

# Letters to the editor

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## STAR LETTER - HYDE AND SEEK

A bull in a china shop - not in Spilsby - it was more like a cow in a clothes shop!

The article in last month's issue of Lincolnshire Life about auctions reminded me of a rather interesting event which took place in Spilsby.

In the fifties I worked in the television workshop of Badley & Sons Ltd, an old established radio and television company. The workshop, located upstairs and overlooking the famous Sir John Franklin statue enabled all inside to keep an eye on proceedings outside, especially as the event was during the Monday market. The auction in the town itself included produce, 'junk' for a better word and poultry.

As well as the Town Centre auction, Spilsby boasted a very successful cattle market in Boston Road. To get to the cattle market, farmers often walked their cows through the town and on to the waiting

cattle pens.

There didn't appear to be anything untoward on this particular day, except for one of the very large cows deciding to enter the shop of H J Aiken and Sons, gentlemen's outfitters. Not only that but the huge beast for some unknown reason elected to make its way behind the counter. Imagine if you will a large animal stuck behind a counter with no forward exit. Farmers, cowhands etc will tell you that cows do not like going backwards, nor do they like their tails being pulled. I cannot remember how the cow was removed but I do know that every Monday following, all shop doors en route to the cattle market were firmly shut until anything living and on their way to Boston Road had long gone.

*Maurice Bird, Spilsby*

## HALL – OR NOTHING?

Years ago, when Hykeham was still a village, I used to visit an aunt. Her name was Mrs Kathleen Robinson and she lived with her husband George in a house named Fernleigh, which was on the right-hand side of the main Newark Road, round about a mile from the

Hykeham crossroads.

I travelled from what is now St Marks Street in Lincoln by a local bus service, owned by a Mr Hutson or Hudson. Coming to the point, I used to leave the bus at a stop known as The Hall Gates. Of the gates themselves, there was not a sign, neither was there any sign of anything like a Hall.

Could anyone give me information on this mystery?

*Mrs Lucas, Lincoln*

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