

Marton Meet 18th to 20th may 2007.

Where to begin?... Smoothly run by hard working marshals, who reflect their enjoyment of their work in the good humour and friendliness to all those they meet, both campers and others.

The Chinese raffle, that Bill seemed to have stuck in his mind and announced it twice as an Irish raffle. However he more than made up for his Freudian slip with his excellent music and games.. Once the auction got under way and it was discovered that there were two whips as prizes, the proceedings became hilarious, with each of those who had won a whip hoping to hold on to it. But to no avail, not even grannies pink knickers that Gina won could tempt them. So best left alone the names of those that finally wound up with the whips.

My wife who was born in this village tells me that this village hall was once an active farm. The main body of the hall was to store hay, and all the usual machines and devices used to run a farm in it's hey day, if I may use a pun. Hence the three pointed arches dividing the lower, and newer part (the points are to allow the hay and straw to be brought into the building on a cart without being knocked of) from the taller section of the hall. The rest of the old farm buildings which are still attached to the hall, are now domestic accommodation with someone presently living in them. To use the local vernacular " they must be good wooled un's to put up with all the noise that must come from the usage of that hall."

The weekend magically slipped quickly away, and all too soon it was flag again. A big thank you to all those who organised and ran it.

On Saturday night as I sat with friends drinking our 'nightcaps' it passed through my mind some of the many pieces of history I had learnt about this valley.

By now the enthusiastic wind of the last two days had died to a mere zephyr. On it I thought I could hear the echoes of marching of feet and the tapping of metal sword against shield as the Roman soldiers came down Till bridge lane from the Foss Way, along Littleborough lane to cross the river Trent on the causeway they had built there to ford the river. Perhaps on their way to subdue the revolt of the Iceni tribe on the isle of Axholme. There hesitating a few minutes to allow to pass the 100 foot Roman barge from Italy via Boston to pick up grain, up the river Witham to the recently dug Foss dyke canal to the river Trent, turning left at 'Trent Falls' and on up the river Ouse to York, with replacement soldiers, wine, and leather shoes etc. No doubt taking on board some of the Black pottery freshly made at what is now the Little London caravan site.....car boots held Wednesday's, and Saturdays at 12 noon.

No I don't think they held "Cart Boot" sales there then, did they?

The Trent Valley has been home to many races, and has it's own unsung histories. But perhaps another time when the mood takes us to listen for the ghosts of the Angles, Saxons, and Vikings, or the distant drone of the squadrons of Lancaster bombers straining to gain height before their nightly run to bomb Germany. A sound well remembered as a boy reading an ancient "film Fun" comic's in bed.

Alas Mr Sandman cast's his nightly spell, so it's time for sleep. Goodnight, God bless, and a safe journey,

Colin Simons, Yeoman of this county now called "Lincolnshire".