

1937.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

To view the school from the Bye-Pass, it looks much the same as it did years ago. The walled play ground the same, a shrubbery opposite the gate has gone. This hid the path to the outside toilets. At the opposite end of the playground a small ^{iron} railed fence and a lawn, used for the Maypole. This end of the school had been the headmaster's house; but longer in use it was our room for those who had to stay for dinner. We ate our sandwiches here, and Mrs Walton used to come in to supervise. The house had two bedrooms and usual kitchen, room and back kitchen and out buildings.

Along side was a raised garden. This was used by the senior boys as part of their outdoor lesson in gardening. Around the back the path lead to the boys toilets and to the coal store. Garden sheds etc. Going across the playground to the right, the main door lead into a passage with the cloakroom and wash basin to the right. Then a door on the ~~left~~ ^{right} which lead into the infants Room. Down the passage to the left, the door went into the juniors Miss Crowens room, and the senior room was entered by door in this room. The infants room was furnished with small individual table and chairs at the lower end with a sand tray at the back and a shelf on the far end for flasks etc. The stove and Mrs Talbot's desk were on the centre of back wall with a large blackboard and east the children a year older were nearer the door, at desks. We had chalk boards most of the time. There were alphabet letters and numbers put on cards around the room. The windows were high up so we couldn't see out of them. There was a back door out to the

The two maps are photocopy (not sure if I should have done!

These illustrate the land given by ^{King} Charles II to Vermuyden;
shown location of North Carr Farm.

The old and Original Village Survey has a copy of the map
specially drawn up for the Duke of Argyll's Estate.
Lands on the Southern Side of Village to Wiseton belonged to Sir John
Lagock of Wiseton Hall.

There are some repetitions of work in the Survey, and
my writing from a personal point of view. Which
is part of an account I am writing for my
family hopefully an autobiography. but have the
Family tree etc and my life from leaving the Village
to present day to complete (in time of course!

The Senior Room seemed bigger, with double desks and a larger space in front of the class with the stove to one side and the headmaster desk to the other as you went in. There was an anti room at the side for stock; but also used for canning bread boys. Another small room at the back was used for games equipment. This had a door at the back as well, for the boys. Each room had a piano, an area on the wall was for pictures and patterns made by the children. Whether it was because I was small or not I could never see through the windows. Unless they were so designed so we concentrated in class instead of letting our eyes wander outside.

I remember my first day at school, and spent most of the time looking around the classroom, seeing new faces and wondering what it was all about. Also walking home that afternoon. We had got to Mr Bennetts farm before dad picked us up. After that I fitted in with the village girls at playtime, and began to learn my lessons. Remember still the cards on the wall with endings like -er- or -ir- or -ur. and eventually they made sense; and progressed to standard I. I don't think I had many difficulties with either the writing or sums at the time. School days made me more aware of the village around; and the things that I hadn't seen on the farm. We were allowed out of school after our sandwiches; and got to know where my friends lived. The village shops, and the post office. Then there was the Telephone box, which I didn't understand at all. Many of the children came a long way to school; with a lot of walking, as there was no 'School transport' at that time.

Eventually I moved up into Miss Gravens class. I could read and spell, well, but didn't like using the ink pen for the first time and had many blots or ink stained fingers; so my writing was in the least to say scribbly. (as was). However, I listened and learned quickly. This perhaps was my downfall, as most afternoons, I and a couple of other girls had to go back to the infant room to help my (or their) younger brothers to learn how to read. Meanwhile what went on in my class I missed out on. I did learn to knit and sew; as we all had to do. There were very few organized games, in the playground, as any season; although it had been marked out for softball.

There were different games in the playground at break. The boys used to play Tiggly, Leap-frog, Baskets, marbles and whip and top. Some of the tops or jumping jacks could be quite nasty as they flew across your path. The boys were supposed to stay at one end of the playground. Other games were, Orange and Lemons, Ring O' Roses, Hop scotch, Skipping. The Big Ship sails through the Alley Alley O. The Farmer wants a wife. The Rain, the Rain, Come fast. (^{long-}verse). sang. Gathering nuts in May. "Skitter Scatter". Kick Can. Hide and Seek. etc. We had a uniform then of a white blouse, black pleated gym slip with a badge on; and a belt or sash round the waist. We had black stockings, which often came down or were all wrinkly, held up with either garters or suspenders, and ankle socks in summer; and checked dresses. The boys had shirts + jumpers and grey trousers of knee length. Socks came up to the knees held up with garters but usually one was round the ankles. Boys didn't get long trousers until they were fourteen and had left school.

Not many families had a camera, and films were difficult to get, but the school Photographer came along every year, with class and individual photos taken. Usually taken in the playground and was a solemn affair, not to move etc; and some of the results showed the serious faces; hats and often left a lot to be desired; especially the unruly hair. The school dentist came with a mobile van in the playground, and after inspection we were given a card to take home if treatment was needed. Fortunately I never got one. Another school visitor was the Welfare Nurse, who came to rummage through our hair looking for nits! Usually in front of the class, one by one. No privacy. Medicals were also carried out, but parent was asked to oversee the examination. There was an importance attached to Health Care even then. The usual infectious diseases occurred from time to time. Mumps, Measle and Chicken Pox, but occasionally more serious illnesses. Impetigo seemed to spread through the school when the evacuees came. Bad coughs and chest complaints were more prevalent in winter. As many of the families were poor a lot of remedies for childhood ailments were passed down through families; as it was expensive for Drs to visit that they couldn't afford to pay him. Some paid by gift instead of money, i.e. produce etc. My Mother had a cupboard with Brimstone and Treacle for spots or tummy upsets - Cod Liver Oil, for protection against colds and chest infections, Goose grease was rubbed into the chest for coughs and chest complaints the covered with a flannel, smells revolting. Also hot drinks of lemon and honey.

(clothes whitener)

Bicarbonate of Soda, or Dolly Blue were used on Bilias and stings, but if nettled we were told to rub it with a dock leaf. Laxatives were Syrup of Figs, Castor Oil or Senna tea made from Senna Pods. A Blemish product was Scott's Emulsion for colds.

Back to the school, our lessons progressed with having spelling tests and tables every day until we knew them off by heart. Which I still do. There were no assistants in school, like there is today. Occasionally a senior girl would help out. In summer we had nature walks and then had a test to see what we remembered. After these afternoon walks tired us out, as we still had the long walk home. There was strict discipline and often the boys got the cane, or the younger ones the ruler. Usually for fighting or pushing the little ones down; bad work, talking in class or not paying attention. I managed to get through school without this but often had tears in my eyes when my brother got the cane. I got plenty of thumps + bumps from the brother but they did come to my help if others set about me. Because I came from a large family, the teacher's response when we brought a new comer to school was, "Not another One." There were several large families in the village at that time. I was seven when the war broke out. I knew it was something bad as my older brother told me stories, but when nothing happened I tended to forget about it. Although our lives were never to be the same on the farm.

Late the evacuees arrived in the village, and our school suddenly became full of strangers, and the classrooms were full. They had come from the city but settled well into village life and we were soon friends. My cousin came from Newcastle to

stay with us during the worst years & I had a special friend at school with her. The older boys in the school had special jobs to do. They were responsible for filling the ink wells when necessary. Also the coal scuttles. The stoves got very hot but had a large iron fireguard round to keep us safe. Sometimes the rooms got hot, but the biggest room was often cold at the back, and draughts came under the outer door. The school had several, bring and buy sales, jumble sales. The aim was to try to reach enough money to buy a radio for the school. This wasn't obtained before I left. The school was a Church of England school, hence we had a lot of religion. Prayers were said after the morning bell, then the register taken. The vicar 'Mr Mintz' came to school every week, we were taught the Church services of by heart. Also Hymns, and of course the Bible was read to us, I remember some of the talks about the devil, good and bad deeds, and a lot I forgot! but overall some got through to my conscience especially about right and wrong doings, and not to give in to temptation. However we occasionally went to the church, for special services from school. The girls in the top-room, went for cookery classes to Misterton school. I must have been about (10 or 11) we made scones, suet puddings etc but also did the best recipes, and the hygienic side of cooking. The older boys did woodwork. The village had an Annual Carnival, with Queen and Attendants chosen from school boys were pages. We rode round the village on decorated drays pulled by horses. Also had a sports day for all the children, (but after school). There were no telephones in the school. No 'hot' water either.

(1937)

Journey home from school.

In the Spring and Summer time, walking home from school gave us an opportunity to see and watch what was going on all around us. Leaving school we walked down Leys Lane, past Mr Conneys smelly goats. Then wandered down Lock road, this was good as we were going downhill. The pastures were full of cowslips and Ox Eye Daisies. The streams by the roadside attracted to look for violets and primroses along the banks; in clumps here and there; of course we had to stop and pick some for mother. The boys also had an eye on the fedges to see if there were any birds nesting. Further along were gorse bushes and a catkin hedge, with blackthorn bushes here which were covered in blossom in spring; down the steep drop to the Canal, and on to the bridge, where if we were lucky we could see the brightly coloured barge in the Lock. With its floral patterned buckets and jugs; and often a dog to bark at us as well. The horse was unyoked from the tow path so the barge could go under the bridge, then yoked up again. I suppose we lingered too long watching the water lowering and passing through the gates until the level was reached and it sailed away under the bridge. I think the Lock keeper had his eye on us. He was a smallish man but looked formidable to us. After our rest we continued passed fields where cattle or sheep were grazing. By now there were a couple of farmsteads to pass and we came to the road which linked up with Middle Bridge road. We went straight on, the road was now long and flat. A lane branched off to Mr Yates at Ellicar. Next was Mr Bennetts. He kept poultry, housed in huts and nightsheds. To feed and water them he wore a yoke to carry the buckets of corn & water. Must have

been heavy and tiring, but he had children at the school and always found time to shout hello, or his dog would bark at us. There were a few other children who walked with us, but eventually we were the only ones left. On the long stretch we used to run from one telegraph pole, skip to another, or walk just to break up the boredom of it. Half way down this stretch an old cart track went off to Glebe farm, no longer inhabited. Then another branched off to Oaklands farm. Next was Mr Clippes farm, his sons went to school with us. We watched his horses at work raving for the potatoes. He was a craftsman and his son still has horses today. Mrs Clipp was also busy outside feeding stock or poultry, as well as being a busy housewife. This was the last house, and the next stretch took us up to the lane that went to Everton Carr. There was a derelict house just down that road. By now the fields were rough and uncultivated, with boggy and willow areas. Next was Plankhouse Shed. Which had been built for horses that worked away from the farmstead, so they could have feed and shelter. At last we came to a right handed bend down to dirt track (before the war) This was called Hundred Lane, with the fields on either side being called "Big Hundreds and Little Hundreds. Usually grazed by sheep among the bushes and large tussocks of grass. We watched the cheeky magpies flitting among the sheep, or saw a rabbit or weasels scurry across the lane, and hid under the bushes; but we could not catch them. One more turn and we were on the home straight. Past the old cottages, then ran to see who could

A Village Walk.

I will approach the village from Wiseton, the Roadmaster's house was on the left at the bottom of Mill Hill. It is a steep climb up to the top. Where there is a Garage on the left. The mill house, and the mill on the right, with spectacular views over the surrounding area. Next is the village Cemetery and War Memorial. From here there is a road to the left leading down towards West Wells and Lock Road. To carry on the Bye Pass takes the traffic to Gainsborough. This was incomplete during the war and was used to store Army vehicles, ready to be shipped overseas when necessary. The school is on the left with some waste ground in front, but well protected by a wall and gate. A road curves from the Bye Pass to the village, on one side the Fair Piece where we would see Mr Boneys goats tethered, and they did smell! The goats were kept for the milk which was specially good for the children in the T.B Home. This is opposite the Fair Piece. It was funded by Sir Joseph Laycock of Wiseton Hall. The children came from other areas, many had their arms or legs in iron cases or supports to help them walk. They used to come to the railings to watch us passing and talked to us. They had their own school room, and we could see the beds on the balconies. They were made up with red blankets. (Fortunately there was no need for the Home years later, so is now back to Private Residence. Following the wall round, there was the drive up to Church Farm opposite and a short road to the right which joined up with Claywell Lane. Then the Vicarage on the right was (still is) a large family house. The vicar at this time had three daughters so they had a tennis court.

on the big lawn. We next came to the village cross
 got damaged in a motor accident, probably one of the
 earliest in the village. A lovely view down Cross Hill
 with Mr Blakes shop half way up; and Mr Whalley's
 Bakery lower down. There was also a Bake house
 in the yard of the old farmstead on the left of Cross Hill
 Mr Robertshaw's. I watched him put the loaves in
 the big oven with his long handled tool so he didn't
 get burnt. Dad took me there once. Mr Blakes shop was
 always well scrubbed or very clean. He used to wear a
 long white apron; almost to his ankles. Sold groceries
 and other provisions; that the villagers needed. The
 bakers shop had a glass case showing the buns and
 cakes and the smell of new baked bread filling
 the air. To continue along the High Street, on the left
 was the Blacksmith yard. During our lunch hour we
 watched him at work, shoeing the horses, or making
 a new wheel for someone's cart. Different smells here, first
 the hot iron shoes on the hoof, Or the smoking wood when
 the rim was put on the wheel. On the right was the
 steep path up to the Church. There were many
 tall trees, and in the spring they were alive with
 the sound of the rooks and crows making their
 nests. Across the road was a small butchers shop, and
 barber. Then the Telephone Box, before the Post Office.
 Mrs Hill looked after the shop and lived behind it. She had
 two sections quite dark and gloomy. There was a curtain
 across and a passage to the Post area where we bought
 stamps on occasions for notes. Next is the Blue Bell
 Inn. This was no place for children, strictly for
 the men. So quickly passed by. The fish and chip
 shop was next where you could not a bag of chips for
 a penny or two.

Mr Metcalfe's cottage was next, before you could walk
 down the alley called "Sams Yard". Next prominent building
 was the white Hart. Another coaching inn from years gone by.
 Old cottages along the right and another imposing house
 near the church. On the left, was our teacher home. Miss
 Brown, Browns Croft. This was on the corner as the road goes
 down Horse-wells. Opposite on the High Street was Mr
 Hunter's woodwork shop. He was the Village undertaker,
 joiner, etc. After a few cottages and paths, the next shop
 was Mr Walton's, the Bobblers. You could smell the leather
 as you entered, and he used to peer over his glasses at
 us as he hammered & sewed. He must have been very busy
 as we seldom got new shoes. They always had to be mended.
 Next door was Mr Needham the Butcher; where we got all
 our meat. There's a piece of land jutting out here looking down
 Horse-wells, and it was said that a Pub was sited there years
 ago. Further along past more cottages we came to the last
 shop. That was Mrs Blackwells. It was quite large
 with two counters. Dad got our weekly groceries from
 there on a Saturday. The Village Hall is opposite this
 shop, then the gate to the foot path down to Linko Street.
 Next was the Manor House on the left and the big House
 called the Beeches. Part of this was the earlier Post Office.
 Now the road gets steeper towards the Beacon crossroads.
 But first was the large Chapel and school room. At the
 cross roads, one on the right went down towards Green
 Lane. The Village Doctor had his house and Surgery just
 across the bye pass. Beacon House stands to the right
 of the cross road, opposite the Beacon and the Water
 Tower. A garage used to be near that site. The last house
 was the Village Police house; where the High Street
 joins the Bye Pass. Where the Cross keys stood on the

Right a bit further on and opposite the sand pits. Retracing to the Beacon, Gate a sharp climb to the top, gave you a wonderful view over Hatfield Chase the Barrs. York Minster in the Distance on a clear day. Lincoln Cathedral, and other outstanding land marks. Down the Beacon Hill the road branches off to Misterlin but carrying on down Carr Road which joins in to Finkle Street. You see the Tree lined drive to Beacon View Farm. On the right is the road down to Dunstan and the Brick works. There are a couple of small farms, along Finkle street and Appleton where my grandparents lived. Next is the stile, used for people as a footpath to the High Street. Further along Mr Blythin had his Haulage Business; opposite the drive to the Homestead. Here Finkle street meets up with Horse wells; and across to Little Lane, a narrow road leading back to the bottom of Cross Hill. Sam's Yard came out into Little Lane, just before Mrs Watson's shop. Next was another joiner-Bricklayer, Mr Hardy. His shed was there, but his front door was on High Street. With steps down to the lower levels and garden as shed. The road then joined up with West wells. The old Reading Room on the left, the men met here to play billiards. There are three roads away from the Village towards the Ekesterfield Canal, Lock Road, Middle Bridge and the Dogs road to Dunstan, but only Lock Road carried right down to the end of Carr Road and to cart track from there to North Barr where I lived. The village was always busy, people going to the shops, or neighbours chatting or hanging out the washing. There were very few cars in the village so it was safe to play about anywhere.

The village policeman used to either walk or cycle around. Horses and carts, or pony and trap were the normal kind of transport. A village Bus went to Gainsborough on a Tuesday. It called in on its way from Blayworth. A Mr George Hind was the owner. Who also liked a drink! Mostly the people could get all they needed from the village. Milk was taken around by ladies from the farms and you took a jug and they gave you a measured amount. A few ladies did dress making - there were maids in the large farm houses, to help the farmer wife, with all the hard chores.

The Houses between Lock Road and Middle Bridge Rd. Laycock Ave (Council Houses) were built to replace the very old cottages with no water, only outside pump, and outside earth closets. Some of these cottages were at the bottom of Horse wells, and a row off Sams Yard in Little Lane, these were all built in a row, with a pump outside. Some moved from farm cottages which were isolated; even then there was a waiting list.

(dad) * Because the families were poor, the children at school were given a third of a pint of milk at playtime. These bottles had cardboard circular tops and the centre was pushed out so the straw could be used. It was cold and very often the crates had to be put near the stove to thaw them out. There was an insistence that all children had a daily dose of cod liver oil. There was a mixture of malt extract, think it was called VITOL. The infant teacher had a jar and gave some children a spoonful on occasions. There was a school cleaner who swept the floors after school, and during holidays came in and scrubbed all the floors and did general cleaning. Even though discipline was strict, somehow over the years the desk tops got defaced or scratched, with initials or deep ink stains, that wouldn't be able to be removed.

School Holidays and the Farm in General during the Year.


Like most children not having to go to school was an exciting, no lessons, great! We were free to roam around the farmyard and fields. That was after I had helped mother make the beds, or other jobs, looking after my younger brothers. Being the only girl I often resented that the boys were out and I had to scrape the vegetables.

We had a swing in the barn, and a see-saw, hammock and tent in the garden. We seldom saw the village children during holidays, so had to amuse ourselves. The fold yard was always noisy with ducks, geese or chickens, cackling crowing, squawking quacking. The geese could be a threat at resting time and the gander would hiss and stick out his neck to keep us away. The goose made a straw nest about 2-3 feet across, and covered the eggs with straw if she left the nest. That was when the eggs were taken and put under a broody hen in a quiet place. We were always impatient for the eggs to hatch, and took great delight on the arrival of the goslings all fluffy and yellow. The ducks just seemed to lay anywhere; but the hens had nest boxes, although some of these laid away in the nettles, and we had to watch out where they went. It was important to shut up all the poultry at night, as foxes roamed around looking for a quick supper. The poultry was the only means of income for mother and were sold for Christmas Dinners. My uncles who lived at Rotherham and worked in the pit took the orders. Just before Xmas it was tactic, depending on the weather, as there were no fridges or freezers to keep them fresh. The plucking was done across the yard in a building with a fireplace that had been lodgings for Irish men, years before. Even though we were small, had to help pull out the feathers, which seemed to go everywhere.

our hair was full of white fluff, making us itch or sneeze. Dad did the finishing off. Weighing and pricing. They were then wrapped in greasproof and put on a cold slab in the dairy. Dad used to take them on Christmas Eve to Rotherham. Mother always complained that the fattest and best geese were sold, and we had to have what was left. The older boys went to the fir wood just up the road to cut down a Christmas tree. Being large and tall only the top was cut out. This was a big decision for them, looking or climbing up to get what they thought was the best. It was only after we went to bed on Christmas Eve that Mother decorated the tree. There were no fancy stockings to hang up, but we each had a pillowcase which we pinned a name tag on, making sure it was well displayed. I think the poultry money paid for our presents from Santa. Not big expensive presents, but we were still excited to get Drawing paper, box of paints, crayons, story books, news socks or jumpers. I remember a Dolls House, with cooker, pots and pans. The boys got, small toys, board games or a bow and arrow set. etc. After a large family dinner we sat round the fire and listened to the radio. It was a special day, we were allowed in the front room, which was normally reserved for visitors. The Grandmothers sent us a parcel each, and tin of sweets or biscuits. We sang carols and listened to the King's Speech. (not that we were interested but had to sit still and listen. Even on Xmas Day the cattle and stock had to be fed, the cows to be milked the horses fed and watered, so apart from meal times we didn't see Dad much. Sometimes it snarled and had great fun playing in it, for a while

then came in with cold feet, and wet mittens. Once warm we couldn't wait to do it all again! In winter the yards were always deep in mud, and often our boots got stuck, so had to cry for help to be pulled on. I followed Dad around, watching him putting the manure or turnips in the cutter, and turning the handle. They fell into a skip, then were carried to troughs for the animals. Hay was cut and forked into the racks. The big yards had to be regularly bedded with fresh straw. Even in winter holidays some of the granaries and barns were not used, so had plenty of places to play hid and seek. In spring we had to be careful, the dykes around the farm filled with water, so had to be careful not to play near them. The birds started to sing again, and the swallows and cuckoo arrived. The swallows nested in the stables, and the cows shed. We watched them flying to and fro with beaks of mud. Then waited to see the baby beaks over the side of the nest, wanting to be fed all the time. Then the young lambs came along, some of the weaker ones had to be given a bottle or were brought in by the hearth to keep them warm. It was not unusual to have either a lamb, piglet, kitten or pup to share the hearth with.

The buds appeared on the trees again, and the wild flowers grew in the water meadows by the River Idle. Mother taught us how to recognise them and the names from roads and bullrushes, to king cups, celandines, milk maids, meadow sweet and many more. The horses had to be harnessed for work again and did the ploughing, harrowing, drilling, etc. The fold yards had to be cleaned out once, the stock was cut to graze. The manure was carted out and put

on large muck heaps. This was later spread on the
 land when well rotted, put into smaller heaps and
 spread with a muck fork; not the best of jobs, but necessary.
 In summer, on hot days mother took us across the field
 to the River Ode; and taught us how to swim. This
 place was shallow with a pebbly bottom, Dad mended
 an old car tube and after it was blown up mother tied a
 piece of clothes line to it, so she could keep control of us,
 and we did all learn to swim in time. Flawing brother's
 cricket was their favourite game, all the family joined
 in, even if everyone wanted to bat, or didn't want to
 be out, after protests they always came back for more.  They also played Barbays and Indians, or Robin
 Hood, with home made bows and arrows. We had
 occasional treats, mother would take us to Doncaster
 on the steam train from Mistletoe, the Museum was
 a favourite of ours. It had then an indoor glass beehive
 where we could see the bees at work. Also all the usual
 artizan, and a mummy! also an intriguing Grotto in
 the Grounds. Also staired around the Battle Market
 and the Undercovered Market and Barn Exchange.
 Could see the Flying Scotsman on the station if lucky
 and went up close to see the engine.
 The first time I went to the Cinema at Guisborough
 was to see Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. I was only
 about six, and thought it was real. In summer we
 went on the drays to the hay field and watched the
 rick raking then making hay cocks, which were later
 forked onto the carts and then stacked. Glad to walk
 home, following the horse and cart. They ^{men} had a
 stone jar of Ginger Beer, to drink, also got a basket
 of bread -- a half of loaves at next time. It was hot

The harvest followed later. The horse and binder going round the field and the corn thrown out as sheaves at intervals. They had to be picked up and stacked in about 8 or 10 together so the air could blow through and keep it dry. The sheaves were often heavy and scratchy with thistles mixed in. Later they were brought to the stacks and the men took great pride in making a good stack. Which was thatched before winter, to preserve it before thrashing. It was a great time for the chickens to scratch around in the loose corn at the stack bottom.

Autumn was also harvest-time for wild fruit. Earlier the raps. Then the "Fox Cover" wood was covered with brambles. So we went with buckets to fill, and got lots of scratches as well. Also picked Crab Apples, which Mother made into jelly. Wild mushrooms grew in the fields and were fried with bacon and eggs. There was only one apple tree, in the nearby empty cottages, but came in useful for Bramble and Apple pies, or the same jammed. Bramble jam or jelly was made in abundance, and stored. I saw enough to last a life time! especially when it was put in our pack up sandwiches for school. Mother also made plum or damson jam, and Marrow and Ginger jam. Granddad had a large Orchard at Appleton, so we used to go and pick up the wind falls. Before Christmas there was the Pig Killing; Being butchered in our premises we saw all the process, (after it was killed). The scraping & scalding the hairs off. The local butcher, hung it to cool after removing the offal. Mother rendered the fat and stored it in large Earthenware Bowls. This fat was used to make the pork pie crusts; and after baking a selection of meat WAS PUT ON PLATES (FRIED) and given to NEIGHBOURS. WHO GAVE ONE BACK WHEN THEY KILLED THEIRS

A lady helped Mother with the pies as there was a lot to do at once. The carcass had to be cut up and placed on a layer of salt on the stone slabs. These were the shoulder, hams & sides of bacon. The lead was boiled and made into brown. Later the salt was washed off the meat and they were hung to dry to preserve and keep for ages. The saying went that the only thing that was not used was the squeal!

There were gypsy caravans that used to camp down the country lane about a mile from the farm. We walked past with dad and were curious to see the brightly coloured waggons, and how many children managed to live with them. They had an assortment of horses and ponies tethered nearby, also dogs. A wood fire was used as a cooking stove with big black pans bubbling away. Some came to call at our house, with clothes pegs. They made them from split willow branches and bound one end firm with strips of Tin, they were pretty sturdy. Also carrying big square baskets with lace buttons and other trimmings, usually mother got a few pieces. They went round the village from door to door. The men had a reputation for peaching or stealing potatoes or vegetables for the stew pots. The children didn't go to school as they never stayed long enough in one place. Once mother swapped a goat for clothes pegs etc. When the goat first came from Tin not sure when it was just a kid we played with it and it followed us everywhere. The boys made a primitive cart and harnessed it to the goat, idea to fetch sand for the younger boys to play in. Or lick the empty cart but clamped the front head and ran home. In 1941 the farm developed, he started climbing on the walls.

By then it started butting and knocking us down. We were frightened of it. One day it spotted the open pantry window got its head through and ate the bread that was cooking. Another day it got in the garden and ate my dresses and other washing. However many times it was fastened in he always managed to get free. Mother was in despair so it was I think a big sigh of relief to do a deal with the gypsies. Other visitors called at the farm. Some very welcome, others not so; A knock on the door, one dinner time, being nearest I was asked to see who it was. I opened the door and gasped, ran to Mother and said "It's a man with a dogs lead on." She took over, saw it was a tramp his hair long, and face covered ^{hair and} with beard. Very gingery brown. All he wanted was a drink, so he was given some food and tea, then went on his way, but I will never forget that day. Recollecting I had probably never seen anyone unclawed before. Other tramps came but none as scary as that one. The nicer visitors were Mother's friends and relations. Grandad & Grandma Lobe had a car but could only visit in good weather because of the state of the country lane. Grandma brought material to make our clothes, and a good supply of wool for knitting the boys socks. Mother never had time to go shopping, she was far too busy looking after us, with no modern devices it was rub & scrub, every day. She still found time to help us learn to write our name and count ready for school. In winter after tea we would all sit around for and listen to the stories she read. The favourite ones were Treasure Island, Coral Island, Black Beauty etc. We used to plead for just 'one more chapter'. Because Mother was clever and went to Rutherford school she had a large tea chest full of books, so plenty to choose from.

Bed time was early. Probably the only time that there was any quiet in the house. The candle was our only lighting upstairs. Well paraffin Aladdin lamps downstairs, or stable lamps in the passage. The toilet was at the far end of the garden, so chamber pots at night. On occasions, one of us would need to go when it was dark, so mother sent two of us to go with, whoever, just with a candle, which nearly always ~~flicked~~ flickered, or went out, so we had to start all over again. Sometimes we didn't like waiting, and would run back to the house, only to be sent straight back again to wait.

It was eerie, to hear the sounds of the owls screeching or the foxes barking or calling to one another, or the gnaty shadows cast by the moonlight.

Being young we had many theories and ideas as to what the Moon and stars were all about. Especially about the stories we were told about the man in the moon. How did he get up? Why didn't he come down? etc.

Living in the wild open spaces, the forces of nature were very visible to us. The thunderstorms, lightning, or the beautiful rainbow afterwards. Of course the story of the 'pot of gold' gave us ideas, like where to go and find it! The best was sitting among the grass watching the white fluffy clouds sailing across a clear blue sky. Not so nice were the foggy days, or the heavy rain. The wind blew across the fields and when it returned, filled the ditches, and made big drifts around the buildings. A wonderland of white, but so soon when the snow came, with slushy puddles, and melting puddles falling from the spouting fire was a sledge, which we took turns to pull, but the land was very flat, so we didn't get the

excitement of going down hill like the children in the village did; there were plenty of frozen puddles to slide on though; and we took many tumbles!

School days continued and I moved up from infants to junior; following daily routines reading writing tables sums and General Knowledge. I enjoyed school but can't think of any of the boys who liked school; but had to accept it.

By the time I was seven the onset of war brought changes to our lives in many ways. The older boys said how horrible it would be, but after a few weeks nothing happened to us so thought little more about it. However changes were afoot.

The farm we lived on was taken over by the War Agt, and Dad became the foreman. Our private world was invaded by strangers. Gone was the freedom to roam the marshes, finding the waterhens nests, also the skylarks and magpie nests. Our peace was shattered by the arrival of road builders who completed a hard road instead of the lane, all rutted and muddy. Much better for going to school; but with the road came, machines we'd never seen before. Dredgers to deepen the dykes, channels cut across all the fields and drains laid out in rows to be sunk down deep and covered. This was done by Irish Labour. A Nissen Hut was erected for these men, with eating and sleeping sections. The Government wanted to make the land more productive by draining. Then came the Caterpillar tractors for pulling up shrubs and ploughing. Other men were employed and cycled from Misterlin. Instead of our two or three horses there were up to sixteen, and the stables had to be extended.

Other farms in the area came under the War Agt, and a Manager, supervised the foremen, and had offices at Oaklands where he came to live. These farms were now all

Farming methods, Previous to this the only big machine we saw was the steam engine which came with the threshing machine, it turned the belts which set the machine working. It could be seen approaching the farm several miles away. Other men did come on threshing day, and Grandad brought a basket of food for mother to make the men sandwiches, and tea. The men had to work very hard, struggling up the granary steps, with the corn in 12 or 16 sh. sacks. The muckiest job was in the chaffhote with all the seeds, seeds & rubbish to be cleared away. Back to the Drainage, a new Pumping station was built about a mile away. My eldest brother went up every day and helped make the tea for them and got some pocket money. I went with Dad when it was completed. Everything was spotless around the Pumps but the noise of them was quite frightening. As the work on the land progressed and crops were grown, more machinery & tractors arrived. So had dangers on the farm and cautions and warnings not to do this or that, not to go here or there. More help was needed with the harvest as a lot of the young men were away at war. The Land Army was brought in: A Hostel was built for them at Gringley (now EXBECSTAL) and they were brought in a lorry every day. This was nice for me, and I think mother who had a few more females to talk to. There was also a lorry load of girls from Worksop prior to the Land Army, sent to different War Ag farms. Some of the girls had never been on a farm before and found the work very hard, and long days before they got home; often working late at harvest time with: back breaking cleaving, picking, potatoes, in

During the early war years school life carried on without disruption. Changes on the farm carried on. Dad got a better wage, and mother had a daily help. We had a van now, but was uncomfortable in the back with bags of straw or cushions to sit on, but got towed about a lot. Petrol was rationed so journeys had to be essential. Dad used to switch off the engine using the downhill slopes to his advantage, if we were short of 'juice'. The Manager tried to educate the farmer and took them along to meetings for farmers, they were organised by the War Ag. to discuss methods of Agriculture, Pest Control, Crop Husbandry etc, this gave them an opportunity to go to the Pub afterwards! Much to Mother's annoyance, she called them Flick Beetle meetings. For some unknown reason to me. There were many more crops grown now, peas, beans, potatoes, sugar beet, as well as corn. The harvest the biggest manual effort. They worked until dark. The clocks now altered two hours instead of one, called Double Summer Time. We wanted to stay out and watch the cart loads of sheaves coming in to the stacks, but Mother had the last word at our bedtime.

Around early evening we would hear the distant throbs of the aeroplane engines, then they became more visible as they came over in droves, the aircraft heading out over the East Coast for bombing raids. To return early morning hopefully. Later the searchlights from the nearby Camp used to beam crisscross over the sky looking for enemy aircraft. Living just over the river bank from Finningley aerodrome the planes flew in practice bombing, but the odd stray landed in our fields. They also used flares and with fiction parachutes which often landed in our fields. These were usually (or supposed to be) landed in to the authorities, some I can say strayed and were put to

was a home find, I know several local ladies made silk underwear! Sometimes the planes drop thin strips of silver foil, which I think was to do with the radar. Like everything in wartime, survival was an issue; Black Marketing was common place. We could see for miles from the house, so any approaching vehicle was spotted. The police car occasionally visited to check permits etc. This was the sign to hid the lambs in the combers in the stable on one occasion, wonder why! but I think fresh eggs and butter kept him sweet anyway. The police could stop and search any vehicle, for anything that was being moved illegally; or to make sure the headlights were properly shaded. This was essential in the 'Black out', so not light visible to the Enemy. Even Cycle lamps had downward sloping grids, and the house windows had to be covered with dark curtains or screens. The A.R.P. would soon knock on doors if a hint of light was showing. The wireless had batteries, they had to be charged up. We had three, one spare, one in charge and one in use. The news broadcaster were very important to the parents, and we had to be quiet when the News was on; for the latest on the war front. We did get a Daily paper, the Express, and couldn't wait to read the Adventures of Rupert Bear. Dad scrutinised the sports pages with hope of a win on the pools. The boys got comics, Film Fun, & the Beano. These were only after we had a bit more money. I sometimes got 'Girls Crystal' and later the Eagle comic was a success with the boys.

Having more working horses on the farm, a Blacksmith came with his mobile forge and equipment! We watched him show the horses helped turn in the handle which pumped the air into the coke bed which heated the metal for forging.

Fortunately for us Dad and Ma Lister became good friends
 He owned the cinema at Harworth, so when a good film
 came round he invited us to go and see it. Hence I became
 familiar with the Pin Ups at the time, and often were given
 the advertising picture plates, or bits of film track. (These
 were lost in the 1947 Flood) Ma Lister couldn't go as my youngest brother
 was only a few years old. How the young men of the village would
 have enjoyed the cinema, like we had the freedom to do. However
 from eighteen they were conscripted into the services, soldiers
 Sailors or Airmen. The women into A.T.S. Land Army WRENS or
 Nursing or other essential services depending on their abilities,
 or to the Ammunition Factories. How the parents and Grandparents
 or relations must have felt the anguish of their families being
 torn apart; and by casualties of war as every village
 has the War Memorial as a constant reminder. The missing
 or dead were reported by the arrival of the dreaded telegram.
 My Uncle George was a soldier in Africa under General Alexander.
 Ma Lister wrote to him by airmail with all our family news and
 left a small space for us to add messages. All letters had
 to be censored, so no vital information was leaked to the
 enemy. Letters from home were a great morale booster for them.
 There was a story about Sgt Joseph Laycock's son being taken
 prisoner. He got the nick name Lucky Laycock, but not sure why.
 Ladies in the village had to help in many ways with
 the war effort; knitting woolly hats and gloves & scarves
 for the service men, or helping with knitting Blanket Squares
 like we did at school for the Red Cross. Everyone played
 a part. Gardens had to be dug up and planted with
 vegetables, in a 'Dig for Victory' campaign. Children could
 go to the fields with hares and pick up lion cubs of
 corn for chicken feed. Like pickled Rosehips that went
 away to make Rose Hip Syrup for Babies

Nothing had to be wasted. Old clothes went to Gum Sales, or if too worn were cut up into Rugg Clippings. These were pegged into Hearth rugs. The Womens Institute was introduced to Fruit Battling and Ganning. Extra sugar was allowed for this, and they had sessions in the Village Hall when fruit was in abundance.

New recipe sheets were handed out with ways to make basic economical meals, with dried egg or eggless cakes. Stews etc using cheaper cuts of meat, or improvising dishes where fats and sugars were not available. The tinned meat called 'SPAM' was a basic for every household. This could be fried or sliced in batter, or cold with salad, or in sandwiches. The small seed potatoes were boiled up for pigs or poultry. In fact they were similar to the ones now cooked in the skin (Todays luxury). We tasted them straight from the copper! Mather cooked basic but substantial meals, meat, potato and veg. which we had to eat.

Mather called any meat we had "pigeon" especially if it had been a pecked pheasant or partridge. There were shoots organized to get rid of the rooks ^{or pigeons} which the War Ag. said spoiled the crops. They were supplied the cartridges; and the pigeons were distributed later. Hence pigeon pie! Plenty of rabbit stews, or hare.

The puddings we had were usually rice, or suet or apple dumplings. Bread + Butter pudding; or Bramble and Apple pie. Our drinks were either tea, water or milk. Our surplus milk was put in white bowls. Thin red clay. The cream was skimmed off the remainder fed to the pigs. Every week the cream was churned. We all took turns to turn the handle. Sometimes it ^{soon} turned into butter, but after the cream was skimpy

The buttermilk was drained off, and used to make scones. Salt was added to the butter, then butterpats were used to get rid of surplus liquid and to shape, and decorate. It was put on greaseproof paper and left to set. Before we made butter Mrs Lindley about 2mils away made the nicest butter I'd ever tasted. She also made lovely buns and tarts; which made me feel hungry if we called on baking day. Mother never had time for fancy crooking. All this was pre war time. I can't remember having breakfast cereals. It was usually porridge, or a boiled egg with 'soldiers' or toast which was made on a hook on grill in front of the fire. As I got older (about ten) I had more work to do around the house, mother had a slipped disc and couldn't walk for months, had to be helped up and down stairs, laying on the settee during the day. The dairy help did main jobs but after school I had to get my youngest brother ready for bed. We carried things to the couch so mother could help do a few things. It was a relief when she could walk again, the Dr didn't come up with anything but pain killers, only time being the healer. At school I worked hard but looking back I think I suffered with my own education, by spending time helping others to read. The Entrance Exam for Rutherford was a right mess. I'd never seen a big school before and was frightened to leave the Exam room incase I got lost, and I didn't know anyone. Needless to say I failed to get in. However I went into MR Clarkes class, worked hard and came equal top with Jim Clifton. He went on to Gainsborough Tech. Meanwhile I took the Entrance Exam for the Gainsborough High School. All girls! This I passed. It was mother's attempt to make me realize I was a girl and not a Tomboy, and that I should behave more ladylike. It was goodbye to the village.

school and my friends there. Having to go in a different direction I saw less of the Village, except visiting Grandpa.
 The High School Term was to begin in September. I was apprehensive about it all. Mather took me to Gainsborough and with a £5 note, she managed to get my uniform, a Bolger's badge, Blouses gymalips & sash. Satchel, gymshoes, indoor shoes, socks, and Black Anickers, she had a few pence left and decided to buy a slice of melon, which I thought tasteless at the time. Then the biggest shock claimed on me. I had to get to Mistorlan to catch the school Bus. Dad would be at work, so had to learn to ride a bike, I did it have one, so had to learn on Phil's bike with racing handle bars. After many bumps and bruises I just got the hang of it before September. Before that I had a holiday in Newcastle, my cousin came to stay and I went back with her (and Auntie). The war was still on, so the train was packed with soldiers kitbags etc, and we usually had to stand in the corridor for ages. No refreshments, but trolleys with drinks on the platforms of stations. The old barriages had lots of separate compartments accessed by a long corridor to one side. Usually a mirror with pictures either side of sea side towns, with coat luggage racks above our heads. It seemed a long way at the time. I was taken around the city by Uncle on the Trolley buses, and he showed me interesting places. Also went to the News Cinema, regular showings every half hour so a pre-murder of the News we now watch on T.V. We walked in Jesmond dene and the park. My cousin had a small Yorkshire Terrier, which snapped at my feet, so I hardly dare move them. He brought Toby with her to the farm but Dad got cross when he chard the ducks, so he had to stay in a lead. Veronica was our only child, so a shock to be thrown ^{among} ^{57x} boys and a girl who behaved more like a dog than (me!)

Trip to school.

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When I first started school Dad only had a pony and trap, so we had to wrap up well in winter. One day on the rough lane, the wheel of the trap came off bringing us down with a thump. Dad said 'you'll have to walk to school. I gave us a blanket, so must have felt sorry for us, as after a short while he shouted for us to come back home. After that we got an Austin Seven, which was adequate for the three of us then at school. The village children called it a "Matchbox on wheels" but for ~~us~~^{us} it was better than walking. As others started school we were packed in like sardines. Sometimes it wouldn't start so we had to push, not that our joint strength added up to much, so as a last resort the horse was brought to pull us off, which usually did the trick (boys secretly hoping it wouldn't then they could miss school.). In the early years of the war we had to carry our gas masks everywhere which we took; the square cumbersome boxes with string straps to go over our shoulders. Fortunately they were not needed, even on practice I felt they would suffocate me. We had air raid practice which meant walking along the wallside to church farm, up the yard and then down to the battle group built under the Bye-Pass. The ration books were introduced with a proportion of coupons for each item (i.e.) sugar, tea, butter, lard, cheese etc. The sweets disappeared, only a limited few on ration. The chocolate was for babies. Also the oranges for under fives. No luxuries in the shops. Even clothes, material, etc. were on coupons, and furniture had the Utility stamp on it. We were probably more fortunate as we had farm products and produce to rely on but always seemed short of stuff. As you can well imagine with us playing around muddy fields & buildings, we still didn't get away without getting washed!

if the village was during the war and a Terrifying night was unleashed by the Villagers. We lived five miles away but remember being woken up, wrapped in blankets and told to stay under a table in the back kitchen. Dad had seen a fire in the village and heard the planes & bombs. He had buckets of sand ready in case of fire, the noise went on for a long time, we had a quick look from the passage door. Next morning Dad made us stay home. He set off at daylight expecting the village to be in chaos.

However it turned out a bomb had set the wood on fire. Thinking they had found the Fuel Depot at Rusterlin, continued to bomb. Fortunately no one was hurt, and the only direct hit was on a farmer's barn off the Green, but there were bomb craters up to two miles away; some by the Canal fields. Incendary cases were found, and some kept by villagers. When Granddad lived at Appleton House, it had a row of bells in the Hall, connecting with the Bell pulls in the rooms. Every time a bomb dropped, the bells clanged. Ironically, next day the A.R.P. went round the village with Ear Plugs! That was the only time it was bombed. However a plane was shot down over Gringley / Everton Bars, one dead airman was found by a group who were searching, and he was buried in the cemetery at Gringley. In another occasion when I was about ten, I went up the Swanage steps with Dad. Waiting at the top and gazing around I saw an unfamiliar sight on the skyline; about a mile away, said what that? Dad said it looks like a plane has come down, so all the men clamped tools and took off at full speed to investigate. We went around to a house that was gutted. Fortunately, no one was hurt. The plane looking for Hanningbury had.

the boggy part land; so it had to be completely dismantled and removed bit by bit back to base; which took several weeks. A guard was put on watch, next evening a couple of airmen came to our house to see if they could have a brew of tea. Mother took charge, and over the next few weeks she cooked meals for them, they came in twos, while the other stayed on guard. They had set times, so at weekends we had to fit in around their schedule. The Air Ministry did provide adequate food packages but they appreciated the cooked meals; and we got to eat some of their dry Madeira cake! Much later mother got a letter from the Air Ministry thanking her for the warmth and support she gave them. Although the airmen changed from time, they took an interest in us; the boys got several trips to the plane. I wasn't so interested. They did get a ring made from the Perspex window. I think Dad brought them some liquid refreshment from the village pub. Our parents had always to be on alert for strangers; one day it was very foggy, Mother needed potatoes from the field, she couldn't leave us, so we all had to hold hands or keep close together and go with her; in case anyone was lurking. Someone once came to the door and asked mother the nearest way to the beach. So sent him along the river bank, then alerted Dad, who went & informed the police, who later picked him up for questioning. Being young I expect a lot of the adult fears and worries were kept from us; but can remember reading the headlines about bombing and casualties in raids on London and other big industrial cities, docks, etc. I saw some of the devastation in Newcastle, near by my Aunts a whole street had been dismantled. They had also spent many hours in the air raid shelters at the sound of the sirens; but survived it all.

Appleton House - Farmstead.

Perhaps I should write about my grand parents home at Appleton on Finkell Street. Grandad rented this farm in the Village, and North East where I lived, from the Duke of Portland's Estate. Not sure when it was built, but probably early Victorian.

(It is still occupied, now by other people.) This house was far grander than our house. There is a side door on to Finkell Street, but was seldom used. The wider gate into the yard was always used.

There was an inner courtyard, paved with fancy patterned blue tiles. The milk stand was outside this wall, also the dog kennel. Just inside was the pump for water from the well. There was a door into the back kitchen first, then one at the other end into the living kitchen. Across the yard from this was an outside pantry, where the bread cake, eggs, were kept, and often a quick dash had to be made when raining. The small kitchen had a large flat sink with a pump over the side, an old range, black leaded, and a copper in one corner. A large centre table where the maid did food preparation etc. There was a large mangle and the wash day took 5. In the back corner was the area where the milk was strained and cooled.

Up a step or two into the living kitchen, with red tiled floor. The cooking range was large with oven at one side and a water boiler at the other. A mantle piece above with a fringed edge and space over the oven top for drying out sticks or small items of washing. The oven had bright & shiny chrome hinges & knob but the rest was black. The hearth surround was large and shiny metal about 8" high and places for stoves pots and small kettle stands. The walls were painted in green with a checked boarder half way up. The window looking into the courtyard had wooden shutters which were closed at night. Inside - a wooden flat topped three hole desk drawers at

Half of the back wall had built-in cupboards painted brown where grand ma kept the baking ingredients etc. A large scrubbed top dining table in the centre of the room, big enough for six to eight people. On one side of the fireplace was Grandad's Windsor chair, and on the other a large long horse hair sofa, prickly and hard! Behind this was a large white shelf unit, with ^{enamelled} canisters that had Tea, Sugar. Flour painted on in black letters. On the fireplace wall were built in cupboards for slippers, shoe polishes candles and candle sticks. At the centre of the wall opposite fire place was the door leading into the passage to other rooms. Either side of this stood the Grandfather clock and the coat and hat stand. On one side of the passage was the door to the Breakfast Room, used on a weekend, for grandad to read his papers or do the farm accounts. Opposite was the door to the back staircase, and a door to the Preserve Room where all the jams and pickles, eggs etc were kept. This passage was still tiled but with smaller and more decorative patterned edges. It divided into a larger square hall to the side door. Then up a step to stairs opposite; and door to the Dining room and Drawing Room. There were copper warming pans on the walls, but a rather frightening mounted forehead faced us at the bottom of the stairs. A door close to the side door lead down the dark steps to the Bellars. I used to go down with Grand ma on a Saturday night to fetch meat for Grandad's supper; a bit scary, holding the candle stick. There were grids in the front garden, and during daylight got a better look at the stone slabs all around. There were two cilia, half dark and dark. Another door at the end of the hall lead into the garden. a green house had been built over this with a tiled iron frame for putting plants in. There

the plants were mainly perennials, and cat mint. A gravel path went around some shrubs to the outside lavatory, which was practically concealed by a large orange blossom bush (syringa) this garden joined up to the front of the house. The lawn there had a couple of ornamental yew bushes. The lawn had a Ha-ha wall at the front, and a shrubbery alongside the road. There were three bedrooms to the front of the house upstairs, and one to the side wing; over the breakfast room. The top of the stairs turned and the first room overlooking the street was a wash basin and toilet. Then down a couple of steps into the bathroom; with further wash basin. A door from here lead to the back stairs. Opposite were further rooms over the kitchen, but only used for storage. Although probably a maid slept there at one time; or hired man. The rooms in the house were nicely furnished, with large over mantle mirrors and paintings. The rooms were fitted with Bell pulls by the hearth, and connected with the numbered bells in the Hall; so the maid could be called when needed. There was electric light down stairs but not upstairs. There was a lovely Dollo House in the Guest Bedroom, but I could only look, the front came off to reveal all the furnished rooms & staircase. My aunt Heather took me around the house with her from time to time.

Although a nice house it was hard work to keep it so, with none of the labour saving devices of today. Especially at Spring cleaning time. Also during the war it was difficult to replace anything so linen had to be repaired or patched and enamel-bowls or buckets that leaked had to be mended over and over again. (Two circular ^{metal} discs were placed either side of the hole and a small nut & screw put through. Old flour bags and fine hessian was washed and used as cover cloths or hand cloths in the kitchen. Before the war when dad had to work at ~~various occasions~~ we went there after school - Grandma gave us some bread and jam and a scone, but in return

We had to go and fill the buckets of sticks. To get these we went across the field to the hedge between Granddad's and Mr Eggleston's. He was an old man with lots of grey whiskers and beard, once he started at us and followed us to the bridge onto grandman lawn. She talked to him but after that we decided to look for sticks in the orchard instead. Then we would watch Uncle Ray do the milking. Earlier I would walk with Heather to fetch up the cows, from the field behind the Crosskeys. Back over the Bye pass and down Beacon Hill through a side gate, and across through the orchard to the top yard. Uncle Ray would sometimes squirt the milk at us - we ran away, but went back for more. The milk was taken away every morning by a lorry in churns. There were also sheep and pigs, but I think that was Uncle Horace's job. He wasn't around so much, but probably thought we were little pests. My best memories of Grandma Teasdale were when I pleaded with Dad to take me to the village when he went for the groceries. Then on to Appleton. The men were usually getting ready to go out. (Pib). I stayed with Grandma and when the men had gone we walked up the road, over the stile up to the top street and on to Beacon House to see Miss Watson. I sat quietly while they had a cup of tea and exchanged news. We walked back down Horse Wells & Finkle Street. Gran would then scrub her feet, or cans! Later she took out the hair pins and let her long hair flow down over her shoulders. We did things together, and I felt it was my special time away from the boys. They never asked to come anyway. I think in retrospect it suited Mother as if I wasn't Dad couldn't stay out too late, & he also had to pick me up before granddad came home. Gran always had a Guinness for her supper, also apple pie and cheese.

General aspects of Village Life.

There was no playing field in the village, and the tennis courts were private. Local villages had cricket fields, and it was the summer game for most. Usually some locals went to Wiseton where they played in front of the Hall. Some of the youths went swimming in the Canal, but not allowed or recommended nowadays. There was little enough ^{time} for play in the evening as most older children had jobs to do, as some of their fathers were away at war. The older boys at school got a permit to allow them to go potato picking; this was preferable to school for some of them! At this time the girls at fourteen left school, some went into service in the large houses or estates. Doing all the menial jobs, laying fires, scrubbing floors, cleaning, washing or whatever they were told to do, all for only a few shillings. Grandma had a maid who lived in the village and came in every day but some lived in with the family. She got for meals but only after the family had been served. This job died out after the war, women had more choices, and even a better chance of further education. Other girls jobs were working in cafes as waitresses, all tables set carefully with the waitresses in neat apron and head dress. The buses were few so people had long waits and the cafe was a must. Some girls went into Nursing, and a few worked with Matron Blagg at the Childrens Home; and did exams to progress. Later the Technical School at Gainsborough did courses in Typing and ~~secretarial~~ secretarial work, the boys learned the Woodwork, building Electrical or Engineering skills, some being apprentices with Marshalls or Roses, who came so many days a week. The less academic worked in manual jobs and Agriculture. Others went into family businesses and we trained to succeed and inherit later on.

Few went into Teacher Training Colleges, or Universities unless they achieved matriculation. Rich families could pay for their children to go to the High School, Grammar School or some to Boarding School. There were no special needs for the handicapped children, who were looked after by their families. Several such children in the village, who were unable to come to school. The families didn't get the support that is available today. The same went for the elderly, or infirm, they lived with sons or daughters and cared for by them until they died. There was a couple of District Nurses who helped out with them, and the midwife was kept busy. There were hospitals for severe cases, or accidents, the village doctor on hand when needed; with morning and evening surgeries, also did his own dispensing. Only after the war when the Health Service was established, and Family Allowance introduced did the poorer families get more support, rather than being dependant on charities from the church, or wealthy people who left money or land rents to given where needed. There was a village or Parish Council to oversee the needs of the people. To be a member was an honour then and unpaid! What exactly went on at meetings I was far too young to know. The most prominent part of the village was the Beacon Hill, where the Bonfire was lit for the jubilee celebration and the Ox Roasting took place where the seat row is; and still the Beacon is lit for special occasions. The Carnival procession used to stop there with the Queen attendants and Page Boys. (Cling since died out). As have the Whit Sunday procession when all the children had new cloths - white dresses for the girls, or bonnets; and Sunday best for the boys. Not going to chapel. I'm a bit vague about it all, and I didn't get the new dress

Gainsborough High School.

This was an all girls school and had pupils from a large area around Lincolnshire and the Isle of Axholme; as well as girls from the town. It was I feel mother's hope to make me aware that I was a girl and not a Tomboy and should behave more ladylike. When told that I would start the High School in September, it was with apprehension of the future and sadness that I would be leaving my village school friends. Mother took me to Gainsborough to get my school uniform, Blazer, blouses gymslip, Black knicker, socks, indoor shoes and gym shoes. It took almost five pounds and mother said she would buy me a piece of melon with what was left, but wasn't very keen on it. Arriving home all my uniform was put away. It was shortly after when Wully came into the garden with my gymslip, Blazer on and ran around teasing me about what I'd look like; anyway they all had a laugh, and then he was sent to put them back upstairs. Soon after that it dawned on me I had to get to ministeron to catch the school bus. Dad would be at work so only one thing for it, I had to learn to ride a bicycle; which I didn't possess! Phil had just got a bike with racing handlebars; and I had to learn on this falling off, getting bumps and bruises, I finally got the hang of it before September. Later I got a ladies cycle from one of my Aunts. It was an early start, about 7.30 am. The bus went at 8.0 am; this was to be the daily routine, in all weathers. Dark, cold mornings, sometimes really foggy, often scared by strange bird calls, or the screech of a pheasant as it flew up when I passed its roosting place. About a mile after leaving home I had to pass the searchlight camp; with soldiers on duty. I always reddled fast past here, but they never stopped me.

I think Dad must have made them aware of my movement. Usually the farm men were at work when I set off so didn't see anyone in winter, but saw them in the fields in spring and summer. My Grandad had the Red Hart Inn at Mucklōn so I left my bike there. A girl a bit older had been asked to keep an eye on me for the first few days; until I settled in; which she did. It was nice that I met a girl in my class who had the Entrance Exam and we'd got to know one another then. She came from Slaoey so travelled on the same bus, and we were friends all through school and beyond. After school I called in to see my grandparents when I collected my bicycle, Auntie Dorothy sometimes gave me a biscuit to keep me going till I got home. It was only in the severest weather that my Dad took me, or fetched me home. My eldest brother lived with my grandparents, he was working and had a motor bike and occasionally took me home, so I had to hang on tight and hope I stayed on. The high school was a shock to the system, seemed strange not to have the boys around as a back up. Also that some of the girls could be as bossy as the boys, the school had been previously a large house with stables, gardens and fields. The classrooms were both upstairs and down. It had a big square entrance hall with a wide staircase going round the side and up to a top landing round the square. The headmistress's office was off the hall, across from my classroom. She always wore her cap and gown (It was revealed when she died last year she had requested to be buried in her cap & gown). There were newer additions to the school, Gymnasium, which also acted as main hall for assembly. Also Science Lab, and Domestic Science Room. Also cloakrooms, and a shower room which I hated.

At first we had no canteen so had to walk in file through the adjoining Technical School to the Grammar School Dining Hall. Good cooked meals at school was a first for me, and I was well ready for it after such an early start. Later a Canteen was built at the High School; much more convenient. I soon settled in and made friends with most of our class, and some on the bus.

It was drummed into me that I was privileged to go to this school so I had to work hard, behave myself and become a Lady (no chance). There was little time for other interests, with homework every evening, and a double dose for weekend, all this had to take priority. In the evening after homework, it was listen to Dick Barton on the Radio or the Archers. Then bed early, ready for early start again. It didn't go down too well when the first two lessons happened to be Double Gym; all the extra exercise on the beams rib stalls ropes etc meant that next day, I was stiff and ached all over, but no sympathy, just had to grin and bear it. I'd cycled one day in the rain & mud splatters, only to be sent to go and wash my legs, told in front of the class was very humiliating. Discipline was very strong. Rules had to be obeyed, or anything unapproved of got you a report - or three reports and automatic detention. Small things like wearing your hair loose or untidy, not changing into indoor shoes, or speaking in class at the wrong time, running down corridors, or not keeping to the left, forgetting to hand in homework on time, or passing notes around class, or giggling when we shouldn't. Being a girls school it was practice to have all female teachers, usually all unmarried. The exception to this was the Music and Art Teachers which we shared with the Grammar school.

I progressed through my first year, and taking on the new subjects, like French, History Geography, maths and music, art and Biology. Needlework, cooking and Scripture. Some girls found learning easier than others and were top in exams, but I was about the middle however hard I worked. The second year I was moved up to 2A; but with different girls and the more intelligent of the first year, so it was harder than ever, and more homework too.

Towards the end of January we started the severest weather of the 1944 winter. Day after day of blizzards, snow and ice, thaw, more snow, and so it went on for several weeks. School was impossible all roads were blocked; try as they did, soon as one bit of road was clear the wind blew across and drifted it up again. Of course we had fun playing, digging channels and making blocks for an igloo in the garden, but we never got the hang of putting the top on properly. We talked about snowballs, one of which got us into trouble, as we didn't realize it was on a wheat field. The river, drains and dykes were either frozen solid or full of snow. The birds were starving with the cold, we tried to catch them and put them in the barn, and feed them. Fish was frozen in the Moller Drain. Pipes were frozen in the Pump yard, and thick ice had to be broken for the horses and cattle to drink. Icicles hung from the guttering everywhere. Dad took a tractor to get what supplies he could from the village, but the shop wasn't getting food through either. It was the worst winter I can recall; I also had a bout of bronchitis. Sometimes the sun would shine over the whole area looked like an ice field in the Arctic conditions.

Then decided to try and fill bags of earth to put in front of the doors, but as we tried the hole just filled with water. We then put foodstuffs and perishables in the big clothes baskets. Time was running out, and water rising it was frightening. At last Dad got back with the van, loaded the food etc and had to get back to the village quick, as by now you could hardly tell which was road and which was dyke. I was glad to get to Grandma's. She had a hard time too trying to find beds for us all.

The next day the reality and horror of our situation became apparent. We had no home, clothes etc just what we had managed to put together in the rush to get out. There was no Council house available for the time being. The water had submerged the farms for miles, like one large lake. up to where the ground began to rise towards Sringlow. We were not the only ones effected but the water was at its deepest around North East; this could now only be reached by boat, provided by the Army. Dad had to go and speed the hens in the Granary and rescue a few small items & clothes from the bedrooms, but the water was up to the top of the stairs, so he had to climb through a bedroom window very precarious from a moving boat. The youth of the village regarded the area as a floating lake; and had a few hairraising adventures, especially getting blown off course when a wind got up and they ended up at Misterton and had a long walk back. The extent could be seen more visibly from the Beacon. However plans had to be made. Mother contacted her sisters. It was arranged that I should take my youngest brother up to Newcastle; that was also daunting as the floods from Sringlow to Mirk were in place trying to wash away the railway track

At Selby the town was all flooded and barrels from a, then, Sauce Factory were floating all around the area. Soldiers were busy putting sandbags along the trackside. Water everywhere, I was relieved to get north of York to the higher ground; and on to Newcastle. The next two boys were taken to Thurnscoe, one Aunt had a Fruit and Veg shop the other a Fish and Chip shop, so they both had to earn their keep. The oldest brother had left school so he had to help on the farm at Appleton, and Ralph went to school; he was younger than the others. It took about six weeks for the water to dry up and land become visible again, but what a mess. Potato pies had been washed away, straw stacks gone; even the Rubber tyred farm carts finished up miles away; and duck and swan nests left high and dry; and abandoned. Only wild willow, Red shank, woods began to cover the land. Our house was in a dreadful state no glass windows and all the furniture smashed to stick. We never went back to live there, so eventually we were given a Council house, much to some people's objection even under the circumstances, as there was a long waiting list. Dad got little compensation, but managed to get essentials from the Sale Rooms at Gainsborough. Mother came to bring us home from Newcastle. We had been well looked after and I got some experiences of Town life; as my cousin was older she took me to the Playhouse at Gosmand Lane. Also to the Opera at the Theatre Royal in the City Centre. We had to Queue for ages even to get the cheap seats in the "Gods" (top back). Also saw the Swan Lake Ballet; and the Musical "Merric England". This was all new to me, I enjoyed it all but a bit out of my depths. We went on the Trolley Buses and Tram-ways. I was responsible for my brother and we took him to see the boats on the Tyne (with uncle).

I was pleased however to get back home; as I missed so much schooling; I worried how I would cope again. This time I had to cycle to Gainsboro as no school bus covered this area. Dad sometimes leave my bike at Beckingham Ramps Road Top, and catch a bus from there.

but mainly cycled with Joyce Clifton and her brother Jim.

The day that the river bank burst at Ewerston, there was so much pressure on the River Trent Bank that it also breacked at Morton, so had I got to school that day, I would have been stranded in Gainsborough, as many of the roads in town and out of it were cut off. So other school buses didn't get through and lessons were disrupted.

Many people countrywide suffered that Spring. An Australian Film Company went down the farm and filmed Dad among broken bits of furniture, but we never got to see it.

Being back in the village, this time to live, I renewed some friendships. Many who went to Retford High School introduced me to the social life of the Village which also meant going along to church on a Sunday occasionally. I was still rather shy but got up the courage to go along to Dancing Classes in the Village Hall. Took a while, but began to enjoy and look forward to them. Next I joined the Pioneer Club (and Club). The boys came too. We used to have talks or discussions, games, or dance and have a tea or score for supper. It had to finish at Ten, but it was a Friday night. It was a friendly atmosphere. The Club's Lanty Organizer came from Nottingham with help and advice, and over a few years he helped to arrange holidays which only cost a few pounds. So got the opportunity to go to Hailsham in Sussex, with walks over the downs to Brighton.

Another year we went to Gosport, Portsmouth, with troops by boat to Southampton and the Isle of Wight.

The last one I went on was to the Lower Peninsula.

Also in 1947, I won a competition, that had been on going in the Farmer Weekly. It was a holiday on the farm of the then Editor (MEMMOER) at Tring in Hertfordshire. There were a dozen of us from all over the country, and we lived under canvas; fortunately it didn't rain until we were due to come home.

At this time school work was getting harder and the homework longer; which I resented sometimes when there were much more interesting things to do. By now I was also a dedicated member of the Walsingham & District Young Farmers Club, and about eight of us cycled there. My brother included too had lectures and social evenings in winter. Nice Christmas parties, we visited other clubs, and got invited to their events and parties as well.

In summer we had outside visits to farms, Dairies, food factories and the Young Farmers Rally at or near Nottingham. I also undertook to enter a competition which should have been a joint effort but no one else was interested. This was to write a survey of the village I lived in. Mother inspired me ideas, and stimulated an interest for me in local history. She helped me with advice on what books to get from the library, also to talk to the elderly people in the village, and the vicar who gave me a summary about the church. It was hard to do as there was a deadline, so a lot to do in a short time. It was duly submitted, and I later got the copy returned, to say it had been judged 2nd in the Country (I don't know the original). They said that one day they would like to include them all in a book but it never happened.

Living in the village and becoming involved in the social life, it was essential I had some spending money. So Granddad arranged for me to go to Doncaster with him on a Saturday. While he met farmers and grandma did the shopping I worked in the office of J.B. Hanson Electrician, my Grandma's brother. I helped with small sales, poultry etc and some book keeping. Standing by my uncle's clerk in a crowded market wasn't a job I relished, but the five shillings came in useful. It meant I could afford to go to the cinema at Gainsboro. There was a bus from the village. There was only the one bus back, so had to be at the bus stop on time. Usually my brothers and their friends went as well. There were also the annual trip to Skegness with the youth club. Mother would say did you enjoy the beach, but we were more interested in all the Fun Fair and sideshows, the rides and the figure of eight, very different to the rides of today, but very exhilarating for us. We liked the hall of Mirrors and loved the doughnuts, freshly made there. The seaside photographers snapped away hoping we would buy them later in the day. There was a small zoo with caged lions, with no freedom to roam. Thank goodness things have improved now. The whole day trip was fun and finished up with a sing song on the coach home.

During the school holidays we went pea-pulling for Mr Hartley along with a lorry load of others. It was a back breaking job, and depended on the quality of the peas whether they weighed heavy or not. Got about 2/- a bag about 7-8 a day but was miserable when it rained, we got soaked. I also went potato picking, not much fun grubbing among the dirt and earth worms. Still we managed to treat us with the after women, working from 8-4 pm with only sandwiches and

water, some farmer wives made a bucket of tea for us to share. By evening we acted all over, all we wanted was a hot bath & early night, then to do it all again next day. Other days after helping at home, I cycled around the area, sometimes to Harrey to visit school friends, or with another friend went walks, down York Road, along the Canal bank to Wiseton and back up the road to Gringleby. Being a picturesque village there were lots of nice walks. Or we went up the Beacon Hill, and gazed over the bars and beyond. Even York Minster and Lincoln Cathedral could be seen on the horizon with good visibility of course! After a group of us would go to a dance in the next village and walk back together. The energy we had then! With no computers, CDs or Videos to ponder over, apart from homework or radio there was nothing to incite us to stay indoors; so we got plenty of fresh air and exercise to keep us healthy. After they got older some of the Youth Club boys (over 15) went on to the pub, also the Young Farmers Club meetings were held in an annexe to the Pub, so that was an attraction for older members later. At that time it wasn't ladylike to go into pubs or clubs, mainly male straight. I did go to Sandals pub but when it was closed; I didn't like the smell of beer, and still don't. Also the boys had a smacking try at smoking, some got hooked, and the tobacco smell clung to their clothes. It was permissible to smoke anywhere, so the downside was that cinema's and dance halls were usually hung with a film of smoke. Women also smoked especially during the war years. I know my Dad as Uncle smoked; and we were often sent to the shop for a packet of Woodbines or Crown A or Park Drive. This wasn't the allowed norm. The men went to the pub in the evening (not all I hasten to say) and played dominoes and darts.

As a child I thought little about this, but as a teenager I saw the consequences of the over-indulged and decided it was not the most sensible thing to do.

On the whole the village was a caring community, with young respecting the old, and families helped one another at times of crisis, or giving a hand at seasonal times with planting and harvest.

The principal characters of the village were the vicar who cared for all his parishioners needs religiously (or not) depending on how devout a family you were. Also the Village Constable who knew everybody and walked/cycled around keeping his eye on us. The headmaster was well known if only for his discipline. He lived at the bottom of Mill Hill, and the Policeman at the Beacon end, so it was like being between the devil and the deep blue sea, so to speak. Other prominent people played their part. Doctor, midwife, Undertaker etc. Also the Parish Council met to maintain the needs and well being of the village. They were at that time unpaid, and it was reckoned an honour to serve the parish; but there were many unsung heroes as well especially the young, who are but a name on the War Memorial.

However: my School Days were coming to a close; Mother had decided I took a course in Rural Domestic Economy at Uck in Monmouthshire. I was accepted for this I felt very sad to leave school, my friends, and also bewildered about the future, hundreds of miles away, not knowing anyone, and had never heard of the place! Secretly I would have preferred to cycle to Gainsboro and do an office course at Tech. then work with my friends who did that. Some others went on to higher education or into Nursing & we all had to make a new start.

After I went away to college, I was less involved in activities, only meeting up on holidays. The family still lived and worked in the area. North Barr never really got back to the same productivity ^{as} before the floods. They tried keeping pigs etc, but eventually the Government sold off the farms. Dad couldn't afford to buy, so he had to look elsewhere for work, with difficulty and reluctance to re-locate. So in 1952 they went to live at Barry's and I lost all contact with the village, apart from an ad-hoc visit later on in life.

Return to visit the Village - 2000 - nearly fifty years on.
Not a sleepy hollow, instead a steep hilltop! I took a leisurely walk around from Beacon, to Mill, High Street & Tumble Street. The streets are the same, perhaps better maintained, the sheep on the beacon, the knots in the trees, but where are the shops, gone! and the trades, only the P. Office survives. The children were in school, but no one else to be seen, deserted! There were new houses where some old crafts or homes had been. Some areas that had been gardens were now paved areas or garages. Gone was the High Street Chapel, few small farmsteads disappeared from Here Wells.

Mr Walker's farm opposite Appletan gone, new houses there. My feelings were that the locals have gradually been replaced by commuter people, who buy homes in a lovely village, which having to pay the high prices, they probably spend most of their time working to pay for the privilege. I wonder how many of the young people remain in the village or can afford to buy a house there: in future. However it's a lovely village to re-visit. Being elderly perhaps I couldn't tackle the hill like I used to in a few years, but to me it's still like a work of art, like a painting hung on the wall - there for ever to see. All pictures not on the wall but in my

memory where it will be etched forever!

To the young^{people} of the Village, look about you, take care of your heritage. Preserve the lovely buildings and enjoy the walks and views around. People worked hard over the centuries in this area to give you what you have today. — (E.M.N) Edith Mary Newham.

NOTES) For the year from 1952-2002 I suggest perhaps there is a pensioner in the village, who can fill that period of time with events or progression of every day life or work.

This is just a record of my period of life in the Village others may be able to identify with events or even add to them. If it is of any help at all, I shall be satisfied that it is appreciated.

932-50 ^s		SOME OF THE NAMES AND OCCUPATIONS OF VILLAGERS	
MR THOMPSON	DOCTOR.		
MR CLARK	HEADMASTER	MRS WALKER	MILK ROUND FARMER
MISS CRAVEN	JUNIOR TEACHER.	MR WALKER (NEAR SCHOOL)	FARMER
MRS TEBBUTT	INFANTS TEACHER	" GREAVES	"
MR MINTA	VICAR.	" JEFFERSON	"
MR WEAVER	POLICEMAN	" FOSTER	"
MR HUNTER	JOINER AND UNDERTAKER.	" GOLDING.	"
MR HARDY	JOINER	" BINGHAM.	"
MR C CLIFTON	HAULAGE.	" BENNETT.	"
MRS BLACKWELL	SHOP KEEPER.	" EGGLESTONE	"
MR BLAKE	" "	" BEECH (PUBLICAN)	"
MRS WATSON	" "	" NORTHING	FARMER
MR WATSON	CATTLE TRUCK.	" CLIFF.	"
MRS HILL - MR MARSHALL	POST OFFICE	" WAINWRIGHT.	" RTD
MR SHAW (MEAT/PIE) SHOP		" REVILL.	SMALL HOLDER.
MRS SHAW	HAIK DRESSER	" HEWITT.	"
MR WALTON	COBBLER.	" COLISHAW.	"
MR NEEDHAM	BUTCHER.	" CAMPION	FARMER
MRS NEEDHAM	DRESS MAKER.	" LANGLEY.	"
MR HARTLEY	MARKET NOVICE.	" CUTHBERT	BUTCHER.
MR BALL	GARAGE OWNER.	" ROWBOTTAM	"
MR LONGDON	A.A PATROL	" DONCASTER	Small Holder)
MR ROBERTSHAW	BAKEHOUSE.	" RENNISON.	BLACKSMITH/WHEELWRIGHT
MR WHALLEY	BAKER/CAKE SHOP	" GREEN	LOCK KEEPER.
MR B. MASON	FARMER	" ROPER	RETIRED BANKER.
↓ NOW MR ARGYLE.	"	" HEXTALL.	BUILDER.
MR T MASON	"	" LINDLEY	"
↓ Howed by MR HOWELL (HANDHOUSE)		MRS SMITH.	Retired Teacher
MR TEASDALE	FARMER	MRS SLATER	DISTRICT NURSE.
" NELSON	"	MR ASHER.	BARBER ?
" SOLLIE	"	"	"

OTHERS MRENINGHAM. FARM WORKER

- MR GREY. " " Mr. Ollivant.
- MARRIOT " " " Sabbitas.
- PAGE " " " HARDY - FARMER
- " ANCLIFFE " " MR CONEY. (Goats)
- " PARKIN. " " " HIRD
- " CREGLAND " " " SANDS. Retired
- FLINTHAM. L-DRIVER. MRS WALTON Schol Caretaker
- SPENSER. ESTATE WORK. MR-HATTERSLEY.
- " ATKINS MARSHALLS MR. AUSTY ? White Hart. before Bee
- " METCALFE ESTATE DIKES/ROADS
- " RUDKIN MARSHALLS
- " PERRY. "
- " MACKFALL ?
- " TRISTRAN (BUSINESS.)
- DICKENSON COLLIER
- BELL ESTATE WORK.
- " STEVENS ?
- PARROTT.

MISS TAFT (lived with grandparents)

AND OTHERS EITHER FORGOTTEN OR NEVER KNOWN:

Most of the names were married men with families.
Wives usually stayed home and looked after children.

57

Mother knows best; but did we listen? Escapades
Mischaps and mischief.

We used to play on the small stacks of threshed straw, sliding down the sides and climbing up again. Also did this on a part built haystack, one day Heather had visited and we went on the stack, I was insisting that I could slide down it wasn't far; she was adamant I shouldn't do this but the temptation to prove I could do it got the better of me, and down I went; with a bump and shock, dazed, I'd twisted my head on a metal bar (used as brakes in tilly areas). The blood flowed. Heather took me to Mother, who cleaned up the gash and put a bandage round my head. I still have the scar today, and memories of the telling off I got!

Bob my eldest brother came to visit (he lived with Grandparents due to ill health). The other boys decided to make a boat out of an old tin bath (which leaked). Told Bob it was alright so he got in, and it promptly filled with water, luckily the dyke wasn't very deep, but they got wet through, and a tucking off. The boys were always wanting to climb trees, or bird roosting so one day Wally tried to climb a hawthorn tree, but couldn't reach, putting an old drum on bricks, it unbalanced, he scratched all his face and nearly poked his eye out. Ralph one day went across the field and thought he would go through a pile of ashes, not knowing that it was still hot underneath, and burnt his boots past repair.

Another day we decided to move the trap from the side of the house as we wanted to play there; not realizing, as soon as we lifted the shafts the trap rolled backward gathered speed and finished up in the ditch opposite!

Mr Walker Skales and family came to visit, they were at school with Mother & Dad. The boys took their son to climb in the

Willow tree which overhung a dyke, where we often played. It was almost dry except for a muddy patch under the tree. Of course we egged him on to try it, but he fell off and got covered in mud, unknown area for a town boy! A bunch of horrors we were no doubt about it. Further up the lane the old cottages attracted us, with the overgrown gardens and rooms to explore; Wally, a year younger than me found a half used tin of paint in an out house, and trying to reach it managed to tip it all over himself. It was green, and so was he; hair as well. Mother said it took weeks to get rid of it especially as he had a mass of blond curls! A rather nasty accident happened when my younger brother managed to get out into the fold yard. There was a horse trough outside the passage, only seconds later Mother went to find him and he had fallen in the trough. We were at school at the time, and didn't know the serious consequences that followed. His life was saved, but he had pneumonia, and lived in a cot downstairs for weeks. He had a weak chest, and had to wear extra woollies, and was always the one to have his chest rubbed with goose grease, and warm flannels put on his chest. Had whooping cough, and many colds for a long time after. Overall we were a tough bunch, and didn't miss too much school through illness. One morning very early I woke up and no one else was about, for some reason I got the scissors, and decided my hair wanted cutting, sitting by the window, I snipped away, first one side then another, probably seeing the pile of hair on the floor, gave me second thoughts. Mother was horrified, I must have looked a sight, she tried to even it up, fortunately, I was of an age when I had no pride in my appearance, so forgot about it, and didn't worry. Having long curly hair it was a daily battle with mother brushing and combing to get the tangles out. (written that ...)



An extract from the Traditional Map highlighting the expanse of MESSIC MERE (centre left) along the line of the Idle 'River of Idille'. The regional area of the SKIFERS is clearly referenced between the