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TITHE MAPS: AN INTRODUCTION

Simon Williams

The Mourholme Society of Local History, with the help of Lancashire Archives, recently published, on our website, high resolution digital images of the 1846 Tithe Maps of the old parish of Warton. Accompanying these maps are detailed schedules describing the land of each of the seven townships that make up the old Parish of Warton. See:

http://www.mourholme.co.uk/?Maps

Tithe Maps, produced for many (but not all) areas of England and Wales between 1841 and 1851, were a necessary means to the rationalisation of the ancient system of giving one tenth of the production of any parcel of land to the church. By the time of the Tithe Commutation Act 1836 tithes were often paid to landlords, and sometimes in cash rather than kind. These Tithe Maps and Schedules stipulated the tithes to be paid henceforth from each field and property. For a fuller description of this history: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tithe_map

The Tithe Maps are large scale maps. Each field or piece of land featured on a tithe map carries a number. By cross-referencing this number with the corresponding number under the Field Number column in the Tithe Schedule, we can learn:

- Landowner name
- The occupier
- Field name and/or description of the property
- The state of cultivation of the field
- The size (acres, roods and perches)
- Tithe owner - i.e. to whom the tithe is paid

As a result, tithe maps and schedules are an invaluable resource to local historians and genealogists, providing a snapshot of the detailed map of the land, the names of owners and occupiers, and a short description of the use of that land.

Once the maps were available on our website, we asked Mourholme members to take a look, and note any features that struck them as interesting. Of course, each map reader will spot different things. In future magazines we will feature observations on other township maps, but this edition starts with the Yealand Conyers map, and the observations of Andy Denwood. Because the tithe maps are so large, it's only possible to include small sections of them in the magazine. To see all the features to which Andy refers, you will need to consult the full maps on the website.

SOME FEATURES OF THE TITHE MAPS OF YEALAND CONYERS AND YEALAND REDMAYNE

Andy Denwood

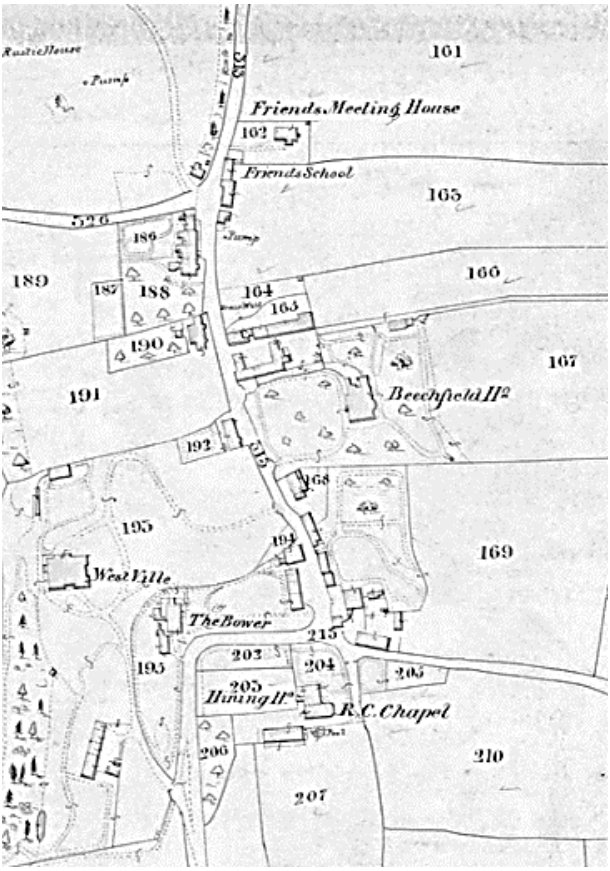

Figure 1: The centre of Yealand Conyers

Yealand Conyers:

Most of present-day Conyers was already in place by 1846 with cottages and grander houses strung along Yealand Road.

The Georgian mansion today known as ‘The Manor' sports the more modest title ‘Morecambe Lodge’ at this stage. The Quaker Meeting House and Friends school are both clearly marked. But Roman Catholics were still making do with a chapel at the southern end of the village: St Mary’s RC church didn’t arrive until 1852. Just off Dykes Lane towards the northern end of the village stands the still comparatively new St John’s Anglican church, built in 1838. Dykes Lane also boasts a post office — something villagers can only dream of today!

The newest and most dominant feature on the map is the Lancaster to Carlisle Railway which did not open until December 1846: so when this map was drawn trains were not yet running.

Deepdale Pond is shown as a bright blue lake in Cringle Barrow Woods. Today it's just a muddy shadow of the woodland beauty spot that drew visitors by the charabanc-load throughout Victoria’s reign. But the water feature totally missing from the map is Leighton Moss. By the mid-1840’s it was being drained and its three hundred acres had been neatly divided up into fields to grow cereals. These peat-rich fields would remain dry until the end of the First World War when the drainage pump stopped and the Moss flooded once again.

Yealand Redmayne:
Clearly marked at the southern end of Yealand Redmayne is the new ‘National School’. Built in 1841 it taught a Church of England approved curriculum. There is no sign yet of one of the most important community buildings, the first Yealand Village Hall. The meeting place of the Mourholme Local History Society would not be built until the 20th C.

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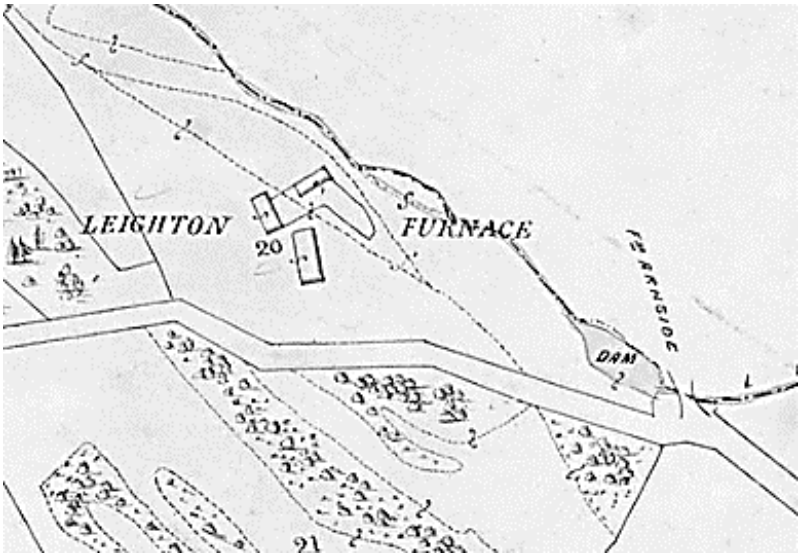

Figure 2: Leighton Furnace, Yealand Redmayne

The map shows the narrow fields in Yealand Redmayne — a survival of the Medieval strip system originally ploughed by teams of oxen. At the northern end of the village - towards White Moss - the fields become much thinner still. These are the peat dales whose owners could dig themselves a supply of fuel to heat their homes and cook their meals.

Leighton Beck Iron Furnace is marked on the map, as is the dam and millpond which provided the power for its giant water wheel and bellows. This is slightly surprising since the Furnace is thought to have stopped working 40 years earlier.

It's interesting to see that Hawes Water had assumed its modern name by 1846 — earlier local spellings had included Hayeswater and Haveswater. The farm now known as 'Thrang End', however, is shown as 'Throng End'

LOCAL FIELD AND PLACE NAMES

Sheila Jones

Most of us are fascinated by old field and place names, and the society's digitization of the tithe maps and schedules has highlighted those that are in our area, making them easily accessible. This stimulated me into consulting Angus Winchester's excellent booklet, 'Lake District Field-Names'[1] mostly, I confess, because it was on the shelf at home but also because it has such a comprehensive glossary. The meanings of some names are clearly applicable in our area while some seem to have changed or modified; the study is endlessly interesting.

Some words jump out with enlightenment. I have always been curious about the village name of 'Ings' in South Lakeland: the road signs look as though a syllable has been omitted or a letter lost. However, Professor Winchester's book defines 'ing' as 'meadow land in a low, moist, position', and one realizes that this admirably describes that area. Perusing our tithe maps, I found that the flat, damp fields between the streets of Millhead and the River Keer, are labelled as 'Jacks Ings', 'Brick Ings' and 'Little Brick Ings'. More tersely, large field areas touching the shore between Warton and Silverdale are each simply named 'Ings'.

'Holme' is defined by Professor Winchester as 'an island, or raised drier ground in wetland'. What a perfect description of the village of Holme! There are several Holmes in the old parish of Warton and I went to investigate a Carnforth example, Holme Bank. Checking a modern OS map against

[1] A full reference for Professor Winchester's book on which this article draws, is found at the end of this article.

the tithe map, it seemed that the area would be under housing in Crag Bank and I wondered if it would be visible. I approached it on the Coast Road coming from the west. There was a footpath off the road leading in the right direction. Once over the stile, I saw a perfect example. There was marshy ground (so marshy that as I set off someone shouted from the road, 'Excuse me! That's a bit wet there! Go round that way!') with, to the west, Hunting Hill and to the east Holme Bank. Holme Bank is indeed covered in housing, but it is a piece of land that rises so steeply that the slope on its west is collapsing almost into terraces. Pleasingly, among the streets there is one that preserves the name; Holme Close.

Figure 1: Holme Bank, Crag Bank, Carnforth

These two examples are both of names coming from the topography of an area, what is there on the surface. There are many more. We have several places incorporating ‘slack’ which is ‘a hollow; a shallow valley’. Given that definition, one should not be surprised at Waterslack in Silverdale; but a shallow valley does not need to be waterlogged: there is a Slack Wood and a Slack Orchard in Silverdale, showing that the land can be worthwhile.

There are several names for watery places, of course. In this area we are very familiar with ‘moss’ which is defined as a ‘bog, peat moss’ and is sometimes usable, as in Moss Pasture in Yealand Redmayne. Less promising are ‘mire’ which means simply ‘bog’, or ‘swamp’, as in Mire Lands and Cringle Mire, both in Borwick. And who would envy Martha Elstone her ownership of Foul Flosh in Priest Hutton! ‘Flosh’ is of course too onomatopoeic to need translation. A new word for me is ‘dub’ or ‘dubb’ meaning a pond as in Dubb Meadow Wood in Warton and some dubs in Priest Hutton.

Another common feature in our parishes is hilly land. Names for hills such as ‘knott’ for rocky, ‘knoll’ for rounded, we still recognize, However, we have lost the popular uses of at least three words for hill. One is ‘hagg’, as in Far Hagg or Little Hagg in Warton, meaning wooded hill; another is ‘copy’, as in Sand Copy, also in Warton, usually meaning a peaked hill. And there is also Rigg meaning a hill that is ridged. We have retained many of the words for woodland, perhaps because it tends to be a stable feature of the landscape, but have lost, for example, ‘greave’ as in Round Greaves in Priest Hutton, meaning a copse.

When people first came to the land, they had natural vegetation to be pleased or troubled by, and some of those early conditions prevailed at least long enough to generate a name; Ling Knott in Yealand Conyers may even now be a heathery, rocky hill. Some fields may have been improved since their naming. There is a Scrogg's Lot in Silverdale, land 'covered by low brushwood or stunted bushes', or Stony Wood in Yealand Conyers. In Warton, Three Nook Gales and Great Gales are described by John Lucas as 'some flat pastures…so called from the abundance of Gale or Dutch Myrtle which grows therein', and there are 'Gales' elsewhere in the parish. Whether or not the myrtle still grows would need to be checked.

The names we have access to on the maps might have been bestowed by 'incomers' who were not the first to use the land. So, we have Bull Copy in Yealand Redmayne, 'copy' here meaning 'coppiced woodland'; Brown Leys, also in Yealand Redmayne, meaning 'woodland clearing'. There are many 'riddings', which I always thought had to do with riding, but it is land that has been rid or cleared of unwanted growth. 'Stubbing', on the Warton map is simply the word for clearing, getting rid of stumps. 'Cinder' can refer to iron slag from a bloomery, so perhaps Cinderbarrow is a slag heap seen to be in the shape of a barrow, or burial mound. All these are describing conditions in which people have found features already there in the land, or so it seems to me, rather than describing land they have changed themselves.

In contrast, a whole class of names must have been generated by the workers, or owners of the land after they were already living on it. One curiosity I have always wondered about is whether Boon Town Farm at the top end of Warton made

reference to a grant or a gift or the boon work done on manor lands; but the 'Town' in the name made those definitions problematic. However, I learnt from Professor Winchester's glossary that the other meaning of boon comes from 'abeun' or 'above'. The geographical position of Boon Town Farm is so clearly above Warton proper that it must, I think, mean 'Farm Above the Town'. There are also Boon Cross and Little Boon Cross, further to the east than Boon Town Farm, but still above the town.

There are many local place words that I have never been curious about only because I never thought of them as having a meaning. I have chosen three as examples. Hyning Hall, prominent between Warton and Yealand, is one such a place. Professor Winchester's glossary defines 'hinning' or 'hyning' as enclosed land. Because the word is Old Norse and therefore of long use, I surmise it has nothing to do with Parliamentary Enclosures, but simply refers to property enclosed for protection or to show ownership. (The present Hyning Hall postdates the surrounding wall). Low Hyning, although it looks on the map to have been in an enclosure, was probably named after Hyning Hall.

The second example is 'parrock', a word that was new to me until I studied the maps, though one that I have been assured is in current use. It seems to be developing a different definition here from what it has in South Lakeland. There, a 'parrock', from the Old English, is tightly defined as 'a small enclosure or paddock, specifically one near the house. It is 'a little larger than a garth but smaller than a croft''. Looking only at Silverdale, there are several uses of the word that follow that definition; for example, Cove Parrock and Lily Parrock. However, Lamb Parrock and Burrow Parrock are not at all near

buildings. Parrock on the Hill is a small enclosure near the bottom corner of Dogslack. It may well have been a paddock but again is nowhere near a building. It is surely inevitable that words evolve their meaning. All the parrocks I have spotted on the maps have been small enclosures, and it could have been that this is the feature that has stuck in a new landowner's mind when he is generating a name for a field, rather than proximity to a building. What about the size comparison to garths and crofts that is suggested? I only found two garths in Silverdale: New Garth and Over Garth, both very small, adhering to the definition. There are several crofts, and, for example, in the area of The Row, the two fields which are named simply Croft together, with Row Croft, which are all quite sizeable. What about Little Croft, though? Might not some other owner have called it a parrock?

The third example, 'Allotment' is very common in our parish, and this is the designation for 'a piece of land allotted to an individual at enclosure'. It is sometimes shortened to 'lot' and it often refers to land that was once common grazing land. Some of the allotments shown on the tithe map seem to be very inconvenient to work, such as Jenkinson Lot on the Silverdale tithe map.

There are names that have been coined much later than hyning, parrock or allotment 'Toll Bar Field' to the north-west of the sharp bend when the road leaves Warton for Silverdale must have superseded an earlier name, the toll bar, once it was put there, being the more obvious feature.

Because some words used as names have evolved or tightened in meaning, what we know as a current definition may not hold on historically named places. For example, we all learned that an acre is 4840 square yards. We might also have heard of it

as the amount of land a yoke of oxen could plough in one day (which obviously has variables within it). 'Lake District Field-Names' gives 'acre's' original definition, from Old Norse through Old English, as 'cultivated land', perhaps differentiating a cultivatable section from surrounding unusable land. The term then developed into a measure of land, which is how we know it, and it was defined as 40 roods. Unfortunately, the required length for rods, poles or perches, used to measure roods, was never standardized, so the acres in one area may be a quite different size from those in another. In Yealand Conyers, where a local standard measurement will have been adhered to, one can expect John Jenkinson's several fields, each called 'Twelve Acres', to have used the same scale as Newby's 'High-', 'Middle-' and 'Low Wrays Acre'. But, going back to the old Norse, were these fields cultivatable? We don't know, because that early Norse definition has been lost.

This is a mere scratching at the surface of local place names. It is nevertheless fascinating to see the land come alive in its basic topography as remarked on by early settlers, in the native vegetation which those settlers met, and in the way their interactions with the land moulded it. The land will never be as real or as vital an element as it was to those who had a name for every part of it. And that naming of the land, except in the widest sense as for mountains or large features has been lost. There is only a need for it if one wants to talk to another about a particular field, for instance. We can do it now by giving directions, although directions can be wrongly interpreted or followed. But, before farming was the solitary occupation it has now become, if a field had a known name, then no misinterpretation could take place. This was especially important when field hands had to be told where they were supposed to till, or to lead the sheep, for example. And a place

name was needed when there was a communal gathering for harvest, because everyone had to know where to come together. Communication is the essence of language.

Reference:

Winchester, Angus J.L. 2017. *'Lake District Field-Names, A Guide for Local Historians'* Regional Heritage Centre Lancaster University, Lancaster.

A WARTIME EXPEDITION

Clive Holden

The year was 1940, and the month would probably be September, only a few months after we had moved from Oxford Street to King's Drive in Carnforth. Further south the Battle of Britain was being fought and London was beginning to be blitzed, but in the North West things were much more peaceful.

At that time the council estate in Carnforth was separated from Highfield by the width of a couple of fields, and consisted only of King's Drive, Queen's Drive and Prince Avenue; the enlargement of the estate did not occur until a few years after the war. Those two fields meant that the council estate and Highfield might as well have been separated by the English Channel, and any boy from Highfield trying to muscle in on our affairs would have got short shrift.

As relative newcomers to King's Drive, my brother and I were eager to make friends with other lads on the estate, so we accepted an invitation to go on an expedition to the fields near Warton Grange to obtain some chestnuts, or 'conkers'[1] as they were known. This was accomplished by throwing missiles up into the trees to bring the chestnuts down, although many would fall without any encouragement. Whoever organised the expedition decided that it would be made not on foot, but by Ribble bus, so our group, probably about ten of us, boarded the bus early one afternoon, with our leader in charge of the bus fares. When the conductor came to collect the fares, it was pointed out to him that I would not have to pay as I was only four years old. What an insult! Daring to say that I was only four! This was a deliberate affront to my dignity, so I

immediately piped up with "I'm not four, I'm five!" The other members of the group, after getting over their surprise, looked at me with some consternation and disapproval, especially our leader who, after glaring at me, had to pay an extra tuppence to the conductor. Now you may not think that there would be much fuss about a mere tuppence; after all, you can't buy anything these days with tuppence. However, you must remember that the humble farthing was still legal tender until the end of 1960, and in 1940 tuppence had a certain purchase value, such as buying toffees at Mrs. Stretch's shop[2] in Alma Terrace, which happened to be on the direct route from the council houses to the town centre and bus stop.

Whether the gathering of chestnuts was successful I do not remember; I was probably sent to the dunce's corner in disgrace, and I do not even remember if we returned by bus or walked. What I do remember is that for quite some time afterwards when I came across any of the participants in the expedition I would be met with a disdainful look and greeted with an exclamation such as: 'Oh, it's not you is it, Five-o!' - (the inspiration for an American tv series set in Hawaii? Maybe not). However, as time went on, all was forgiven and friendly relations were re-established, which goes to prove that, when all is said and done, love conkers* all (ugh!).

Notes:

[1]Chestnut trees were also to be found at the junction of North Road with Lancaster Road, near to the Methodist chapel, but it was advisable to wait until dark, keeping a look-out for a policeman (we had some in those days), when there was not

* *Oh Clive!!!*

much traffic about. I think those trees disappeared at about the same time as the chapel was demolished some twenty years ago. Conkers seemed to attract boys rather than girls, if I remember correctly, and there were some unscrupulous ruffians who would bake their chestnuts in the hopes of producing champion conkers. Such misdemeanours were frowned on by the genuine enthusiast. Some years ago, there was an attempt at various schools (the Ministry for the Prohibition of Youthful Enjoyment?) to ban conkers on the grounds that they were akin to hand grenades, likely to explode at any moment and leave the youth of our country blind and scarred for life. Do children still venture to brave the dangers of conkers?

[2] Mrs. Stretch, assisted by her daughter Lizzie, had what seemed to be a thriving business in spite of wartime restrictions. Certainly, it was very popular with the younger generation. (Sweets and chocolates were not rationed until July 1942, and they ceased to be rationed in 1953). Eventually Mrs Stretch died and Lizzie, by no means in the prime of life herself, took over. Sadly, she did not have the same business acumen or alertness as her mother, and some lads (myself not among them) would pinch sweets when her back was turned.
Can anybody confirm that the business was taken over by Hilda Hodgson in the 1960s, and S.M. Birkett in the early 1970s before it closed and became a private house as 87 Market Street?

BRIAN BLEASEDALE: Part II

Sheila Jones

The first part of this interesting account of a long life spent in a changing Warton, is in the Mourholme magazine previous to this one, 2020, No.1 issue 77

After the disastrous day when Brian was left to do all the harvesting on his own at Warton Hall Farm, he packed the job in. His timing was poor however because farming was still a protected job from which you could not be called up for National Service. Now he was eligible for his papers and in a very few months they came, so, no longer a farmer, into the army he went. His timing was doubly bad, because call-up stopped altogether in November 1960 and this was July of that year. 'Anyway,' Brian said, philosophically, 'it was an experience.'

When he joined the army, he 'was as fit as a butcher's dog' and the marching and other physical exertions did not bother him at all, though 'some of the lads didn't have a clue'. He was sent to Portsmouth which, to someone who had rarely left home turf, felt like 'the end of the world'. There was a basic 8-week training and Brian was very homesick. A sustaining thought was being able to look forward to visiting his sister, who lived in Southampton, at the end of those two months. In the meantime, he had no money, the possession of which might have helped elevate his mood. The wages for the first six months were five shillings a week which was not much above the level of pocket money. (After 18 months it was still only 18 shillings to two pounds a week.) He was not alone in his

homesickness. There were four lads from this area of Lancashire who felt the same, and one weekend they hired a car to come all the way back for the two days. It was the very weekend he had been due to see his sister but longing for home trumped that visit.

From Portsmouth he was moved to Shropshire in the ordnance unit, and he could then return home most weekends. He would usually thumb rides both ways and do building work at Holme on the Saturday. Builders used to like taking on army lads because they were strong. This way he earned a little more for a smoke and a drink. (Brian always felt short of cash, but he did manage to go to Butlin's a couple of times with friends, as a teenager, so he must have been able to scrimp and save up. They thought Butlin's was 'out of this world, fantastic!' It made me think what a wonderful concept the holiday camp was for those who had narrow experience and not much money.)

The army routine continued for two years. He enjoyed Shropshire, except for exercises slogging up the hills. He described the Wrekin as 'a big mountain that comes from nowhere'. The sergeants knew the troops were 'green' and would assign 'a bit of map reading' that involved first finding a trig point. They'd set off optimistically enough, not realizing the trig point was at the top of a hard slog up one of the Brecon Beacons. The sergeant would come up, having 'the life of Riley' with his Landrover and a WAAC to drive him, to see how they were getting along.

Brian was aware both of the army's need to 'break' the soldiers in order to have the unthinking discipline necessary for

fighting but also of some officers' pleasure in doing so. Two incidents rankled. One was when he and a friend were hauled over by MPs and asked where they thought they were going 'looking like that'. As they stood to attention stupefied because they had taken the usual, stipulated care in dress, one put out his foot to scuff Brian's highly polished boot. The other incident was when he was heavily, and publicly, disciplined. For the passing out parade he had spent the morning laying out his clothes neatly, polishing the brasses on his kit, his ammunition pouches and his buttons. When inspection was due to begin, he stood quivering, waiting for the major and his entourage. His turn came, and instead of approval there was a shouted, 'What's your name?' 'Bleasedale, Sir!' 'What's that?!' Unfortunately, he had not noticed a smear on his white coffee mug and the major did. He barked him into a state of petrification, and his name was taken.

Nevertheless, Brian must have performed to standard. When he was due to be demobbed, he was called to the captain who, having examined his record, asked if he would like to sign on for two more years. The answer was a short no, but when the captain asked if he had liked his time in the army, he diplomatically answered that it had its good points and its bad. Within half an hour he was running down the road to catch the train. He came back to the family home where his parents and brother were still living.

Though his family had never been on the poverty line, everyone helping everyone else, they'd always had to be careful. Given the shortage of money in the household, Brian was bitter that they had been persuaded into buying a set of Encyclopaedia Britannica by a door-to-door salesmen. It was

rarely opened. His father worked at the Co-op in Carnforth. He was a keen gardener, and the vegetable patches helped their food store. As well, he brought some groceries home from the Co-op and he did a lot of sea fishing off the shore, successfully adding to their diet.

Brian told me a poignant family anecdote from earlier times. During the war his father had been in North Africa: 'I remember him coming home and I'd never seen him, like. Mum took me to the top of the yard and he come to village on the Dallam bus. There were two Dallam busses, really old, with wooden seats. Me mum said, 'You'd better go and meet your dad.' He could have been anyone.' One can imagine his mother, herself about to be faced with a man she wasn't sure if she knew any more, sending the little boy ahead to somehow shape the homecoming.

His mother mostly shopped locally and I asked about shops in Warton: 'There were Scott's up at the top, then general groceries, Co-op, Post Office (Miss Metcalf had Post Office opposite the church). Where the Post Office is now was a general hardware shop, Mr Clegg had it; butcher's just below Washington House; further down, just up from the Bull there's Balshaw's groceries, then the fish and chip shop and an antique shop below Balshaw's became a fish and chip shop as well (Mrs Shuttleworth had that a lot of years), and at the top of the village there were Methodists and we were sent there when we were young'. It is hard to imagine how Warton would have looked without all the parked cars, with all those shop fronts and the shoppers chatting between them. His mother used to go into Lancaster to do the Big Shop, getting things cheaper at the market. Brian remembers tomato sausage with near

reverence, and he praised his good-hearted mum as a good, plain cook.

When he left the army, Brian did a variety of jobs; immediately for the builder at Holme then delivering caravans for Callender. While driving an excavator for a chap at Bolton-le-Sands he found he loved it. His boss did not take advantage of his aptitude, but once, when they had to hire a bigger machine, the operator who came with it told Brian to have a go. He declared him 'a natural' excavator operator. This was well-paid and when he got the JCB at Bolton-le-Sands' new sewage works, his salary shot up from £9 to £40 or £50 per week. This was 'out of this world' in the 60s. Irish workers burst his bubble slightly by telling him that they got that plus travelling and accommodation allowance, but it was hard not to be satisfied. After four years he went on to a building site at Silverdale, and, like many people of that era, said you could readily flit from one job to another if you knew what you were doing. His last excavator job was with Wimpey's at Leaper's Wood quarry. They were good to work for because all personnel were employees, and equipment was owned by the company. He was there for twenty years before Tarmac took over and rented equipment and hired workers on contract, losing the positive working atmosphere. In his 'retirement' his work has all been little jobs, ''foreigners' they call them', private gardening and maintenance for people in the village. He is happy to have been able to have sustained himself without ever moving away.

The passion of his life was fishing in which his father had also excelled, and there are trophies and prizes in the house. He is in the Bolton-le-Sands club, but used to be in Carnforth where

there were two clubs, for river and for coarse fishing on the canal. He packed in the river fishing and ended up being president, secretary, and treasurer of the coarse. (I always think that a little study of history is good because it stops you having illusions, such as that in the old days it was easy to get volunteers for committees.) Poor Brian was 'running round like a scalded cat' because of the number of competitions and knockouts, and the fact that everything for these had to be written by hand. There were, and are, big prizes to be had, given by the sports companies. A couple of years ago he won the trophy at Parson's Moss in Bolton-le-Sands but he mostly engages in pleasure fishing with friends, going to Blackpool, Whitmore, Wyresdale, all over.

Another social recreation when he was young was to go to dances, but he was not much good at it and used to stand in the corner with others 'making nuisances of ourselves'. They used to go to the Gaskell Hall for their Saturday night out but spent more time in the pub than at the dance. Or they would go to the little room at the back of the hall and play cards until the police would come in and tell them to get rid of them. I was nonplussed: 'You weren't allowed to play cards?' 'Not in Gaskell Hall you weren't.' 'You weren't gambling?' 'Oh, aye.' Wouldn't the police nowadays be happy to have to deal with such misdemeanours as gambling for the tiny amounts that Brian and his pals must have put up?

Before I left, Brian showed me some of his treasures. His father had won a couple of beautiful, but extremely heavy, rods in 1959 off the pier in Morecambe. There were ceramic rings through which to thread your line. He has a wooden box from Fry's Chocolates, Bristol, decorated with poker work. The

newspaper folded into it was from 1967 but the box must have been decades older. The box said, ‘About 10 to the ounce’. At home I weighed some chocolates and they came to two to the ounce! There was a hand drawn map of Warton on the wall and we took it down and tried to ascertain the date. It had fold marks deeply pressed into it. Then, of course, there were framed photographs of his family, but also of the Warton football team from decades ago. He could still name all but three of the team, and give up-to-date biographies of several.

Brian is in his early eighties, so not much different from many of us, but listening to him makes you realise the extent to which experiences have changed, rather than developed. As a youth, he touched the era of old-style farming where there were tractors but very limited mechanization; he was called-up which was a drastic challenge for many of the boys who had no experience away from home and family; he has seen the motor car and improved public transport change his village from being the centre of the villagers’ lives, accommodating almost all their needs, to being largely the place where they have their homes. All these jolts have had to be accommodated by people living through them as if they were natural progressions. It demonstrates Brian’s resilience that when one listens to him, one feels that his essential voice is just the same as one would have heard had one had the conversation fifty years ago.

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NOTES AND QUERIES

J. FULLER-MAITLAND
Ann Bond

May I add a few details to Andy Denwood's interesting account of Fuller-Maitland? As a specialist player of early keyboard instruments, I have looked at Borwick Hall with reverence since I discovered that he had lived there. He, with the help of William Barclay-Squire, but having no special musicological training, achieved an amazing feat – the transcription of all 297 pieces in the early 17th century Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. These, in the modern reprint of the 1899 publication, fill two volumes over 2" thick, but the actual magnitude of the achievement can only be fully appreciated by those who know the crabbed notation of the original manuscript. He did make mistakes, owing to the lack of specialised knowledge at the time, but these are surprisingly few, and no-one has offered to tackle a fresh edition of this great classic in over 120 years!

The virginals was a domestic keyboard instrument, plucked like the harpsichord, but with strings running from side to side. Current in the 16th and 17th century, it is (dubiously) said to be have been named after the Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, who played it. Fuller-Maitland does not seem to have owned one himself, but historic examples in playing condition are rare. There are two at Tabley House in Cheshire.

A VISIT TO OUR ARCHIVE
Jenny Williams.

On Thursday 8th October, Sheila Jones of the Mourholme Local History Society, very kindly met me at St John the Evangelist Church, Yealand Conyers, to show me the society's archive. I am volunteering for Back On Our Map (BOOM), a pioneering new project supported by the University of Cumbria.

This four-year project (2019-2022) involves working with communities to restore the landscape and to reintroduce a suite of locally threatened or extinct species. In South Cumbria and in the Arnside and Silverdale AONB, the project is fighting to save the futures of: the hazel dormouse; the Duke of Burgundy butterfly; and the small blue butterfly. Seven rare plants are also to be reintroduced to their former habitats, including: Goldilocks aster, greater and oblong sundew, green-winged orchid, maidenhair fern, spiked speedwell, and aspen. Community based feasibility studies are also being undertaken to support the potential reintroduction of two further species, the corncrake and the pine marten.

My research centres on the dormouse and on the history of coppicing, and other woodland industries in and around Gait Barrows and Eaves Wood. So far, it is an intriguing treasure hunt with many threads to pull together. Documents from the Mourholme archive have turned up the Waithman family in relation to land ownership at Gait Barrows. I'm particularly interested to know when and how William Waithman acquired the land (was it previously a common?), and what happened between his bankruptcy in 1857 and the acquisition of Gaitbarrows, in 1976, by the Nature Conservancy Council.

I would like to thank Sheila and the Mourholme Local History Society for the invaluable opportunity of looking through the archives. If you have any information regarding the dormouse, the history of coppicing and woodland industries, or the history of Gait Barrows and its surroundings, please send an email to jennyk.williams22@gmail.com

Mourholme Local History Society's
LECTURE PROGRAMME 2020-2021

It's not completely clear when we will be able to meet again as a society. Here is the programme that was planned from September 2020 to April 2021. The two lectures from the previous programme, that were not delivered because of lockdown, are also included . When we can safely meet again, some of the talks may be delivered but not necessarily in the same order as on the programme, depending on the availability of the speakers. As ever, the Membership Secretary, Andrew Davies will faithfully keep us all informed about the meetings, by email or letter.

At normal times, meetings are held in Yealand Village Hall at 7.30 p.m. Talks generally finish by 9 p.m. followed by tea and coffee.

25th March 2020: The North-West and Slavery:
Dr Nick Radburn
The north-west has deep connections to the transatlantic slave trade. Thousands of men from this region invested in the slave trade, served upon slave ships, or traded for slaves in Africa and the Americas during the eighteenth century.

29th April 2020: A Cumbrian Colony in the South Pacific:
David Fellows
Norfolk Island is a small island in the South Pacific with a large history. Discovered by Captain Cook, in time it has been a penal colony, a new home to Cumbria's Fletcher Christian and the Bounty mutineers, a tax haven and a tourist destination. But since 1990 a modern dispute has arisen, a sort of Brexit dilemma!

30th September 2020:

A Lancashire Garland: *Sid Calderbank*
The history of Lancashire and its dialect over the last 500 years presented in the songs, stories and poems of the time, all in the tongue and the talk of the people.

28th October 2020:
Feeding People during the Industrial Revolution:
Dr Mike Winstanley
How did an industrialising Lancashire obtain food to sustain its rapidly expanding population in the early 19th century? An 'agricultural revolution' or imports? What did Lancashire people EAT at the time? As usual, Lancashire does not fit the national picture!

25th November 2020:
Local Connections with Richard III
Christopher Tinmouth
Three local families were closely connected with Richard III: the Redmaynes of Levens Hall, the Middletons of Middleton Hall and the Harringtons of Hornby Castle. This talk will focus on their roles in the key battles of the Wars of the Roses, and the noble intrigue which characterised this period.

16th December 2020:
Buffalo Bill in the North West:
Dr Brian Jones
Buffalo Bill is a familiar name from the Wild West as a scout and a bison hunter. His active riding life was short but he went on to become a great showman. An account will be given of his Wild West Show which visited Lancaster in 1904.

27th January 2021: The Battle of Preston: The Last Battle on English Soil: *Dr Bill Shannon*
November 1715 saw the collapse of Jacobite hopes to overthrow King George I, and replace him with the Stuart, James III. Hundreds of men from Northumberland and Lancashire joined the rebels, and subsequently lost their life or liberty. The talk will look at Catholic Lancashire on the eve of the rebellion, the progress of the 'invasion', 'the Preston Fight' and the aftermath.

24th February 2021: Genealogy – Tracing Family History *Saul Marks*
Saul Marks, probate genealogist and owner of Origin Probate Research, talks about his work as an "heir hunter", blending traditional genealogy with aspects of sales & law, to help people inherit from distant (and often not-so-distant) relatives.

31st March 2021: Oliver Cromwell's Northern Journey: *Nick Burton*
Oliver Cromwell's New Model Army's progress through Yorkshire and Lancashire culminated in the decisive Battle of Preston in **August 1648**. The talk considers how Cromwell's Parliamentary forces defeated the larger Royalist army coming south from Scotland, signalling the end of the English Civil War.

28th April 2021: Roads around the Sands: *Paul Hindle*
This lecture looks at the changing routes around the sands of Morecambe Bay, from Carnforth to the Furness peninsula, from the first turnpike of 1763 to the later route of 1818.

The talk at this meeting should be preceded at 7:30 by the Mourholme Local History Society's AGM