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CAPTAIN MUTTER AND WALDUCK'S WALL (Part Two)

Simon Williams

In the previous issue of this magazine (2014, No. 2 Issue 66) Herbert J. Walduck and his partners had at last secured parliamentary approval for the land reclamation scheme, and had also raised the finance for the enterprise. Parliament had spared Silverdale from losing their shoreline, and instead insisted that Walduck's embankment should start at Jenny Brown's Point in Lindeth, to the south. Walduck hired a retired Whitby merchant seaman to manage the works, Captain Mathew Mutter. Captain Mutter took his family to live at Lindeth Lodge (now the Wolf House, opposite Gibraltar Farm), and in February 1877, the building of the wall began at last.

The wall

The method of construction was to quarry limestone from the side of the hill at Jenny Brown's Point, transport it in horse drawn trucks along rails built onto the growing wall, and tip it into the sea, gradually extending the length of the wall and adding more rails as they went. The plan was for the wall to extend nearly two miles into the Bay before turning towards its final destination a little north of Hest Bank. The railway ran from the quarry, under a bridge built below the road to Brown's houses at Jenny Brown's Point, and onto the wall. (The bridge, now filled in, can still be discerned at the seaward side of the road.)

But as the work progressed and the wall extended into the sea, it became apparent that it was all taking longer than had been expected – and was therefore costing more. Through 1878 the

building continued, but the problem seemed to be the strength of the tides, which were hitting the length of the wall and scouring out thousands of tons of sand, which then needed replacing by more stone.

One of the slower parts of the process, and therefore a drag on the whole project, was the length of time needed for a horse to pull wagons along the railway atop the wall along to the tipping point at the end. To improve matters a 3 foot gauge steam locomotive was ordered from the Gateshead company Black, Hawthorn & Co. This was built and delivered in early 1879. It was their number 474 locomotive, and was named, inevitably, Jenny Brown. It would now share haulage duties with the horses – on the wall and inside the quarry.

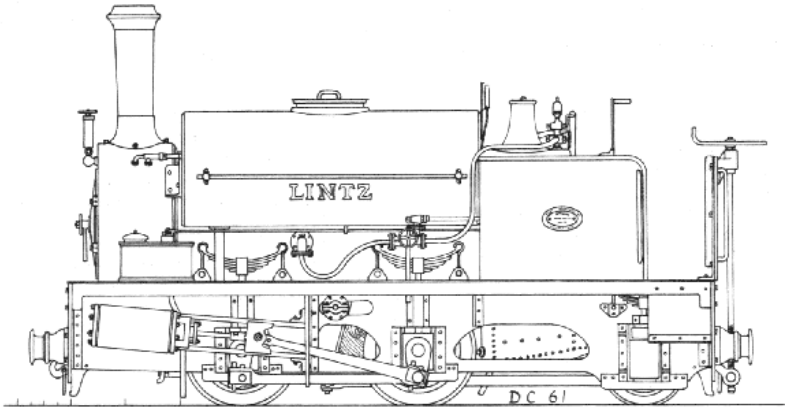

Figure 1: A Black, Hawthorn & Co. 3 foot gauge locomotive of 1874 – probably very similar to the Jenny Brown locomotive of 1879

Death on the wall

On Saturday 29th March 1879 Captain Mutter left his house to inspect the work as usual. At 10 o'clock, accompanied by his foreman, John Pedder, Mutter walked out along the rails along the top of the wall. Towards its end the two men stepped aside

off the rails to allow a horse drawn wagon of limestone rubble to pass them. The horse had made this journey hundreds of times before, and knew it had to step off the rails and allow the truck to pass to the "tipping point". A swing of the horse's head caught Mutter and knocked him back onto the rails, where the wagon ran over him and upset its contents of one and a half tons of limestone on top of him. Men set to work, but it took 10 minutes to uncover Mutter fully. It was clear he had severe injuries to his upper thigh and to his head, yet he was conscious. Even in this state the Captain maintained command. He ordered the locomotive and a wagon to be brought up, and in the wagon he was transported back to the quarry. From there he was stretchered home to Lindeth Lodge.

Doctors were called[1], and although there had been much loss of blood, no bones were broken. Though there were fears of internal injuries. He was nursed by his wife, Elizabeth, and for a while he seemed to rally, but the doctors concerns about the extent of injury proved justified. Captain Mutter died at noon on Wednesday, 2nd April 1879, four days after the accident. After a well-attended funeral Matthew Mutter was buried in the Silverdale cemetery, now known as God's Acre, and his gravestone stands just a few yards through the gate against the western wall.

Money problems

The loss of Mutter was a tragedy and a serious setback to the enterprise. But it was now faced with greater problems. Through 1879 the money was running out. The power of the tides and the ever-shifting sands of Morecambe Bay had meant progress had been much slower than planned, and it was

[1] Doctors Matthews and Brownlow each attended Mutter.

apparent that further capital was required. The earlier share issue had been something of a flop, and all could now see that the enterprise was a much higher risk than had been first described. If more money was to be raised, investors would need to hear some good news. The Warton Land Company started to brief the press that the embankment had now reached much firmer ground, and that progress was now much more rapid:

"The works of the embankment stretching from Jenny Brown's point are now being carried rapidly seawards. The tip end is over a mile from the shore, and is now being carried on hard clay, where there is not nearly so much scour as was met with a few weeks back. The progress made is about 130 yards in a fortnight. The embankment has to go about three-quarters of a mile further before turning eastwards …"[2]

Within a few weeks of this upbeat press story, work came to a halt and was never to restart.
Herbert J. Walduck seemed to be struggling with all his enterprises at once. Besides the frustratingly slow progress on the wall, his mines were producing only small quantities of ore, and were falling behind in the payment of bills and taxes. And the steel works were yet to produce any steel.

Work on the wall stopped by the end of 1879. The Warton Land Company held its 7th General Meeting in November 1880, and debated what to do next. It was decided that there would be another attempt to raise money to clear the debts and continue the work. However, the legal firm, Kimber & Co., was very reluctant to do anything to raise yet more money, and

[2] Lancaster Gazette 4th October 1879

simply refused to produce any more financial proposals. The finances were beyond breaking point. Loans were taken out to pay the interest on current loans. The Chairman, Edward Dawson, had personally made one of these loans, and had also provided the running expenses of the company out of his own pocket for five or six months.

In July 1883, in a triumph of hope over expectation, an auction was held at Carnforth's Station Hotel, of the 10,600 acres "now in the process of reclamation." Given that the painfully slow progress of the construction had ground to a halt over three years ago, it was highly unlikely that the auction would meet with much success. Nearly all the land in question was still under the sea, there was no current "process of reclamation", and, given the experience of the stalled construction works, it was pretty unlikely that the land ever would be reclaimed. There was just one bidder – the Chairman, Edward Dawson himself, who succeeded with a bid for £8,000.

1883 was Herbert Walduck's annus horribilis. In March he lost one daughter to tuberculosis, and then in October he lost another to the same disease. He had sold his grand home at West Lindeth, and moved the family to more modest accommodation. His mining company was failing, and the reclamation project was close to bankruptcy – and yet, with Walduck's typically obstinate optimism, there was still a hope that it might restart.

Unfortunately the 1874 Act had granted powers for a construction project of only 10 years duration. This was more than fair – the estimate had been that the project would be completed after three years. Once again, legal and parliamentary agents were put to work to secure more time for

the project's completion. This time there was no opposition, and the extension Bill was given royal assent in May 1884. Why did they bother? Did they really expect new investors to come to the aid of this doomed project? Or, perhaps, did they simply want to retain a value to a project they needed to sell on at the best possible price?

This was all desperate; there was no realistic hope of further finances being found. The major lender to the scheme, the Lancaster Banking Company, saw no prospect of its loan being repaid and started the proceedings to wind up the Warton Land Company. A compulsory order was made in November 1884. By now Walduck had fallen out with both the Chairman, Edward Dawson, and the Company Secretary, accusing them of "double dealing and chicanery, underhand meanness and fraud"[3]. In January 1885, even at the point of formal liquidation, Walduck was still throwing punches, signing an affidavit claiming that the Company had been in a prosperous condition until George Crisp, as receiver, had been appointed Company Secretary. The bank's solicitors received this with astonishment, and advised Edward Dawson (who by now had given up trying to carry on), drily: "We do not think the affidavit requires answering."

Herbert Walduck's wife, Henrietta, died in November 1891, and Herbert followed her a few months later. Following a stroke, he died on 30th June 1892, at the Holloway Sanatorium, Virginia Water, Surrey. His surviving daughters arranged for his body to be returned to Silverdale, where he was interred in the family plot in Silverdale's "God's Acre" cemetery on 6th July. His gravestone stands just three plots along from that of

[3] From correspondence held in the Lancashire County Archives in Preston.

his manager, Captain Mutter, who had died following his accident on the wall 23 years earlier (Figure 2).

Figure 2: The graves of Herbert Walduck (far left) and Matthew Mutter (far right)

Edward Dawson lived on. When he died aged 85 in 1916 there were extensive obituaries published. These listed his achievements as a barrister, in improving the estate at Aldcliffe, in his pioneering use of concrete in farm buildings, in his scientific and philosophical pursuits, in his work with prisons and lunatic asylums, as a lifelong devout Congregationalist, as the President of the Total Abstinence Society for 50 years until his death, as a Director of the Lancaster Bank, and so on and so on. They forgot to mention he was the Chairman of the Warton Land Company, and the guiding hand behind Walduck's ill-fated Wall.

The extraordinary power of Morecambe Bay's tides shift huge quantities of sand each day, and when storms coincide with the highest spring tides, considerable changes to the contours of sand banks and river channels can take place overnight. Soon after the construction work had ceased the sands once again covered the wall – leaving just the long "banking pole" projecting into the air, marking the site of the end of the embankment.

Until 1894 the wall had been all but forgotten, being largely covered by the sands. But that summer strong storms had once again uncovered the wall. Some blamed the currents caused by the wall for the sinking of the Morecambe-to-Grange pleasure boat, the Matchless[4], in September 1894. The boat went down just beyond the end of the wall, with the loss of 25 lives.[5]
The wall was once again covered by sand. Then, in May 1975, the Lancaster Guardian reported the uncovering of the wall, and its examination by an official from the Fisheries department. There were still present some rails, twisted into the air, which were removed as they were a danger to boats. The article prompted memories of locals who recalled the "banking pole" at the end – a long pole supported by iron cable guys, with a basket at the top. This had been destroyed by storms in the 1930s.

[4] Described in "The Matchless Tragedy" – by Simon Williams, available from Mourholme Local History Society.
[5] 25 drowned, 9 survived including the skipper. The most likely cause of the accident was established to be the occurrence of an extraordinary sudden and brief squall which capsized an overloaded boat – which carried no safety or rescue equipment.

Figure 3: Walduck's Wall at low tide, June 2014

Today, much of the wall is visible, although some has crumbled or been covered over once more by the sands. Yet it is an impressive sight, and a cause of wonderment and speculation from the thousands of walkers and visitors to Jack Scout and Jenny Brown's Point each year.

HARTLEY'S QUARRY
(Part Two)
Sheila Jones[6]

When John Green began working for Hartley's in 1938 at the age of 14, he worked with another lad who climbed up the face and knocked down gravel which he then riddled and loaded on to a rudimentary truck for transport to the processing area. Cliff Moss began six years later doing the same work. The face had been 50 ft. to 60 ft. but was now reduced. They had some mechanical shovels but knocking down was still by hand and any stone above 6 inches was raked away and put in barrows. The mechanical crusher could not handle anything over 7 ins. or 8 ins. Some of this was used to repair the sea walls at Morecambe and at Fleetwood, some was crushed by Wimpey's who were working Leaper's Wood. Material was tested for its suitability for different jobs. Vegetation and salt had to be removed, and it was put through a washing machine. Here, there were three or four sets of vibrating screens which graded the stones, and a circular drum in which to wash it. This washer came after John Green joined the business, and he then had the job of shovelling gravel into a bucket to be hoisted up and into it; there was no hydraulic system. The smallest stone was classified as sand and the largest rejected, and put through a crusher to come through the system again. The desirable material was mainly of ¼ in. to 1 ½ ins. and graded within that range. The material that was finer than sand was a sort of silt for which they had to provide a holding place, which was difficult because it, hazardously, acted like quicksand. It

[6] Part one of this oral history of **Hartley's Quarry** appeared in the previous issue of the magazine, **2014, No. 2 Issue 66**

was buried in pits with a barrier around, and fill or soil put on top so it could eventually be built on. Mechanisation happened gradually. Cliff describes a sand tower shaped like a cone which worked as a washer, the water flushing out at the top and the sand sinking to the bottom. With his drag line excavator ("a crane with a bucket on"), Cliff graced and planed and fetched and carried, eventually having to learn to drive. He learned by trial and error and by watching the other driver who was a good role model.

Hartley's transported their product to sites. It was used in the construction of the M6 and Alan Lund, the dispatcher, was invited to the opening at Preston. It also went in to most of the heavy construction ongoing during the time of the firm's operation: schools, the foundations for pylons, and bridges. They supplied material for the foundations of the motorway bridge over the Lune. This had to be natural stone, not crushed, because hairline fractures in the latter would threaten the foundations. Ernie recalls driving all around the North-West because Hartley's were the only suppliers of sand and gravel. He remembers driving to Silverdale, but especially liked going up to the Lakes. He gave no lifts because you could get sacked for that. There were three workers under Alan in the office, but he was not clear whether this was when the business was only quarrying or whether it was when it had expanded into other fields. (There were 80 employees in all at that time).

When there was a major piece of work ongoing, hours were very long. Mr Baker once said that he would not employ a man who was not willing to work 60 hours a week because it was no good to a quarry to employ those who would only work less. During the time of the Lancaster by-pass being built, the

quarry was running for 24 hours a day with two twelve hour shifts. Cliff chose to work on nights for the extra pay. Normally, Alan, in the office, worked from 8 until 5 or 6p.m. and the workers started at 7 a.m. and worked for 11 or 12 hours. This encompasses many hours of darkness. John Green said you don't need lighting if you're working outside because your eyes are used to darkness, but Cliff remembered a little tin lamp on his extractor. Later they got a generator and were well illuminated with 500 watt bulbs. Alan and his wife both testified to how hard the quarrymen worked and said they were glad of the two days off at Christmas. However, when the quarry closed for a week's break, they did not know what to do with themselves! The Bakers, themselves, had a strong work ethic, even though the sons are said to have had no interest in the business. Whatever their inner feelings, they led by example. Stan Galloway and his wife (Joan Baker), on the other hand, were very content to let the quarry be their life. She still speaks with twinkling delight at being the only woman amongst all those men, and loved the teasing she used to get. Gordon, her son, loved going to the works with his brothers, and remembers giggling in the family car while the workers rocked the vehicle back and forth.

Extra work was usually welcome to the quarry men and there was an opportunity, described by both John Green and Cliff Moss. Occasionally a couple of barges would come by on the canal travelling north to Kendal, operated by a father and son, the Ashcrofts. They would not stop, but would yell out an order for 30 or 40 tons for a particular time the next day, for transport to Preston. The order would be ready on the wharf (towards the north of the Lundsfield site) and two quarrymen would be hired to help with the loading. It was back-breaking work but you earned in a day what you would get in a week from the quarry (or in two hours what you would get in a day,

in another version). The bargemen were very strong. The younger Ashcroft would say, "We'll load Father's first so he can be going," and then they would do his. They would be running with the barrows and at first would be running uphill, but as the barge settled lower in the water "you were downhill". Willy Wood, off North Rd., used to have a wharf too where Hartley's used to load some "really hard bits" for transport to Lundsfield by barge instead of wagon, but both wharves disappeared in the 40s.

There were accidents. Joan says there were two deaths, and Cliff described one. A young worker was learning to drive and he and another were in a wagon between two quarries when it shot through a gateway into the field, tipped over, and crushed the lad. Inspectors found nothing faulty with the vehicle so it was probably due to the "lads larking about". Whatever the cause, the survivor would not work in the quarry again. Another time, Cliff was in a wagon when the quarry face opposite him collapsed. It was 20 to 25 feet high and the hard stone they called "crown". Les Rogerson was in another wagon, a brand new one, and for a second, as the quarry face stood suspended like a wall, Cliff had time to shout out a warning. Les threw himself flat in the cab. "When dust settled I don't think there was any iron, any part, and even wagon was crushed, and I heard, 'Get me out. I'm dying' ". Luckily, when Les was dug out he was found to be only badly bruised. Cliff also experienced a quarry face falling on his vehicle. "It lapped window of machine and glass cut me". He showed the scar on his wrist. He never finished telling the story of when he was assisting a fitter to make the final adjustment to a machine Hartley's were buying, and was picked up by winch gear, but the story started with him wearing clogs and his foot slipping. There was another tale of burning Linetex rubber

going down his wellington and a further scar on his ankle. But he feels that "these things happened"; and John Green, in contrast, remembered no mishaps. Joan used to regularly check the first aid boxes in her day, and some of the employees were trained as first aiders and got extra pay in this role. When inspectors came everything was always in order, which was not the case at every quarry. This was the era when every accident was not believed to be preventable. Stan used to go down to Lundsfield at the weekend, often taking his sons with him, to chase the local lads off the machinery. A quarry was clearly a dangerous place, but it was the responsibility of the lads, with the cautions of their parents, not to play there, rather than the responsibility of the owner to fence off the huge area involved.

During the time covered by the interviews, the quarries were working out, with only the Lundsfield site in a position to extend. Cliff left in 1969 because by then there was "more muck being moved than gravel" and he could see the end in sight; as could the Bakers, of course, who had already diversified into other businesses. John Green, who left in 1962, wondered how money was ever made from such poor, clay-ey gravel, but he was perhaps just talking about the Willy Wood site, for Gordon Galloway says the material in the main quarry was of very good quality and up to 100 loads a day could be going out at one time.

For those who looked beyond the financial aspects of owning or working at the quarry, its closure was a sad loss. Cliff was clear that he was vastly better off when he moved to Duneld Mill stone quarry, but "it weren't the atmosphere". His narratives about Hartley's were told with unabated pleasure. The fine relationship between owner and worker can be

summed up by the fact that when old Mr. Baker died it was quarrymen he wanted as his pallbearers.

See also Mourholme Local History Magazines, Vols: 49 & 51

‘I THINK YOU WOULD LIKE THIS PLACE BETTER THAN BLACKPOOL’: A PICTURE POSTCARD VIEW OF SILVERDALE.

Awena Carter

Even though some people have begun to post views of their holidays on social media sites such as Facebook, or Flickr, many of us still send and receive picture postcards of holiday scenes. It is this practice which has coupled the words ‘picture postcard’ with the word ‘view’ as I have done in the title of this article. The way in which photography and tourism is embedded in picture postcards has shaped perceptions of landscapes and views.[5] Added to this is the way in which the ‘[w]ritten communication on the postcard, and the selected image together provide an interesting fusion, unique in each synthesis.’[2] The postcard from a Silverdale visitor that contains the sentiment ‘I think you would like this place better than Blackpool’, for example, is written on the back of a very dark and gloomy picture of Townsfield, in Silverdale.

This card is part of a collection of 38 picture postcards of Silverdale, dating from 1904 to 1980, which I have used to explore some of the ways in which holiday makers have communicated their experiences of Silverdale[7]. An invaluable framework for this exploration is the research of Julia Gillen and Nigel Hall into Edwardian picture postcards. I draw on their observations of: the reasons for the rise in postcard popularity; the Post Office regulations governing postcards; the rise of a postcard writing convention; and the similarity of the

[7] I am grateful to Jenny Ager and Simon Williams who generously allowed me to use their postcards of Silverdale.

Edwardian practice of the sending and receiving of postcards to today's social media.

Gillen and Hall were interested in the way ordinary people write: there are plenty of examples through history of what might be called the 'dominant'[1] discourses, for example, of Education, the Law, the Church, but not many of the way ordinary people write in a 'vernacular'[1] discourse. The ubiquitous Edwardian postcard provides Gillen and Hall with 'great potential for anyone interested in the history of writing'.[4] I have used the 38 picture postcards of Silverdale to show how the conventions Gillen and Hall observed about the postcard writing of ordinary Edwardian people persisted until well into the 20th Century. If we examine some of the picture postcards we receive we might conclude that they also persist into the 21st Century.

Some reasons for the rise in postcard popularity

At the beginning of the Edwardian age paper became much cheaper and, although many cards of the time were either sepia or black and white, there were innovations in colour printing. This all made picture postcards cheap and plentiful to buy and also to send as, at a halfpenny, the postcard stamp was half the price of that for a letter. In some areas there were up to ten postal deliveries a day.[2] We can add to this that, by the turn of the 20th Century, universal elementary education had been compulsory for more than thirty years, making most of the population literate or perhaps semi-literate.[4] In Figure 1, written in 1907, for example the text is in a cursive script but, although some of the spelling is at best phonetic, writing appears to be used as a normal means of communication; in nine words the writer conveys the means by which she has arrived in Silverdale and the splendidness of the holiday

weather. *'Just arrived hire* (here?) *by Drive his* (is?) *splendid wheathir* (weather?) *AR.*

The picture side of this postcard, a coloured photograph labelled 'The Shore, Silverdale no 1' shows it to be part of a series and is an example of the way tourism and photography came to be fused together[5] as well as demonstrating the synthesis between image and message.[2] The publisher's name and logo, appropriately a messenger, can be seen on the text side. This card contains other features to which I will return in later sections.

Figure 1: An early picture postcard.

Although all of the postcards I looked at were written in cursive, or another sort of joined writing, they do not necessarily show the same degree of invented spelling seen in Figure 1. Another card, also written in 1904 is addressed to

Mi/s C Owen
The Rea Farm
Upton Magna

The message reads[8]

Dear Cissy
Very many thanks
for orders received them
quite safe, hoping you
are quite well with
dear love
from Mabel

[8] In transcribing postcard texts I have tried to preserve the formatting of the original communications

The address shows that the writer still uses the long 's' (Miſs C Owen), and, despite the minimal punctuation, the neat cursive script reflects the business-like content of the message. The picture side is a black and white view of the end of Stankelt Road, looking towards the Post Office Hill and captioned 'Silverdale Village'. Another almost identical view, in 1912, is captioned 'Station Road.'

The Materiality of the card was one of the reasons that made postcard writing so popular[2]. Picture postcards were relatively robust but light weight, making them easy for the Post Office to handle. They were also stiff enough for holiday makers to write them on their knees without the need for a writing table or desk,[2] as this card written in August 1911 shows.

My dear Margaret
How are you dear.
I wonder if you are on your
holidays yet. We are having
lovely weather at Silverdale
I am writing this inside Cove
cave. You would just love to be
here it is so pretty Best love from Rennie

Besides the apparent ease with which the card was written in a cave, the text conveys the cultural norm of holiday making, the delight in good weather and the 'prettiness' of Silverdale as a holiday location. The picture side shows four small picture postcard views of Silverdale in the four seasons of the year, each picture against a spray of an appropriate seasonal plant, and the legend 'Greetings from Silverdale'. This has the effect of making Silverdale the ideal destination at any time of the year, even in the picture postcard view of winter snow.

Another reason for the popularity of the picture postcard was the restricted size, although some writers could squeeze a lot of words into a very small space. The writer of the following postcard from 1963 has written over 80 words on the back of a coloured picture postcard of a high tide in the cove, looking towards Grange. Since it is a relatively recent card I have anonymised some of the details.

*** Lindeth Rd, Silverdale Monday*
*Decided to phone Mrs ** last*
night. Staying until Thursday.
We came on the 10.16 Glasgow bus
as far as Lancaster, then an Arnside
*bus at 11.45. Mrs** made*
dinner for us. The children are
playing on the beach & Bernard
is asleep (at Gibraltar.) Sunny &
warm with a fragrant breeze.
We may go to Arnside tomorrow
afternoon. Christine felt ill
on the bus but is better
now. I think you return Thursday (?)
or Friday (?)
Love from Elizabeth and
Bernard

Other postcard texts are very short, as Figure 1 demonstrates; on 24 of the cards in the collection, the message is under 40

words long. The following writer of a 1907 card does not waste words:

Do you
know this
house how
is Mr Holi-
day. Thanks
for PC Album
Mary Holmes

The picture side shows a coloured photograph of the cottages leading down to the School on Emesgate Lane. It is Number 4 in the Silverdale series of which the card in Figure 1 is Number 1. Though brief, the communication indicates another reason for the popularity of picture postcards. 'At the beginning of the twentieth century collecting cards was an extremely popular pastime; most valued examples were often placed in albums'.[3] Many postcard producers published series of images, of Music Hall artists for example, or of early film actresses, people sent them as gifts as well as communications and there was the imperative to collect the complete set.

Some changes in Post Office regulations governing postcards

'From its introduction the postcard was a highly regulated object; in the United Kingdom the shape and size were determined by the Post Office.'[3] At first post cards were not illustrated, so that the address had to be written on one side and the message on the other. By the time the post Office had accepted that one side of a postcard could be an illustration, there were strict regulations governing what could be written where, as can be seen in Figure 1 from 1907. However, two years earlier, the following postcard of the old Church opposite

Silverdale Cemetary, appears to reflect a writer's tussle with the Post Office's stern instructions. It is addressed to:

Miss Elvira Hamlin
Spelman Seminary
Atlanta
Georgia
U.S.A.

but, on the left hand section of the message side is the instruction,

'FOR INLAND POSTAGE ONLY THIS SPACE MAY NOW BE USED FOR COMMUNICATION'.

Perhaps fearful of transgressing this rule, the writer pens her message to America at the bottom of the picture side.

Greetings. I am spending a few days with friends in this charming little English village on Morecambe Bay

Happily, on a postcard from 1910, the rules appear to have relaxed as, above the underlined 'This Space for Address Only, is the added instruction, in small capitals,

'THE OPPOSITE SPACE MAY BE USED FOR CORRESPONDENCE TO ALL COUNTRIES'.

Despite these stringent instructions, the post card gained so much in popularity that almost a billion a year were sent at end of Edwardian Age.[4] Writers though, appeared to have remained chary of the rules for some time, as the text of the 1941postcard in figure 2 shows:

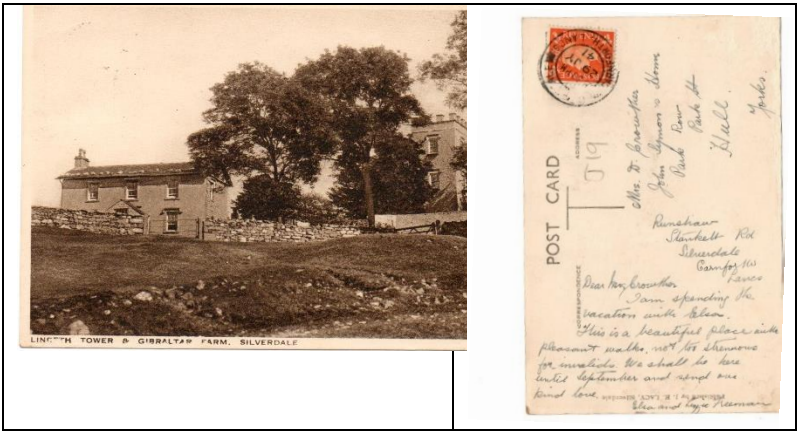

Figure 2: Carefully observing the rules.

The formatting of the postcard text, transcribed below, shows the way the writer keeps carefully within the space defined by the printed instructions and the publisher's details.

Dear Mrs Crowther
I am spending the
vacation with Elsa.
This is a beautiful place with
pleasant walks, not too strenuous
for invalids. we shall be here
until September and send our
kind love.
Elsa and Lizzie Freeman

The writer uses the convention of letter, rather than postcard, writing, but turns the card through 90^{o} to write the text. I will discuss ways of discouraging the postman to read the postcard he is delivering in the following section.

The rise of a postcard writing convention

Many letter writing manuals were written but, as there was no manual for writing postcards, there was the sense that no one was looking over your shoulder as you wrote.[3] People wrote in ink, lead pencil (see figure1), indelible pencil and biro as they liked. This is one of the reasons that post cards texts are so interesting to research, as has been mentioned.

However, a downside of picture postcard writing was and still is, the public nature of the message.[4] Many people signed cards with their initials and wrote no greeting, or sender's address (again see figure 1). Some people wrote upside down, as did the writer of the following two cards (though I have kindly printed the text the right way up), written a year apart by the same writer to the same recipient. The first is written on the back of a sepia picture of the end of Shore Road and the second on a picture of the Chimney at Jenny Brown's Point, again a sepia image.

Woodbine Villa
Silverdale
Nr. Carnforth
17.8.16
Dear Ada
We arrived safely after just catching our train, we just got in & off it went. S got my boots?
We are sat on the front just before Marjory goes to bed. We have done a bit of shopping. There is a lot of people in Silverdale.
Love from both
Yours sincily (sic)
A Armitage

Silverdale
7. 9. 17
Dear Ada
Just a card to say we shall be home about 6.20 tomorrow (Saturday) it has been lovely again today. We shall want tea. All news later
Love from M and self.
A Armitage

Some people wrote at an angle, and others, like the following writer, turned the card sideways.

3 Rock Villas
Silverdale
Nr Carnforth
April 23./26
Sorry I could not get on again. Hope you are both feeling better. Weather not bad but wind cold, nice when

sun shining. At the left
of the picture you see the end
house of this row. Best love
Helen

(The 'end house of this row' refers to the last house in Rock Villas, Lindeth Road.)

This writer started writing from the centre line of the card. The writer of the 1904 card to Miſs C Owen mentioned above also wrote sideways on. She started at the left hand side of the card, following the printed direction in that orientation. Some people used very small writing and others invented a rebus, or wrote in code, or mirror writing.[4] Although sadly there are no examples of these ways of fooling the postman in the collections used for this article, there is one enigmatic card from 1923, the picture side is of Arnside Tower, Silverdale (sic) looking towards the scree on Arnside Knot. It is written in very faint pencil, making it hard to decipher, as my frequent question marks indicate. The recipient's address is plainly written in ink.

D^{r} P
You will be glad to know Jess (?)
arrived safely & the agent had
sent him on to a Ja—-Sihtly(?)
Shall hope to hear some further(?)
news. I'd (?) *I have had a*
pleasant and benefical holiday
here. We hear Frank
comes to P---on Friday
but we shall be home (indecipherable word)
Kind love to all (indecipherable signature)

Perhaps this card fooled not only the postman, but the recipient also.

People, in other words, made up their own rules and often wrote in a conversational way[2] or, as in some of the cards above, used note form. I discuss this aspect of picture postcard writing in more detail in the next section.

The similarity of the Edwardian practice of sending and receiving postcards to today's social media.

Vernacular discourses (and this includes communications on online social media) are 'essentially ones which are not regulated by the formal rules and procedures of dominant social institutions and which have their origins in everyday life.'[1] Although the Post Office did regulate where and how much one could write on a picture post card,[4] no one regulated the content of the message: that was firmly in the hands of the writer. Many of the postcards texts I have included above, are written in what may be called postcardese: '*Just arrived hire by Drive his splendid wheathir'. 'Staying until Thursday'. 'Weather not bad but wind cold, nice when sun shining'.* This 'lowering of standards' was much frowned upon in the press, and it is not difficult to relate this to the consternation of many to the contemporary use of textese and other forms of online communication,[3] and the infiltration into the language of acronyms like LOL (Laugh Out Loud, or Lots Of Love). However, perhaps some readers can remember writing SWALK (Sealed With A Loving Kiss) on the back of letters to boy or girl friends.

Another comparison with today's online instant messaging was the frequency of the daily postal deliveries which meant that postcards provided almost synchronous communication similar

to today's social media.[2] This is linked with the disapproval of the postcard and fears for the way it appeared to threaten the 'correct' way of communicating by letter.[2] Cards like the following from 1906, written on the back of a splendid colour photograph of Silverdale Church, show some evidence of frequent family correspondence and faint guilt over writing a postcard rather than a letter.

Dear Sister
Many thanks for P.C. glad
to hear you are away enjoying
yourself, we are up to the eyes
in work had a dinner party last
night I was nearly broiled
Please ask cousin M. to excuse
me being so long in writing
to thank her for letter & P.P.C.'s
With kind regards to all I know
& love to yourself Yours etc
Alice

Postcards were fair game for criticism because of the public nature of the message, just like the semi-public and anecdotal messaging conventions of Facebook and Twitter. This is not the case with letters because, whether grammatical or ungrammatical, they were and are sealed in the privacy of an envelope and do not provide public evidence for the same sorts of allegations of lowering standards.

A picture postcard view of Silverdale

The texts of the picture postcards in the collections I have referred to in contextualising writing practices contain many references to Silverdale as a place in which to enjoy a holiday: as one writer put it, *'Enjoying ourself up to the mark'.* In this final section I will quote from both the cards I have already discussed and from others. The descriptions of Silverdale seem remarkably consistent across the six decades covered by the collection. '*At the moment we are in Silverdale – a lovely spot, as you said',* wrote one. The writer to America referred to *this charming little English village on Morecambe Bay.* Two other writers appear to echo each other, *'How you would love a few days here!'* and '*You would just love to be here it is so pretty'.*

It is no surprise that many people wrote about the weather, after all it can make or break a holiday. Many of them appeared to have been very fortunate, a few talked about sitting and enjoying the sunshine, '*The children are playing on the beach & Bernard is asleep...Sunny &warm with a fragrant breeze',* but most mentioned the weather in connection with some activity; the shore seemed very popular, '*Weather excellent so far. Off to Jenny Brown's again this afternoon.*' Another wrote, '*We are having lovely weather at Silverdale I am writing this inside Cove cave',* on another card, *'It's warm & sunny, & we've been paddling. We're going to walk to Arnside,'* and, rather more scarily, considering the dangerous nature of the sands, *'Yesterday & today (promises) hot weather. Last evening we walked and paddled all the night on the sands. There seems to be miles of it but no shells.*'

Surprisingly, none of the writers mentioned the specialised flora of Silverdale in fields and limestone pavements, nor did they mention the bird life of the area. They appeared to come for the peace and tranquillity of Silverdale . '*This is a beautiful*

place with pleasant walks, not too strenuous for invalids,' wrote one, who perhaps made an effort to stay on flat ground. Another, writing in different age, wrote, '*Lovely Day we have been getting heaps of Primroses,*' One writer, conscious of the good fortune of discovering Silverdale wrote, *'[we are] enjoying the abundance of trees & vegetation & the wonderful sky-line of the Lake District. We're feeling very lucky'*. It is easy to see that they, like most of the postcard writers in this collection felt that they would '*like this place better than Blackpool'*

References:

[1] Barton, D. and Hamilton, M. (1998) *Local Literacies: reading and writing in one community*, London: Routledge.

[2] Gillen, J, and N, Hall. "The Edwardian Postcard: a revolutionary moment in rapid multimodal communications." *Paper presented at the British Educational Research Association Annual Conference*. Vol. 2. 2009.

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[4] Gillen, Julia, and Nigel Hall. (2010) "Edwardian Postcards: Illuminating ordinary writing." In: *The Anthropology of Writing*: *Understanding textually mediated worlds*. Barton, David, and Uta Papen, eds. Continuum: London, pp169-89.

[5] Urry, J. (2007) *Mobilities*, Cambridge: Polity.

REPORTS OF EVENING MEETINGS
Clive Holden and Andrew Davies

26th November 2014: The Development of the Band of Hope (with special reference to Preston).

Susan Bailey began her talk by telling of early attempts to discourage alcoholism aimed largely at the common people, such as an Act of 1552, another in 1688 at a time when local raw materials were used in the making of Dutch Geneva (gin), and yet another in 1729 when 'Mother Gin' or 'Madam Geneva' was demonised. Later in that century the evil of gin-drinking (particularly by women) was featured graphically in the cartoons of William Hogarth. Consumption of beer, on the other hand, was commended, as it was supposed to promote good health.

With the coming of industrialisation in the 19th Century employers welcomed the formation of temperance societies in an attempt to curb absenteeism and inefficiency. In Preston the original aim of the Preston Temperance Society in 1832 was 'moderation', but by 1835, thanks to Joseph Livesey and the 'Seven Men of Preston', total abstinence through 'taking the pledge' was preferred. Other leading figures in Preston were Thomas Walmsley and George Toulmin, two of the founders of the Sunday School Total Abstinence Society. The Band of Hope, aimed at the young, was founded in Leeds in 1847 by Jabez Tunnicliffe, and it quickly became widespread throughout the country. In 1855 the U.K. Band of Hope Union was formed. Non-conformist churches were well to the fore as well as the established churches, and Friendly Societies involved their junior sections. Meeting places were made warm and welcoming; concerts and other entertainments such

as lantern lectures were organised, and annual outings and field days were held, but the main thrust was temperance. By the early 1900s the membership was well over three million. Changed circumstances led to the decline of the Band of Hope in the twentieth century, though, in the form of Hope U.K., its work still continues along with the fight against drugs.

11th December2014: Social evening.

At this Christmas meeting, members and guests brought along interesting photographs. Thanks to Simon Williams's ingenuity they were able to be projected onto a screen so that their owners could talk about them, with further comments from the audience. One of the highlights of the evening was a rare photograph of the 'Matchless', the subject of Simon's book 'The "Matchless" Tragedy'.

Mince pies and drinks were served in the interval and for the rest of this enjoyable evening, members and guests cudgelled theory brains with a local history quiz, complied by Clive Holden.

28th January 2015: The steamboats of Windermere.

Margaret Reid, a most enthusiastic and knowledgeable speaker, told us first that the Windermere Steam Boat Museum, opened in 1977,originated with the Pattinson Collection but since 2007 has been run by Lakeland Art. Now known as Windermere Jetty, the old is to give way to a new museum in 2016. There will be a wet dock, to enable the more seaworthy boats to go in and out, though the most fragile will be kept on

dry land . There will also be a cafe and a conservation workshop where ongoing work can be viewed. Examples of the many boats in the collection are ‘Margaret’, a pleasure sailing vessel of about 1780; the 1850 steam launch ‘Dolly’; the 1869 steam launch ‘Esperance’; and an old rope ferry from about 1870. The aforementioned ‘Dolly’ was taken to Ullswater where it sank in 1895, and remained until it was found by accident and raised in 1962. It is now a prized part of the collection.

Also in the collection is the ‘Branksome’ (originally ‘Lily’) of 1896, probably the most luxurious wooden vessel on the lake, built by Brockbanks of Windermere. All of these form part of the Historic National Fleet.As well as the boats there are several thousand smaller objects, such as a silver engraved tea hob and a tiny oil can, each object telling its own story. There are also paintings, sketches, photographs, and a ticket from the opening of the Kendal & Windermere Railway in 1847, which brought a massive change with six hundred people descendingon Bowness on the first day, and a further 120,000 in the course of the year. Many people of importance were attracted to the area, such as William Forward, (director of the Cunard Steamship Company), George Ridehalgh, a multimillionaire, and Henry William Schneider, the industrialist, who had Belsfield built in 1869, and was the owner of ‘Esperance’, a most elegant wrought iron vessel which he used as his private yacht. Unfortunately many boatbuilding records were destroyed in the 1960s/70s, but photographs are in abundant supply, 20,000 of them being held at Kendal Library, thanks partly to the efforts of Frank Henty Robinson. Windermere became a place of adventure, with attempts at speed records by personalities such as the ill-fated Sir Henry Segrave, and local man Norman Buckley while in

the 1939-45 War the Home Guard made use of it and it was a base for the famous Sunderland flying boats.

25th February 2015: Local metal detecting finds.

If you thought that all you need to do to make your fortune is to wander at random with a metal detector, then think again. **William Hargreaves,** an enthusiast since 1974, and a member of the Lune Valley Metal Detecting Club since the 1980s, soon disabused us of that idea. First he told of several important hoards recently discovered, such as the Huxley (Cheshire) hoard of silver bracelets, the Cumwhitton hoard of Viking brooches (now in the Tully House Museum at Carlisle), and the Staffordshire hoard of Anglo-Saxon gold and silver. Such finds are usually made after careful study of likely search areas, in many cases by organised groups with the permission of the landowner, who of course stands to gain from any valuable discoveries. Metal detecting enthusiasts follow the guidelines of the National Council for Metal Detecting, while the recording of finds in England and Wales, some of little value in themselves but of historical interest, is dealt with by the Regional Finds Liaison Officers appointed through the Portable Antiquities Scheme. In the course of his talk, interspersed with several amusing anecdotes, William stressed the importance of good equipment, such as the small hand-held instrument useful for pinpointing exact locations of small objects such as lost rings. Nor do enthusiasts necessarily seek to enrich themselves, preferring to give the proceeds of finds to worthy causes such as the Air Ambulance and the Army Benevolent Fund.

25th March 2015: The Boundaries of Beetham Parish

Dr Peter Standing had recently completed an MA in Lake District Studies and as part of this had made a detailed study of the boundaries in Beetham. He began his talk by showing a map of the current extent of Beetham Civil Parish together with the neighbouring parishes, although as he said in earlier times Beetham parish included Arnside and also, to the west of the Kent estuary, Witherslack and Meathop-and-Ulpha. The first mention of Beetham is in the Domesday Book where its extent is given as four carucates, a carucate being the amount of land a team could plough in a season, or approximately 120 acres.

There are many kinds of boundaries, including county, parish, manor and estate. Some can coincide, as for example the substantial medieval stone wall through Eaves Wood that is between Dalham Estate, Beetham Parish and Westmorland (now Cumbria) to the north and Leighton Estate, Silverdale Parish and Lancashire to the south. Boundaries develop over time. Thus the counties of Lancashire, Westmorland and Cumberland were established in the mid twelfth century, much later than southern counties (or indeed Yorkshire). Parts of the boundary of Beetham parish follow rivers or streams such as Leighton Beck and the River Bela and to the west of the Kent, the River Winster, although parts of this river have since been diverted to improve drainage. Man-made features are used for other parts of the boundary such as Paradise Lane near Milnthorpe and "Main Drain" that feeds into Leighton Beck (Dr Standing asked whether anyone knows when this drain was created). Where the boundary is less obvious, boundary stones, walls or hedges are used. New boundaries are still being created, such as that for Arnside and Silverdale AONB. When looking at the landscape, natural boundaries can also be found,

such as a change in type of rock, following a bedding plane or fault line.

NOTES AND QUERIES

THOMAS WILLIAM WORSDELL
Clive Holden

Anyone who visits the Quaker burial ground at Yealand Conyers will see that among the graves is that of Thomas William Worsdell. That he is buried at Yealand is his only direct connection with the old Warton parish, for in 1893 he took up residence at Arnside and died there on 28th June 1916 aged 78. Nevertheless his career is worth looking at.

After early experience at Crewe and other railway engineering works he went to the USA for a few years before returning to become the manager of Crewe works in 1871, and locomotive superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway in 1882. While at Stratford he designed some compound engines which were not successful, and some passenger tank engines and a great many goods engines which fared much better. In 1885 he became locomotive superintendent of the North Eastern Railway at Gateshead, and, in the four years before his retirement on the grounds of ill health, he designed several classes of passenger, goods and shunting locomotives, many of which had long lives. He retired in 1890 on the grounds of ill health, to be succeeded by his brother, Wilson Worsdell, but remained as a consulting engineer to the North Eastern Railway until 1893.

Two of Worsdell's locomotives remain in preservation, one of the Great Eastern Railway and one of the North Eastern Railway. Both were officially goods engines, but they also did a lot of passenger work . The Great Eastern Railway engine, built to Worsdell's design as late as 1912, can be seen on the North Norfolk Railway. The North Eastern Railway engine,

built in 1889, was originally withdrawn from service in 1939, but reinstated because of the war, and not finally withdrawn until 1962. It was a familiar sight on the Darlington – Tebay line. For some years it was at Beamish, and is now based at Shildon in County Durham.