

Letters to the editor

▶ North Kelsey musician

With reference to the photograph of North Kelsey Choral Society, 1928, which appeared on the 'Bygone Gallery' page in October's 'Lincolnshire Life', I can tell you the gentleman standing behind the lady holding the cups, is Mr Clement Starr.

He may well have lived in North Kelsey then, but I do know he was living in Grimsby in 1931 and did so until his death.

My parents were family friends of Mr and Mrs Starr. Mr Starr taught music and was very well known in musical circles in the town. I was born in Grimsby and have many memories of going to his house in Grosvenor Crescent (long since demolished).

Although I have lived in Cheshire since 1949, I have retained a strong attachment to Lincolnshire and enjoy your magazine.

Mrs Janet Watson, Poynton, Cheshire.

▶ A county character

On buying a September edition of 'Lincolnshire Life' I was delighted to see a photograph of my late mother on the back page, advertising Tanglewood Health Care.

She died some years ago but was a truly remarkable woman.

She was a Bostonian, being the only daughter of a well-known master rope maker, Fred East, and was educated at Fanny Tongue's Private School in Boston, where she was taught to sew beautifully, play the piano and sing, and cook wonderful food. The three 'R's' were taught as an afterthought.

She married my father, Ross Ward of Holland Fen very young, when he was a pilot in the Royal Flying Corps. They had four children, ten grand children and seventeen great grand children. She lived to see her great-great grandson too.

I am sure many people in Lincolnshire will remember her. She was affectionately known as Kate.

Mrs G Maddison, née Ward.

▶ More on Peggy Salter

I was reading an old edition of 'Lincolnshire Life' and noticed an article about Sleaford photographer, the late Peggy Salter. Peggy learned photography in a chemist's shop in Newcastle Under Lyme. It was there she met her husband, Jim Dick who was at Newcastle High School, where my husband, Eric Tattersall, was also a pupil.

Jim left early to join the Royal Air Force. He was still in the RAF when they came to live in Sleaford and open the photography business.

Mrs Freda Tattersall,
Washingborough, Lincoln.

▶ Lincoln's fallen women

I would like to congratulate you on your publication of Cynthia Jolly's article about 'penitent' females in the county in the mid-nineteenth century. I found it packed with interesting facts and a very good read. Let's have more from this lady - she has a good knowledge and obviously does her research well.

Gillian Todd, Reepham.

▶ Our fabulous flag

I must admit, when I first heard that 'Lincolnshire Life' had got together with BBC Radio Lincolnshire to produce a flag for the county, I was a little sceptical. Even more so when I saw the designs laid out on the page.

Along with many other people I felt the flag should represent more of our lovely county - its Cathedral, windmills, Lincoln Imp, council crests, etc. However, now I have seen it flying I have changed my mind completely and can only say how good it looks, especially against a blue Lincolnshire sky.

I am pleased to see that Lincolnshire County Council has adopted this symbol and the flag is now flying above the Council Offices in Lincoln's Newland.

I do hope a lot more of our county's organisations - sports clubs, hotels, etc - adopt this lovely symbol.

G Clarke, Ruskington, Sleaford.

▶ Empty acres

Along with many other people, my wife and I have recently made the move from the south of England to Lincolnshire. A lot of our friends thought we were out of our heads to be leaving the 'civilised' south and heading for the wild wastes of the east of England.

However, we have been astonished at the richness and diversity of culture we have found in Lincolnshire. Granted, the West End theatre is no longer easily accessible, but that isn't to say we have not seen some excellent productions in a variety of unusual venues. And while we have to travel some distances to see events, the

peaceful roads mean it is quite reasonable to consider undertaking a thirty-mile journey in the evening.

Then there was the Lincolnshire welcome we received. Friends had intimated that even if we lived here for twenty years we would still be 'outsiders'. This has not proved the case and we have found people to be warm and accepting.

Most of all, we love the space of Lincolnshire - the flat fields stretching towards the horizon and the wide skies.

Now our friends who thought we were a bit odd to move away are considering making the move themselves.

B Berrington, Spalding.

▶ Ploughing for flavour

Recently I bought a swede from our local super store. It was as close in flavour to anything I have tasted since the Second World War.

Anyone who remembers the combination of mashed potato and swede with pre-war English fried bacon will know what I'm on about. There was not a thing we could grow in our climate that did not out-flavour anything we imported.

Alas! We have lost these flavours. The old English swede for instance is no more. Some of us oldies believed flavour was associated with 'sweet' soil. These modern farmers plough often before the 'sweetening' process has had time to work.

Good ploughing is more than straight lines. It is a matter of presenting the soil to the elements. Winter ploughing insured the ploughed sward stood on edge to facilitate drainage, being one sward leaning against another, exposing the maximum soil surface to frost and sunlight. It did this with the minimum of soil fragmentation and disturbance to the micro-organisms in the soil. The test of good ploughing is the smell of the sward in spring. A 'sweet' smelling soil led to vegetables with sweet flavours.

Noel N Potterton, Pinchbeck

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