of straw that had been removed during the day's ridding. We went home for a meal and to await the lorry, which was due to take the potatoes. When the lorry arrived we discovered that the fire had crept into the heap of potatoes. The sacks had burned and left the potatoes in a muddled pile!

**Marketing**

We grew Maris Piper potatoes, which were destined for the chip trade. If the potatoes were chilled too much the starch turned into sugar and they were not suitable for chips. When the merchant had secured an order for our potatoes a sample would be fried to see if they were suitable. One man who came to collect the potatoes was Mr Jerimidas, a Greek from London, a supplier of fish and chip shops. He would arrive in his ramshackle lorry to collect the load, which was down a narrow track. Sometimes his lorry would slip off the track; then followed the task of pulling him back with the tractor. On one occasion Mr J arrived after dark to collect his load. His English was not good, but it would appear that a previous load had been over-chilled. He cut open a potato and rubbed the cut edges together. Whether he thought this was a viable test, I do not know, but eventually he took the load away.

The test of frying the potatoes before accepting a load would not indicate whether or not the potatoes had been chilled.

The potatoes that were unsaleable due to size or imperfection were still collected in the 8-stone hessian...
sacks. At the end of the day we would collect them using a 'hicking stick', a round length of wood held between us to lift the sacks. It was crucial that we both 'hicked' together, as if not all the weight was taken by the person lifting first. The waste potatoes were used to feed the cattle, which we fattened over winter. Sugar beet pulp was also available. This was determined by the amount of sugar beet that had been processed at the nearby factory. At first the nearest factory was at King's Lynn, I once went with my husband in the lorry to the factory. I found it rather alarming when the lorry was driven up a slope to be pressure-washed to remove the soil. One visit was enough.

Sometimes the cattle would 'blow up' with distended gas. The vet would be summoned to release the gas by passing a needle through the stomach, but sometimes the poor animal would die before we were aware of the problem. The knacker man would then come to remove the carcase. One year our dog scattered the bullocks when they were being taken off the cattle transporter. One beast took off in a different direction from the others and I chased it for quite a distance before it was captured. It was a very warm day in October and the bullock ran across fields where potatoes were being harvested. Folks were somewhat surprised to see a woman with a very red face in pursuit of the bullock. After nearly two miles the exhausted animal was wrestled to the ground by a local farmer, who very kindly took us both home in his horse box.

The manure from the cattle was used in the spring time for the potato crop, the bullocks having been sold at King's Lynn Auction. It was rather sad after they had gone, I missed the involvement I had with them. Sometimes I would put the mangelwurzels, which we also grew, through the mangold-grinder, a hand operated machine that was later powered by an electric motor.

One day I was left to load the lorry that came to collect the potatoes. At first the driver refused to be loaded, saying, 'I have never been loaded by a woman before' to which I replied that if he wanted the load, I would be loading. With the 4-stone paper sacks it was not hard work to place them on the elevator. I now find it amusing that you pay to do a similar activity in a gym!

**Seed potatoes**

The seed potatoes from Scotland, which arrived in October or November, were tipped into 'chitting trays' and put in the greenhouse to chit. During the winter they would be turned over so that the bottom ones were exposed to the light and to ensure the chits were a similar length. The potatoes had to be protected from frost, sometimes achieved by using paraffin heaters. In the spring the trays were taken to the field to be tipped into the potato planter. And so another potato year had begun.
Rex Russell 1916–2014

Rex, historian, friend, family man, lived his entire long and varied life with the constant ethics of his left-wing intellectual background. He was no bigot, no stick-in-the-mud – Rex viewed every aspect of human behaviour with a measured eye and (mostly) with benign tolerance. He was a solid, kind, honest, generous man who inspired a huge following among Lincolnshire historians.

Rex was a life member of the Society for Lincolnshire History and Archaeology. Over the years members have enjoyed his input in the form of organised outings and talks, and publications.

It was a surprise to some members of the Lincolnshire Methodist History Society to learn that Rex, a founder member of the society, was not a Christian. Rex would not pretend to a faith he did not have, but he saw in the history of Methodism a massive contribution to the progression of the working man towards education and equality. He saw the opportunities offered by Methodism as a great enhancement of trust earned by the working populations of two centuries ago.

On my penultimate visit to Rex I asked him, 'Have you ever been to Tolpuddle?' ‘No,’ he replied but certainly intend to.

Rex was fond of telling people that he was born in a workhouse during a Zeppelin raid. His parents were Master and Matron of Hackney Workhouse at the time of his birth. He could remember the vast complex of buildings that surrounded him in infancy and spoke of the workhouse bakery and butchery, the offices and the infirmary. As a child of five or six Rex moved to Yorkshire with his mother and three brothers as his father sought other employment. Holme on Spalding Moor became the background to Rex's childhood. His great-grandfather had been head teacher of the village school there and the four clever little Russell boys all attended that school. Later Rex won a scholarship to Bancrofts, A Drapers' Company School.

Rex chose to be a commercial artist and he trained for this work by winning an Essex County Scholarship to art school. Later he gained a degree in history and education at Durham University and used his graphic skills, particularly as a cartographer, to enhance his many history publications. His book on headstones, illustrated in pen and ink, showed his skill at copying not only an image but the feel of an age.

In 1938 Rex married Eleanor – 'Froude' as she was known – and, for a time, they both worked on the land, which gave Rex that sympathy with farm workers and low pay that he always held. After the Second World War, during which Rex served in the Royal Navy, he found his true vocation in teaching. Rex's teaching was never one-sided; he preferred dialogue and discussion. He prepared carefully and spoke clearly; it was a delight to attend his classes. Most of all he gave encouragement on a generous scale and gave helpful suggestions and detailed information on sources. Many of his publications were a joint effort with students and, invariably, his students wanted to do more work on the subject of local history from primary sources under Rex's guidance.

He published numerous articles and books on subjects such as enclosure; allotments; labourers' movements, Methodism, friendly societies, water drinkers (teetotallers, which Rex was not); education in north Lincolnshire; the cultural changes in Lincolnshire (From Cock-fighting to Chapel Building); homes of the poor; Deserted Medieval Villages and the effect of the French Revolution on Lincolnshire. The books were published by the Workers' Educational Association to which organisation Rex gave a large part of his life together with the Extra-Mural Department of Hull University. In 2010 he was honoured with an award made to him by the British Association of Local History for his enormous contribution to local history as a tutor and writer.

Rex and Eleanor spent most of their married life in Barton on Humber. They had two children, Kleta and Adrian. Kleta now lives in France, married to Boucif and they have two grown-up children, Milla and Rhéda. Adrian lives in Derbyshire and is married to Pam. They have two sons, Daniel and Ben. Eleanor, who worked with Rex on several digs, sadly died in 1989 and Rex continued to teach and write. In 1994 Rex surprised his friends by marrying Joan when he was nearly 80 years of age. Joan Mostyn-Lewis was, like Rex, an artist and so began, late in life, another happy phase for Rex. Fifteen years later first Joan and then Rex went into care homes. Joan went to Wales where she was near to her daughters Rose and Vanessa, and Rex was cared for in Nettleton Manor. Rex died on 15 December 2014. Farewell dear friend.

Linda Crust

*Readers may remember Rex's 'Masterclas' series in LP6-R intended to help local historians get the best out of their research. Ed.*

No.99 Spring 2015 21
This is a well produced book of village reminiscences compiled by members of the Sturton and Stow History Society. The format is to take businesses past and present, or groups of businesses, such as carriers, and bring them to life with photos, information and memories. There are lucid and vivid memories of Sadie Wiles and Ivy Barratt, both women well known by past generations of villagers. Sadie was a well loved teacher at Sturton School and Ivy was a cheerful, visible presence on her bike delivering prescriptions daily round the village for 2d a bottle from the Saxby chemist.

The businesses cover the whole range of life in the village throughout the 20th century. For the first half of the century apprenticeships were still available with local craftsmen; joiners were also undertakers, and Harry Williams carried on from the old carriers with his bus performing a local service until the end of the century. There were general shops and butchers' shops run by families. Lucas’s shop survived for over a hundred years and I personally remember Mr Derek Lucas delivering weekly to our house everything from boots and first tomatoes of the season, to wallpaper and poultry feed. I was trusted to go to Gelders as a small child to purchase honey made from the hives in their own orchard. The unique smell of Gelder’s shop still remains in the clouds of my memory as a mixture of paraffin and mystery with a hint of farmyard.

There is a section on Bradshaw’s haulage company from steam ploughing and steam lorries, contract threshing and animal transport, to the huge lorries still on the road today 130 years after its foundation.

Another comprehensive section is on Sturton mills. The Subscription mill of 1815 still stands, though without its sails and with a fibre glass cap. Brickworks on Tillbridge Road supplied bricks for the village from local clay, and an excellent photo of 1894 shows some of the named workers. Another section is on the pubs of the village and their landlords. Shoemakers, milkmen and the village tinsmith are all there. A surprise chapter at the end of the book moves out of the village to describe (with illustrations) the 19th century Brampton pottery just a few miles away.

For anyone who has lived, or who lives, in Sturton by Stow or in Stow I am sure you will enjoy the book. I revelled in nostalgia as I recognised so many names; indeed I am related to many by blood or marriage. It’s a book to chat about with old friends and to explain to your children and grandchildren. It tells of the changes in a way of life through picture and anecdote.

Linda Crust, Wragby

BENNETT, Carol and BENNETT, Nicholas. Magna Carta: the Lincoln story, [Stroud, The History Press/ Pitkin Publications, 2014]. 49pp. ISBN 978 1 84165 452 2. £6.59 pbk. This attractively presented and moderately priced booklet does just what it says that it sets out to achieve in the title, that is to say it tells the tale of Magna Carta from a peculiarly Lincolnshire perspective. The subject of Magna Carta is not an easy one to deal with in a short booklet such as this, quite simply, because it has so many facets. Quite apart from the historical background to the Charter that was rooted in the civil war of 1215 -17 there is the document itself, and then its subsequent history as an argument for liberty. Nevertheless this little book achieves all of this and more.

The authors have addressed all of the usual topics with ease and fluency in a booklet that is conveniently broken down into short chapters under individual headings. Thus there are chapters on: Why is Magna Carta Important?, Lincoln's Importance, The Lincolnshire Archbishop Stephen Langton, The Barons' Rebellion, Lincoln's 1215 Magna Carta, The Civil War in Lincolnshire and The Battle of Lincoln Fair, to name but a few. In addition there is a series of well put together chapters dealing with the subsequent reissues of the Charter and its growing political importance, first in the time of the Stuart kings, and then as a foundation to the argument for liberty that drove the American colonists to create their Declaration of Independence.

The booklet is attractively illustrated throughout. In a year when we shall be flooded with books on Magna Carta this book approaches the subject from a uniquely Lincolnshire perspective, and yet still manages to give a comprehensive history of the document in an easily readable format.

Nigel Burn, Lincoln

CROFT, Eric and VERNON, Steven. Lincolnshire at war, 1914-18 on old picture postcards: a selection of picture postcards showing Lincolnshire soldiers

A comparatively new series following the publisher's usual format features a book of postcards relating to the county's involvement in WW1. Each page has a couple of cards with interpretative and informative captions. They start at the beginning of that war with pictures relating to recruiting, training of the new soldiers and where they did their training. There are scenes from Oakley Park (near Diss in Norfolk but featuring the Lincolnshire Yeomanry), Riselholme Park and, of course, Belton. Lincoln itself, Gainsborough, Skegness (RIs making new uses of the seaside for training) and Grantham are only a few of the places that feature in this wide-ranging selection. The home front is represented by pictures of the hospitals (nurses and Voluntary Aid Detachment women), female special constables, transport operatives and communal kitchen providers. A short section has to be devoted naturally to the development of the first tanks.

Fittingly, we end with photographs of the dedication ceremonies of several war memorials and a picture of Lance Corporal Leonard Keyworth who won the VC standing on a parapet and throwing c.150 'bombs' over a two hour stretch. Later the same year, 1915, he died of wounds incurred in a later battle. A couple of misprints (pictures 49 and 59) hardly detract from a worthwhile booklet that should achieve a wide circulation.

MANTERFIELD, John B, editor.
Newton's Grantham: The Hall Book and life in a Puritan town... edited by John B. Manterfield with additional contributions from Robiffe, John Down [and] Ruth Crook as part of Lincolnshire's Age of Scientific Discovery: a heritage project examining the life and times of Sir Isaac Newton and other Lincolnshire philosophers in the 17th century.


Grantham long ago learned how to capitalise on its Isaac Newton links. This book is built around a study of William Clarke, a Grantham apothecary and Corporation member, who had associations with the Newton family and was Isaac Newton's landlord while he attended the free grammar school in the town between 1655 and about 1659.

Initiated by Robiffe, Director of the Newton Project at the University of Sussex, the book is the result of a National Lottery funded project by Grantham Civic Society and a group of U3A volunteers, who between them transcribed the Grantham Hall Book, the minute book of Grantham Corporation, picking up in 1649 where Bill Coulth's Lincoln Record Society transcript (Vol 83, 1995) left off, and running through to 1662. This was the period when Newton was lodging with Clarke and Clarke was a member of the Corporation.

So far, so good. What this complicated background and provenance for the book cannot prepare the reader for is the excellence, both of the scholarship and the presentation, that lies within its covers. While never forgetting the Isaac Newton angle, this is really a fascinating introduction to the history and social structure of a Lincolnshire town in the Civil War and Commonwealth period. John Manterfield's work is knowledgeable and detailed, with sections on everything from Grantham's topography to its governance, its occupational structure, its finances and its spiritual life. Dominated throughout the Commonwealth period by puritans like Clarke, the town tried to create a local society infused with notions of thrift and godliness - how successfully is open to debate. At the end of the book, appendices list the courts and the names of the Aldermen and Comburgesses in the period and there is an essay on Clarke himself by Ruth Crook.

The illustrations are exceptional.

There are numerous extracts from the Hall Book itself, reproductions of maps, photographs of relevant local buildings, and it features an excellent reconstructed map of Grantham in Newton's time. As if this were not enough, the entire transcript of the Hall Book - itself the product of a meticulous process by the U3A volunteers - can now be accessed through the Linxcs to the Past website.

You don't need to live in Grantham or know much about it to appreciate this book. It is an excellent example of how a collaborative effort and supportive backers can produce worthwhile and readable local history publications and it is a model that others could very profitably follow.

Dr Simon Pawley, Sleaford

MITCHELL, Vic and SMITH, Keith.

Those using the Peakes Parkway in Grimsby and the A16 between Boston and Spalding can be forgiven if they do not realise that they are on the route of a former railway line. All railway traces have disappeared, leaving only the route. But they were part of the line between Spalding and Grimsby, a line recorded in another railway book in the ever growing series of line histories by this well known publisher. It follows their standard format of using captioned photographs accompanied by old Ordnance Survey maps to describe a railway route, and also includes a number of timetables and tickets.

There is a down side, in the critical rather than the railway sense. The Lincolnshire purist will note some inaccuracies in the Geographical Setting and the railway enthusiast confused by statements in the Historical Background. To be fair, the history of this line and its branches and connections is complicated and deserves more space than is available to the authors. Opening dates were a mix from 1848 to 1913 with closures from 1939 to 1970. This is complicated further by the wide variety of closure dates in
particular for many local stations. Part, between Boston and what was Firsby South Junction, remains in use as part of the line to Skegness. The revival of another part of the route, between Ludborough and North Thoresby, with aspirations for future development north to Tetney and south to Louth, is also included. The work of the Lincolnshire Wolds Railway is celebrated at the end of the book, with steam trains again running along part of the route.

A very good selection of photographs is used, all black and white, of a variety of dates. All of the 28 stations are illustrated, including the six halts between Grimsby and Louth provided in 1905 at locations more convenient for the villages than the conventional stations on the route. Served originally by a steam railmotor, an early steam version of the diesel railcar to come in later years, these all closed between 1940 and 1961. Ordnance Survey maps of 1:2500 scale, show the layout of the stations, recording many now lost goods yards and sidings. The evidence of what has gone from Boston is particularly revealing.

The captions are short but accurate, although the inclusion of notes about the Wragby and Mablethorpe Junction signal boxes south of Louth as part of a caption to a photograph of Legbourne Road station will be very confusing for someone who does not know their Lincolnshire Railways.

Overall, this book is a very good introduction to this part of the county's railway history. The book cover includes a statement to the effect that the publisher is evolving the ultimate rail encyclopaedia so perhaps we can look forward to further books on other lines within the county in the future.

Stewart Squires, Southern
MITCHELL, Vic and SMITH, Keith.
Nottingham to Boston, featuring

This is another railway book in the ever growing series of line histories by this well known publisher. It follows their standard format of using captioned photographs accompanied by old Ordnance Survey maps to describe a railway route, and also includes a number of timetables and tickets. This is a route that still operates today and has a secure future and, as such, has a history that is still unfolding. This is reflected in the photographs and captions, some of which were taken in recent years.

The history of this line and its branches and connections is, as usual with railway history linking a number of towns, not straightforward. The first part of the route linked Nottingham and Grantham in 1850. Indeed, it was the first railway into Grantham. Grantham and Sleaford were joined in 1857 and the line on to Boston opened in 1859. The route became part of the empire of the Great Northern Railway. Although the train service on the route today links Nottingham and Skegness, for much of its history the train services ran separately between Nottingham and Grantham and Grantham and Boston.

This does highlight a deficiency in this book. The route described bypasses Grantham, travelling along the line between Allington Junction and what was Barkston East Junction. Although this is today's route, trains still call at Grantham via Allington Junction. This reviewer considers this to be an omission. It leaves out the opportunity to mention, among other things, Grantham's much less known original station, known locally as the 'Ambergate' or 'Old Harf', at the terminal basin of the Grantham Canal, which lost its passenger service in 1852 but the last vestige of which did not close until 1982.

A very good selection of photographs is used, all black and white, of a variety of dates. All stations are illustrated, together with the route complications at the Nottingham end. Ordnance Survey maps of 1:2500 scale, show the layout of the stations recording many now lost goods yards and sidings, gasworks and factories.

The captions are short but accurate, although, as in other recent books from this publisher, seemingly, where all else fails they record population details and the number of coaches that can be accommodated at platforms. On the other hand, they do often note the very useful statistics of opening and closure dates, and the dates of other changes, so useful to the historian. Overall, this is another book providing a very good introduction to this part of the County's railway history.

Stewart Squires, Southern
NELSTROP, Bentley. "Now Then".
Taverner Publications, 2014. vi,162pp. ISBN 978 1 90470 23 7. £12 pbk (or £15 by post from Westfield Farm, Hall Lane, Branston, Lincoln LN4 1BZ).

"Now Then", by Bentley Nelstrop (or "Naa Then", as pronounced) is all that appears on the title page, but on the front cover it also usefully says 'a yeoman farmer from Lincolnshire. Memories of a Farm, Family, Friends and Events.'

The farm in question is Westfield Farm, Branston, which on p.33 is said to be approximately 1.25 miles from the eastern end of RAF Waddington's runway. It is also only 3-4 miles south-eastwards from the centre of Lincoln, at the western extremity of Branston parish.

Near the farmstead is a pond from which issues a stream flowing eastward down the limestone dip slope towards the village. The pond is also at the meeting place of three ancient parishes, Branston, Canwick and Bracebridge, whose sheep shared the water supply when this area was all open heathland. At the enclosure of 1765 Lord Vere Bertie was allotted most of this land and it was probably he who set out Heath Farm (now Westfield Farm) as a ring-fenced farm surrounded by its fields. Since about 1880 it has been owned by the Church Commissioners, and the Nelstrops have been tenants in four generations since 1881.

The history of their first 70 years is summarised to bring out major trends, such as the effect of two wars, and the long depression that saw many neighbouring farmers go bankrupt.
In 1953 the farm extended to 350 acres and the boss employed eight men. The Nelstrops have added to this acreage by buying other farms, so that in 2013 the boss (Robert, Bentley's son) was farming 2,100 acres with only three men. A large part of the book is devoted to what has been no less than an agricultural revolution, encapsulated by those figures.

The expansion has made possible the use of the biggest and fastest machines. In the 1960s the first potato harvester cost £3,780, a new one now costs about £165,000.

Even after allowing generously for inflation, the increase demonstrates how important it has been for farmers either to keep expanding, or to hire contractors. Also crop yields are now about twice the 1950s level for corn, more for beet and potatoes. (Some of this discussion is a little technical for the general reader, but it is worth persevering.)

Buying land is literally the economist's horizontal integration, but the Nelstrops have also been involved in vertical integration, in both directions. Bentley was one of seven young farmers who formed a co-operative in 1964 so that inputs, such as seed and fertiliser, could be bought more cheaply.

Downstream, towards the ultimate customer, to cut out the potato merchants they formed another co-operative in 1968 - Branston Potatoes. This is now a limited company, Branston Ltd, which packs 55 per cent of Tesco's potatoes at three sites: Mere Road, Branston; Abernethy near Perth; and Ilminster, Somerset. At Branston there is also a large food preparation enterprise, taking the company even closer to the ultimate customer.

The book is not all about agricultural history, nor is the story told as in a text book. There are not many history books for this period, anyway. In substantial passages, the author tells about family and community life, the farm house and its changing facilities, about sporting activities, and a business excursion into Russia and Poland. He has also written about his considerable record as 'a man of affairs' - membership and sometimes chairmanship of committees of such organisations as the National Farmers' Union, the Lincolnshire Agricultural Society, Branston village organisations, the Farming and Advisory Group, and the National Institute of Agricultural Botany.

On the way there are plenty of anecdotes to entertain, some quite serious, others more amusing. One of the first kind relates to an occasion when a RAF Vulcan flew low enough over the farmstead to cause serious damage to roofs. Anxious to stake a claim for compensation (on behalf of the landlords and his workpeople whose cars had been damaged by falling tiles), the author rang up RAF Waddington, working his way up the hierarchy to get someone out to inspect the damage. A final 'No' led to Bentley taking his combine on to the A15 and parking it half off the road, between the traffic lights and near the end of the runway. This brought about the immediate diversion of flying, and some desirable action.

Other kinds of anecdote are represented by an over-50s cricket match organised by the author's father. Edgar Gilbert of Billinghay was fielding on his shooting stick at mid on. He was heard to shout to the captain 'Bem, Bem, (Billinghay) send ya sumbody over icer - I've thotty acre to missen.'

Dr Dennis Mills, Branston


In recent years a few books have been published about the history of Boston and this volume by Helen Shinn is the latest. Others include an outstanding volume on the memorial brasses of the parish church, and a general history of the town by Richard Gurnham, and in 2015 English Heritage will produce a volume on the built environment of the town.

In October 2012 Helen Shinn started publishing "The Boston Old Times", a quarterly magazine usually of 12 pages. That contains short notes on the local history of Boston, and in late 2014 The Lincolnshire Old Times started to appear with material beyond Boston. While working on these worthwhile projects, Shinn has written this picture book, which illustrates all the old areas of the town in the 19th and 20th centuries.

Shinn follows the usual format for books of this type, with two pictures per page, an old one at the top and a modern photograph of the same view below, with an informative caption in between. She does not allow herself to be confined by the format and on some pages a third picture is included as a small insert to add to the story. The modern pictures are in colour, as are some of the older ones. They are in a walking order, apart from a few views of the parish church at the start and a small number of villages outside Boston at the end. Starting at Skirbeck church, the book proceeds via the Dock and South Street into the Market Place and Wide Bargate, looks at the Grand Sluice and then shows Lincoln Lane, West Street, High Street and Skirbeck Quarter on the west bank.

The perambulation includes the old town developed in the middle ages, as well as a few streets created in the early 19th century. The text relates to what can be seen in the pictures so is mostly about the 18th, 19th or 20th centuries except where older buildings are shown.

Several pictures are published for the first time including the Garfit house on page 20 and a number of public houses around the town. The captions, written in a pleasant style, contain a lot of detailed information but inevitably some errors have crept in. Most are not significant, such as the reference to non-existent town walls (p.42) or the reason for Garfit's house being demolished (it was to link new GNR sidings to High Street) (p.20). However the suggestion that the Cross Keys Inn (now New England Hotel) was built on a site occupied by Alfred Russell about 1920 is of a different order, as the Cross Keys had been on that
site since at least 1822 if not earlier. Russell was in business in 1913-26 at 4 Mill Hill, just across the street from the Cross Keys.

Anyone interested in the history of Boston will get something from this little book. For some it will be a useful introduction to the historic layout of the town with its many interesting streets and buildings, while to others it will give new information about changes in the 19th and 20th centuries, showing some historic structures that have been lost.

Neil Wright, Lincoln

WALKER, Andrew, editor.

This tenth booklet in the excellent Survey of Lincoln series charts the development of the south western edge of Lincoln. Originally a low lying area around the ancient course of the River Trent, it is now one of the city's most populous residential areas. In the intervening years, the area has been the site of a range of features and activities including an extensive Roman pottery, parliamentary enclosure, drainage schemes, agricultural use, a duck decoy (used to trap wildfowl and once common in Lincolnshire), Harstholme Hall and its estate, a railway, and a sand and gravel extraction industry. World War 2 saw the construction of an RAF bomber base on what is now Birchwood and Doddington Park estates, and a Ministry of Works cold store and grain silo for the storage of supplies during rationing. These are all covered in twenty short themed chapters, as are the successive post-war housing developments in the three areas of the title, with their schools, places of worship and sports and leisure facilities.

The information is well researched by the 18 contributors, and is enhanced by many photographs (appearing on most pages), plans, and the helpful map in the centrespread. Useful suggestions for further reading are listed on the back page. Concise, readable and excellent value, this booklet is an ideal starting point for anyone who wants to discover more about this part of Lincoln; those who already know the area are sure to find something of interest to augment their knowledge.

Eleanor Nannestad, Lincoln

NOTES & QUERIES 99:3

Church bells broadcast from Crowland

THE VERY FIRST live broadcast of church bells by the BBC was from Crowland Abbey on 1 November 1925. This caused a considerable stir. A sizeable number of people thought it sacrilege to broadcast the sound of church bells. A protest group tried to sabotage the recording by cutting the telephone wires two miles from Thorney on the line between Crowland and Peterborough. As it happened they cut the wrong wires and the transmission went ahead.

The general reaction to this historic broadcast was extremely favourable. Listeners as far away as New South Wales praised the sound of the bells and the standard of ringing.

The second broadcast of church bells, in February 1926, was also from Crowland. This time the wire cutters, despite police surveillance, targeted the correct wire in the Fens, but the BBC engineers reconnected the line in the nick of time and the broadcast went out as planned.

Ken Redmore

Image above from Dugdale's Monasticon Angliecum, first printed 1655, as depicted on a postcard posted in 1925.
Antony Lee describes a recent acquisition at the museum, which dates to the time of the Danelaw.

A Viking gold pendant from Spilsby

The study of myth has a long tradition, and archaeological objects, which allow us to bridge a gap between famous myths and legends and the lives of everyday people in the past, have always been of the greatest fascination. In Norse mythology, Thor, God of thunder and lightning, had a specific role as a deity of healing and protection. This latter function was particularly reflected in stories of his eternal battle against the giants known as Jotnar, through which he kept the world of mortal men and women safe. Thor’s hammer Mjöllnir, his most potent and recognisable attribute, became an apotropaic device used in jewellery and carved onto standing stones and buildings as a symbol of protection.

The Collection is delighted to have recently acquired a rare and significant example of a pendant in the form of Mjöllnir, discovered near Spilsby in 2013. The pendant is 19mm in length and 15mm wide, featuring an integral suspension loop. The pendant is made from gold and is decorated on all faces with small stamps in the form of crosses, or perhaps even miniature axes. Pendants of this form are well attested in Scandinavia, occurring on settlement sites, in hoards and in both male and female burials. The Scandinavian pendants are most commonly found in copper alloy and silver, but are often highly decorated with punched designs or with applied filigree. In contrast, although the number of examples known from the Danelaw of eastern and northern England is growing, English examples tend to be much plainer in both design and decoration, and usually produced in silver.

That the Spilsby pendant is made from gold is unusual. Only one other parallel in gold is known from Britain, an example found at South Lopham, Norfolk, and now in Norwich Castle Museum. That too was decorated with punched designs, in the form of triangles containing dots. The level of decoration, combined with the use of a prestige metal, suggests that the Spilsby pendant was most likely of Scandinavian manufacture and represents an example of cultural contact and trade between the people of the Danelaw and those of Scandinavia.

The pendant dates to the late 9th or early 10th Century, and some scholars have suggested that the growth in popularity of these pendants at this time may relate directly to the growth of Christianity and the appearance of jewellery in the form of crucifixes. The Thor’s hammer pendants may therefore not only represent a desire for divine protection, but they may also be an overt symbol to promote traditional religious beliefs perceived to be under threat.

The pendant was acquired with the kind support of the V&A Purchase Grant Fund, the Headley Trust and the Friends of Lincoln Museums and Art Gallery.

Antony Lee is Collections Access Officer for Archaeology at The Collection, Danes Terrace, Lincoln.