

# *The Banyan Tree*

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The Church at Burton Agnes

## **East Yorkshire Family History Society**

**Registered Charity No 519743**

**Carnegie Heritage Information Centre, 342 Anlaby Road, Kingston upon Hull. HU3 6JA**

**Telephone (message service) 01482 561216**

**President**

**Mr Tom Bangs**

**Chairman**

**Mr Pete Lowden**

**179, Marlborough Avenue, Hull. HU5 3LG**

**pete.lowden1@gmail.com**

**Secretary**

**Barbara R Watkinson**

**161 Moorhouse Road, Hull. HU5 5PR.**

**secretary@eyfhs.org.uk**

**Treasurer**

**Mr Peter Glover, 1 Sylvia Close, Kingston upon Hull. HU6 8JF**

**treasurer@eyfhs.org.uk**

**Membership Matters**

**Miss Janet Shaw, 28 Harland Road, Elloughton, East Yorkshire. HU15 1JT**

**membsec@eyfhs.org.uk**

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Editor: Mrs Edwina Bentley, 8 Paxton Road, Coundon, Coventry. CV6 1AG editor@eyfhs.org.uk

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 Cover photo: The Church at Burton Agnes.

See the story on pages 12-17. By Eleanor G R Hart

## From the editor

Hello everyone,

Here we are opening up the November 2022 issue of the Banyan Tree and what a year it has been! We have lived through some tough headlines of 'gloom, doom and disaster' and the constant rise of the cost of living!!!! We have another Prime Minister, Liz Truss, in power to steer us through an uncertain financial future.

A big change came into all of our lives when Queen Elizabeth II died in September, this long reigning monarch held the throne for 70 years, a few pictures are in this edition of the Banyan Tree.

Now we now have a new Monarch 'King Charles III'

Hopefully, you will find some uplifting and interesting articles in these pages which will steer you away from the news that we have all had to cope with in 2022.

So, here we go -

Pete Lowden the eyfhs Chairman's Remarks start this November edition of The Banyan Tree.

Valerie Reeves tells us about "A GRAY GELDINGE CALLED NORMAN"

Janet Bielby provides us with details of the area Skidby, and Helen Clark from the East Riding Archives and Local Studies Services has traced relevant material for anyone researching the area.

Eleanor Harte has given us an insight into the Burton Agnes Witchcraft Case. (Later in the Banyan Tree you will find a poem from - Walter de La Mare about witches sent in by Eleanor).

Patricia McNaughton provided the

Scarborough Meeting Report.

There are 2 book reviews to read through. Dianne Smith shows us some of her mother's autograph book jottings - do you remember getting your autograph book signed when you left school?

Sally George tells us about storing Family History Documents.

Forum Corner - some members need assistance with their research., will be able to help?

The EYFHS Social History Project - begins on page 30, **We do hope that you will ALL take part in this unique project, It really will be a great experience which will reflect upon the diverse nature of our membership.**

Geoff Bateman & Roger Bateman joined forces to write a piece about the Railway Skills and Thrills.

Janet Shaw has provided a new list of eyfhs members.

Sally George researched the Saltmarshe Family. 'A Brief History of Saltmarshe' was collated by Susan Butler, who used the diary entries written by Blanche Saltmarshe while Blanche was on her honeymoon.

A big thank you goes to everyone who works behind the scenes, your work is appreciated by us all.

(See you all in 2023)

Edwina Bentley  
editor@eyfhs.org.uk





Chairman's Remarks

*Pete Lowden*

Hello,

I believe that elsewhere in this edition of *The Banyan* is an article from the editor asking for contributions to a social history project. I haven't seen this article but apparently the idea for it sprang from some comment that I made in my ramblings. There's another thing I can be blamed for!

However, in my defence, I am firm believer in that history knows no boundaries. That the pigeonholes that history is often placed in offer no sense to someone studying the history of their family. Those pigeonholes are often used for the benefit of booksellers and television producers as a convenient way to market and sell their products to us. And yes, it works, at least with me. I skip past books on the Royal Family yet dive deep into the Victorian period. I don't watch tele-history about Princess Diana but I'll watch Lucy Worsley telling me about the persecution of witches in 17th Scotland. Horses for courses really.

I'm reminded of what Louis Armstrong said when he was asked what he called his music. He replied, 'Folk music. I ain't never see a cow playing a banjo.' His message was that music was made by people for the enjoyment of other people and that therefore any, and all, music is folk music but not 'folk' music as we recognise it. He was, in that simple comment, tearing down the walls that separate music into genres.

History is like that. It can't really be

compartmentalised especially when looking at family history. Your family and mine went through some traumatic times in their journey from scratching a living from some patch of ground to you reading the latest *Banyan* in your armchair. Family history transcends the usual compartments that marketeers shoehorn our history into. It is a truly global yet local form of history.

I had a relative who fought at the battle of Trafalgar. An event of truly international importance. My mother survived the blitz on Hull. An event of national importance and I had a relative who gave up working his farm to go to the nearest town to join the 'industrial revolution' as my history teacher called it. This event, for my relative, was of local importance at the time. He simply needed to feed his family.

So, there we have my family history touching on international, national and local history. As I said family history transcends the compartmentalisation of history.

Which brings me back to the Editor's social history project. For this project, aimed at our generation, to write down for posterity the social, economic and political changes that we have lived through, will also transcend the compartments. For all of us, although we are now joined together as members of the EYFHS, lived entirely different lives, experienced different things and loved and hated entirely different aspects of our lives back then. International events such as the assassination of President Kennedy may have touched you in some way on that fateful day. National events such as the 'Big Freeze' of 1962-3 could elicit painful or joyful memories from you that can be shared and, of course, simple local events such as your first day at school, the first record that you bought, your first dance with someone of the opposite sex, your first kiss.

I think perhaps it would be wise to stop

there!

Go on, write something for the Editor. It's your life and only you can write it because, and this should come as no surprise, only you know the true story.

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"A GRAY GELDING  
CALLED NORMAN"

*Valerie Reeves*

This isn't an article on how to obtain your ancestors' wills, as most good 'how to' books on ancestry will give instructions. Instead I would like to advise family historians who haven't yet given wills, especially the earlier ones, much attention. You can get a useful and sometimes very accurate insight into the testator's financial status, especially via inventories (although I suspect some of these might be 'fixed') and family relationships, but further investigation may reveal a glimpse of his/her personality, personal choices, preferences and even worries. The chance to 'get my own back' also occurs quite regularly.

William Waterland who died at Graizelound in the Isle of Axholme in 1550 was careful to share out his possessions evenly between his several children who got household goods, personal items and farm animals. In the preliminary paragraph he writes " ... I bequeath my soul unto almyghtie god to our Ladie Saynt Marie and unto al the blessed company of saynts in heaven..." pre-reformation terms – was he a Catholic? Or was this just old-style writing on the part of the lawyer? William leaves to his son Thomas not just a horse, but a red 'fyly' called Rose and to his eldest son 'a gray gelding called Norman'. To me, this wording makes these animals sound like friends and maybe even part of his family, not just valuable possessions.

Still with the Waterlands, but a hundred plus years later in 1680, the Rev. John Waterland of Broughton shows in his will his low opinion of his son-in-law. He wrote: 'I give unto my grand-son John Scotchburne ten pounds, provided that his father John Scotchburne make no disturbance by any suite or vexation to my executors'. Only guessing, but this suggests that he didn't approve of his daughter's choice of husband and had a stab at him from beyond the grave. Not very fitting for a clergyman!

Eldest sons seems to have given problems. In a will of a much later date I read and of which, sadly, I don't have a copy, the testator left his eldest son a 'dish-clout', referring to this son who saw fit to compare him, the testator, with that item. For those who don't know, a dish-clout is an old name for a rag for use in washing-up.

Another eldest son was roundly chastised by his father, William Moxon of Pontefract, who hit out posthumously as follows: "... to my eldest son ... but in case my said son William shall think proper to set up and follow any proper business and lead a regular life and behave himself well... that then my said son (the testator's other son, an executor) shall and may pay to my said son William the said £100 or any part thereof in case they shall think right and prudent to do so, he having been very expensive and troublesome to me." I wonder what naughty son William was guilty of as well as idleness? Gambling? Women? Drink? Or maybe all three!

In 1584 Stephen Smailes of Beverley died during his term of office as Mayor. His will is a treasure, so full of details with street names of the town and names of closes in the area, plus lots of named beneficiaries and tenants and including the interesting fact that he left to his son ffrancis (amongst and other properties) a "wynd mylne" in Molescroft. But it is the wills of two of his sons which

offer more info on the animals involved.

Stephen's son John Smailes died in 1626, leaving to his various offspring a "heffer", "foale", "maire" and so on, but it is left to John's brother Thomas who died in 1617 to leave "to my Godsomne Thomas Smailes a white spotted filly" and to "my sister Warter one black-handed qine called Flower". Difficult to read, that might be "black-banded" Only one animal named but what a lovely name for a cow!

The wills of three widows who all died in the 1840s show the concerns and suspicions they held that the money left to married daughters might be siphoned off and frittered away by sons-in-law whom they thought to be complete wasters, unsuitable husbands or, at best, useless with money. Comparing the wording in these three cases it is obvious that the solicitors writing the wills were using stock phraseology in an attempt to get the money to where it was directed by the testators, in these cases, the mothers to their daughters.

Maybe the husbands were not wife-beaters or spendthrifts, but these wills give the impression that the mothers-in-law did not trust them at all!

The will of Mrs Kezia Kirk (died 1849) states "...I give and bequeath the same to my said daughter Elizabeth Wilson for her sole use and not to be subject to the debts, control or ?intermeddling? of her present or any after taken husband..."

Mrs Martha Bristow (died 1841) has in her will "... into the proper hands of my said daughter Martha Gaul Jackson for and during the term of her natural life for her own sole and separate use without being subject to the debts, control, interference or engagement of her present or any future husbands."

Not identical, but almost to the above two wills is the wording in the will of Mrs Mary Kitching (died 1849) "...all the land and hereditaments situate at Barton upon Humber ... in the will of my husband mentioned unto my daughter Mary Ann the wife of Richard Fowler made to my daughter shall be to her sole and separate use, free from the debts or control of the said Richard Fowler or of any other husband with whom she may intermarry"

I realise that I shall never know the state of the minds of these three widows and I realise also that it appears to be standard wording applied by the law to attempt to safeguard inheritance to married women, which I suppose carried on until the Married Women's Property Act was passed in 1882.

Maybe one of our members who is more knowledgeable than I am about law could advise me if the three widows were actually able to safeguard the legacies to their daughters. I do hope that they were!

*Valerie Reeves*  
August, 2022.

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Spotlight On Skidby  
*Janet Bielby*

Skidby is in the Hunsley Beacon division of the Wapentake of Harthill. It comes under the Poor Law Union and County Court District of Beverley - 4 miles to the north. It is in the Rural Deanery of Hull, the Archdeaconry of the East Riding and the Diocese of York. It is believed to have been founded about AD 890 by Danish raiders - a Charter in AD 972 mentions Scyteby and by 1566 the name Skidby was in use. In the Domesday Book Schitebi (Skidby)

was a berewick belonging to the manor of Beverley. It was granted to John Dudley Earl of Northumberland in 1552 and then given to Trinity College, Cambridge in 1619 after the dissolution of the monasteries. Trinity College remained Lord of the Manor until recent times. In 1765 the open fields and common land around Skidby was 'enclosed' and allotted to William Farrow and Trinity College amongst others. As more land was allotted, the Bishop of Chester and the Ellerker family obtained more land. In 1584 a Muster Roll for Skidby was taken to provide men in case of a Spanish invasion. There were 36 able men - 6 having a bow and half a sheaf of arrows; 2 only had a bow; 2 had muskets and 4 had pikes.

The Parish of Skidby lies between Cottingham in the east and Rowley in the west and includes Eppleworth - a tiny hamlet to the south, and Raywell - also a tiny hamlet - to the south west. Most of Skidby is built on higher ground, but the poor drainage of the lower ground led to flooding when the dykes and sluices were inadequate. Conditions were improved by the cutting of 2 drains - the Western Drain and the Barmston Drain - in the late 1700's.

The original streets - possibly laid out by the Danes - were the Main Street - which went west to Riplingham but now ends at the parish boundary and becomes a green lane and Oldgate - which ran north up to the parish boundary near Bentley. The road from Beverley to Hessele ran by the eastern edge of the village and was called Street Way in the 1800's. It became a turnpike road in 1769. The Toll Bar - known as Pratwoods Gate - was just north of the junction to Cottingham. In 1770 Joseph Sykes and T. Maister were among subscribers who gave money to enable this road to be extended from Skidby Mill to the Hessele Ferry across the Humber.

In 1879 the village - including Skidby Carr/Skidby Ings - was, by a Local

Government order dated 5th December 1879, amalgamated with Cottingham. The principal landowners at that time were - Arthur Wilson Esq. of Tranby Croft; Major Peplow; Mrs. T. Crust of Beverley and Richard Usher.

St. Michael's church dates back to the 13th century. There has been a church on the site since 1227 built on land granted by Walter de Grey Archbishop of York. The present building dates back to 1552. It is brick built, but the base of the tower may be 12th century. The original bell tower and nave were destroyed by fire in 1424. The porch was added in 1777 and bears a (now eroded) date stone of 1777 and the names of 2 churchwardens - J. Fisher and J. Harker. John Fisher died in 1832 aged 93 and is buried in the churchyard. The tower was rebuilt in 1827. There is just one bell in the tower, which has the inscription - "Voco, veni precare" 1706 Robert Jackson and Robert Marr Churchwardens". This motto means "I call, come pray". 200 new pews were put in the church in 1855 - with 122 free seats for the poor. The church was under the control of the Cottingham vicars until 1857 when it became a parish in its own right with a resident clergyman. Much work was done by the Reverend Charles Overton, vicar of Cottingham 1841-1849 and the first resident vicar was Rev. H. W. Sanderson MA from 1861. A vicarage was built in 1855. It was sold in 1967, and is now a residential home. Its replacement is 32 Main Street, but because it is now a joint benefice with Rowley and Walkington, the vicar doesn't necessarily live in the village. Previous vicars have been - 1823 - Rev. James Deans; 1857 - Rev. Samuel Benjamin; 1871 - Henry Martin Sanders; 1891 - Robert Wardell Lewis, an American, born 1826 in New York, died 1898 in Germany; 1892 - Rev. Christopher Cay - who came from Crookham, Cheshire (died 1900 aged 63) - and in 1901 - Rev. Sidney Porter (died 1908 aged 71)



A Baptist Chapel was built in 1819, but closed in 1877. In 1865 the Heads of 8 Skidby households were said to be Baptists.

The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel was built on Main Street in 1820, opposite the church, on the corner of what became Church Rise. It became the Village Hall and Reading Room in 1902 and was extended in 1928. It is still well used today by the Skidby Parish Council, and various groups. A new brick built chapel was opened on the opposite corner of Church Rise. It closed in 2019 and was converted to a family home, but the stained glass windows and some decorative floor tiles were retained.

Education in Skidby was recorded as early as 1575, when the local priest John Browne taught in the church. Then in 1795 James Neville taught there. He died in 1808 and is buried near the church porch. Later - John Marshall from Sculcoates bequeathed £150 for the education of poor children of Skidby up to the age of 10. The school (for 7 - 8 children) and masters house was able to be built in 1815, due to £100 being raised by Rev. Charles Overton. It was built on a site given by Trinity College. This small school was replaced by a larger one behind the church in 1849 with accommodation for 120 children. The bricks from the 1815 schoolmasters house were used to build the wall around the church. It closed as a school in 1964 when the new Skidby Church of England Primary School opened.

In 1822 Mary Coltish bequeathed £200 for education. The Marshall and Coltish trusts were amalgamated in 1923, but came to an end in 2000.

In 1823 William Hessey was the school master. In 1857 it was Joseph Harrison (died 1878). 1881 & 1891 the school master & mistress were Thomas Taylor and his wife Elizabeth. By 1901 it was William & Edith Allot and in 1911 William Neville Andrew, who was born in Hull and had been a school master at a church school in Newland, Hull

in 1901.

The Half Moon Public house on Main Street was possibly built in the 17th century, but was occupied in 1795 by a weaver - George Train. By 1823 Christopher Train was a landlord there; in 1857 Abraham Wilson (died 1864) and in 1892 William Harrison (died 1902). The building still has the original beams.

In 1810 a public house - possibly on Church Rise - owned by Matthew Harland, was run by Robert Collinson. There was also the Navigation Inn (possibly just a hut) on Bottom Road, used by the 'Navvies' building the Hull & Barnsley Railway (1880-1885) and in 1900 there was Duckers Beer House at 39 Main Street. The Duckers were a very old Skidby family. Matthew Scott was a beer retailer in the village in 1892 (died 1893).

The Skidby schoolchildren were given a holiday on the day the H&B railway was given Royal Assent, and attended a celebration at the newly opened Pearson Park in Hull. The railway line ran from Alexandra Dock, Hull to Wrangbrooke Junction near Skelbrooke, where it branched off to Sprotborough, Wath and Stairfoot. It was built to take advantage of the coal which needed to come to the docks and the timber which needed to go in the opposite direction to the coal fields. The nearest it came to Skidby was the 5 arched viaduct at Eppleworth. That was demolished in 1977. The building of the line had many difficulties to overcome. It was built high level in Hull and up to Willerby, in order to cross main roads, and then tunnels and deep cuttings were needed to cross the chalk Wolds. Just beyond Little Weighton Station were 3 such tunnels - Drewton, Sugar Loaf and Weedley. Skidby lies 2.5 miles from the now disused Little Weighton station (now a private dwelling) and 4 miles from Beverley Station and 2.5 miles from Cottingham Station on the Hull to Bridlington line.

The main occupation in Skidby was agricultural. There were many Market Gardens, some producing strawberries and raspberries for the Hull market, and the majority of the men in Skidby were agricultural labourers. In 1881 there were 9 farmers; 5 market gardeners; a fellmonger - Thomas Constable; a publican - Francis Moore; a wheelwright; a joiner; a bricklayer; 10 excavators - men employed on the railway; a Rope maker - George Stephenson and the miller - Joseph Thompson at Skidby Mill. The Rope Works made Ropes and Sheep nets in the 19th century on a site now occupied by Orchard Road.

There has been a mill somewhere in Skidby since 1388. A post mill was built on the present mill site in 1764. It was removed in 1821 and the present mill, - reputed to have been built by Robert Garton a mill wright from Beverley, but a date stone that states it was built by Norman & Smithson of Hull for W. Watson - was built on the site. It changed hands twice more before being acquired by Joseph Green Thompson in 1854 (died 1907 aged 85), and it remained with this family for the next 108 years. In 1878 the mill was enlarged to 5 stories to enable the 11 metre long sails to miss the buildings below, which were needed for the new machinery which processed animal feed. Wind power was discontinued in 1954, the machinery being adapted for electricity, and the mill itself used as a silo/storehouse. It was eventually sold to Allied Mills in 1962, but ceased to operate fully in 1966 when it was sold to Beverley Council for a nominal £1. In 1972 it was restored to full wind powered working and the sails have been recently restored. It is a Grade II listed building and open to the public as a the Museum of East Riding Rural Life. Joe White (who worked at the mill from 1927 to 1976) - said they had 6 Shire horses to pull the Rulleys (a 4 wheeled cart).

A footpath leads from the mill. After half a mile there is a clump of trees on a small knoll. This is known as Gallows Hill and

is reputed to be where sheep stealers were hanged during the reign of Charles II.

Another notable building in Skidby is the Manor House. The Bradshaw family rented it from Trinity College from 1686 - 1740. The timber framed building was replaced by a brick one by Sir James Bradshaw. It stood to the south of Main Street in the 19th century, and in 1892 was occupied by Mr. Frederick Stamford. It was sold in 1950 and is now called Manor Farm.

The Skidby War Memorial shows 7 residents killed in action in WW1 and 3 in WW2. 46 men served.

The Monumental Inscription Book for St Michael's church and the Skidby Baptist Chapel Burial Ground is available from our website shop page - M026 Skidby. ([www.eyfhs.org.uk](http://www.eyfhs.org.uk))

Our thanks go to Skidby Parish Council for their assistance in writing this account.

Janet Bielby

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Skidby Family History  
Sources at the East  
Riding Archives  
and Local Studies  
Service



The Treasure House, Champney Road,  
Beverley  
Tel: (01482)392792  
[archives.service@eastriding.gov.uk](mailto:archives.service@eastriding.gov.uk)

*Parish records (ref. PE64)*

Includes baptism registers 1653-1973; marriage registers 1655-2005; burial registers 1656-1990; banns register 1875-2007; preachers' book 1900-1913; register of services 1928-2007; communicants' roll

1916-1929; citation and faculty material 1958-2015; terriers 1809, 1865 and 1959 and inventories file 1929, 1958 post 1969, 1974, 1978 and 1979; church fabric 1975-2006; plan of site of parsonage 1855; plans and drawings 1931-1964; churchwardens' accounts 1813-1925; vestry minutes 1871-1940; Skidby churchyard committee minutes and accounts 1899-1902; 'vestry book', including vestry minutes 1837-1869; miscellaneous minutes, terrier 1809, list of churchwardens 1737-1881, churchwardens' accounts 1736-1786; minutes of vestry meetings and various committees 1877-1928; Parochial Church Council minutes 1926-1970, 1974-1982, 1990-2012 and accounts 1926-2001; church choir attendance register 1923-1930, Marshall and Coltish Foundation minutes 1923-1976; school records 1951-1981, and church property records 1967-2005  
 Bishops' Transcripts 1600-1887 (ref. MF7/23)  
 Check with staff on the latest coverage from Find My Past.

*Records of other denominations:*

Beverley Wesleyan Methodist Circuit records 1822-1982 (ref. MRB) including baptisms 1827-1982 and records of individual chapels

*Other Records:*

Beverley and Skidby Drainage Acts 1785 and 1808 (ref. AP)  
 Enclosure awards and plans 1795 (ref. RDB and IA)  
 Poll Books 1837 and 1868 (ref. DDBC 11/65 and 66)  
 East Riding County Council records 1888-1974 (ref. CCER)  
 Returns under the 1902 Education Act and inspectors reports 1903-1939 (ref. CCER/5)  
 Humberside County Council records 1974-1996 (ref. CCHU)  
 Commissioners of sewers records to include minutes, jury lists and petitions, particularly

for 17th and 18thc (ref. CSR)  
 East Riding Vehicle Registration records includes vehicle registers 1905-1976 (ref. CVR)  
 Cottingham Internal Drainage Board records 1766-1977 (ref. DBCO)  
 Beverley and Barmston Drainage Commissioners records 1764-1938 (ref. DCBB)  
 Beverley and Skidby Drainage Commissioners records 1784-1956 (ref. DCSK)  
 Subscription list for extending the Queens-Gate Turnpike, Beverley, from Skidby Mill to Hessle Ferry, 1770 (ref. DDBD/65/1)  
 Survey of Skidby, 1776 (ref. DDBD/65/2)  
 Surrender and admissions, 1785-1787 (ref. DDBV/41)  
 Humberside Community Council records relating to Skidby parish council, village hall and playing fields (ref. DDHC/2)  
 Skidby manorial records (ref. DDRO/50)  
 Risby Estate Survey and valuation, 1876 (ref. DDX259)  
 William Waslin, tailor of skidby account book, 1826-1834 (ref. DDX476)  
 Skidby Preservation and Improvement Society records 1965-1993 (ref. DDX1082)  
 British Legion Little Weighton Branch records (ref. DDX1703)  
 East riding and Yorkshire windmills research records (ref. DDX2228)  
 Printed voters lists 1832-1915, 1918-1939, 1945-to date (ref. EL)  
 East Riding of Yorkshire Council records 1996 to date (ref. ERYC)  
 Beverley Borough Council minutes 1973-1995 (ref. EYBE)  
 Monumental Inscriptions in Church and Churchyard printed by EYFHS (ref. JL/152/26 and 26a)  
 Hunsley Beacon Militia 1763-1831 (ref. LT/7/10)  
 Land tax assessments 1929-1940 (ref. LTA/10)  
 Land tax redemption certificates 1896-1941 (ref. LTA/15)  
 Hearth tax returns (heads of households

1660s and 1670s) (ref. MF3) Printed version available for 1672 in the Reading Room.

Inland Revenue "Domesday Book" ie Valuation Book under the 1910 Finance Act (ref. NV1/65).

Ordnance survey maps (ref. OS)

Skidby Parish Council records 1793-1999 (ref. PC4) and copy minutes 1990-2005 (ref. PCL/15)

Various Skidby Parish magazines (ref. PM/88)

Skidby postcards (ref. PO/1/123)

South Hunsley Petty Sessional Division records 1924-1979 includes court registers 1941-1979, juvenile court registers 1940-1979, domestic court registers 1971-1976, registers of licences to sell intoxicating liquor 1924-1973, registers of music and dancing licences 1949-1982, register of clubs 1959-1962, justice's clerk's instalment ledgers 1940-1941 (ref. PSSH)

Beverley Guardians Committee minutes 1930-1930 (ref. PUA)

East Riding Quarter Sessions records (ref. Q) includes Beverley and Skidby Drainage plans, railway plans

Returns of Unions for pauper lunatics 1852-1862 (ref. QAL 2)

Land tax returns 1787-1832, few gaps (ref. QDE 1/10/19)

Alehouse records 1822-1826 (ref. QDT/2/2)

Bainton and Hunsley Beacon licencing records 1745-1826 (ref. QDT/2/3)

Beverley Rural District Council records 1869-1974 (ref. RDBE) includes building plans

Skidby Church of England School records includes log books 1869-1973, register of admissions 1873-1979, (ref. SL119)

Sales particulars (ref. SP/2/208)

Lay subsidy 1629 has 8 names under Skidby, printed version (ref. YE/336.23)

Muster roll 1636 has 12 names under Skidby, printed version (ref. YE/355)

The East Riding Register of Deeds 1708-1974 is particularly useful for freehold property

transactions and wills (ref. RDB)

Search by place and personal name in the currently available online catalogue will pick up deeds, wills, and other items not noted above, particularly in 18th and 19th c. Quarter Sessions papers

The Victoria County History, East Riding, Vol IV, published 1979, gives good detail on Skidby and quotes sources at Beverley and elsewhere

Ancestry.co.uk, FindMyPast other genealogical sites can be accessed to expand and complement the above sources

Printed and indexed publications of Yorkshire societies etc and a selection of directories 1823-1937 are readily available

*Helen Clark*

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Faith Corbett and the Burton Agnes Witchcraft Case, 1660-1664. By Eleanor Hart, (Mem No 4650) for East Yorkshire Family History Society.
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The source for this witchcraft story is Lord Chief Justice Hale's account, said to have been based on one written by Henry Corbett, father of Faith Corbett, of Burton Agnes. The Hale account also includes the confession of Alice Huson at the York Assizes. The original case papers have apparently not survived.

Faith Corbett was my distant cousin. She has some notoriety because of this witchcraft case. I have followed Hale's account closely, using it to retell Faith's story, and adding extra information about her family and life. The reasons for Faith doing what she did are complex and beyond the scope of my research, but I think she believed her

claims, at least in part. I also note the family tensions. Faith appears to have struggled against her parents' authority at a time when she was approaching adulthood. The events which took place turned the Corbetts' life, and those of others, upside down.

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In 1660, young Faith Corbett, of Burton Agnes, made extraordinary accusations of witchcraft against a local woman, Alice Huson. A few years later, Faith also accused Doll Bilby. After four turbulent years, the women were imprisoned, but what became of them?

Faith came from a minor gentry family, who had probably moved from Staffordshire to Burton Agnes, at the end of the 16c. Her parents, Henry Corbett and his wife, Mary, née Penyfather, married at Walton on Trent, Derbyshire, across the river from Staffordshire, in 1631 or 1632. Their daughter, Elizabeth, was baptised at Barton under Needwood, on the Staffordshire side of the Trent, in 1633, before the family moved back to Burton Agnes where more children, including Faith, were born. Faith's grandfather, Thomas Corbett, had worked for the Griffith family of Burton Agnes Hall, and probably came to Yorkshire as a result of that connection. Her grandmother, Elizabeth, who died in 1607, might have been a Hellard before marriage. Thomas Corbett, who died in 1631, left in his will, £5 to be shared among the five sons of his 'Brother Hellard'.

Faith's date of birth is not known and her baptism has not survived. According to Hale's account, she was said to be ten or eleven years old when the troubles started. However, she was perhaps in her teens, if information from a later marriage licence, which would put her birth as c.1643, is to be believed.

The Burton Agnes in which Faith grew

up, was rife with superstition. There were murmurings about a poor widow, Alice Huson, who was both feared and disliked, some saying she was a witch. The young Corbett children, and especially Faith, heard these rumours and absorbed them.

Hale's account tells how Alice Huson came to be at the Corbett's house, because Faith's mother needed help with odd jobs. What triggered the Corbett children's alarm was that instead of accepting the payment which Mary Corbett offered, Alice had wanted only old, cast-off clothing that had belonged to the children, things that had touched their skin, to make a neckerchief. And apparently when Mary Corbett made Alice a neckerchief from an old sheet, Alice had refused it. The Corbett children told their mother their fears about Alice but Mary Corbett was having none of it and gave them a good telling off for their tittle tattle. And still Mary supported Alice generously, allowing her to come to the house and eat there.

Trouble really began when Faith Corbett encountered Alice one day in the kitchen. Faith removed the gloves she was wearing, washed her hands, and left. Coming back later, she found no gloves – and no Alice, either. To Faith, this was a targeted, malicious act by Alice and she said, 'The Old Witch had gotten them,' yet she would not voice her anxieties to her mother, for fear of incurring her wrath, but only repeated them behind her mother's back.

And then the fits began. Faith would thrash around violently, shrieking, lashing out with nails and teeth, to the point where she had to be restrained, saying, 'Ah, Alice, Old Witch, have I gotten thee?' Then followed days of extreme listlessness, when Faith would lie curled up, only for her mood and behaviour to swing suddenly again, to euphoria and activity.

What to do? Faith's parents pursued the medical route, seeking help from Dr Taylor in York, Dr Whitty in Beverley, and in Hull, Dr Henry Corbett and his wife, Euphemia, Dr Corbett being cousin to Faith's father. Yet, it came to nothing. Their diagnoses differed and Faith's symptoms persisted.

Perhaps, thought Faith, a change of scenery might help. Her sister, Mary, had married Thomas Hassell at Thornton Dale in 1661, and lived in Dalby Dale, so Faith went to visit them. But her condition only worsened. Her father, Henry Corbett, was called over and was so worried that he sought medical help once more. For her part, Faith was adamantly opposed to her father's actions, saying no doctor could help, and blaming Alice Huson all the while.

Back home again, Faith's condition did not improve. She was taken to York for observation by Dr Taylor, but to no avail. It was now May 1663 and Faith had had enough of doctors and their medicines. She was vociferous in her opposition to their attempts to help and her accusations grew, with an ominous turn. Another Burton Agnes woman, Doll Bilby, was sucked into the drama, for reasons not known, and now Faith insisted she could never be cured so long as Alice and Doll were free.

In March 1663/4, Mary Hassell, at Dalby, was due to give birth. Her mother, Mary Corbett, went over to help and Faith probably travelled with her. All was calm for the first 18 days, till the night of 22nd March, when Mary Hassell went into labour. Faith shared the bed with her sister and was sent to fetch their mother. But as she left the room, a mysterious black cat jumped in her face, so frightening her that she leapt back into bed with her sister, clinging to the poor woman so fiercely that she had to be dragged off. And all the while, Faith screamed her accusations against Alice Huson and Doll Bilby. No doubt, Faith's mother, Mary,

would have witnessed this scene. Mary Hassell's baby, born that eventful night, was a girl, who was baptised at Thornton Dale on 25th March 1664, and named Faith, after her aunt.

On 3rd April 1664, Faith's condition not improving, her father was called for again. Unable to be frank with his daughter, Henry Corbett secretly sent for medicine from Dr Taylor in York. Faith found out, however, and in her distress repeated that no doctors or medicine could cure her, and that Alice and Doll would be the end of her, which was fine, because no-one believed her. On 9th April, Henry had to borrow Sir Francis Boynton's coach to get Faith home, so bad were her fits.

Henry Corbett now believed his daughter's life hung in the balance. On 22nd April, the fits worsened. For twenty-two hours, Faith lay, teeth clenched, biting hard on her lolling tongue; her eyes wide open, limbs all intertwined, and her abdomen so pulled in that it was said, 'one might have laid their Hand upon her Belly and have felt her Backbone'. Yet Faith could still hear and speak. Women sat with her throughout and when they asked who was causing her illness, she replied it was Bilby, or Huson, or both.

On Sir Francis Boynton's advice, Henry Corbett sent for the doctors again. Faith, realising what had been done, accused her family and friends of not believing her, telling them that she was at death's door and that they would be sorry when she was dead - and then it would all be too late.

The Corbetts felt they had run out of medical options. Faith's father was so disturbed that he instead sought the help of the Burton Agnes vicar, Timothy Wellfit. As a result, the case took a different path.

A group including Henry Corbett and the Rev. Welfitt, went to Alice Huson, and, very

reluctantly, she agreed to be taken to the Corbett's house, where Sir Francis Boynton, J.P. was also present. These men pressured Alice to go to the room where Faith lay, and Alice, obviously afraid, had no option but to do as she was told. Faith would have heard the commotion. It is not surprising, therefore, that as Alice approached, Faith screamed out.

Till this moment, Faith had not eaten or drunk anything for days, and was so weak, that she needed turning in bed. On Alice's departure, however, and to the surprise of all, Faith perked up, demanded toast and beer, agreed to take her medicines and asked for her clothes. But still she repeated her accusations.

Faith's improvement continued, her doctors taking credit for it. She thanked them politely but did not agree, repeating that as long as Alice and Doll were free, she could not be cured, adding that she had only taken their medicine because her father made her do so.

Shortly afterwards, on Sunday 24th April, Henry Corbett was leaving for church when he saw Doll Bilby, who had supposedly visited Alice Huson. Doll cast a glance at Faith's window and Henry heard Faith scream, 'she is there' and that her heart was 'quite gone'. The fits returned. The following day, Doll Bilby, who lived at Thornholme, came once more to Burton Agnes and spoke with Alice Huson. The two women would have had plenty to talk about, being under such suspicion, but they could not do right for doing wrong. Once more, Faith's condition deteriorated and she railed against the women and their freedom.

Henry Corbett took immediate action. On the night of 25th April, Alice and Doll were apprehended, then searched and examined over several days. No detail of what took place survives, but other witch

trials tell of gruelling questioning, intimate personal examination and round-the-clock observation, all of which exhausted and wore down those accused until they confessed, as they were expected to do.

While there is nothing to say that Doll Bilby ever confessed, Alice Huson did, on 28th April 1664. Hers was a sorry tale of a chance meeting, three years since, with the devil, described, 'like a Black Man upon a Black Horse, with Cloven-Feet', who offered her money if she would turn her back on Christianity and worship him instead. This, she apparently did without qualms, receiving some shillings on several occasions. Alice also confessed to having a witch's pap, suckled all night by an 'Unclean Spirit', and to having killed one Dick Warren. Although she admitted harming Faith, Alice implicated Doll Bilby, claiming it was she who wanted to finish the girl off.

Meanwhile, Faith improved but still had some fits saying she was 'most cruelly handled and tormented' during the women's protracted questioning and examination. Miraculously, Faith recovered once the women were taken away. But it was not over yet, and Faith had more fits on Saturday 14th May, blaming Doll Bilby, who she said was at large and was torturing her with pins and needles. Two days later, Henry Corbett went to York Castle, where the Keeper confirmed that Doll was free but would be taken shortly. The Keeper told him to note the time, which was two o'clock. On returning home, Henry was much relieved to find Faith up and well, having recovered at two o'clock and saying, "she was sure her Father had been at the Castle, and gotten her Business done."

On 2nd February 1664/5, Faith Corbett married George Firbank, by licence, at Burton Agnes, she, aged 21 and he, 24. Having previously had no confidence in medicine, Faith had now married an apothecary, and in an unrelated court case,

her signature appears on an invoice for drugs prescribed by her husband.

Henry Corbett died in 1670 and was buried at Burton Agnes on 11th August. From his will, made days before his death, it is clear that his wife, Mary, was already dead. He apportioned his estate to his children, including Faith, and asked that they 'love one another and serve the Lord with a perfect heart'. Henry was perhaps anticipating trouble because he also named two relations to adjudicate over any testamentary tussles.

George and Faith Firbank were happily married for about nine years during which Faith gave birth to five children, Henry, John, Andrew, Jane and Mary. To George, Faith was his 'deare wife' and he trusted her completely to care for the children, including the child she was carrying at the time of his death. George Firbank died in 1673 and was buried at Bridlington on 26th July.

Faith never remarried and she had a long widowhood in which to look back on her turbulent youth. What did she make of it? Faith died at Burton Agnes in 1721 but was buried at Bridlington on 24th November, probably having asked to be buried with her husband.

And what of Alice Huson and Doll Bilby? Another version of the story, by Mrs. Linton, says they were convicted and executed: 'and so hanged Alice Huson and Doll Bilby at the next York assizes'; but was that really so? Hale's account says nothing of the women's eventual fate. Perhaps they were sent to the gallows; but if so, who was the 'Dorothy Belbie of Thurnholm' buried at Burton Agnes on 29th August 1666? Could Doll, at least, have been cleared, to return and live out the rest of her life in Burton Agnes? And if so, what did she make of the young, privileged girl who had made as much a misery of her own life and Alice's, as Faith Corbett believed they had made of hers?

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## Icelandic Incidents Geoff Bateman

It was all over the newspapers. Or it might have been had it not been 1943 with a World War in progress. Anyway, the Hull Daily Mail reported it, in its edition of 2nd April 1943, next to the headline story of the day (which concerned the progress of Montgomery's army in North Africa). A Hull trawler, War Grey, had been fired on and damaged by an Icelandic gunboat. That highly significant incident was mentioned, but the item was mostly a somewhat garbled report of the trial in Iceland of War Grey's skipper, Christian Agerskow. He was accused of fishing illegally in Icelandic waters and of kidnapping an Icelandic fisheries officer, which led to the gunboat incident. He pleaded not guilty to fishing illegally, and explained that the fisheries officer, who had boarded the trawler, had refused to leave when asked to do so. He considered it necessary to get his catch back to England as quickly as possible. A second part of the Mail's story on that day included a vigorous protest by the trawler's owners, Hudson Brothers. In a remarkably vehement statement, Tom Hudson described the shelling of the trawler as "a dastardly vindictive and typically German thing to do." He pointed out how Iceland was benefitting financially from the war, while trawler men were risking their lives, not least from mines, torpedoes and enemy aircraft, to bring home their catches. He suggested that the skipper was right to try to bring home his catch as quickly as possible, and pointed out that there was guaranteed payment of fines following successful convictions for infringement of fishing limits.

Christian Agerskow (1896-1969) was known in my family as Uncle Chris. His wife, Muriel Westoby (1900-56), was my grandmother's cousin. If I ever met Uncle Chris I was too young to remember. Christian's father, Emil Jensen Agerskow (1854-1921), was one of many Danish fishermen who had settled in this country in the late 19th century. Christian was a trawler skipper for more than 30 years, from 1921. An archive

of his papers, including some of his logbooks and letters, from 1928 to 1955, is housed at the Hull History Centre. He was evidently among the most, if not the most, successful of the Hull skippers during the 1930s, fishing in the icy northern waters off Iceland, Bear Island and the Norwegian coast in his vessel Cape Palliser, which belonged to Hudson Brothers (and was seconded to mine sweeping duties by the Royal Navy during the war).

A few days after that article of 2nd April there were reports in the Hull Daily Mail and, more extensively, the Yorkshire Post, of an altercation in parliament between Hull East M.P., G. Muff (Labour) and Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden. Mr Muff complained particularly about an absence of support from the Admiralty. In his frustration he wished for “an hour of Lord Palmerston”. Palmerston, foreign secretary for much of the period 1830-51, and later prime minister, had dominated foreign policy, vigorously supporting British interests when its imperial power was at its height. The implication was that Eden was less vigorously supportive, but I suppose he had other things on his mind in 1943.

Few credible facts emerge from these sketchy newspaper articles. Agerskow himself, however, wrote, in July 1943, a detailed 17-page report of the incident. I will attempt a brief summary of this.

He began his story with a description of his vessel and his experience as a skipper, mentioning an arrest for illegal fishing in Icelandic waters early in his career, which had made him determined to avoid such incidents in the future.

Then followed an account of his fishing activities off the southwest corner of Iceland, in the vicinities of Reykjanes, Stafnes, and further south, from 19th to 27th March 1943. Other trawlers from Hull, Grimsby and Iceland were in the area. He tried to ensure he remained outside the 3-mile limit, initially with the help of marker buoys, constantly checking his position

by echometer (for depth readings) and by land bearings (later hampered by drizzle after a change in wind direction). In the afternoon of 27th, after checking his position at Stafnes, he took a course southwest by south, with nets down, while still confirming his position by echometer. An unidentified ship approached; it looked like an Icelandic motor fishing vessel (but later identified as fisheries protection vessel, Saebjorg). An officer jumped from that ship onto War Grey. He did not identify himself and was not obviously an official, though he wore a cap with an unrecognised cap badge. He ordered Agerskow to “make your place”. The skipper complied, taking a sextant reading which gave the result he expected, confirming land at more than three miles distance. He was unaware at that time of a 2-minute error in the sextant, which would place the land closer than expected, but still, he maintained, not quite within the limit. After discussion with his own ship, the boarding officer ordered Agerskow to take in his gear and proceed to Reykjavik. He did not comply, hauling in the catch only when ready and then continuing on his way. He met up with the Hull trawler Bempton and explained the situation to its skipper, who was asked to report events when back at home in case of further trouble. Meanwhile the Icelandic officer could not be persuaded to leave.

The two trawlers had returned to Reykjanes by 9 p.m. intending to fish, but Bempton’s skipper decided to move south-east to the Westmann Islands. Agerskow did likewise, in the hope of transferring the fisheries officer to an Icelandic fishing boat. The officer still would not leave, but instead had apparently called up the gunboat Aegir, which Agerskow had seen sailing south a few days earlier, though he was unaware that it had gone to the Westmanns. He had arranged to meet Bempton about 15 miles to the east southeast, but Bempton’s skipper had by then decided to return to Hull, having enough fish on board. Agerskow was running low on ice and decided likewise, intending to transfer his unwanted passenger to any ship they met on its way to Iceland.

With Bempton astern, War Grey was overtaken by Aegir, with siren blasting and signalling the trawler to stop. Outside Iceland's territorial waters, Agerskow considered he had the right to continue, and did so, even after narrowly avoiding a collision when Aegir crossed his bow. War Grey did not stop even after being holed in the port side by machine gun fire from Aegir. The hole was plugged. A cigarette tin was thrown to War Grey; it contained a note said to have been a wireless message from the British Admiral in Reykjavik, which Agerskow considered suspicious. Progress was eventually stopped by more shell fire, which damaged the funnel, chartroom, port coal bunker, and the rear of the engine room casing in three places. Fortunately no one was injured. The trawler was boarded from Aegir and taken to the Westmann Islands. Agerskow then agreed to go from there to Reykjavik. He did this after making temporary repairs to War Grey.

It seems that Agerskow discussed possible discrepancies in War Grey's navigation equipment with the Aegir's captain. While following the Aegir's course it appeared that the trawler's compasses, as well as the sextant, were faulty. He explained this by the ship having been "wiped", a procedure that passed an electrical current over the hull to reduce its attractiveness to magnetic mines. He also suggested interference by magnetic attraction from the nearby land, and effects of steel side covers fitted to the wheel house to protect it from machine gun fire (he later had these removed).

In Reykjavik, Agerskow was unable to find the British Admiral, but spoke with a Commander who said it was a matter for the British Legation. The British Consul was helpful but could not interest the Admiralty, concluding that it was a civil matter. He learned that his court trial was already in progress and arrived a little late, with no preparation or legal support, apart from a deputy of the usual Icelandic agent. The trial continued next day and was concluded on the third day, 1st April, with Agerskow satisfied

that it was conducted fairly, but disappointed by absence of Royal Navy support, especially in view of the mysterious message supposedly sent from the Admiral to Aegir. Following judgement, he was fined 40,000 kr (£1500), with costs, catch and fishing gear were confiscated, and he was given 2 months imprisonment. He was then allowed to return to his ship to make arrangements, resulting in the catch and gear, still on the ship, being bought back by the ship's owners.

The ship returned home but Agerskow was imprisoned for 23 days before being allowed out to await an appeal. Subsequently he was allowed to return to England to await the appeal and seek legal advice, during which time he wrote his account of the incident. I understand that the fine was paid and that he returned to Iceland to complete his sentence, though not in the discomfort of an actual prison.

The earlier incident mentioned by Skipper Agerskow is worth returning to here. In November 1925, his Hull trawler Cardinal, owned by Storr Steam Trawling Co., had been arrested and brought into the Icelandic port of Akureyri, where a fine of 10,000 kr (£750; I note the discrepancy from the conversion above) had been imposed and its gear and catch confiscated. While left waiting at the harbour, however, he had the lines cut and escaped home. An editorial in the Hull Daily Mail berated the skipper for his disgraceful behaviour, suggesting that Agerskow, presumably an Icelander or a Dane, had fouled the reputation of English fishermen generally. This was followed by an indignant letter to the newspaper from Christian's brother, Soren Agerskow (1891-1966), a schoolteacher (then at Tickton), insisting that the skipper was an Englishman born in Hull, that his actions were made in the best interests of his employers as he saw them, and that there was never any doubt that his employers would pay the fine.

Even after the 1943 incident, Iceland had not yet finished with Christian. In March 1944, again commanding War Grey, he had been appointed

as leader of a flotilla of three trawlers in the Icelandic fishing grounds. The skippers of the other trawlers, Limeslade and Louis Botha, had been instructed to follow War Grey, which seems to have been standard procedure. Unfortunately, all three ships ran aground, the two following ships being lost. Four crew of Louis Botha died, one by drowning and three from exposure after gaining the shore. Once again Agerskow explained that his compass was at fault as a result of the ship being “wiped”. Nevertheless, the Ministry of War Transport enquiry considered that all three skippers had failed to maintain proper contact or to make adequate use of their echo-sounding equipment. Agerskow lost his licence for 9 months, the other skippers for 6 months.

Despite, or because of, these exploits, I grew up dimly aware of having a somewhat heroic figure as a distant relation. The webpage [www.eastridingmuseums.co.uk/museums-online/yeomanry/rank-and-file/](http://www.eastridingmuseums.co.uk/museums-online/yeomanry/rank-and-file/) has this to say: he was “apprenticed to an apothecary and later to the Neptune Fishing Company. Absconding from the latter apprenticeship, he enlisted at Fulford barracks, York in September 1915. When challenged, the Army declined to release him, instead making a financial settlement with his former employers. Agerskow was wounded during the Middle East campaign (possibly at the 3rd Battle of Gaza in autumn 1917)”. His brother Emil was less fortunate, being killed at the Somme in November 1916. Clearly Uncle Chris was made of exactly the right, adventurous stuff for success in his chosen career; he was certainly successful. Christian’s father, Emil, and his uncle, Waldemar Agerskow (b.1857), both born in Denmark but naturalised British, were also trawler skippers. Uncle Waldemar, perhaps in the same mould, set a precedent in 1892 by also losing his licence for 6 months, after his steam trawler Nyanza collided with the smack Elizabeth in dense fog.

I am grateful to Christian Agerskow’s grandson, Matthew Craig, for showing me his family’s

collection of cuttings and documents on which much of this story is based. Also to my cousin Mandy West who spotted the webpage item.



Christian Agerskow’s ID photo on the ‘telegraphy certificate’ he held as a skipper, dated 1933.

Details show his height as 5’ 10” .

Colour of eyes Brown, Colour of hair Brown  
Complexion, Fresh

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***A Witchcraft Poem  
Walter de la Mare***

**THE RIDE-BY-NIGHTS**

*Upon their brooms the Witches stream,  
Crooked and black in the crescent’s gleam.  
One foot high and one foot low,  
Bearded, cloaked, and cowed they go.  
Neath Charlie’s Wane, they twitter and tweet.  
And away they swarm ‘neath the Dragon’s feet.  
With a whoop and a flutter they swing and sway  
And surge pall-mall down the Milky Way.*

*Between the legs of glittering Chair  
They hover and squeak in the empty air,  
Then round they swoop past the glimmering lion  
To where Sirius barks behind huge Orion;  
Up then and over to wheel amain  
Under the silver and home again.*

*Sent in by Eleanor Harte*

Scarborough Meeting Report  
Patricia McNaughton

### **Theme 3 people with a connection to the church in Scarborough**

#### **SAMUEL PLIMSOLL**

Samuel Plimsoll (10 February 1824 – 3 June 1898) was a British politician and social reformer, now best remembered for having devised the Plimsoll line (a line on a ship's hull indicating the maximum safe draught, and therefore the minimum freeboard for the vessel in various operating conditions).

Before Samuel Plimsoll became famous for his Plimsoll Line, he worked at Rawson's Brewery in Sheffield as a clerk. Mr Rawson often invited Rev Robert Balgarnie of South Cliff Congregational Church in Scarborough [now St Andrew's URC] stay with him if he had been preaching in Sheffield, probably at Wicker Congregational Church. Indeed we are told this was where he first met a Miss Martha Rooke, who actually lived in York, and eventually became Mrs Balgarnie.

Mr Rawson does not appear on the list of people who contributed financially to the building of South Cliff Congregational Church, but he did designate Samuel Plimsoll as Mr Balgarnie's guide and carriage driver for excursions into the countryside south of Sheffield which was more rural then than it is now. 'Take him and show him the beauties around us', he said. On these trips into the countryside, Samuel would discuss with Rev Balgarnie his concerns about ships putting out to sea which were dangerously ill-maintained - 'coffin ships' they were called. The owners, regardless of the lives of the crews, would insure the vessels, and if they went down to Davy Jones' locker, so what! They got their insurance money. We can imagine that Rev Balgarnie, with

many seafarers in his congregation, would have been quick to see Samuel's point and possibly supported his ambitions.

From time to time Samuel would come to Scarborough - presumably staying with the Balgarnie's, and would attend South Cliff Congregational Church on Sundays, and helping out with the Sunday School.

Samuel Plimsoll was born in Bristol and soon moved to Whiteley Wood Hall, Sheffield, also spending part of his childhood in Penrith, Cumberland. Leaving school at an early age, he became a clerk at Rawson's Brewery, and rose to be manager.

In 1853, he attempted to become a coal merchant in London. He failed and was reduced to destitution. He himself told how for a time he lived in a common lodging for seven shillings and two pence a week. Through this experience, he learnt to sympathise with the struggles of the poor, and when his good fortune returned, he resolved to devote his time to improving their condition. His efforts were directed especially against what were known as "coffin ships": unseaworthy and overloaded vessels, often heavily insured, in which unscrupulous owners risked the lives of their crews.

In 1867, Plimsoll was eventually elected as the Liberal Member of Parliament for Derby, and endeavoured in vain to pass a bill dealing with the subject of a safe load line on ships. The main problem was the number of powerful ship-owning MPs in Parliament. >In 1872, he published a work entitled *Our Seamen*, which became well known throughout the country. Accordingly, on Plimsoll's motion in 1873, a Royal Commission was appointed, and in 1875 a government bill was introduced, which Plimsoll, though regarding it as inadequate, resolved to accept. On 22 July, the Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, announced that the bill would be dropped. Plimsoll lost

his self-control, applied the term “villains” to members of the House, and shook his fist in the Speaker’s face. Disraeli moved that he be reprimanded, but on the suggestion of Lord Hartington agreed to adjourn the matter for a week to allow Plimsoll time for thought. Eventually Plimsoll made an apology. Many people, however, shared his view that the bill had been stifled by the pressure of the shipowners, and popular feeling forced the government to pass a bill which in the following year was amended into the Merchant Shipping Act. This gave stringent powers of inspection to the Board of Trade, and the mark that indicates the safe limit to which a ship may be loaded became generally known as Plimsoll’s mark or line.

Plimsoll was re-elected for Derby at the general election of 1880 by a great majority, but gave up his seat to William Vernon Harcourt, believing that the latter, as Home Secretary, could advance sailors’ interests more effectively than any private member. Offered a seat by 30 constituencies, Plimsoll was an unsuccessful candidate in Sheffield Central in 1885. He did not re-enter the house, and later became estranged from the Liberal leaders by what he regarded as their breach of faith in neglecting the question of shipping reform. He was for some years the honorary president of the National Sailors’ and Firemen’s Union, and drew attention to the horrors of the cattle-ships, where animals were transported under appalling and over-crowded conditions. >Later, he visited the United States to try to secure the adoption of a less bitter tone towards England in the historical textbooks used in American schools. He died in Folkestone on 3 June 1898, and is buried in St Martin’s churchyard, Cheriton, Kent.

Plimsoll married his first wife, Eliza Ann, daughter of Hugh Railton of Chapelton, near Sheffield, in 1858. In the 1871 Census they were enumerated in Hastings where Eliza Ann is recorded as being blind in

her right eye and deaf in her left ear. She died in Australia in 1882. There were no children by this marriage. He married his second wife, Harriet Frankish, daughter of Mr. Joseph Armitage Wade, J.P., of Hull and Hornsea, in 1885. By this marriage there were six children, of whom a son, Samuel Richard Cobden Plimsoll, and two daughters survived him.

In 1873, the Samuel Plimsoll, an iron hulled full-rigged merchant sailing ship, was launched at the shipyard of Walter Hood & Co. in Aberdeen, Scotland for the Aberdeen White Star Line (G. Thompson & Co.). She was assigned the official British Reg. No. 65097 and the signal MKDH. In 1899, she caught fire in the Thames River and had to be scuttled, but was refloated and repaired in 1900. In 1902, she was severely dismasted and damaged on voyage to Port Chalmers, Australia. Towed to Sydney and subsequently to Freemantle she was reduced to hulk status the following year

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### **Henry Vandyke Carter** **Grays Anatomy**

Gray’s Anatomy is a reference book of human anatomy written by Henry Gray and illustrated by Henry Vandyke Carter, published in London in 1858. It has gone through multiple revised editions and the current edition, the 42nd (October 2020), remains a standard reference, often considered “the doctors’ ‘bible’ and has never been out of print since first published in 1858, the most recent edition I have found is the 42nd edition [October 2020].

**Henry Vandyke Carter**” (22 May 1831- 4 May 1897) was an English physician, anatomist and illustrator. He was born in Hull, but the family moved to Scarborough in the year he was born. His father, Henry Barlow Carter was an artist (as his son will be in the future), a lover of seascapes and chose the name “Vandyke” in honour of

the Flemish artist Sir Anthony Van Dyck. Information about Carter's private life is well known, thanks to the diary that his grandmother gave him at the age of 14 and that he jealously guarded throughout his life. His family was also very religious Protestant but not Carter he kept the diary as a kind of spiritual notebook."

Carter studied at the Grammar School of Hull and, later, for economic reasons abandoned the real medical studies and devoted himself to pharmacy – surgery (activities then practically complementary) [4]. However, in 1848 Carter expressed to his parents his discomfort with the social and academic environment in which he found himself, so he was transferred to London, under the guidance of surgeon John Sawyer and following, in the meantime, (and with excellent results) also the courses of medicine at St George's Medical School from the age of 17[5]. After completing his basic studies, Carter allowed himself a trip to Paris, which in the 50s of the 1800s was a real Mecca of medicine, to deepen his studies and start thinking about what specialization he would like to achieve. [6]. Back in London, Carter came up against the harsh reality of career advancement at St George's: despite his recognized talent, all the posts had already been filled and without a recommendation (which he did not have and which, indeed, he repudiated by virtue of his incorruptible moral temperament) it could never have really taken off.

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## FLORENCE BALGARNIE

Florence was a British suffragette, speaker, pacifist, feminist, and temperance activist. She was described as a "staunch Liberal" and according to the old voting registers most of the Congregationalists were Liberal Party supporters. It must be remembered that in those days there was no social services department and no trade unions., Balgarnie

began her support of women's suffrage from the age of seventeen.

Florence Balgarnie was born in Scarborough, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, on 19 August 1856. Her parents were Rev. Robert Balgarnie (1826–1899), a well-known Nonconformist minister of the South Cliff Congregational Church, and his wife, Martha Rooke. The family included two younger sisters, including one named Mary, and Ada who died as a baby. Florence also had 2 brothers.

She was elected to the Scarborough School Board in 1883. The only woman to have that honour, and it was here that she developed her skills as a speaker. In her native town. She moved to London, in 1884 or 1886 when temperance was the subject which interested her the most, and the one on which she spoke with the greatest frequency. Initially it was with some fear, that she first began public speaking, but it became a source of pleasure. At a great temperance meeting at Derby, England during a General Election, she addressed several thousand people in the open air. It was to her "a crowded hour of glorious life"; and it was characteristic of her power of repartee that a dissident in the crowd who set himself to interrupt Balgarnie's speech apparently became converted to her view. By 1889, she was the secretary of the Central National Society for Women's Suffrage, but this position was given up for an even more congenial one, that of organising secretary, under Lady Henry Somerset of the British Women's Temperance Association. Balgarnie held this appointment till 1895, and thereafter made time for speaking and writing on behalf of temperance and other causes. Balgarnie was the author of A plea for the appointment of police matrons at police stations (1894), working with Lady Aberdeen.

In 1902 she represented the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies at the First Conference of the International Woman

Suffrage Alliance. in Washington D.C. She was also affiliated with the International Arbitration & Peace Association, the British Anti-lynching League, and the Society for Promoting the Return of Women as County Councillors, Personal Rights Association, Moral Reform Union, and the Men and Women's Club. She was a co-founder of the executive committee of the People's Suffrage Federation.

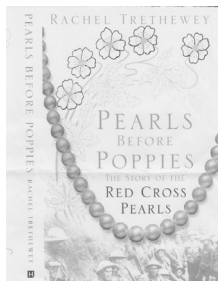
Florence died in Italy on 25 March 1928, and was buried at Cimitero degli Allori, in Florence. ( I have, however, been told that her ashes were brought back to where her sister Martha lived in Norfolk and either scattered or interred there.)

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Book Reviews

Maureen Farrow, a member of the eyfhs submitted this book review saying 'I have never heard about this fund raising item and thought it that interest the eyfhs members.

**PEARLS BEFORE POPPIES.  
THE STORY OF  
THE RED CROSS  
PEARLS**  
Rachel Trethewey



Paperback price. £10.30  
Pages 288.  
Publishers. The History Press.  
Pub in March 2018.  
ISBN 075096829X

In February 1918, when the FIRST WORLD WAR was still being fought, prominent society member Lady Northcliffe, conceived

an idea to raise money for the Red Cross. She was sitting at her dressing table looking at her jewellery, trying to decide which necklace she would auction and give the proceeds to the Red Cross. She noticed a string of broken pearls and decided to get them restrung for this purpose. She then told her friends of her idea and they gave her pearls. She next asked her husband if he would advertise the pearls in his newspapers. The Times and the Daily Mail. What she did not expect was such a reaction as pearls were sent to her by every post. Coming from the UK, Canada, Turkey, New Zealand, Australia, Spain, and other countries around the world. Also, in this country mothers/wives who could not afford a pearl, or did not have a necklace, joined together, and purchased one pearl in memory of their loved ones.

In the end instead of one pearl necklace she had enough pearls for 41 and then came the hard work. She persuaded jewellery experts to sort and grade them into necklaces with approximately the same type and value. She then paid for the training of six girls to string them. Now, what to do with the pearl necklaces and how to organise an Auction. She then persuaded her husband to speak to the Directors of Christies, the Auction House and ask them to hold an Auction, but as it was for Charity to waive their fees and this they agreed to. Pearls were not only given for the Soldiers who gave their lives, but also for the Nurses who lost their lives, caring for the wounded.

The amount of money raised was £96,033, and once the administration, printing, stationery, advertising, and the stringing of the pearls £94,044 remained, which in today's money is £7,738,791. 89. This money was distributed to help the Red Cross pay Nurses wages, wheelchairs and comforts that were needed at the many Convalescent Homes around the country. It also gave money to ladies who could not afford to visit their husbands in these homes, by paying for



their train fare and if it a long way off money for B&B. They then opened similar places in France and paid for the wounded to be visited by their wives some of whom stayed on to help with cooking, cleaning and those able to write letters to their loved ones.

There was still a great deal of money left, so Lady Northcliffe and her committee held a meeting with the Red Cross wanting to know what the urgent things were they still needed. As we all know, so many men came home without hands, arms, legs and feet and what was urgently needed were wooden limbs to distribute to the Convalescent Homes. The money was duly given, and the Red Cross were able to buy these artificial limbs in bulk. These were then distributed to all the Convalescent Homes and a Physiotherapist and Carpenter adapted them for each individual soldier to have.

The pearls donated ranged from priceless heirlooms, even one that had survived the sinking of the Titanic, to imperfect et treasured trinkets.

On a personal note, and moving into the second world war, my father used to say his brother Frank died training in preparation to going to France but was killed by the Germans whilst practicing for the D-Day Landings. When I investigated this I found that my Uncle Frank was in the East Yorkshire Mounted Cavalry Troop based at Down Thomas, Cornwall. I have since visited the Hall owned by the St Germans Family and Lady St Germans was one of the ladies helping Lady Northcliffe on the Pearls Committee. When we went for a ride in a pony and trap to see the stables I mentioned it and the driver stopped the trap and pointed out the beach where the men and their horses were killed and the road we were on was especially laid for the troops to get down to the beach riding their horses.

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Maureen also sent in a photograph of Frank Famill and his wife Lilian and son Frank (jnr).

Frank was a brother of my father. Thomas Edward Famill, my father often talked about him when we were teenagers and how much he missed him as they were very close.



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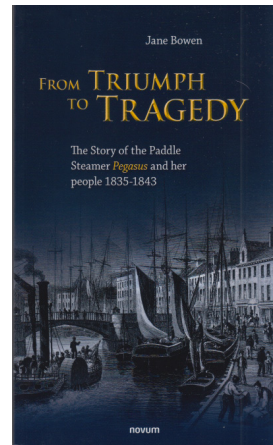
Janet Bielby sent in this book.

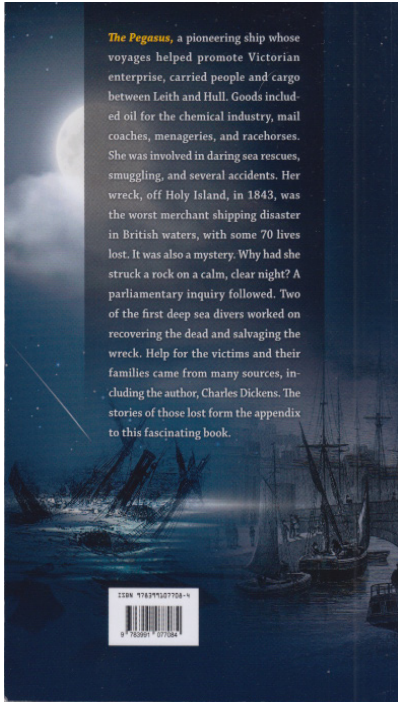
By Jane Bowen

From TRIUMPH To TRAGEDY. The Story of the Paddle Steamer Pegasus and her people 1835-1843

Pub by novum publishing.co.uk Pub in 2021. pages 231.

ISBN 978-3-99107-708-4





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Jottings from my mother's  
autograph books

Dianne Smith

“By hook or by crook, I’ll be first/last in this book.” This was a popular message to write in a friend’s autograph book, and there was always someone who tried to squeeze a message in the corner of the page: “.... that’s what you think.”

My mum had several autograph books dating from 1939-1945. The messages in them range from humorous (sort of) to philosophical, and some commentaries on those war years. Here are just a sample of the messages..

A well-known little rhyme generally – “little pig, busy street, motor car, sausage meat” was given a somewhat macabre twist in the 1940s: “little boy, pair of skates, broken ice, Heaven’s Gates”. Hm, not sure about that one.

A more light-hearted one was:  
“Remember me by the river,  
Remember me by the lake,  
Remember me on your wedding day,  
and send me a piece of cake.”

This next one appeared two or three times in the books, it must have been ‘trending’ at the time:

“Little puffs of powder  
Little drops of paint,  
Make a girl’s complexion  
Looks like what it aint”

Someone with a sense of irony wrote:  
“I stood on a bridge at midnight,  
When a thought came into my head  
What a fool I was for standing there  
When I could have been warm in bed!”

One rather cryptic jotting was:  
“2 Ys U R  
2 Ys U B,  
I C U R  
2 Ys 4 me”

(This is one to say out loud)

My favourite amongst the amusing ones was:  
“You’ve never seen hairs on a duck egg,  
You may have seen hairs on an ape,  
But it’s only the hairs on a goosegob  
[gooseberry]  
That stop it from being a grape”

These last two were ones that my dad regularly used to recite to us children when the mood took him and he went through, what my mum called his ‘repertoire’. This usually ended with a couple of Longfellow

poems and his Stan Laurel impression. But I digress.

Great Aunt Lucy wrote: “what, write in a book where other folk look. Not I, I’m shy”

There was a rather sweet verse from a boy (not my dad I have to say):

“If I were a cabbage I would split myself in two,  
I’d throw away the outer leaves and give my heart to you”

Two rather nice friendship verses were:

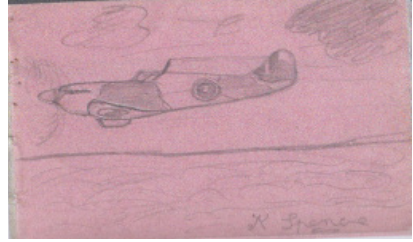
“In your chain of many friends, consider me a link” and  
“Make new friends but don’t forget the old,  
One is silver, the other gold”

One of my dad’s contributions was:

“Life is mainly froth and bubble,  
But two things stand like stone:  
Kindness in another’s trouble,  
Courage in your own”

This was around the time his father had died and my mum’s parents gave him a lot of support.

At one point my mum gave my dad an autograph book with the idea that he would follow her example and collect signatures. However, although there are a few names in it, he seems to have viewed it as a sketch book, for example, his depiction of “The Saint” (George Sanders not Roger Moore) and a sketch of a Spitfire.



This was all during World War II so patriotic themes crop up in the albums, from the “Be England what she will, she is my country still” and my gran’s “There is no darkness in all the world to put out the light from one small candle” to my dad’s “In memory of Neville [Chamberlain]” and depictions of Hitler’s future.

For me the books evoke the feeling of a short period of time in which my parents met and made mutual friends in a fairly small community. During the war years my mum joined the Women’s Junior Air Corps and my dad the Army Cadets, as did many of their friends. My mum kept cuttings of social gatherings and ceremonies in which they were all involved. Friends contributed to her ‘Wall of Friendship’. They signed their names on the document and included the date on which they wrote it.

I’d like to finish on a romantic note with a verse my dad wrote in one of the books when he was 15. It’s dated 17th May 1942, so not long after they’d met:

“Holmes is your name,  
Beverley is your station,  
May I be the happy man  
Who makes this alteration”

True to his word, they were married six years later!

*I hope you liked these jottings*  
Dianne Smith

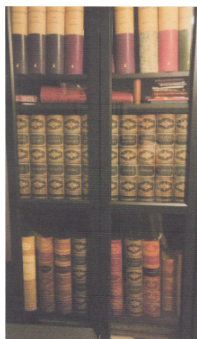
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BOX FILE STORAGE  
FAMILY TREE DOCUMENTS  
Sally George

How do you store your family history documents? Have you any thoughts on instructions, to leave behind, with all your research notes, copies of various items including photographs, letters, wills – the list is endless. Perhaps you have everything scanned and stored on a computer, so what happens to it then? I have a mixture of both as I am not sure which or what will be preserved when I am no longer here. Our two children are vaguely interested in history but they lead busy lives. When they left home and we had two spare bedrooms I added a bookcase and bought some attractive box files from Manor Bindery. Perhaps nothing will survive but I have left this note in all my box files. I would love to hear of any of your ideas, here is the note:

“Documents to be donated to the relevant County Archive. The notion that only the high and mighty are the ones whose lives should be recorded for posterity has already blighted our knowledge of history to a shameful degree. Never think that any record of life is irrelevant, it is the words of ordinary people, not only the rich and famous, that illuminate our past.”

“The family history over a century or more can disappear in a few unguarded moments.”  
Kathleen Strange of the Ephemera Society.”



FORUM CORNER

Sharing information is the cornerstone of a family history society and we really do our best to try and include everyone's letters and requests for help in these pages. Due to space availability it is not always possible to fit everyone's letters and enquiries into the edition they expect. However, all of the letters and emails sent for inclusion in the Forum Corner will appear as soon as possible.

Important advice. Please do not send any original material to the Banyan Tree, send a copy. We do not want to lose any of your items which are valuable and irreplaceable family treasures. If you use the postal system please ensure that you include a stamped self addressed envelope, we try to be prudent with your subscription fees.

Please include your eyfhs membership number with your letter or email. Send your enquiries to the editor. The postal and email address is on page 2.

If you need help get in touch!

We have two eyfhs members who would like some assistance in tracking their family members from the past.  
Can anyone help them?

Pete Davis (eyfhs Mem No 7196) wants to make contact with any descendants of his family. Do you recognise any of these names/

I am trying to make contact with any descendants of

1. David Francis (Frank) and Mary (nee Welburn) Rudkin
2. Albert and Martha Elizabeth (nee Rudkin) Bilbe
3. Alfred and Harriet (nee Cook) Rudkin
4. John Edward and Eleanor May (nee

Vickerman) Rudkin

David, Martha, Alfred and John Edward were my mother's (Clarice May Rudkin) siblings, the children of Levi and Charlotte (nee Chapman) Rudkin. I never knew Levi or Charlotte as they both died before I was born but, oddly, my mother never talked about them, save that her father (Levi) was originally from Louth. We never had any photographs of them, I didn't even know their first names and I had no idea what Levi may have done for a living until I started my family tree in January 2021.

Similarly, although my mother was close to Joseph Cyril (Uncle Cyril) and David Francis (Uncle Frank), she never mentioned Martha Elizabeth or John Edward. I never knew they existed until 18 months ago. Joseph Cyril and his wife, Rhoda (nee Osburn), did not have children, so that line ends there. I think I only met Alfred once, but knew Cyril and Frank very well.

Some of what I have discovered has suggested there was a rift in the family, but I've not been able to find anyone who may have information or, particularly, photographs. I desperately want to know what they looked like and what may have caused problems within the family. I've already turned up some shocks and surprises on both sides of my family, so I'm not afraid of finding more. At nearly 78 years of age, I'm probably shock-proof.

If anyone is a descendant of any of those people, or knows them, please contact me at [pete.davis1944@gmail.com](mailto:pete.davis1944@gmail.com) as I would love to hear from you.

Thank you  
Pete Davis

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The next enquiry comes from Carolyn Williamson.

Carolyn would be happy to receive any information about her relative.

I am hoping that I might be able to find out a little bit more about my great-grandfather from our members.

Alfred Williamson was born in Kirk Ella on 25 August 1839. He was still there in in the 1841 and 1851 censuses, disappears for the 1861 census, but got married in London in February 1869, when he is described as "Private soldier" living at Aldershot Camp. It looks like it was a bit of a shotgun wedding, as in July 1869 his first son, Alfred Arthur, was born, again in London. On Alfred Arthur's birth certificate my Alfred is given as a groom. In 1871 census they are all still living in London, when he is a Coachman, but in May 1874 my grandfather, Henry, was born at 25 St James Street, Hull, and Alfred's occupation is given as 'Railway policeman'. In Henry's baptismal record (kindly found for me earlier by Janet Bielby) Alfred is given as 'Railway employee'. I have tried to find more information about this aspect, but have drawn a blank with British Transport Police History Society. So if anyone can shed any light on who his employer might have been, as I understand there may have been more than one company operating in the area at that time (1874), and whether any records exist I should be most grateful. He had a short career as a police officer, as he died in 1876 whilst working as a coachman on an estate in Hampshire, about 7 miles from where I now live! It is of special interest to me, as I was a police officer in the West Midlands for 25 years.

Thank you.

You can contact Carolyn via her email address. [carowl@sky.com](mailto:carowl@sky.com)

Carolyn Williamson, member 7169.

### *The eyfhs Social History Project*

*Every member of the eyfhs is invited to contribute to the 'social history' project being organised by the society. The contributions will be saved and carefully archived.*

*Photographs – family pictures, school photos, photographs of friends even holiday snaps Just indicate who is on them and why they are an important memory.*

*We welcome stories, family memories, school memories, games that were played with school friends or family members.*

*The choice of subject is up to you! Do take part in this project it will be unique and a worthwhile experience for all of us.*

*I look forward to receiving items from you the members of our great society.*

*There is no deadline date for this project*  
*The editor*

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From the editor, (Edwina) here is my contribution to the project -

#### **Deference to teachers in times gone by!**

Have you ever reflected upon the advice that was given to you from a teacher?

When we were preparing to leave the hallowed school days behind us and step into the adult world in the mid 1960s we did not get a hand book which could have informed us on how to tackle the transition from school pupil to adult in one easy step.

Our careers advisor was the teacher who taught every class 'mental arithmetic'. Miss Minnie Miton, she seemed to be nearly 90 years old in the mid 1960s. Undoubtedly, she went to a teacher training college (you did not need a teaching degree in those far off

days when she was training to be a teacher), but what did she know about careers beyond her own sphere?

As I grew up in the 1950s and 1960s I got involved with gardening at home, we had an allotment which we tended at the weekends and in the summer months at night, we also had a front and back garden so I developed an interest in horticulture and thought about going to horticultural college to study a course which involved - growing plants, garden design, conservation methodology and land management and maintenance. So, when my careers advice appointment came around with Miss Miton, I expressed my hope of exploring the horticultural college option. The mistake I made was in not being prepared for that appointment with the career's advisor. Miss Miton. merely said to me "You don't want to do that" and so my future plans were blown out of the water by an aging spinster who knew nothing about life outside of teaching profession. Now, you might be thinking why I didn't challenge her or stand up for myself. TOO SHY, I suppose, and you certainly did not argue with teachers in the 1960s. Deference and respect went too far in those days. I was not the only person who had their plans trampled upon, Estelle wanted to enter the field of working in a library – classifying Indexes and Cataloguing stock, checking new publications, promoting library services, using the Dewey system of book classification etc. Estelle was told that it was beyond her scope!

Some of the school leavers had specific ideas about their futures, Susan Wood wanted to join the British Army and enter the Physical Training Corps, she was always very good at P.E. I do not know whether Susan achieved her dreams we lost touch in the intervening years.

Carol Hawkins went to work at the Alvis Military Vehicle Company in Coventry.

Any way a dichotomy now lay before me -

which pathway should I explore as I entered the adult work world. My father suggested that I should apply to various companies just to experience how interviews were carried out and consequently broaden my potential employment options. The interview I had at the General Electrical Company went well and at the end of the interview Ted Goode asked me if I wanted a job, Naively I said, "Yes please" and that is how I became a member of the Time Study Department at the GEC, working with figures and a comptometer (that bit of mechanical technology is now obsolete). Comptometers are probably stored in some 'museum storage container labelled "From the Jurassic Age'. There were no computers in those days. My own self confidence definitely grew and I worked with some very nice people over the years, and I lost the feeling of shyness and reticence. In the years that followed I enrolled on college courses and obtained various qualifications which helped me to gain my B.A (Hons) Degree in Modern Studies. Shortly afterwards I worked for Warwick District Council as a supervisor in the Benefits Dept when I decided to gain more qualifications, I studied at night and obtained 'certificates and diplomas' in various management subjects, however, I never thought that my career path would lead me towards a PGCE Degree from Warwick University and becoming a lecturer at a local college in subjects like Economics, Business Studies, Organisational Behaviour and Statistics.

So, Miss Miton what would you say to me now? Would I engage her in a conversation about my future, I believe so, I would certainly challenge her right to trample upon my original plans.

Looking back to that time when I was about leave school and thinking about what to do I the adult world what advice would I give to my younger self – be yourself, your future lies in your own hands not in a teacher's opinion of your future. Travel along the

avenues which you seek to explore for yourself.

By the way I still like horticulture and appreciate and admire mother nature in her ability to take one small seed and develop it into a healthy plant which can be edible vegetables or ornamental flowers or plants etc.

I contacted a few people to see what their experiences were regarding careers advice. It appeared to be similar to mine

Sally George said -

I identified with your experience immediately and I so remember being 15 and always in tears because it was school leaving age and I felt I had to turn into an adult overnight! It didn't help when our neighbour's lovely little boy knocked on our door to ask whether I was a "gel (girl) or a lady". I couldn't even answer, as that was precisely it! I went to college for 2 years to gain a vocational qualification as I knew I wanted to go into office work as I loved stationary! You know the scented note paper and tissue lined envelopes! That was a lovely transition as we actually met boys which was a novelty after an all girls school.

I remember the careers advice, I was absolutely petrified and as the headmistress and careers lady were reading out the college courses. I remember my Mum in a stern voice saying "Sally speak up!" I was glad to get out of there. My friend wanted to be an optician and they put her down for a career as a nurse! I wonder how different your life would have been if you had studied for a qualification in Horticulture? A friend of ours got the qualification but found it did not pay well and ended up being a primary school teacher. We used to clean the offices at Studley Castle in Warwickshire when it was British Leyland's training centre, as

an evening job for Steve's father who was a manager of a cleaning company. We went back there a few years ago to stay and be waited on! We were talking to an elderly lady who was doing the same as she had stayed there when it had been a horticultural college.

Sally went on to say

My husband Steve is a keen gardener and I don't like to interfere unless he wants my help. I really enjoy all his efforts. He says we need to have the Hollywood design at the front but in the back garden we can be wild west! He takes the BBC Gardeners World magazine and has always watched the programme on TV. In 1996 we had planned to go and see Geoff Hamilton's Barnsdale Garden Project but sadly Geoff died that year and we thought it would be a sombre visit. Anyway the weekend after next we are staying in two converted grain silos, accommodation found on Airbnb which we could not resist and it is only a few miles from the gardens. I did suggest that we should watch a Percy Thrower's Garden Shed in the 50s on YouTube to see how gardening ideas have changed, which we will do. Our lovely neighbour's garden is very manicured, not a weed to be seen. The leaves that fall off the tree are caught before they reach the ground! We, on the other hand, had a 'no mow May' for the bees and I love to see a meadow. We all like something different in the garden and it wouldn't do for us all to be the same!

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Personally, I keep in contact with someone in New Zealand, Vicky is a teacher and I asked her about careers advice in the Southern Hemisphere.

Vicky told me about her school leaving experience it was the same as we got in the Northern Hemisphere. Careers advice was very poor and it left her with no firm direction to follow. Vicky drifted into the teaching profession by accident.

Now, however, deference and respect

towards teachers have gone away. Pupils and parents swear at the teachers if they do not hear what they expect to hear! Teachers even endure physical confrontation with the youngsters - pushing and shoving is common place. So, very little respect for teachers in today's world!

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Muriel Hutton sent in 3 pieces of work for the project.

'Bonnet's 1940s and 1950s

The chocolate shop on St Nicholas Street always had an impressive display of hand made chocolates on show. My brother's and I gazed lovingly at what we would choose if we could have any of them, but that depended upon the coupons and money we had available, but we had neither! At Easter, one window was filled with the most enormous chocolate egg, decorated with hand made flowers. A bouquet of daffodils and other Spring flowers, a real work of art. I believe this was donated to a children's home.. Perhaps the local paper has a photo of it! Then I watched enchanted as the ladies walked out holding lovely paper bags with a brown cord handle, how I longed for one of those bags. Behind the shop was a cafe, I sometimes caught a glimpse of a trolley filled with cream cakes. Mother said one day we would go into the cafe! A forlorn hope at the time. However, we did. I must have been 10 or 11, I was delighted, this was another world, square tables topped with dark green tiles, very French, bentwood chairs then the centrepiece. An oval raised stage with a large potted palm in the centre catching light from a cupola in the roof. Rich coffee and a cream cake! Eaten with difficulty and a cake fork. Sheer heaven. *P.S. Some time ago I walked alone along this Street and just past the cafe, I saw workmen bringing down the cupola. Little did they know the memories it held for me.*

*Yes, Bonnets is still trading but in the next Street, the ambience is lost, it is self service*





Geoff Bateman sent in an interesting photograph which is a piece of social history on its own! Just look at these proud ladies holding their babies. The photo is from the 1940s, how times and fashion have changed.

‘This photograph from the late 1940s provides evidence, should it be needed, of the post-war baby boom. It is also evidence that there were, almost unbelievably, such things as baby shows. This one was probably in Coniston village, but I don’t recognise the building – it is certainly not the village hall. Nor can I put names to any of the faces, except for my mother with me on her lap, and my older brother standing by (front row, fourth from left, and far right).

### Railway Skills and Thrills Geoff Bateman & Roger Bateman

The surname Westoby is crucial in our family history, our nearest Westoby ancestor being our great grandmother from Atwick (and GB has a particular fondness for researching that branch). Among the Westoby tribes in Hull is one whose members became railway workers and who arrived in Hull from north Lincolnshire in the 19th century. Attempts to connect them with our ancestors, who seem to have lived in East Yorkshire for as far back as

we can trace them (which is not very far), have so far failed. Nevertheless, some of the Hull railwaymen had jobs and adventures that we thought were sufficiently interesting to report, along with some of their family history of course.

A favourite story concerns one William Westoby, a locomotive fireman who worked first for Hull & Barnsley Railway (H&BR), then for the North Eastern railway (NER, into which H&BR was incorporated in 1922), and for the London & North Eastern Railway (LNER) from 1923, when all railway companies were grouped into the “big four”. This story is told in Nick Deacon’s “The

Hull and Barnsley Railway” Vol. 1 (Lightmoor Press, 2019).

There were at least two William Westobys working on the railways around that time, and the following story may refer to either of them. Fireman Westoby and his driver had the job of delivering tank wagons full of petrol from the Saltend oil terminal to King George Dock sidings for transfer to mainline trains. One day they found 141 wagons lined up and awaiting collection at Saltend. The usual train length was perhaps 25 or 30 loaded wagons, but a week or two earlier another crew had hauled an unprecedented 136 wagons in one train with the same type of small shunting locomotive (a J75, formerly G3, for the enthusiasts!). Our crew decided to do even better and shift this whole train in one go. “A terrific battle ensued, with displays of fireworks from the chimney top and frantic slipping as the grossly overloaded little engine fought for adhesion.” All the sand, provided to prevent slipping, had been used up and so shovelfuls of ash ballast were thrown under the wheels. Then the flames from the chimney caused the lineside grasses to catch fire – a potentially serious situation when hauling 141 wagons full of petrol! Undaunted, the footplatemen used firing shovels as fire beaters; they did not need to stay on the footplate as the train had no chance of gaining enough speed to leave them behind. Eventually the train reached its sidings where it was uncoupled, and the crew walked nonchalantly on to their next job, under the gaze of groups of astounded dockers and railwaymen.

We have been unable to identify daredevil William with certainty. There are two main candidates, both born in Hull and with fathers who were railwaymen originally from Lincolnshire. One of them, William Ombler Westoby, was working as a general labourer in a loco depot in 1911, aged 23. His father Joseph, aged 64, from Goxhill, Lincs, was a loco engine driver, and his elder brother Joe was a loco boilersmith. The second was William Steeper Westoby, aged 16 in 1911, when his father George, aged 47, originally from East Halton, was a foreman shunter, and his elder brother Harold, aged 17, was a railway engine cleaner. George and Harold both worked for H&BR, as did our William, which may be significant. This William is a less likely candidate, however, since in 1911 he was working at Earle’s shipyard.

The two candidate Williams were in fact first cousins, their fathers Joseph and George being brothers, sons of Lincolnshire shepherd Richard Westoby. Joseph (b.1846) also began his working life as a farm worker, but by 1881 he had married a Cornish girl (whose father was a coastguard boatman on the Humber), moved to Hull and became a loco fireman with NER (not H&BR, note); he was listed as a driver in censuses from 1891. George (b.1863) also started out as a farm labourer, but he too married and then moved to Hull, becoming a foreman shunter by 1901 (recorded as working for H&BR in 1911). The father of Joseph and George, Richard Westoby (1822-1917), a shepherd, moved to Hull only in extreme old age to live with

one of his daughters. Richard's wife (and grandmother of our two Williams) was, coincidentally, from East Yorkshire. She was Mary Rebecca Ombler, baptised in Preston in 1819, but married in Barton in Lincolnshire, to where she had presumably moved, perhaps with her family. There are some very early, medieval records of the unusual name Ombler in the Hedon/Preston area, by the way.

So George Westoby, father of one of our Williams, worked as a shunter. Now there was a risky job. Shunters worked on the trackside and were responsible for coupling and uncoupling wagons and applying wagon brakes during shunting operations, using a wooden pole, about 6 feet long, with a metal hook on the end. Other trackside responsibilities included changing points; an amended census entry suggests this may have been George's main job. The work of a shunter could be dangerous to say the least, swinging on the end of the pole trying to lever the brakes on as the wagon rolled along! Apparently the Midland Railway had rail vans converted into first aid stations in large marshalling yards, perhaps confirming that shunting was a dangerous job. If you wish to see more, a shunter and his pole appear in the opening sequence of a film, "Night Ferry", made in 1977 for the Children's Film Foundation. It shows gravity shunting in operation at Clapham Junction. The film, a very watchable crime story, has been shown recently

on television but can also be seen on YouTube.

Fireman William may have been the 91-year old Westoby once interviewed by railway writer Martin Barker (as recounted recently to RB). Although he had happy memories of working on the railway he gave it up in 1926, considering it to be in decline, and realising that, after the takeover, LNER men were given precedence over former H&BR men such as himself, he became a school caretaker.

We should add that it is no great surprise that our Westoby families are not connected, since this locality name (and variants such as Westby, Westerby, Westuby and Westaby), meaning something like "farm to the west", would have arisen independently a number of times. Other names with similar origination include variants of Southerby (frequently as Suddaby, at least in East Riding), Easterby and Norbury. There are names with Norse-Viking origin and would have arisen most commonly in Yorkshire and neighbouring areas.

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The Bearer Party get ready to take the late Queen to Windsor.

Available on all social media sources

A LIST OF NEW MEMBERS TO THE EAST YORKSHIRE FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

*Janet Shaw: Membership Secretary*

We have another list of new members to welcome to the Society again in this issue

We all welcome you to the EYFHS and we want you to get the most out of the Society

Please make use of the many services the

Society offers to family historians. Visit the EYFHS website as often as you like, there are new features appearing all the time. Passwords for the Members Zone are obtained automatically via the website.

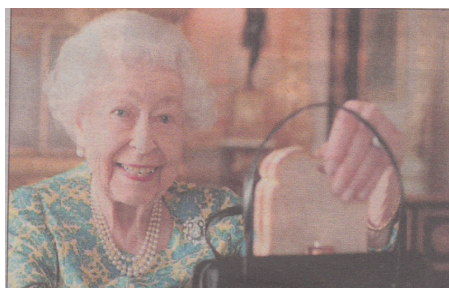
[www.eyfhs.org.uk/index.php/members-area-login](http://www.eyfhs.org.uk/index.php/members-area-login)

The email address for Miss Janet Shaw is shown below.....

*membsec@eyfhs.org.uk*

Number	Name	Address
7226	Tee Bylo	York, Yorkshire. UK
7227	Susan McFadyen	Stonehaven, Aberdenshire. Scotland
7228	Barbara Brann	Erie, Pennsylvania., USA
7229	Graham Wharf	Hull, East Riding of Yorkshire. UK
7230	Linda Richard	Ocean Springs, Mississippi, USA
7231	Lynn McAllister	Wauconda, Illinois. USA

During the Platinum Jubilee in June we saw that charming little pastiche of the Queen and little Paddington Bear taking tea together, it has been put onto many technological devices, Mobile phones, iPads, Laptops etc. So, let us remember that amusing incident again when the Queen shows us where her sandwich is kept!!!!!!



## EYFHS Member's Certificate Bank

We all have them, unwanted certificates that is. We were convinced it was Uncle Edward from our family but, it turns out we were wrong. **DO NOT THROW IT AWAY!** It may not be your Uncle Edward but he must be someone's, and that someone might just be a fellow member.

The Society has built up a huge collection of unwanted certificates and sends out a lot of replies to requests for 'more information' by members who have seen their ancestors in our Certificate Bank on the EYFHS website in the members Zone

Do not forget, of course, if you have not got Internet access at home, you can usually gain access to the Members Zone at your local library, or community centre. Passwords for the members Zone are now automatically arranged via the website which has instructions on how to get one

Please send your unwanted certificates to our BMDs person - Margaret Oliver. 12 Carlton Drive, Aldbrough. HU11 4RA

N.B. We cannot photocopy the certificates, but we send a copy of the details

There are no unwanted certificates to list in this edition of the Banyan Tree, it will return next time.



A Brief History of Saltmarshe  
The family, hall and village  
Susan Butler

Sally George has been researching Saltmarshe, the family, hall and village (near Howden) here is the article. Sally, explains her interest in the topic.



Susan Butler

Journal of a Visit to Scotland by Blanche Saltmarshe 1852. During the pandemic I browsed the online catalogue of the East Riding Archives and Local Studies and made a note of the items I would like to look at when we were allowed out and back to the research room. This diary was top of my list as it struck a chord with me because we like to go to Scotland each year to see my uncles and cousins. My maiden name was McDonald. I decided to transcribe the diary and research the places that Blanche had stayed at and found that all of them were still there and most still offering accommodation. I am very tempted to follow in Blanche's footsteps for our holiday next year!

To trace the background I needed to visit Saltmarshe Hall and obtain the excellent book from Susan Butler "A brief History of Saltmarshe, the family hall and village. This book was so interesting and gave me the background to Blanche Denison of Kilnwick Percy who married her first cousin Philip Saltmarshe. The visit to Scotland must have been their honeymoon. They went on to have 9 sons and 1 daughter. Blanche sadly died at the age of 45. Out of all those children and future generations there was no male heir when the last Philip Saltmarshe died in 1970. He left his personal fortune to York Cats' Home and the Saltmarshe estate reverted to the Crown who sold it. The Hall is now a hotel and wedding venue, backing on to the River Ouse and with a lovely small outdoor swimming pool in delightful and modest grounds. Afternoon teas are a speciality.

Susan's book also gives a brief history of some of the existing village houses in Saltmarshe, which is near Howden. There is also an account of a housemaid's life from Mrs.

Vera Arnold, née Steward who worked as the head housemaid at Saltmarshe Hall just before WW2. She was then aged 20 and had been in service since the age of 14. The work was exhausting starting at 6.30 cleaning and polishing the grates, cleaning carpets and dusting which had to be finished for when the family came down for breakfast at 8.45 and while they were eating the servants only then could have their breakfast. The family had hip baths most mornings and the servants had to take heavy brass cans of hot water upstairs into the rooms and when they'd had their baths the water had to be carried all out again. The butler was Mr Bradford who lived in the village and came to the Hall each day at about 7.30 and left for home about 10.30 at night.

## 1852

**July:-** Left Saltmarshe on Monday 5th July and went by railroad to Durham, sending the servants on to take rooms at Newcastle for us. Mr. & Mrs. Wilson/Walkington were in the carriage with us. Phil and I stayed at Durham to see the Cathedral which is beautiful but not to be compared with York, there being no screen and the aisle being entirely open gives a very uncommon effect and is a great improvement. There was the most fearful thunderstorm in the afternoon so that we were kept in the Chapter House until quarter to 6 before any fly would come to take us to the station. I've had a fearful journey to Newcastle, the thunder & lightening was terrific, the rain coming down in water spouts – the embankment being washed away in many places. Arrived in Newcastle about half past ten, the train being due at 8 and I never felt more thankful for anything than I did at finding myself in a comfortable house after the dreadful storms which lasted from 3pm to 11 on Tuesday 6th.

**Tuesday 6th July:** Arrived at Edinburgh about 1 – stayed at “The Douglas” until Thursday and was of course charmed with the extreme beauty of the whole place, the foreign appearance, high houses and situation of Edinburgh is more striking and makes it one of the finest cities in the world. We went up to the top of Scott's Monument which is quite beautiful, Calton Hill & Holyrood we also went to the latter place disappointed me perhaps I had formed too exalted ideas of the Residence of the Scottish monarchs. We were unfortunate in not having clear weather during the sojourn in Edinburgh and though it was increasingly fine & hot. The old town is most extraordinary, the High Wynds & multitude of inhabitants & above everything the extreme dirt exceeds any place in the world I believe.



(A fine example of the architectural buildings in Scotland)

**Thursday 8th July:** We left Edinbro' dined at Glasgow & went on by steamer to Greenock, it was a lovely evening & the breeze on the water was very refreshing after

the heat & dirt of the railroad, the banks of the Clyde are very pretty & Dumbarton Castle stands so well on a bold rock jutting out into the river. Slept at Tontine at Greenock & on Friday 9th went on by water to Largs at which place we arrived about 12, found Mr. Arthur Saltmarsh ready to receive us on the pier & we proceeded to their house. In the afternoon we all walked Phil, Mr. Ar(thur), Mrs. Ar(thur) & myself, I do not much admire the place it is too [storey] & not very pretty. In the evening [Near] Auntie & Katie arrived, was so glad to see them, all had a little walk after dinner.

**Saturday 10th July:** Katie, Mr Ar(thur), Phil & I went by Steamer to Arran, a lovely day & enjoyed it extremely. Landed at Brodick & had 2 or 3 hours there. Phil, Katie & I had a beautiful walk at the top of Glen Bosa, Brodick Castle is very well situated but a modern & ugly building. We were back again at Largs about 5.

**Sunday 11th July:** We went to the Episcopal Chapel here, having heard it was on the borders of [Bona Ahisith (Vancantia?0)] we were agreeably surprised to find it exactly the same as our own service. Walked home with Aunt & Katie whom we found there – Phil & I went again in the afternoon. It was The Presbyterian sacrament Sunday, consequently saw nothing of Mr. & Mrs Ar(thur): until Dinner. In the evening Auntie, Phil, Katie & I had a very nice stroll and talk, along the shore. Wished them all “Good Bye” as we start early.

**Monday 12th July:** Was nearly too late for the steamer which starts at 8 o'clock, we had a fine day, went up Loch Long & Arrowkirk is a pretty little place at the head of the Loch, from whence we took a car across to Tarbert a good Inn on Loch Lomond, dined there & then went down the Loch & I must own that I was a little bit disappointed with, at least the South end of it, Ben Lomond Head is beautiful & also that end of the Loch being surrounded by lovely mountains, the lower part of them being wooded down to the water. We slept at a picturesque little Inn (Inversnaid) & in the evening I had a lovely walk with dear Phil up one of the mountains and where we had a view that put one more in mind of Italy than anything else, a bright, beautiful evening & the quiet clam lake embosomed in such lovely scenery & the sun setting shed a halo on the whole scene & much I enjoyed our walk.

**Tuesday 13th July:** We started at half past 8 walking up a steep hill behind the Inn, at the top of which we found a car waiting for us to take us to Loch Katrine & over such a mountainous pass a dreadful road having to hold on not to be jolted out, which I feared would be ones fate every instant, it was wild to a degree not a habitation to be seen & save a herds hut I that rarely, it looked indeed away from the haunts of men. About the end of 3 hours we arrived at the Head of Loch Katrine having come only 5 miles in that time, there is now a diminutive steamer plys backwards & forwards on the Loch in spite of one having in 1843 suddenly disappeared one night & has never been heard of since. (Loch Katrine became extremely popular as a tourist destination after the publication of Sir Walter Scott's novel - The Lady of the Lake (1810) and Rob Roy (1819). Initially the only tours carried out on the loch were in open rowing boats. The early 1840s saw the first paddle steamer (Gipsy) arrive at the loch. The Gipsy sank in mysterious circumstances in 1843 and was replaced by another paddle steamer called Rob Roy in 1845.) We went on board the little boat & no words can express how much I enjoyed the very lovely fairy like scenery on the lovely Loch Katrine. I longed to spend some time looking on the beautiful heights of Ben Venue & Ben Ledi, it is indeed a place fitted for such a subject as “The Lady of the Lake” to be taken round. Too soon we arrived at the end of the Loch & there the extreme beauty of the Trossachs bursts on our view it was indeed “so wondrous wild the whole might seem – the scenery of a fairy's dream”.



After spending some hours in this bright & lovely Glen, we again went on to the Rob Roy which brought us up the Loch again, when we again took our car & again traversed the rugged & wild valley, the prettiest feature in with being the small lovely Loch Arklet. When we got back to Inversnaid we went on board the steamer which took us to Ardlie at the extreme end of Loch Lomond & about 6 miles to Inversnaid. The hotel is new & comfortable.

**Wednesday 14th July:** After some persuasion I got Phil to acquiesce to my wish of getting in the public conveyance, a sort of coach & accordingly we were soon driving rapidly & on our way to Fort William having secured the two best places on the front seat which is very high & consequently we had a most perfect view of the scenery. It was a charming morning & we passed through beautiful scenery passing first through the pretty valley of Glenorchy, Inveroram (belonging to Lord Breadalbane) & passing over the tedious Black Mount which we were hours in getting to the top of, soon after this we entered the magnificent Glencoe, the wildness of Grandeur of the Mountains on either side is not surpassed. In the middle of the Glen is the small lake Treachtan [yr] which issues the wild stream of Cona where Ossian is supposed to have been born & his cave on the summit almost of one of the highest mountain forms a curious feature. From one end of the Glen to the other a distance of 8 miles, only the solitary cottage is to be seen. Shortly before we entered Glencoe, a most terrific thunderstorm began & lasted the whole way to Fort William, we could not have seen the Glen under better circumstances as it rendered it so awfully grand, dark & desolate, the thunder resounding with double force amidst the huge mountains. We had a fearful journey the storm never ceasing [dr God] to 1 a.m. we had to cross Loch Leven at Ballahulish during which the storm continued in unabated fury & the lightening hardly ever ceased, it was quite dark before we reached Fort William & some of the small bridges over the mountain streams were washed away with the heavy rain & consequently we were nearly upset once as there were such huge stones in the road that they nearly overthrew the coach & jolted us out, I was indeed most truly thankful to arrive in safety at the Caledonian Hotel where we found everything very comfortable.

**Thursday 15th July:** Phil in a great state on account of not having heard of, or [ten a moore] when during the morning a large man in a kilt was ushered in who said he had a place to let & it finally ended in Phil taking Loch Shiel & we go to it on Saturday 17. In the afternoon I rode with Phil who was walking up Glen Nevis which is exceedingly pretty tho' I was disappointed in the mountain.

**Friday 16th July:** We were very busy at the store in the morning getting all the necessaries for living in the shape of groceries, flour &c. Afternoon had another ride up the Glen.

**Saturday 17th July:** Posted to Glenfinnan, the Head of Loch Shiel (a distance of 18 miles) where we found a boat from the other end to take us up, the length of the Loch is 25 miles & we were 5 hours doing it during which time it poured almost incessantly. We stayed to dine at Dalelia, Loch Shiel's place & I was not a little astonished at a Highland Lairds habitation, miserable to a degree & in the height of disorder & neglect, the family

consist of the old man himself, his sisters, 2 in number & mother!! He looks 80 so what she is, is a marvel! After dinner we came on to Ellanshona which is very wild but extremely pretty, our house is on an island (Shona) in Loch Moydart & is very comfortable.

**Ellanshona September 13th:** We have been here 2 months & most enjoyable. The life we have been leading has been so entirely different to anything else but Scotland the liberty & freedom of it is certainly very pleasant & it will not be without many regrets that we shall leave it. Aunt & Katie have been here part of the time, Mr & Mrs Shawe also & Robert for about a month all of whom we have much enjoyed having. Our time has been spent in sea & river fishing, scrambling, riding, sketching, reading &c. We have been most fortunate in the weather as we have had few rainy days. The Macdonalds have all been particularly obliging about sending us everything we required, at the same time notwithstanding our liking it all so much Phil has given up every idea of taking it another year as there is so little game. We [viz] Phil, Katie & I made an excursion over to Eig in our sailing boat one day and were delighted with the island. It & Rum form such a lovely view with the Cuillin Hills in Skye also, we explored the cave where 250 inhabitants of Eig were suffocated by Macleod of Skye in the last century only & the many human bones bear fearful testimony to the truth of the story. We afterwards climbed nearly to the top of the Scur which is the most beautiful mountain & from the top of which you can see (they say) to the coast of Ireland & all the intervening islands form a most perfect view & it being a heavenly day we certainly saw it to the best advantage. Castle Tioram, which is just opposite our windows on the other side of the Loch makes a fine old object from every side, it was an ancient stronghold of Clanranald burned by himself in 1715 before setting out to join the Earl of Mar prior to the Battle of Sheriff Muir. He committed this act that it might not fall into the hands of his enemies during his absence. This old castle & a small wooded island close to it are the last remaining territorial possessions of the one rich & powerful Macdonalds Chiefs of Clanranald. Photo of the cottage that Blanche would have stayed in overlooking Tioram Castle in the background. These cottages are still holiday lets today on Eileen Shona.



Philip Saltmarshe



Blanche Saltmarshe

## What's On?

### Hull Meetings

It has been decided as a trial next year, that the Hull talks meetings would be Seasonal - ie - Spring (March), Summer (June), Autumn (September) and Xmas.

Also - we are having them on a Sunday from 2.00 - 3.00pm - doors open at 1.30 pm

To start that off we are cancelling the January and February meetings.

Hull meetings are now to be held on the 2nd Sunday of the following months - 12th March; 11th June; 10th September and the 10th December - in the Carnegie Heritage Centre, 342 Anlaby Road, Hull. HU3 6JA - from 2.00pm. The doors will open at 1.30pm to allow for personal research

We will have a Xmas meeting with a Faith supper, Xmas Quiz and talk on Xmas customs on 6th Dec 2022 at our usual time.

We are also holding an Open Day and Book Sale on Sunday 15th January 2023. The sale will take place from 10.00 a.m - till 3.00 p.m Check the website Events Diary for further details.

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Scarborough Meetings are held in the  
the  
St Andrew's Church, Ramshill  
Road,  
Scarborough. YO11 2LN

Entry to the church hall is via the back door on Albion Crescent, either up the steps from the bottom iron gate, or by a pathway from the top iron gate. There is plenty of disc parking on Albion Crescent and Grosvenor Crescent, for 3 hours. The number 7 bus from town stops opposite the church, outside the St Catherine's Hospice Shop; the number 17 from the Eastfield/Filey Road direction stops just above the church.

Unless otherwise stated, doors open at 1pm for research and meetings start promptly at 2.00 pm. Tea/coffee and biscuits will be available for a donation.

If you wish to wear a mask, please feel free to do so, ditto hand sanitising.

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# East Yorkshire Family History Society

*We cover the East Riding of Yorkshire and so much more!*



## The EYFHS Help Desk

Email your questions to [helpdesk@eyfhs.org.uk](mailto:helpdesk@eyfhs.org.uk) and we will do our best to assist.  
Postal enquiries may be sent to our Hull address. Please see inside front cover.

The East Yorkshire Family History Society is a member of the Federation of Family History Societies. The Federation oversees the interests of all family historians

and genealogists as well as supporting the work of member societies. You can visit the Federation's web site, and access their extensive resources, at: [www.ffhs.org.uk](http://www.ffhs.org.uk)