Erratum:

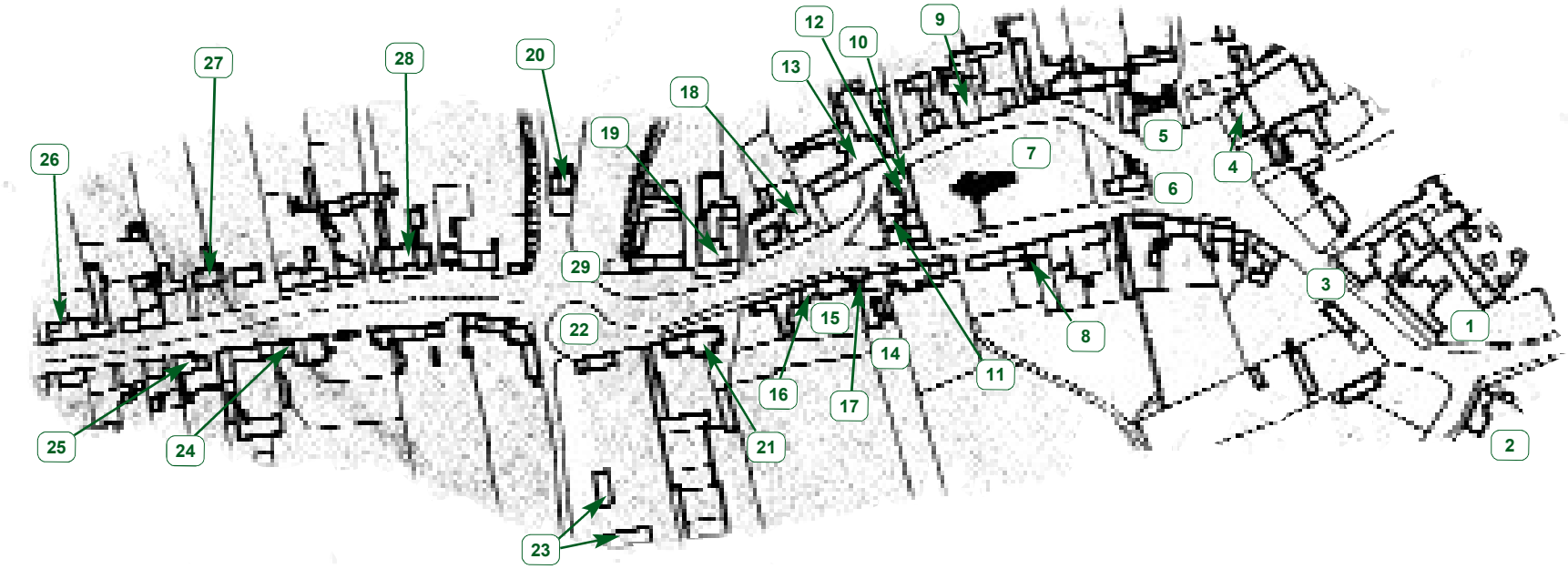
- The man in the photograph on page 10 is one of Edgar Dowson's helpers.
- The photograph on page 61 is of John Dixon

Lockton Remembered

Memories of a moorland village

Map of Lockton Village

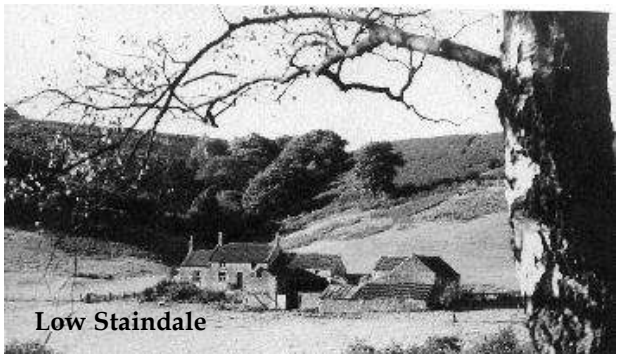
(Locations mentioned in the text)



1	Cherry Tree Farm	9	Primitive Methodist Chapel	16	Blacksmith's House	23	Council Houses
2	Mount Cottage	10	Reading Room	17	The Well	24	Hope Farm
3	West View Farm	11	Bell Cottage	18	Lea Cottage	25	Rock House
4	Manor Farm	12	St Giles Cottage	19	Box Tree Farm	26	Brow Cottage
5	Square Farm	13	Durham Ox	20	Dock Cottages	27	Argyle Cottage
6	The School	14	Mistling Croft	21	Pond Farm	28	Fern Cottage
7	St Giles Church	15	Thompson's blacksmiths	22	Village Pond	29	Pinfold
8	Site of Wesleyan Chapel						

Lockton Remembered

Memories of a moorland village in the early 1900s



Low Staindale

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The photograph on the cover shows the Village Pond.

Map of Lockton village inside back cover.

FOREWORD and ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The township, or today the civil parish, of Lockton includes far more than the actual village. Its boundary extends west to Levisham beck, north to Ellerbeck, east to Staindale beck and south to the Cross Dyke plantation - in all over 7000 acres. So this collection of memories encompasses those from the outlying farms and cottages as well as from Lockton village itself. As you will soon realise it is not a traditional local history. Rather it is a record of everyday life in and around Lockton in the first half of the 20th century, as remembered by those who grew up in the village.

'But', it is said, people's memories are unreliable'. For hard facts such as dates this is probably true, but this is not that sort of history. And where a number of people have talked about the same aspect of local life any inconsistancies usually stand out.

This booklet would have been impossible without the willing cooperation of the following people, some now sadly passed on, who shared memories of their early lives in and around Lockton. They put up with the initially daunting prospect of being tape-recorded, and also with what must have often seemed banal questions, with good humoured understanding.

They are:

Jean Best, Alf and Chester Brown, Jean Brown, Ella Close, Ted Corney, Ada Dale, Marie Grayshon, Connie Greening, Gladys Harper, Ann, Eric, Joyce, Olive and Thomas Hoggard, Betty Hood, Ted Inman, Dolly Locker, Walter Mackley, Chris Morley, George and John Robinson, Joan Sanderson, Ron Sergeant, George and Thomas Smith, John Stothard,, Ron Warriner, Mary Ulliott, Eric and Mona Welburn and Molly Wilson.

It has seemed best to keep the extracts anonymous. However, each new 'voice' is preceeded by a 'bullet'. Occasionally it has seemed advantageous to make small additions to the text - these are in italic.

An essential compliment to the text are the photographs. Most of these belong to the above contributors who kindly allowed me to make copies. The originals of other photographs are in the possession of Gordon Clitheroe and Mrs Pickup. The photographs by Sidney Smith (nos. 1, 13, 17, 24 and 32) are reproduced by permission of Beck Isle Museum, Pickering who hold the Copyright and nos. 15 and 31 are Copyright Ryedale Folk Museum, Hayes Collection. The map on the middle fold showing most of the places mentioned in the text is the work of Steve Johnson. To all these I offer grateful thanks.

I am also indebted to Lockton Parish Council who have kindly granted a loan of £500 towards the publication.

I hope those living in Lockton today, those who have moved away, and even some who have never lived in Lockton at all, will experience some of the enjoyment I have had in compiling this feast of memories.

ROUNDABOUT SALTERSGATE

1. David Harrison driving sheep on Saltersgate Bank. The chapel/school is the first building on the left. On the right of the road in the top left-hand corner is Bar Cottage.

The School

In the population census of 1851 twelve children living in and around Saltersgate are described as 'scholar'. A little later George W Lloyd of Caythorpe Hall in Grantham, Saltersgate's new landowner, financed a small Dame School kept at the old Toll Bar cottage. The cottage remains today, on the roadside just north of Saltersgate. The school soon closed, but in 1900 reopened, financed again by Mr Lloyd. In 1906 it was replaced by a public Elementary School kept in the Saltersgate Wesleyan chapel. This school closed in 1932 and transport was arranged for Saltersgate children to attended the Lockton School.

• The school started in Bar Cottage. The teacher was Mr Metcalf. If the children didn't behave he used to lean out of the window, break a twig off the blackcurrant bush, and give them a swish with it. So I've been told.

There were about twenty pupils when I first started in 1925. The teacher was Miss Edith Highfield from Pickering. Someone used to bring her on a motor bike and side car. There were no buses then. If there was a lot of snow she would stay at a farm in the Hole of Horcum. Some children walked from Newtondale and some from Ellerbeck. I used to walk across the moors from Blakey Topping Farm, and we always had to go, even if there was a lot of snow. My elder brother would take his youngest brother on a donkey and stable it at the Inn. Most of us wore clogs. The girls wore long, hand-knitted black stockings knitted at school.

• At playtime we roamed around t'countryside. When it came to Christmastime Mr Lloyd came to the school. He'd have presents y'know. He was good to the children.

• I started at school at five. We used to walk across the fields from Whinny Nab, and we dried our wet clothes on the fireguard. Everyone came from a good

2. Saltersgate schoolchildren in the late 1920's

Back Row: Jack Mackley, Annie Mackley, Alan Mackley, Amy Boyes, Dorothy Harrison, Mabel Mackley, Dick Pennock. *Front Row:* Leslie Harrison, Ida Warriner, Gladys Harrison (now Harper), Mary Pennock (now Ulliott), Ada Watson (now Dale), Walter Mackley, Norman Watson.

distance. We wore clog boots, with irons round, like horse shoes. When it snowed they would ball up wi' ice and snow and you were inches taller. Your foot would roll.

We had proper desks, with seating attached and lids that tipped up and books on shelves underneath. Some had seating for five. There was a fair piece in front where the desks was, and then pews behind. They just pushed the desks back to t'sides for the services. Mr Mackley used to light the fire on a morning. We hadn't any lighting that I know, you just went home when you couldn't see. For harvest thanksgiving they used to take a lamp.

The children took sandwiches for dinner which were very often jam or cocoa, and bottles of tea. At morning break the bottles were stood in front of the fire to get warmed ready for dinner. There were no flasks in those days. If the lads were hungry they would go into a nearby field and get a swede turnip and eat it raw. There was no yard, just a grass patch to play on. In the dinner hour we would probably have wandered a long way off and teacher would have a job finding us.

• We hadn't a lot of teaching. We had sums and reading and drawing and needlework and knitting - lads knit dishcloths. We used to play foxoff. You used to set off and run, and the next lot had to catch you. You could be gone hours. And we played merrils. And Felix, you stood in a line and threw that ball up and when it came down you had to jump over it, if you didn't you spelt a letter and when you had spelt Felix you were out. Teacher kept us in order,'til fox 'unds cem and then

we were off. We used to take off for home and that was it.

For PT a man came to take us. We had 'Do as I do and not as I say' physical jerks outside on the moor. We played Rounders, and a game called Anthony in which the girls on one side of the porch threw a ball to the boys on the other side. Sometimes the teacher would take us on a nature walk and picnic down Newtondale to see the trains passing.

In summer the coaches (buses) would stop at the Inn and when they left coins were thrown out for us to collect. Mr Mackley's farm near used to sell cigarettes and sweets. We often used to go for a Penny Dog, which was a square of chocolate with a dog on it. At Christmas the landlord, Mr Lloyd, would give us a party, and there were two presents for each pupil, one from Mr Lloyd and one from the teacher. Mr Lloyd used to give us a film show with slides. He had a big stick and when he wanted his wife to change slides he would give a bang on the floor. We always looked forward to Harvest Festival held in the school which we helped to decorate.

3. Saltersgate Sports in the 1930's. Charlie Mackley of Glebe Farm is holding the box, with Tom Warriner behind. The people are watching the hound trail.

Highdays and Holidays

• Saltersgate Sports, they used to be in that field of Tom Warriners, opposite the pub. Proctors of Kirby Moorside came with roundabouts and swings. And there would be a dozen to twenty bookies on that old cam opposite the pub.

• Saltersgate Sports, that was a great gathering, everyone used to come from far and wide. There were terrier races and hound races, men racing. There was crowds stood down t' roadside watching. I'd think funds went for t' fox hounds. Everything went for t' hounds up there.

• We always looked forward to the Saltersgate Sports Day in August. My mother would walk nine miles to Pickering and back to get new jerseys for my brothers for that day. Mother made the dresses. All kinds of races were held in the field near the pub. One event was for pony riders, a potato race. Another event was the Fox Hound Trails where a runner, Stan Mackley or Ted Warriner, would lay a trail across the fields and moor.

• There was a trail for terriers, and one for hounds. They gave me a lemonade bottle in a sack, full of some evil liquid, with the cork slack, and I had to run with it to lay the traiI, it didn't half stink - for both trails.

4. All set for the hound trail. The chapel/school can be seen behind.

• One trail set off behind Glebe Farm, on Waterfall Slack, right up the edge of Newtondale, across by the Scot tree in the middle of the moor, over to Whiteheads, over the main road, round the back of Nab Farm, across the fields and finishing in the field near Saltersgate pub. The other set off up the hill to the top near the Hole of Horcum, right down the middle of the moor to the fields at Lockton Warren, across the valley opposite Levisham fields and back up the middle of Levisham common and finished at the top of the hill.

• We had some services at the chapel on a Sunday afternoon, and we had Harvest Festival. We used to gather hawthorn sprigs, brambles, briars with brambles on and all such as that for decoration, with fruits of the hedgerows. A lot of what we did in summer was to go looking for white heather. They would have the Harvest Festival on a Sunday and then on the Monday they would auction it. There was the pulpit, then the rows of desks, then the pews, and a harmonium.

5. Stan Mackley's ice cream (etc) stall at Saltersgate

Mackleys at Glebe farm, they used to have a little shop. We used to buy sweets there, 5 toffees for halfpenny, they used to make icecream, halfpenny icecream in a cornet.

• Mi dad, *(Stan Mackley)* had a little shop, the front lifted up. He'd pull it to the top of Saltersgate on a Sunday.

• When I was about five years old the event for a Sunday morning was towing Stan Mackley's old hut up to top of Saltersgate hill. Inside was a red container, with brass hoops round and lots of broken ice round, and a big stainless steel tank where the icecream was mixed. He got the ice from Whitby, what the fish came in, it came in blocks about four foot long and you broke it up wi' a hammer.

Cyril and Rodney Lloyd, they had the shooting rights. They came for the shooting, stayed at Bar Farm cottage. Their mother always used to send the children good Christmas presents. In them days if anyone gave you 6d it was a lot of money. But if you got a Christmas present from Mrs Lloyd it was ten bob (50p).

• A highlight in those days, *the early 1930s,* was for Dad to say on a summer's

Sunday evening, "Right, we'll go across to Whitby Road". We got dressed up believe it or not, just to walk across to Whitby Road, about a three mile walk *(from High Pastures)*. And we'd sit there and hope a car would come. Or motor cyclists, they used to test motorbikes at Saltersgate.

Growing up at Summit Railway Cottage in the 1920s

• My dad was a linesman on the railway. We lived in a railway cottage at Ellerbeck, *the northern boundary of Lockton township*. You got your rent cheap and you got a truck load of coal off t'railway, you just opened the wagon and let the coal out. Then you used to wheel it in barrows to the house. You paid for it so much a week, w' your rent. On Saturday we had the privilege to go on this 'ere train. It was a goods train, so they stopped to pick you up, all t'railway lot, took 'em to Whitby and they did their shopping. That's how they got their groceries.

It was just haytime for us, there was all bogs. We just used to cut railway sidings, wi' a sickle, and then gather it in like that, best you could. Make a stack, then thatch it wi' seaves, *rushes*. We had pigs and hens, and two cows and a horse thing. It wasn't a proper working horse. M'dad used to ride it across moor when he went home to his Mam and Dad, he used to take rhubarb, gooseberries and blackcurrants and redcurrents. There was a big garden, full of fruit. Gooseberries, it was naught to take a pillowcase full.

We used to take cows on t'moor during t'day then bring 'em in to milk. Calves were sold, that was your pocket money. Yes, we made butter. That's what you had to live on in t'country. M'mother made butter once a week. Kept the cream on a cool slab. Father did the milking. Mother had a butter basket, a square one about that, *(2¹¹⁄₄₂ feet by 1¹¹⁄₄₂ feet)* and 6 inches deep, with a handle over the top. She made the butter into pounds, and used to pat it with wooden butter pats, put a fancy mark on, pat it in at side, and then it had ridges on. It was put in greaseproof paper, and then just lifted out you see. And her eggs. She used to sell them in the market.

When we killed the pig to cure it you put a bit of saltpetre down shank end, and a bit o' brown sugar, then fill it up wi' salt, and seal it. Then rub all t'skin while its wet w' salt, then put it on dairy floor, and lift it ivvery day to get air under it, and put a bit more salt on ivvery day. When it was boiled it spread like butter. You used to put a bit of Bovril on. It was very nice if you liked fat.

We used to mow brackens, for bedding for pigs. We used to make haystack bottoms w'em. We cut it wi' a scythe, then pile it up on your back. You just went and got a fork full and carried it to where you were going to stack it. Same as your hay, you just had it to carry because they were all gutters and bogs. It was a hard life. M'dad did a day's work *(on the railway)* then had to mow all his grass for his hay on a night. It was all by hand. We often carried it in a sheet.

We had a peat stack outside. We used to cut peats out of t'bog 'ole, between Fen Bog and Summit, across yon side of railway. Then dry'em . We had turf an' all. The turf we got from of t' moor, where Fylingdales is now, all up there. They used to come from Grosmont and all over for it. They used to cut 'em, leave 'em laid out so long, then turned 'em ovver, then make them into turf rooks for easy picking when you had your horse and cart. We had a big turf stack as big as this house. If you got dried peat, w' a bit of turf

on, you got a dam yat (*hot*) fire.

Floors, you just had them big thick sacks, and you just want to stone them round with some rud stone. You went and got it out of t' quarry hole. It had to be soft, there were certain spots where you could get it. It takes the green off. You used to do all your hearths around with it. And whitening, petrimold, you did buy that. There were tiles on the floor in t'kitchen and passage, about 6 inches square, a black and then a red 'un, all railway cottages was done like that. You didn't have a carpet because they were all nicely polished. Room floor, that was wood, you used to have oilcloth and a nice hearth rug.

(The cottages were very close to the railway.) There was the railway track, then we had a narrow yard, as near the railway as that. Summit cottages had a tie-through, an iron bar right through, as trains fair shook you. Eventually the cottages were falling in so we moved down to the next railway cottage at Raindale.

Growing up at Blakey Farm in the 1920s

Blakey Farm stood on the south-east slope of Blakey Topping, a mile east of Saltersgate. It was blown up for target practice during the last war. Although officially in Allerston township it has been included as it traditionally 'gravitated' towards Lockton.

• Blakey Farm belonged to Captain Palmes. It was the best farm on the estate but was taken by the War Office during the war as part of a firing range. We went to Blakey in the 1920s. We had about 70 acres, and a moor stray for the sheep. There were three big bedrooms and a single room, a beautiful dairy, down three steps, a living kitchen, a back kitchen, a sitting room and a small sitting room. Outside was a garden with gooseberry and blackcurrant bushes. We also grew strawberries which Stan Mackley sold for us at Saltersgate and there were plum trees in an orchard below the farm.

The farm buildings were in a beautiful square with a dipping tub in the middle. There were two pig stys, a donkey house, the big barn for hay and straw, a stable for four to five horses, two cow houses, a granary with a pigeon loft above, the bull house, a turnip house and a sheep house. Also a dutch barn, a big wagon shed and an engine house. And a ferret house. We grew potatoes, turnips, oats and barley. And had lots of hens.

There was a big well above the farm and the water piped to a tap in the back kitchen. There was no set pot. Mother had a big oval iron pan to put on the fire to heat the water. Mother was often still washing when we came home from school at 4.30pm. We burnt turfs which were stacked in the yard, stacked like a haycock. My elder brother dug them out with a special turfing spade.

Mother would make seven fruit pies at a time and put them on the floor to cool. And she made butter. Each fortnight mi dad took the butter and eggs, and rabbits, to Pickering to sell to one of the grocers. He went with a horse and trap on the track which comes out on the main road at Blackdale. The eggs were packed in a big box, with caff *(chaff).* The box returned from Pickering with the groceries, including eight or ten stone bags of flour.

There were a lot of hen houses scattered around. Each of the children had a hut to let the hens out in the morning and shut in at night. Every day there was a real pot full of small potatoes boiled on the fire to feed to the pigs. We had two pigs in winter. We

always had cold boiled bacon for breakfast, and we kept the lard in pankins, or a pig bladder. We ate lots of rabbits. We had a pigeon cote above the granary. When it was dark the boys were sent into the fold yard to catch the pigeons.

Everyone helped each other for clipping, and on clipping night we had a party in the barn with a gramophone. At thrashing time it was the same. Sometimes we used to walk to Langdale End to dances, and to the dance at Levisham show.

FARMING

• *(Before the lst World War)* Owstons, Hodgsons, Mercers, Brisbys, Halls, they were the big bugs of Lockton, all Wesleyans. They were the farmers. Owstons *(at West View)* and Brisbys *(at Manor Farm)* had maids.

• Most houses had a little paddock, kept a pig and a few poultry, and perhaps a cow, made butter. Then hucksters, like m'uncle Robert, he would take it to Scarbro' market. Lovely butter, bit salty, like home-cured bacon.

• All local farming was mixed. Before the 2nd World War you couldn't make a living under a hundred acre. Most of the farms in the village were seventy to a hundred acre. You'd get such as them that would go thrashing a lot *for extra income.*

• There were fifteen or sixteen little farms in Lockton. At Rock House, he kept three or four cows and he had some land right out at end o't'Wedlands. Had hens right on there, and he'd have one or two fields spread about. Then George Wilson, further up, he had a little square paddock at t'back but he had another two fields up Westfield Lane, all scattered about like. And he'd keep two or three cows and a horse.

• At Manor Farm in the 1930s we had a cart with two wheels and high sides for leading turnips and such as that. Then we had a four wheeled rulley, and a four wheeled wagon, built up high, a bit of a ship-shape, ideal for leading corn and that. Some farmers had a sledge for when snow was on, it was useful for leading turnips.

• They had a tractor at Warren as early as about 1930, an International Junior, a weird and wonderful thing. It went out in harvest time only. And Stothards at Mount Pleasant, they had an early tractor.

Horses

• At Saltersgate there was stabling for sixteen houses in the buildings opposite the pub.

• We'd have three or four horses and there'd always be one or two with foals that's rearing up. Then when they were two year old you'd break them in. You'd sell 'em at four years, so you'd come into profit all t'time. Horses used to make profit where tractors doant. The four year olds would go into t'town if they were a good shire horse, men coming by would buy them. I was about one o't'last to get a tractor. Them were the days, when you had horses you could talk to 'em, walk w'em. You can't get no sense out of a tractor.

• At Manor Farm we had five or six horses. Get up at 6 o'clock at morning to feed 'em. And after tea to groom 'em and bed 'em down. It was all bed and work. No doubt about that. Less bed than work. We used to take them t' t'pond, opposite cemetery in the morning, then again at night. Cattle too.

• They used to take a pride in their horses did farm lads - which could have best horses. They spent time on a night grooming an' that. On some of these farms where farmers sort of rationed wi' corn, lads used to bore a hole in granary floor then put a cork in. Then at night pull this cork out and get a bucket full of oats for t'horses - 'cos granary used to be locked up. That's what my father told me.

• Most farmers had a pony as well as horses, a trap horse, a pony and trap for Pickering. Mi grandfather *Halder, at* Box Tree Farm, he always had a pony and trap. Mi uncle used to keep three horses, and at t'spring o't' year, at corn sowing time, this pony it went onto land an' all.

• West View *(in the 1930s).* We used to turn out at 7 o'clock wi' horses. We always used to keep five horses ready to sow with, but we used to keep as far as eleven. Sometimes we had three foals a year, nearly always two, and then to break 'em in. In them days mi Father could make as much out of a horse as he could out of ever so many cattle. You see, they were coming out of towns to buy them, Manchester and all them. Get a nice pair of horses, maybe a couple of grey uns, then someday a bloke would come, John Wilson, he used to come, and he'd tek them onto t'highroad, cos they always used to trot 'em out y'know. See that they were sound. They liked them about 5 years old, that's when they made most, and if they were shafted. About £35 I think it was. The last two years they'd be working.

We kept a pair of horses for some time after we got a tractor *(in 1940),* just to do light work. They only reckoned to plough about 4 inches deep wi' horse ploughs, and if you turned any yellow they would tell you you were ower deep.

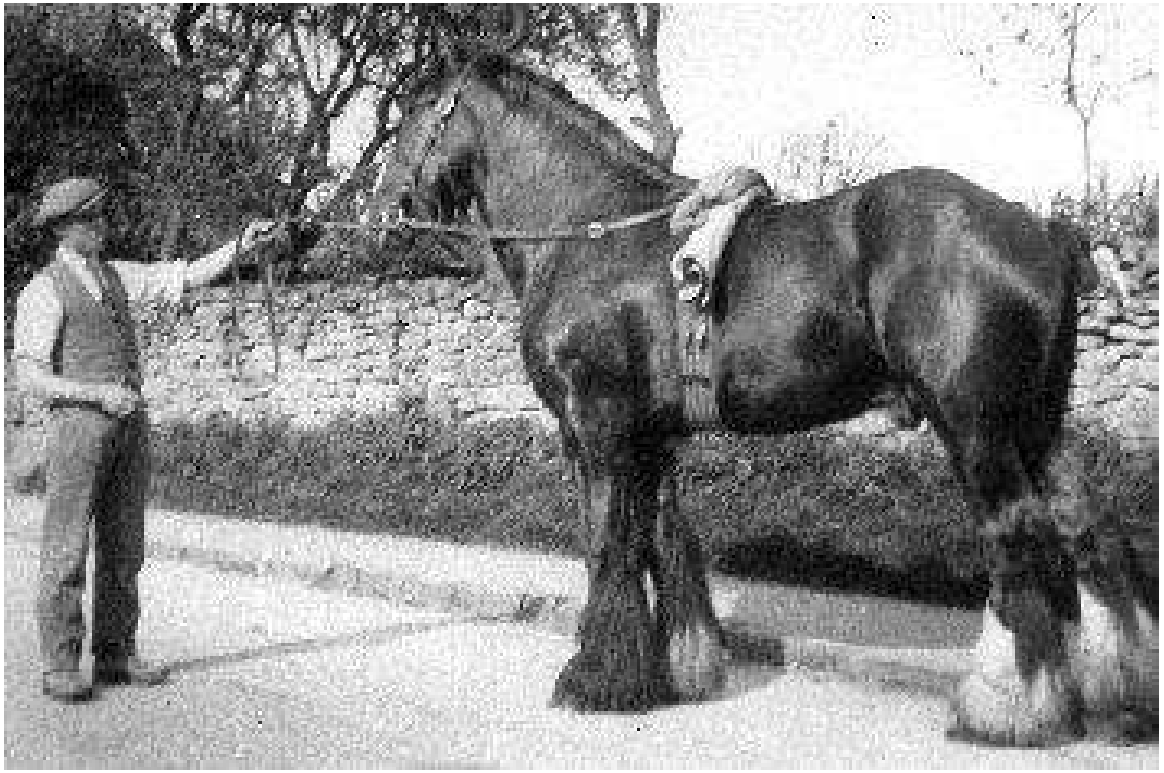
There used to be a horse sale at Ruswarp. I often used to take a foal. Sometimes there's been up to three hundred horses up there.

• Even after we had a tractor we kept a horse or two. They were good for scuffling, amongst the turnips.

• Mi uncle, he had these stallions for years. They were so big. So he had a shoot put in from the granary down to one of the boxes so his mother and I could feed them down the shoot. We used to get them from Tibberton Grange in Shropshire, so every one was called Tibberton something. Tibberton Optimist we used to call him Tibs. And Tibberton McNab, we called him Mac. My uncle used to walk all over with them, from one farm to another, as far as Nawton, and Hinderwell. He'd go on Monday morning and come back Friday night. How his feet stood the walking I don't know. He'd have a sheet rolled up and tied over the horse's back, and if it rained a lot he'd pull it over. And my uncle used to wrap his clean socks in the sheet, that's about the only thing he needed, put clean socks on with all that walking.

He'd show his stallions at the Royal Agricultural Show. He got a wagon to take them to Pickering station, and we filled a box, like a blanket box, full of baking and a piece of boiled bacon, and knives and forks and plates, then they lived out of that box for a week, apart from going out a few times to get a few fish and chips. They slept in the Agricultural Hall with the horses. It was always haytime I remember, cos the boy and me, we always had to do the haymaking when they were away.

• Edgar Dowson at Square Farm, he used to have stallions, he had four at one time. He lived with his mother, and when he came back on a Friday night after travelling them stallions, you could see him cuddling and kissing them. He loved 'em like a human being. He did used to



6. Edgar Dowson with one of his stallions, complete with rolled up sheet.

make a fuss of them. And he was down here, and blooming 'oss was up there. He used to walk for miles with his stallions, above Whitby, stay a night here and a night there. He used to come back by train to Levisham station and walk home. When tractors came he couldn't believe they would stop: "They'll just be here a year or two and then they'll go back to 'osses". Edgar also had fifty or sixty hives in his garden at Square Farm.

• Edgar Dowson, little stiff chap, he used to come round wi' t'entire horse, wi't' stallion. He had thrashing set in t'winter, stallion in t'summer.

Cattle

• Before the Milk Marketing Board started ten or a dozen cows was a big lot. Milk was fed to calves or made into butter. And my grandma at Manor Farm used to make cheese, big round ones, about a foot across.

• At Glebe Farm we used to have milking cows, probably eight, and then rear calves. George would take them on a morning down to Newtondale, we had two or three fields down there, then it was my job to bring them back up again at night. And you'd get an awkward one that would turn round and go back down again.

• At High Horcum, *after the Milk Marketing Board started they began to sell the milk*. Jack used to carry the milk up to the milk wagon on the main road in cans. They'd go up the track through the wood. Cans weighted a lot to start with. They'd be steel, its aluminium now. He was a real, big tall man, he used to carry t'can on his back. His wife went with him and when he wanted a rest they'd go like a bucket with it. He had a real good dog. He could say to it to get cows from t'hill top, and by time he got home it had got cows in. At Low Horcum mi Grandad had roan shorthorns. When Dad started he got a

7. High Horcum Farm, showing the main access from Saltersgate Bank and the shorter track up the hillside up which cans of milk had to be carried.

few Ayrshires, ex-milk cows, and bred better stock off them.

• *At Mount Pleasant in the 1930s* we had just three or four cows, we took them down to Smiths at West View to the bull. Mother would make butter, she took the butter, eggs and rabbits to Harrisons at Middleton. Then in 1948 we started selling milk. In bad winters when David Lane was blocked we'd get the milk across the fields to the road by sledge.

• At West View we used to spend a lot of time on the road, especially when you had to use horses. We had one field right away agen Far Field, then all that land and the sheds at Rustif Head, a couple of miles t'other way. At Rustif Head the beasts ate nothing but straw and turnips and cotton cake. Bye, they were big beasts. They went to Ruswarp, made £18 a piece. Cotton cake? You got it in slabs. There was cotton cake, and linseed cake, that was a lot dearer. A lot of farm hands, they used to get this linseed cake and give t' horses a bit cos it made their coats brighter. We used to get a cake, grind it up, put some water to it. We called it slurry, and we used to put a bit on each feed.

There's some prices here for 1937:

2 beasts	£21	4	6
1 sheep	£1	16	0
1 cow	£18	0	0
3 pigs	£2	14	0
1 horse	£35	0	0

• At Pond Farm, before electricity, we had a petrol engine for milking cows. *Electricity was not introduced into the village until 1950, and later still to the outlaying farms.*

• Mi father at Nab Farm used to keep eight milk cows, six milking all the time. We used to walk the cows across the moor to Charlie Smith's at Levisham to the bull, a shorthorn. We used to try to send between 8 and 10 gallon of milk away to Driffield every day. Mi mother made a bit of butter off new calved cows, 'cos calves had to be a week old before milk went to Driffield. And Jack Mackley and his wife at High Horcum they had to carry their milk in a 5 gallon can right up to Saltersgate top. The Milk Marketing, sending the milk away, 'made' a lot of

farmers, put a lot of them on their feet with milk cows.

Village Sheep

• Most people had sheep in Lockton. Why, practically everybody bred Leicesters. Leicesters are ower fat, a big sheep, maybe cross 'em with Oxfords, but Oxfords is died out now. Oxfords were a bigger, rougher sheep like. William Jackson would come for your hogs, *year old sheep,* at spring at year. Then he'd have customers for them like.

• Everyone used to have Leicesters at one time. People changed because they only had about one lamb each, and the meat was ower fat. Nobody wants fat meat today.

• In the 1930s it was Leicesters. They didn't mind how fat you got the hogs, they liked a right good big 'un. Then we started to cross Leicesters with Suffolk Downs, and now they turn more to cross-bred Masham sheep. Today they haven't to be too fat, too big. They wouldn't have had 'em in market thirty years since. We took the sheep to Pickering market, walk 'em to Pickering. Used to walk 'em back as well. All Lockton farmers who got breeding sheep from Pickering Market at backend, they'd buy maybe half a dozen, they'd put them all into one lot and walk 'em back from Pickering. We walked the cattle down to Pickering market too.

• *At* Mount Pleasant we had fifty to a hundred sheep, first Leicester tups, then Suffolk tups, with Mashams. The policeman always used to come to watch the dipping, and we'd take them down to Dalby beck to wash them.

8. Washing sheep in the beck at Saltersgate. This practice soon died out.

Moor Sheep

• At High Pasture *(in the late 1920s)* it was mostly sheep, about eight hundred sheep. Blakey, Red House, Staindale, Low Pastures, Newgate Foot, we all shared the business of clipping, dipping and washing the sheep. They were washed in the stream. It used to take about a week to clip up at Red House, they had about three thousand. We all went, lads as catchers. They always had a grand feed for you at clipping days. At 10 o'clock, and agen at 3 o'clock, we had sad cakes, hot, with butter and jam and a mug of tea. Good for filling up. Then at dinner time you went inside and its either a carve, or bacon, or they might have a stew, depending on how many days you were there because it had to be varied.

We had the moor from Saltersgate, *to the Bridestones beck, then across to Blackdale.* Black-faced sheep, that's what we kept. Jock lambs. When we turned the lambs out onto the moor, April, May time, I ran that boundary twice each night, what they called 'dogging sheep back' from the Whitby Road. They had to be taught not to cross the Whitby Road. You took a dog, and ran, and dogged them back off the main road. I did that run for about a week, twice a night, 5 o'clock til 8 o'clock.

• At Low Horcum *(in the 1950s)* we had Scotch sheep, their wool's all nice and even on the bottom. Swaledales have a curlier, cottered, more odd shaped fleece, and its shorter, they have a bit bigger frame, leggier, they could jump further. If you got a real bad one you'd put a catapult stick on their neck with a train of string - stop them jumping.

At the start they had joint clip days, that died out while we were still there. They were big events. Biggest one was Stan Mackley's (at Glebe Farm at Saltersgate), he used to have two days. *(Glebe Farm was rebuilt in c1938 using stone from the demolished Saltersgate chapel).* There'd be up to ten round that shed clipping. There was Atkinsons from Goathland, Pearsons from Newtondale, Welfords, Kit Calvert. Other farmers would all come to help, they all had sheep, then you would go to their clipping days. The fleeces were dealt with every time you dropped one. Someone gathered 'em up sharp and did 'em, all dirty bits off, wrapped, then straight into bags. There was wrapping end at clipping shed, with tressle tables. Then they got clipping machines and that killed it all off - you couldn't have all t'banter because of noise of machine.

Catering, that was a big thing. We had maybe only six at our clipping day, *at Low Horcum*. The women did all the cooking, it was a great event, a lot of them wouldn't see each other between whiles. They would catch up on all that 'ad been happening. At 10 o'clock and lunchtime and 3 o'clocks they used to have drinks round t'shed and we used to take baskets of everything round, sandwiches and anything they could handle, and jugs of tea, great big enamalled jugs. At teatime, when they'd knocked off at night, they'd come in for their dinners. We always had pease pudding with chopped up lettuce and cucumber. And a good piece of meat to cut at, piece of ham probably. Then men would play cards throughout night. Nap was t'game. Kids and t'women were bustled out of t'way. Then they used to walk away home.

Dipping days were big days too. Policeman used to come and watch, check that they were in a minute. It was always bad weather, and that yard used to be knee deep in mud. I've been fighting to get a ram for t'dipping, and pulling at 'is horns, and pulling at 'is horns, then suddenly he'd **come** and I'm on mi back in t'mud and mi dad had to physically pull me out of it. And wethers *(castrated male lambs),* they'll jump a five barred gate. Like a deer. Bye, they can spring and jump. Sometimes they'd keep the wethers three of four years, they'd leave them to knock other sheep back encroaching on their bit of moor.

Moor sheep are heafed, *(conditioned through generations to keep to their own stretch of moor).* So you wouldn't buy your neighbours sheep at a sheep sale. When you're the last one near a village your sheep tend to be pushed down, and once they've tasted a swede in somebody's field they're going to get up early to come for a swede next day. All had their sheep mark, slit and punch the sheep's ears. Some was easily adapted, they'd slit another bit off and it was theirs!

• Moor sheep used to get in and eat everything we had, knock down fences. But our dog could sort them out.

• *(Back at Low Horcum).* Sheep are very much knowledgeable of their own patch. Certain ones will always lamb in the same place. There'd be two or three generations all together, families of them all stick together. Hens do that too. We had a cow when she wanted to calve, I don't know how she could hang on and hang on. You would have to turn her out eventually and she would go right away, ever so far up t'other side, and calve, same place every time. You could see a lot more of how nature worked then than you do now.

In the snow we took hay out to the sheep. Put it in hessian stack sheets, pull your corners up and put it over your back. Then get an extra long corner and put it across your face because you couldn't breathe sometimes it was so cold and stormy.

• At clipping times the men had to be fed. You had to go out sticking, then put a fire underneath the oven at the side of the fireplace, and you'd cook some beef. Then they'd have a pudding and tea, then play cards til well into next morning. At one time we used to wash sheep before clipping times, in the beck by Bar Farm, but that died out. When you brought the sheep in for clipping m'dad knew where every sheep was from He'd say: 'we haven't got that old lass in from Kidsty'. He knew everyone. Then when you turned them out, once they got through that gate onto open moor, they would all be into groups, there'd be them going to sheephouse there, them going down to Kidsty, them going back onto t' top, them going down to Levisham.

• Clipping days - there'd be somewhere between twelve and twenty there. They used to start clipping on the Friday nearest the 20th June, they clipped Friday and Saturday that week. Stan Mackley at Glebe Farm was always the first to clip because his sheep ran from Saltersgate to Levisham. It was warmer down there so the wool would rise. Until you get the wool rising they wouldn't clip. They need some heat and sweat to make it lift. Then maybe the following weekend it was Mackley's in the Hole of Horcum, then Bill Mackley, then the following weekend it was Newgate Foot, then m'grandfather *(Tom Warriner)* at Bar Farm. We all went round to each others, helping with the clipping. So you were fixed up for a Friday and Saturday, sheep clipping, for a month or six weeks. They used to clip in the wagon shed, the carts and grass cutters was taken out and they used to put a bench round so you hadn't to bend your back.

They'd bring the lunch out, maybe ham sandwiches and such as that. Then there was dinner, a great big joint of beef, all served on this dinner service for twelve, 2 gravy boats, 2 tureens, proper china. It was a feast. There'd be eleven clippers, 3 catchers and two wrapper-ups, maybe about sixteen or seventeen all sitting round this table. For the next clipping day they'd kill a sheep, then another would have a leg of pork, then it would be beef again. Everything roasted in the turf oven, Yorkshire puddings, the lot.

They usually finished clipping about 8 o'clock. Then they played cards, nap, maybe for ha'penny a trick. It was a bit like whist. You'd have five cards each and whoever called the most tricks had them to get, and the others were there to stop you. I've played nap through til 5 o'clock, then gone and gathered sheep for next days clipping. But on Saturday there was never a card dealt after 12 o'clock. They weren't strictly religious or anything like

that, I think they were all church-goers. I don't think there were any Methodists.

Sometimes we went to Hunt House at Goathland to clip, it would be a mid-week day up there, and to Birchwood and other people at Goathland, we just went round helping each other.

All the wool was stacked away up in the loft. At that day *(1940s)* all the wool from round Saltersgate went to a chap called Edwin Greenhow of Bradford. Every one got to know perhaps a fortnight beforehand that he was coming for the wool such a day. He would come to Stan Mackleys at Glebe Farm, then m'grandfather's at Bar Farm, and we'd bring ours over by horse and cart from Nab *(Farm)*. And they'd bring their's out of Hole of Horcum to Saltersgate hilltop. He used to take the lot at one day, pile it up and tie it down.

From the Saltersgate district the sheep were all walked to the Goathland sheep sale. The sheep gathered beforehand at Saltersgate. They used to walk them from Levisham, Ossy Ward used to take them up moor. Then there'd be Bill Mackley out of Horcum, and Jack Mackley of Newgate Foot would meet up, and mi father and grandfather at Bar Farm. Then walk them to Ellerbeck and link up with Calverts from Red House, Crosscliffe. By that time they'd have gathered most of a thousand up. Then drive them all as one lot from there to Goathland.

9. Haytime at Glebe Farm, Saltersgate. David Harrison is on the stack, Charlie Mackley on the right and George Mackley on the left. Stan Mackley is fourth from the from the right with a fork. The man in the bowler hat is 'Old Harrison'. You can see the chapel/school in background.

Haytime

• *At <u>Manor Farm</u>* you'd get extra help, if you could. You got two horses and a grass cutter. They used to mow it *(with a scythe)* when they couldn't get wi' a horse. Then you turned it wi' a rake, or a fork. Then it would rain and you'd to do it all again. And when it got a bit dry you made it up into cocks, a round pile. Then in a few days when it got dry you went wi' horse and cart and led it home into a

stack. It was awful, teeming (unloading) lose hay and stacking. We used to make haystack bottoms, before you started building the stack, wi' brackens. Then we thatched it, in the village wi' straw, *held down with* stack prods, a bit of hazel, a bit thicker than your finger, sharpened at end and string round 'em. It was a real art, thatching. You did it yourself. Did same wi' corn stack. Sometimes they were shape of a house, sometimes round pikes. Be a lot of women turned out at haymaking. In the 1940s some used to come from prisoner of war camp at Old Malton, Eden Camp.

At 'Lowance Time we had sad cakes, the bit left over when you'd finished baking, just plain pastry. We used to make it purposely though, split it and put some treacle in. We had 'lowance cans, enamel, like a milk can, with tea.

• Haytimes were hard *at Low Horcum in the 1940s and 50s.* It was that real small, fine grass, grass from old leys (meadows) - real soft, slippy. It makes good sheep hay if you get it right. There was a lot of orchids, then Dad started putting lime down and there wasn't maybe quite as many. It was all hand raking, turning, turning, turning. Then when Dad ploughed out some land we had some really good clover crops. It was a total different grass was new sown grass. Haymaking, it was hard work. Blooming rakes that made your hands sore and blistered. You turned, and turned, and then it would rain, then you would turn and turn it again.

We didn't have haystacks. Just piled it onto the wagon, dragged it in, then pushed it into these barns. Dad would start building his load round on the trailor. Then he'd put us up onto t'load and we were supposedly to stack it, put it into t'middle and paddle it down. And we weren't very big. Then we'd to lead it back in. And where ever you were in Horcum it was a steep bank, and you were on top of this load, and you couldn't get down til you got back into t'yard where t'ladder was. Then the worst job was putting it in t' top of barns, because it would slither. Mi dad would be pushing it up into t'barn through this hole and I would be inside *(treading down)* and I would have to get more in than what were possible, to please him. All sweating and puffing and blowing.

• Old hands used to make what they called 'gale beer'. Gale, it grew up near Fen bog. It made a lovely drink. It was one of t'main drinks they took out to hayfield. Otherwise it would be cold tea.

• Haystacks were sometimes thatched, same as corn stacks. But you could make a haystack water-proof without thatching, it used to turn water did hay if you got it made properly. Haystacks were made square, or oblong, like a house wi' a pointed roof. Then you'd cut it in wintertime wi' a hay spade.

Seedtime

• When we cem first *(to West View in 1929)* we were only tenants, and we were not supposed to have what they called two white crops (corn crops) running. You couldn't 'second crop'. They used to maybe plough seeds out, then sow with oats, then plough it at back end, and that cem in for your roots for next year, and that's where the lambs were folded. The lambs manured it, then it would be sowed wi' barley. So you got a 4 course rotation. There was no spraying the corn, you used to have to weed all the wild corn out. Today they grow seven and eight crops, straight after one another.

• Crops, they used to go in a four year cycle. There would be turnips, then barley, and you'd sow grass seeds under your

10. John Hammond harrowing with Pedlar and Tiny in 1940

11. Stan Mackley ploughing outside the old Glebe Farm at Saltersgate.

barley, then when you ploughed that lot of grass out it came to be oats. And then round again.

• If you had a farm rented you were only allowed to sow one crop *(of corn),* then it had to be either roots or grass. So you only had half your land wi' corn. There wasn't the fertiliser to make it grow year after year. Today practically everybody owns their own, and there's fertilisers. There's not much oats grown since they started wi' winter barley. Before that they used to grow oats for t'horses.

and Harvest

• It was most spring sown corn in the 1920s. I can remember harvesting in November. On Thwaite Top it was about 11 November and they were taking a load of sheafs up. It was all stooked, you had to leave it til it dried. If it was very wet, and if it was undersown with seeds for next year, you had to move the stooks around to dry, and you got wet through moving them. Everything is now so far forward.

• Harvest used to be in September. At school they never used to fix the summer holiday til they knew when the harvest was going to be. Then some of the children would help, and some would hinder.

• For sowing you set a rig, then went round and round it 'til you got it eighteen yards wide. Then you did another one. Then you went round the piece left in middle, that was your throwing out piece. At harvesting you had to make a way in first, wi' a scythe, and open out a couple of yards all round. You made the straw into sheaves, used to get a piece of straw and wrap it round til it was like band. Then stook them up to dry, ready to stack.

• When it got to harvesting at Warren *(in the 1920s)* you'd have three horses and a binder. It would cut the corn and tie it up in a bundle. You'd have to go wi' your bare hands and stack 'em up, in stooks, to dry out. Picking them up to stook they could be wringing wet. But what about thistles and nettles? You'd spend all night taking thistles out of your fingers.

12. Tom and Edwin Warriner 'opening-up' a field of corn ready for the binder. The photograph was taken in 1944, Saltergate Inn and Bank are in the background

13. Albert Eddon binding with Captain, Pedlar and Tiny in 1936. John Jackson Halder of Box Tree Farm and the dog, walk behind.

• We used to have three horses in t'binder, and a lad on one of them. Sidney Smith, *the Pickering photo-grapher,* he used to come up to Lockton at harvest time. A pinch of snuff, then out with his camera . . .

• I've heard mi mother say that before she was married they used to go into harvest field, and some would gather and some would tie, and stop 'til first star cem out.

• You used to cut wi' t'binder, then go and stook it. It had to be left in t'field for a fortnight, for t'corn to harden, they used to reckon three Sundays at one time. It were cut before it were really ripe and left in stooks to harden up. If you cut it when it was ripe t'wood flails of binder would have knocked a lot of the corn out. We used to pull stooks over if it were wet and it was going to be a fine day. Just gentle so you didn't knock corn out, just put your arm round and cockle ovver so the bottoms were up to dry out. When you were going to start leading them you would pull as many ovver as you thought you were going to lead that day so the wind would blow through.

Then fork them up onto waggon. You always kept your ends cockled up so they didn't slip off. You put a course round that way, with heads to middle, then next course you'd put 'em all lengthways, work them alternate ways. If you didn't put them on right they'd be falling off before you landed back at stackyard.

They'd be two waggons on go like, one in field and one in stack yard being unloaded. Then there'd be two on t'stack. One used to be called a picker, stood near edge of stack. The man on t'waggon would throw sheaves up to him and he'd throw them to man what was stacking.

When it were stacked it were thatched, then thrashed during winter. Today a combine does it all in one go.

Stacking and Thatching

• When you were making a stack you didn't have straight sides, you sprung it out a bit, 'springing'. Then when it were thatched water would rain straight off.

Straw stacks, some were round, pikes they were called - used to put thorns what you cut out of hedge underneath to keep it dry at bottom. They all used to thatch them in them days, most of farmers could do thatching, wi' wheat straw. Put pegs in, rap the string round. When they finished they'd take some sheep shears and finish it all off straight, put a corn dolly on top of some. They used to look grand did stacks when they were thatched.

• For thatching stacks they used to stroke straw like this to get it all straight, and small stuff would drop out. Then put it on wi' stack prods and string. You didn't thatch them you were going to thrash soon, just them that were to stand into the winter. We used bracken to lift the stacks off the ground to keep them dry. Or put two or three fairly straight tree branches underneath, but that used to encourage vermin - a nice cosy little spot. You used to get a lot of rats in a stack. People used to say that when the thrashing machine came the rats would disappear overnight.

• We used to thatch the haystacks wi' seeaves - rushes, green rushes, you've seen them growing in the bog at Saltersgate, and there's some round Dundale Pond, and Seevy Pond. You cut them and tied them up in bundles wi' a piece of string round the bottom and a piece round the top. Seeaves last longer than straw, and they turn the water better, more water-proof like. But it would be easier to thatch wi' straw, it were a bit longer, so it would be quicker to do. When the corn was thrashed the straw came out of the machine with a single string round it - loggins. You'd lay it all straight, put two pieces of string round and make it into bundles for thatching.

Round stacks were called pikes. A good stacker could build a pike that would be half a day's thrashing on a cart wheel, most of five foot wide maybe. You used to spring 'em out, wider and wider, while you got a full cart load on. That was why they kept dry. Then you took them straight up, then rounded them off like. *When it was thatched* you just used to double the end of the straw round and push it into the hay, a couple of inch, just so it held. You tied thatch on wi' stack prods, which was hazel with a point on - pushed it into t'stack leaving a piece sticking out. Then you'd have a string every two foot and just hooked your string round your stack prods, right round the stack.

Thrashing

• It took a fair number of horses to pull thrashing machine up to Rustif Head. We had just two and a half days thrashing off twenty one acre. We used Mr Dowson, *from Lockton Square.* He used to go to Newton, set off at 5 o'clock and walk to Newton, to get steam up to start thrashing at seven o'clock. You always had a big pile of coal to feed the engine. And water. There were thirteen, including two machine men, all to feed: breakfast, ten o'clocks, dinner, three o'clocks and tea. They don't know they're born these ladies today. In them days t'men used to stop all week, but when cars came they used to go home at night. There was several people in wintertime that just did thrashing and odd jobs, like Francis and Dick Hornby, they used to carry the corn.

• Mi dad used to go thrashing wi' Edgar *Dowson.* When they were thrashing at

Newton they used to walk on a morning there. They'd be off by half past four to walk there and get steam up. He was there when the thrashing machine ran away going up to Levisham. They had to get a steam engine, a traction engine wi' a chain on, to get it out.

• If somebody cem to your farm to thrash you were expected to go back, or send somebody to theirs. There used to be three to carry straw, and it was loose in them days, there were tie-ers, they just bundled it up into a makeshift bundle, then two to carry corn, two to fork up stack and one to put sheaves in. Then there was one man to carry caff, (what used to come out underneath thrashing machine, used for horses was that).

• At thrashing we'd carry sacks, anyway from sixteen to twenty stone, fifty yards and more, and then up granary steps. When you went to other farms for thrashing you were paid £2 a day for carrying corn. If you weren't carrying corn you'd get, say £l.10.0. And you had to find your own grub. I've known it when we put a net round to catch mice and rats, you was forced, it was wick *(alive)* wi' rats.

• We used to get a bit of fun catching rats. Later you were supposed to put a net round, machine men used to carry a net with them to put round yard. I'll tell you something now. We'd been thrashing, and there was a rat run out and I tried to put my foot on him and he went straight up my trousers slop *(leg),* right round the back, and down the other one. And think, when it got to spring o' t'year there was hundreds and hundreds of mice, with little uns. I've seen our cat with one in her mouth and one under each front paw, and that full she couldn't eat any more.

• At thrashing times we used to go round t'farms, one helped another. We'd all congregate where thrasher was. They were once thrashing up at Low Pasture and there were a man at t'top of thrashing machine, feeding thrasher, he dropped sheafs down, and there was a big drum going round to knock all t'corn out, and he must have slipped and his arm went down, took his arm clean off. They took him into t'house and, there were no cars in them days, one of t'men jumped on to this horse, they always had a riding horse on t'farms, and galloped down to Pickering for t'doctor, and doctor jumped onto t'horse and galloped back again. Finished his days as mole catcher did that man. John Pearson, mole catcher. If any farmer had bother with moles he'd go and set traps. Moles can make a mess in a grass field, all soil gets into hay and that. And you see there was a trade for mole skins in them days. I'd think old man would tek molies home and skin 'em.

Milling

• They ground corn for us down at the mill. Old Mr Hornby, he used to come for the corn, grind it, and when he fetched it back he took so much for next time.

• Walter Hornby's father, he was last to have Levisham Mill as a working mill. Eventually farmers started getting tractors, and they had a pulley on for driving a little mill. Then they all started getting their own little hammer mills in.

Brackens

• At Whinny Nab we used to gather brackens, for bedding, instead of straw. We had a bracken stack.

• At West View we used to gather brackens to make stack bottoms of and to bed cattle. Pigs liked brackens to bed with.

• You'd go and cut a bit of bracken in July so as you had it to lay in the bottom

14. Charlie and George Mackley unloading bracken outside the old Glebe Farm.

to build the hay stack on, so as your hay didn't waste. Then you cut a lot for bedding around October, we made bracken stacks more or less like haystacks.

• At <u>High Pasture</u> *(in the late 1920s)* we'd cut bracken, cut it with a scythe, lead that for bedding. With not thrashing we didn't have the straw. Brackens were tough. We always led them with a sledge, Tot Miller, the blacksmith, made runners for it. I remember t'sledge turning over twice. They were always on the hillside were brackens. You couldn't have taken the cart to some places on the moor.

• At <u>Low Horcum</u> *(in the 1950 and 60s)* another big job was cutting brackens. For bedding. People had bracken stacks, and cut it off like a straw stack. But we never had a stack, we got it as we wanted it. We used to cut 'em when they was brown, as long as they were green and just turning they were poison. When we went to Low Horcum the fields had brackens growing a long way down, then m'dad started cutting it down so it came the grass grew higher and higher up the fields. *Bringing in the brackens* I had to sit on t'top side o' tractor, on the mudguard on the high side, for just that more weight. I've seen when tractor's top side wheel would lift up off that hillside. Its a wonder we were never killed.

Flitting

• April 6th were t'day for moving for tenanted farms, Lady Day they called it. And farmers all round about used to go and give them a ploughing day to give them a good start off like - you went wi' a pair of horses and a plough.

• When new people came *into a farm* everyone went and helped, and ploughed them so much. At the previous back-end, say November time, the in-coming

tenants would go round and ask whether you'd give them a spell of ploughing.
It was a thing which most people did in them days. A Ploughing Day. You'd take your own plough, start at 9 o'clock and finish about three.

• In the late 1920s the Warriners were living at High Staindale and they decided to go and farm at Levisham. And everyone helps with this flitting on the 6th of April. Dad said he'd move four or five calves. So he took the horse and flat cart, and when we got there they were far too big. Dad played war and said they could have walked. However, we put them in this flat cart, with a sheet over them. And it came a thunder storm. And there was all these waggons and horses, pole rullies and everything, going up the track to *The Old Wives Way, then to Saltersgate and across the moor to Levisham*. Well, this road up from Staindale up to the top was dreadful, it was coming down like a beck. All the calves went to the back of the cart and the horse was being lifted up and the shaft in danger of breaking. When we got to the top we were the first *(along The Old Wives Way),* and when you looked back it was just like a wild west film, with this wagon train along the skyline.

• At Nab Farm I think it was thirty-three ewes which went with the farm. And when you left you had to leave the same number and the new tenants paid ten bob a piece, or whatever, for them. The ewes were tied to the place, heafed. That was how moorland places were let in them days.

15. Low Staindale Farm

Some Local Farms

• At Low Staindale we'd two ponies, Welsh ponies, which also did the ploughing. They were sturdy little horses, they worked very well. We grew some corn, barley I think, and turnips. There wasn't a big field, and land wasn't suitable for it. There's a little stream comes down the valley and there was an orchard on a bank there, lovely wholesome apples. Sweet damsons, they were in the hedgerows as well. Mr Scales at Pickering used to buy the plums from us.

• At Whinny Nab we had the wash house, turf house, barn, cowhouse and stables for the horses all continuing on from the house. Then joined on at right angles was the wagon shed, dog house, pig sty, calf house, hen house and duck house.

• At Low Horcum (in the 1920s and 30s) we had sheep and cattle, we might have had two hundred sheep, and fifteen to twenty cattle. The spare milk was made into butter, and curd, to take to market. We put the cattle on the moor, then they were driven down to market at Pickering.

• At High Pastures (in the late 1920s) there were very few farm buildings, a square yard with just a cowhouse, stable, granary, a pig sty and other little buildings. Dad built a dutch barn in about 1930, it's still there. But the house is pulled down. We had two cows, two horses, one that would ride round the moors, and a Welsh cob. We grew mangels, turnips and swedes and had a bracken stack. At lambing time and in bad weather the sheep came in off the moor into what they called the Intack.

• We went to Mount Pleasant in 1935. It was 224 acres, a lot grass, but with corn, roots, cows, pigs and horses. And a lot of poultry, ducks, guinea fowl and turkeys. We were the first in the district to have turkeys. We'd set the turkey eggs under the hens, she'd cover nine turkey, or four goose, eggs. At Christmas we'd all be up til midnight, plucking. There were badger sets all over. The badgers, they'd roll about and flatten the corn, so we had to shoot one or two. And we shot foxes when they were after the lambs. We'd sit up in the tree in the early morning waiting for the rogue fox to come.

16. Whinny Nab Farm, now demolished.

• When we first went to High House in the 1930s I think we had three horses in three years, because we could only afford a cheap one, and something always went wrong. Eventually we had two horses. The land was nearly all arable although we had a bit of hillside. We grew a lot of turnips. We started with just one cow, then built it up to about a dozen, when we started selling milk to Glaxo after the war. I used to milk four cows, by hand,

no electric until 1960, before I walked to school. Dad milked eight. Then mi grandma gave us hens, and we had geese and ducks. After the war mi dad bought twenty acres of moor adjoining our land from the War Department making it a sixty-six acre farm.

Hirings and Farm Workers

• Most girls went into service. The boys were hired, at the hiring fair at Pickering. They used to go and stand, and get hired. It were like cattle. They used to get their money once a year, maybe 10s a week. They got their trousers tailor made, and their britches and leggings, then they paid for them at end o't'year.

• Mart'mas Day, 23 November, that was when they changed farms. They were engaged for one year. And they got paid for t'year at end of t' year. There was the Hiring Monday at Pickering and they used to have roundabouts and horses and such as that. They used to be at front o' t'Royal Oak. Boys would go to Pickering on the Monday and farmers would come and find them and see if they wanted to hire them. And farmers would give them something like, and then they went a fortnight after.

• Hirings, that was another day we played truant. There were quite a lot of girls hired at Martinmas time too. Farmers gave them 2/6, you couldn't run off then, you had to go. A fest they called it.

• I don't remember my brother getting hired at Pickering. I think he went local. They lived in on the farm and a lot of 'em weren't ower well fed either. Some didn't eat with the family. I had four brothers and I never knew them out of work.

• On the bigger farms, such as High Kingthorpe, the men used to have their own quarters, and what they called the 'hind' looked after them. But most of the village lads which was hired would live with the family. If they lived local they'd go home every month, to get their washing done.

• Hired men? Mostly round here there was plenty knocking about local. But there was still big hirings at Pickering. They got a hiring penny, a shilling was it, a fest they called it. Then they had that week off. We had a series of hired men living in, they'd get £28 at year end. And they had their clothes to buy out of that.

• When I left school I cleared off and got this job. I milked cows, fed calves, led turnips, we used to use a lot of turnip at that time. I lived in. D'you know what wage I got from March til Michaelmas? £12. At Michaelmas I engaged again to stop on, and he gives me half a crown, that was hiring penny what we called it.

Later I worked at Warren, there were Frances Stead, his wife, Jack Coultas, Les Coultas and his Dad, me and another lad. You might get £5 a week. I was looking after cattle and sheep. We had our breakfast about half past six, a good breakfast, bacon and eggs and porridge, then out in that field at 7 o'clock. Our next meal was at 12 o'clock and we got nothing inbetween, and if we got wet through we still had to keep going.

• Farm workers, that was what Reading Rooms were for. The farmers didn't want them at winter nights, and there was no where else to go.

Tenting

• There were little smallholdings where people kept a cow or two. They were 'lane cows', went out to the lanes, and they were tented with a man. He called for your cows on a morning, and tented them up the lane, then brought them back to you at night. It would be so much a cow, wouldn't it. Called it 'tenting'. 'Tenting cows'.

• Frank Smallwood, he took them from Pond Farm and he used to graze them all down Thornton Road, then bring them back to milk. Come everyday, wet or fine. He just stayed there all day and sat at back of t'hedge. The next day he'd walk them on a bit. They went all down Dalby Lane, it was a full-time job.

• Frank Smallwood, he was crippled up with rheumatics, someone suggested tekking cows out agen, he could do that, he had a bike. He cem round to see if anyone were interested, then used to take them onto t'main road, and as you go down to Dalby, its all wide grass verge. They'd get full and then they would lay down and chew their cud for t'rest of t'day. He'd sit at roadside, if it was wet he had a big umbrella. I turned mine out from Box Tree, three or four, and Barnes at Hope Farm, he had half a dozen he turned out. Was it 3s a cow we paid for the week? But he always wanted eggs instead at our spot. Before Smallwood it was another old crippled man, he had a crooked leg, Tom Smith.

• Tommy Smith, he used to tent them too. He lived in a woodshed in the garden agen Bell Cottage. They used to let house to visitors. Mary and Tom, they were brother and sister, they used to live in that shed all the year round.

• In Lockton the cattle went up the lanes to graze. But we had fields. We never had lane cows.

• Walter Barnes when he lived up at Hope Farm, it was maybe thirty or forty acre, he used to turn about four or five out because it helped to save his grass, and he could put another field down to corn. He saved there a bit.

• There'd be into teens of cows going into lanes. Frank Smallwood would be one of last that took 'em, and Tommy Smith.

WEATHER

• They allus used to say you had to have six weeks food in in wintertime.

• At Low Horcum mother used to buy a two stone box of lard and a four stone bag of flour when winter was beginning, and she kept replenishing as long as she could get out. But she always had that by.

• We were at Low Staindale in that dreadful winter of 1947. The snow came on the 3 February and we hadn't a way out until Good Friday. One day I said we'll have to try to get to the village. All the way we saw neither a hedge nor a wall. We just made a beeline to the Whitby road.

After that winter we went looking for dead sheep. There's a Bridestone which is hollow. And five live sheep came out. We had hay in store from the previous winter and we carried bundles of hay for the sheep. I got there with a bundle on my back and the sheep knocked me down and walked all over me.

I can tell you what was nearly a tragedy where that little stream comes down at Low Staindale. It had been raining for two days and two nights and my husband came in. He said "I've lost Mrs Rogers and I know she's due to lamb so will you come and help me to look for her". Away we went. That stream in the little valley had divided, there was an island in the middle and of course there was Mrs Rogers with two newborn lambs. I said "You go across, get the lambs and give them to me, then you go back and get Mrs Rogers". I helped him to put Mrs Roger onto his shoulder because she was wet through, so we set off up this bankside to the path. Then I heared such a noise, it was just like continuous thunder. He said "I can't hear anything for her wool". I

17. 'Lockton Lane', on the Whitby Road, probably in the snow of 1933

turned and looked up the valley and it was level with water. Coming rushing down. I said, "Get up that bankside quickly". We neither had a spare hand to help us. But we made it to the fence at the top and we hung onto that fence and watched that water go by. If I hadn't heard it we should all have been drowned.

• In 1947 the snow cem first week in February. They cut it out to Kingthorpe fifteen times, brought goods as far as they could on lorries, then brought it on sledges, across the fields, they had to break through hedges. With the milk, we'd to put a couple of cans on a sledge to get it to the main road.

• In the snow of 1947 the Italians from Eden Camp helped to cut the snow. They hung their jackets on telegraph pole tops so you can tell how much snow there was.

• In bad weather it was a rum job for people wi' sheep. At West View our sheep were folded on the Ten Acre at Farfield. Les Harrison, he spent the day up there, we had a shippon there, and we used to take up his dinner. The turnips were all to pull and cut everyday and you couldn't find them for the snow, and they were frozen. It was bad enough for us left at home to see to the cattle and that. One morning I set off on a horse to go to them sheds at Rustiff Head. We kept cattle over there in winter. I got to t'hill top and horse couldn't get through. So I'd to come back home and then walk over.

• Up Hostess Lane, that's where the bus bringing a pantomime party back to Whitby from Leeds, was snowed up in 1947. They were stuck overnight. We got 'em out and brought them down into the village. We had about six of them drying their unmentionables in front of our fire. Then they got the Village Hall and slept in there. Then Mr King, the baker, and a party walked them down to Pickering. The bus was there for weeks.

It was the other side of the Fox and Rabbit that was t'worst that year. I had to take a funeral from High Dalby to Middlesborough. We had to make a sledge and drag her up to the village church and then the only way there was a chance of getting to Middlesborough was to go up Bilsdale. We set off about 9am for the funeral at 1pm. Then coming along the cutting made in the snow we met a beer wagon going to the Fox and Rabbit and they wanted us to back into the village. "No", I said, "I'm not backing with a hearse and a couple of cars". So he backed into the cutting and got stuck. And we lost about half an hour. Then it

had a puncture and we got to Middlesborough an hour late. The hearse was antique then, but it was a beautiful machine, like a glass polish finish, and it was a Daimler Silent Night engine.

On the way back we got as far as Pickering and Tommy Taylor who was driving the hearse said "I daren't take the hearse any further, we'll call in at the garage and get the old Bismarch" - a big armoured car they'd bought to transport school kids in, a four wheel drive. We got it to the Fox and Rabbit and there was a drift right across the road. And there was this little figure waving at the other side of the drift: - "Are you the RAF Mountain Rescue?". "No, we're a funeral party". And it was the District Nurse. Apparently Mrs Warriner of Nab Farm had gone into labour and they had to bring the RAF Mountain Rescue in to bring her down into the village. Walking back into the village we'd a sort of padded track over the hedges. We got home about midnight.

• *Mrs Warriner's baby was safely born at Coronation Farm. Afterwards* the nurse followed the snow plough up every morning from Pickering. The snow was blowing back in all the time. And if she wasn't at the top of Lockton Lane when t'plough came back from Saltersgate, it waited for her so she could follow it back down to Pickering.

• At Nab Farm in 1947 mi father had a hundred and thirty some ewes. After that winter he was down to about thirty. We lost cattle too, starved to death, pigs frossen to death in the pig sty. I was working at Warren, we sent milk away in churns to Driffield,. When we were snowed in we were tipping forty gallons of milk down the drain every day.

• When winter came at Saltersgate, and snow, and you had to walk to Lockton for groceries, you just had to walk between telegraph poles, that's how you kept you guidance. It could snow you in for a week anytime. After Fylingdales was opened you weren't snowed in so much cos they got big snow ploughs.

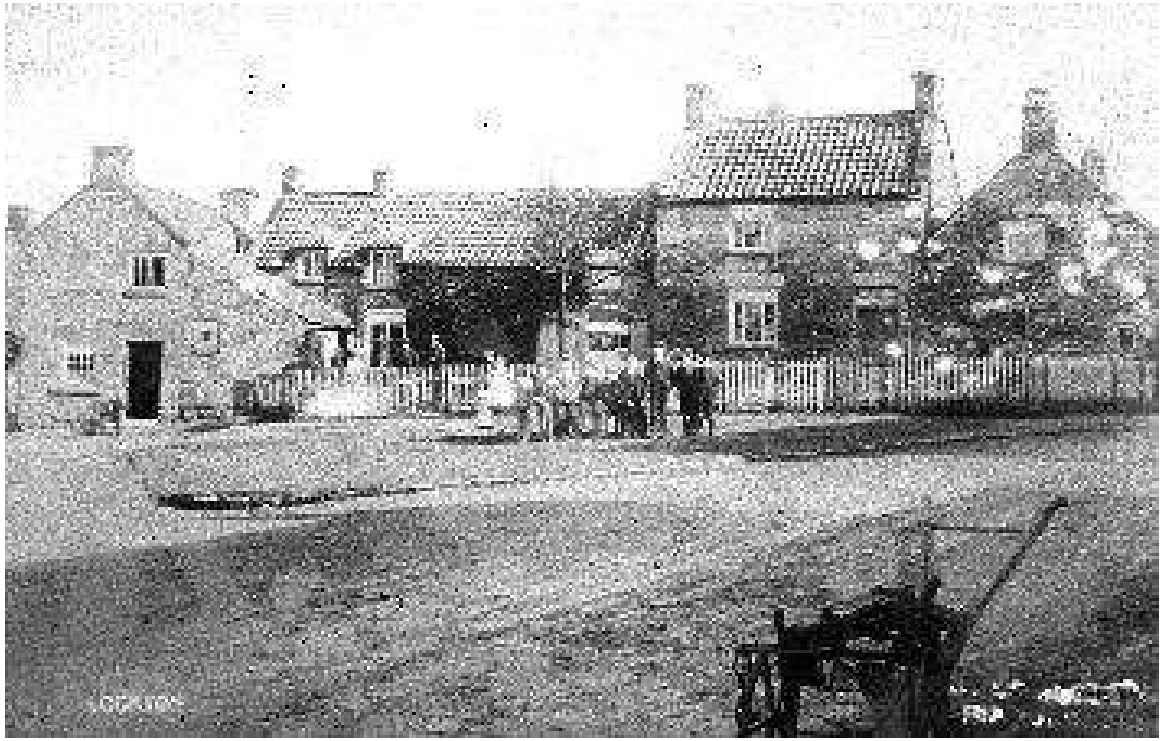
TIME OFF

Reading Room

A map of c1906 shows the present Blacksmith's House as 'Reading Room'. It was replaced in 1919 by what is now 'The Old Reading Room', the cottage being bought by the Rev Armstrong, Rector of Levisham and Lockton, as a War Memorial. It was to be used for 'physical and mental recreation and social, moral and intellectual development through the medium of reading and recreation rooms, a library, lectures, classes, recreations and entertainments'. Quite a tall order! But no one remembers a library, or lectures or classes ever being held. In 1931 the Rev Armstrong granted the Reading Room to trustees. Some time after the Second World War it became disused. In 1985 it was sold and is now transformed into a cottage.

• I've heard tell of the Blacksmith House being a Reading Room at first. They used to sit outside on a seat in the sunshine. Then the Reading Room was given as a monument after the war. It had a plaque on the door. After the Reading Room closed the plaque disappeared. There was a paper there, a night paper I should think. Mrs Metcalf used to walk to Levisham station on a night for the papers and then delivered them.

Sometimes we went to the Reading Room, they had a good fire going. Some of the old timers would be sitting there telling their tales, and sucking their



18. Lockton Reading Room, opened in 1919, is on the left.
A plough is waiting for attention outside the blacksmiths.

pipes. There was weights and measures in there, you had to take them to get tested every two years. The Reading Room was well used until kids began burning chairs and what not.

• They used to be a lot go to the Reading Room. You had to be a member, it was only a few coppers. It was supposed to be young lads, farm labourers and such as that - and old men. They used to play darts and dominoes, and there was a good fire. There was a billiard table in there at one time, and a daily paper. It used to be a gathering place. Some of t'old 'uns used to play dominos, used to bring their table up to the fire - play til they were tired. And lads never used to have a chance. There were a lot went. It was all men really. But we had 3d hops in the Reading Room - John Brisby used to come with his accordian.

• Aye, a nice few went to t'Reading Room. I know we used to get roasted 'cos old men sat agen fire, and we'd be kicking up a row at t'other end wi' t'bagatelle. We used to get telled off, but we didn't tek ower much notice on it. There was a paper, for those at didn't used to get a paper at home. We used to get in afore the old men, get on t'paper and get reading it. Well, we paid our subscription. There weren't no lasses went. But there was lasses on a Saturday night in there, for hops. Threpence a piece we paid. And a youth played the mouth-organ, or an accordian for music. We enjoyed of oursens.

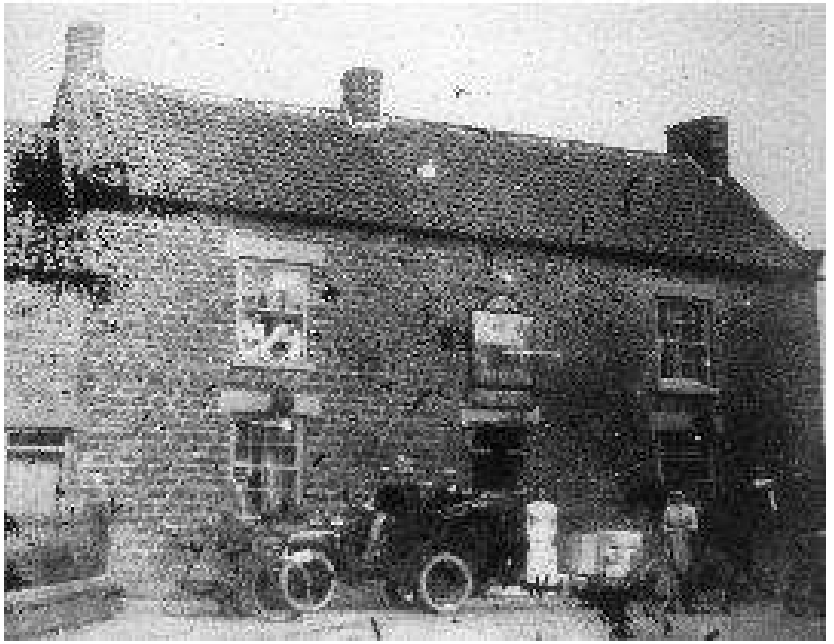
• The old uns used to go over there, sit over t'fire and smoke, and spit. And play dominos and darts. It was supposed to be just for men. Us girls, when they wouldn't let us in, we put a dead chicken down the chimney. Then we used to wait and watch them all come running out. Stan Mackley and Ida, they did 3d hops in the Reading Room, with a

gramophone. We teenagers used to have our Ladies Cricket Club meeting in the Reading Room. We had an unbeaten record, we never won a match. But we got a lot of spectators. We used to have a few Concert parties there. And what we called 'Socials', have a dance and a game, like postman's knock and things like that. We had people that could sing, and one or two that could play accordians, and play the piano.

• They used to have 3d hops, every Saturday night. They used to come from Levisham, Newtondale, it used to be packed. There was a piano accordian. But then some ruffians were pulling floor boards up to light fire, so they closed it.

Pubs

In 1906 it was said that, with the exception of one year, the license at the Durham Ox had been owned by the Thompson family for 200 years. The Thompsons were primarily blacksmiths so that for a time in the early 19th century the inn was called the Blacksmiths Arms. Later it acquired the name The Board Inn, but by 1861 was known as The Durham Ox. The inn was closed in 1933 and although there was an application for it to be relicensed in 1964 it was voted at a public meeting that it should remain a private house. What is now Brow Cottage was licensed as a beerhouse for a few years. The Saltersgate Inn dating from the 1600s and the Fox and Rabbit dating from the 1830s, are also in Lockton township.



19. An early photograph of the Durham Ox. The car suggests it was taken in 1910.

• The Durham Ox, it was a dark, dismal place. Folks didn't go drinking like they do nowadays. They might go on a Saturday night for a glass of beer.

• I don't think many went to the Durham Ox. Mi dad went to the Fox and Rabbit the odd time. Old B.S., he used to get drunk and they used to put him on his flat cart and set 'is horse off and he went home to Dalby.

• David Hoggard would be the last landlord at the Durham Ox. But he used to go to chapel every Sunday.

• Saltersgate Inn, that was a hive of activity after the war when coaches started to come. They'd be lined right up Saltersgate bank. Mrs Thistle used to mix a great big bowl, almost a yard in diameter, full of pastry. Then she'd have another bowl mixed up to make scones. From Nab Farm you had to be up with the milk in time 'cos half past ten and first coaches would be coming.

• *(In the 1960s and early 1970s)* the Saltersgate pub was very busy.

20. The Fox and Rabbit, probably taken during the 1st World war (notice the soldier)

Fylingdales was being built and they hadn't many of their own canteens so they used to come down in coach loads for their lunches. The landlord was a good chef, high class food . He built up a lot of evening meal trade, sometime sixty dinners on a Saturday night.

• Brow Cottage, it had been a pub. Was it really called the Bug and Flea?

Temperance and the Band of Hope

By 1882 Lockton had a Temperance Society which for a time had its own Brass Band. The associated Band of Hope was run largely by the Wesleyan Chapel but was supported by most village children. The highlight of the Band of Hope year was the Christmas Concert when the children gave sketches such as 'Father Wont You Try', and 'Snoring in a Gutter' for the benefit of their proud parents. All Band of Hope children were expected to 'signed the pledge' of total abstinence from 'the demon drink'. Lockton's Band of Hope seems to have finished in the 1940s.

• At night there was Socials and Band of Hope and such as that. We had some good times and all there. Band of Hope was in the Wesleyan Chapel.

• Everyone turned in for the Fruit Banquet. They used to give us a few grapes and suchlike, and you'd to sign pledge. They had a little book with Band of Hope songs in it. Primitives, Wesleyans, all went together to that.

• The Temperance lot. There were a lot of hypocrites among 'em. They'd quietly walk on looking at the fields on a Sunday night, then pop in the back door of the

Fox, down three or four pints, then walk back again, with their walking sticks, looking at the crops. Then one would say: "If it wasn't Sunday I'd bid you £30 for that horse", and he would answer: "If it wasn't Sunday I'd have tekken it". Mrs X's mother, she used to sell milk, and my mother once said: "I don't know whether to offer you money on a Sunday" . "O", she said, "I don't mind taking the money on a Sunday, but I never pay on a Sunday".

The Brass Band

The first traced reference to Lockton's Brass Band comes in 1861 when it accompanied local school children on a treat to Scarborough. Thereafter it periodically played at such occasions as weddings although for many years its main annual event was to accompany the local Friendly Society Club Feast every July. The last traced mention of Lockton's Brass Band was for August 1906 when it accompanied the Wesleyan and Primitive Methodist Sunday Schools for their annual treat to Pickering Yatts.

• Lockton Brass Band. They used to get drunk. They went round outlaying farms one Christmas, like we go round and sing, and it was all homemade wines, and they finished up at Fox and Rabbit. Then they came on as far as Overscar Pond and they turned tired of carrying all their instruments, threw 'em into t' field, and went for 'em next day. Homemade wines - lethel.

• In the end the band hadn't a uniform, only peaked caps. At Christmas time, carol singing, we (the Reading Room), weren't same as band, we did walk home.

• I only remember stories about Lockton's Brass Band. They set off Christmas Eve, round the outlaying farms, and some never got back til Boxing Day. And its been known some had to get a wheel barrow to go and pick someone up they'd left behind. Old Benny Simpson, he used to play what mi dad called the Big Bummer, a big horn, euphonium. It was all soldered up at the end wi' him dropping it on the floor. He finished up burying it in his front garden wi' a wire soldered to it and made it an earth for his radio.

The Women's Institute.

• The *Lockton and Levisham* Women's Institute, it started in Lockton School in about 1929. That's how the Village Hall came to be built, because Mrs Baldwin *(of The Hall, Levisham)* wasn't comfortable sat in the school desks. Levisham people weren't very happy about it at first. There was about fifty and more came at one bit. Mi mother came from Raindale, Mrs Ward came from Beulah and Mrs Greenald from Wethead. They all met up at Levisham station, summer and winter, then walked up to Lockton together.

• When the Women's Institute started well ower seventy came. They came from all ovver, from Raindale and Dalby and all roundabout. Mrs Baldwin would be the first President.

• That's why I joined the WI, to play cricket. Miss Baldwin wouldn't have anyone in the team who wasn't a member of the WI. We played other Ladies Cricket Clubs, used to go to Newton, Salton, Baugh, Thorntondale, Appleton le Moor. There were some rough pitches.

Levisham (Lockton) Show

Levisham Floral and Agricultural Show began in 1908. It was intended as the local show for Levisham, Lockton, Newtondale, Stape and Crosscliffe. By 1930 it had moved to Lockton.

• Levisham Show, they had it over in Lockton last few years, because people

didn't like crossing over to Levisham. It was a proper agricultural show, cattle, sheep, horses. It finished in wartime. At first it was in the Cricket Field. Stalls, coconut shies and such as that, they were all up the roadside, above Clay Pond. Later it went up to a field off Haustess Lane. Baldwins was behind it, else it wouldn't have got going.

• Levisham Show, that was in Lockton for a few years. They showed all sorts, flowers, wild flowers, vegetables, cakes, bullocks, horses. They had horse racing as well. Then they had children's sports and a dance at night in the marquee. There were gypos with stalls and coconut shies, they used to camp on that bit of grass opposite the cemetery. I used to sell programmes, 'Programmes 3d each'.

• My uncle, *Edgar Dowson of The Square,* was secretary of Levisham Show for a while. That was another big occasion. With my uncle going all round the farms with his stallions he knew no end of farmers who used to come and bring their horses and stock to the show. We had a big table in the kitchen, it would seat twelve or fourteen, because it was a long kitchen. We used to do baking for about a week, cakes and pastries. And we used to boil a whole ham in the copper. Then we used to set this big table, just after 7 o'clock on the Show morning, and it was still there nearly at midnight. People would just come when they had time. We kept filling the table up, cakes and pastries and sandwiches, all home-made. A lot of farmers came straight to our farmyard to wash the horses' feet, do them with wood flour as they called it. Some brought their wives with them and they used to stay and help in the house. Relatives used to come to the Show from all over, just stay the night and go back on the Sunday. We used to have several spare feather beds, and we used to put them on the floor all over. And what a breakfast next

21. Edgar Dowson of Square Farm with his prize marrow - probably for Lockton Show.

morning. Fried bacon and egg for everybody. *(For some years one of the Classes at the Show was for "Brood mare stinted to Mr Dowson's horse".)*

• The Show was dying out at Levisham so they tried it at Lockton. It was a success for a few years, but the last one was a washout, and then the war cem.

Courting

• Everyone had twenty-firsts in them days, a lot in Village Hall. Sometimes we did the Lancers. Goathland was a good place for the Lancers.

• My wife and them used to walk to Stape in t'dark to a dance and never think nowt about it.

• They used to walk from Elleron, and Newton and Stape to Lockton to a dance. Then walk back again after they'd been dancing all night.

• Both lads and lasses used to go to chapel in them days, on a Sunday night. If Wesleyans turned out first they'd wait of Primitives turning out (and vica versa) and there was Church as well. Then we'd all go for walks on t'high road. In summertime we'd maybe go Dalby way, but we always landed at Fox and Rabbit, and we'd get some crisps.

• After chapel on a Sunday night we used to walk miles. We used to get together, there was all the boys from round about and we used to walk all over, one night we walked right across to Newgate Foot.

• We used to go for walks on Sunday evenings, after church and chapel, we all used to meet up near Rowens' gate. Farm lads used to wait there for us to come out. Sometimes we'd walk onto Farfields and back round by t'Fox. Then we got married.

SPORT

Shooting

• Mr Baldwin, he had practically all Levisham and Lockton shooting. Mr Lloyd was at Saltersgate

• Baldwins used to come shooting two or three times a winter. They had two gamekeepers. Gentry used to come. They used to stand in t'lanes and the beaters would drive *birds* across to them.

• When mi grandad got married he moved to Bar Farm, a farmer and part-time gamekeeper. Mi father took Nab Farm and he was also part time gamekeeper, he was paid 10s a week, all the year round, for keeping. Lloyds, Rodney and Cyril, would come to Bar Farm cottage, with Fearnley their agent, for the shooting. There'd be one line of guns on Saltersgate Hill top, at Gallows Dyke, then starting at Blackdale up the long straight to Saltersgate there was lines of shooting butts across the moor. Then a return drive from Hazelhead *(above Malo Cross)* back to Gallows Dyke. Beaters in them days would maybe be paid 1s a day. Tenants were expected to help, if you took part you got on better with Lloyds. Mi father took out their lunches in baskets, on a game cart

At one time Lloyds had a snipe drive on that bog at Nab Farm. But when they put the pylons across that moor, within months, that was the end of the snipe - all electrocuted.

• You know the pheasant and partridge and grouse, they lived on t'heather, there was hundreds on 'em. When there was a shoot we used to go out on a morning with Baldwin and all these folks. It was their land, all we had was grazing for t'sheep. We had to go beating and all we got for it was a bird or two. If it were raining we still had to go, and take our sandwiches wi' us. It would be half past five at night by time we'd got back home

22. Beaters for Mr Lloyd's shoot on Saltersgate moor.

and all we'd been doing was just walking about on them moors. Then at ten o'clock next morning they'd go wi' horse and cart to get the birds that had been shot, and there were that many of them there were a cart full. It wasn't just one day a week, it might be three days. And as regards a cup of tea, there wasn't a cup of tea, it would be a bottle of beer, and we were only kids.

• When I were young I used to go with horse and cart to collect the grouse. Beating: It were a tiring job.

• Dad was the keeper for Laughtons (see page 65). He had to organise the beaters, ten or twelve. They had sticks and whistles and dogs and whatnot. And he looked after the shooting butts - all turf butts. The beaters were people out of work, those that went thrashing and things like that. They wouldn't let us boys be beaters. But I've had quite a few half crowns from Thomas and Charles Laughton for carrying the first six grouse on the Glorious Twelfth onto the Whitby Road where a taxi was waiting and they went to the Pavilion Hotel at Scarborough. The meals for the shoot were brought from The Pavilion and Mrs Blakey (the housekeeper at Cherry Tree) saw to getting them across to the moors. Mr Child at the Durham Ox also supplied the shoot, we lads carried these bottles of stout and Bass and what-have-you in sacks, sometimes we had to make two journeys.

• Mr Cooper had the shooting rights at *Mount Pleasant,* pheasant and partridge. He had a cottage at the end of the farm for when he came for the shooting. They'd always be a big game pie for the shooting party.

Keepering

• As part-time keeper for Mr Lloyd mi father had all the butts to repair. And he had to keep the vermin down. Foxes is your worst enemy, then you've got your hawks, and carrion crows, your magpies, jays, your stoats, your weasels. In the spring of year you used to know where every nest was and if you couldn't shoot them you'd put a barrel through t'nest and blew the lot out. *To catch carrion crows* we used to get a fairly deep water hole on the moor, and make a little pier into it, then you'd set a trap on it. Then you'd put a stick into the pool in front of it, with an egg on top. The carrion crow would come swooping round trying to get this egg. Eventually it would light at the pond, walk round and round, then step up the pier - and by then its legs were in the trap. The weight of the trap pulled it into the water and it was drowned. In a year, just in one pond, I've caught as far

23. Tom Warriner of Bar Farm, gamekeeper for the Lloyds. Jack Hodgson is the AA man.

as 34 carrion crows, and 3 hawks.

In them days jackdaws could do a lot of damage, they were vermin. They used to nest in Raindale Scar, and Kidstye Scar, and Needles Eye and those places, so there was hundreds of them up at Saltersgate. Mi father had a jackdaw trap up on t'Saltersgate Moor, where t'old sheep house is, about size of this room, just a wire cage w' a funnel down into it. We used to put corn and water in, and jackdaws used to get in and couldn't get out. Then mi father would go in and kill them wi' a walking stick. In spring of t'year you used to get thirty or forty every day. You'd leave so many in to encourage more to come in.

The Hunt

Saltersgate Farmers Hunt began in 1939 when the Derwent Hunt loaned the wild northern part of its country to Captain Medlicott of Goathland. Stan Mackley of Glebe Farm, Saltersgate, was the first huntsman. [See 'Hunting in the North and East Ridings' by Ralph Greaves, c1991]. Since then the kennels have had a number of moves, including to the Durham Ox and The Rowens in Lockton village, and are now at Warren Farm.

• It was t'Derwent y'see, and when it got rougher up here they didn't want it so there was folks who started another. That's why they called it Farmers' Hunt. Stan Mackley had the kennels down at Glebe Farm. When the hunt first started they had t'hounds trencher fed. All these hunting men would keep one or two each. We used to have Hunt Balls, you couldn't move, years ago. You just could not move.

• At first most of the hounds were trencher fed. Then on Hunt mornings Stan Mackley, the huntsman, would go to Saltersgate hilltop and blow his horn to gather all the hounds from round about.

• M'dad was a founder member of the Hunt. But he hadn't time to go hunting. All the farmers clubbed together and let the hunt have their fallen stock. Then if they were bothered with a fox the huntsman would come and get it. It was the Derwent before, they never came this way because it was too hilly and they all had big, fine horses. So Stan Mackley at Saltersgate, he just had a few hounds and used to go on foot. That's how it started. He had Hunt Balls to get a bit of money, and got a little wagon to collect the farmers' fallen stock up.

• We had the hounds in kennels down the yard *(at Glebe Farm).* Mi dad, Stan Mackley, hunted them all during the war. It was a difficult time to feed them, you had to get fallen stock and share it with the other hounds because maybe they were having a lean time. Then when we were having a lean time we got it from them. Different farmers used to walk the puppies, that was their gift to the hunt. We bred them, then they went out to walk til they were about a year. Then we had a Puppy Walk, each farmer

24. Stan Mackley, the "Saltersgate's" first huntsman, behind the old Glebe Farm.

would compete for the best looking pup. Biggest part of local farmers were members. Hardest job was keeping mi father's white cravats clean. They got hot and dirty and sweaty, and they had to be all clean for Saturday again. And his white breeches, it was a job to keep them clean. You scrubbed them - put them in the peggy tub. You could get cream breeches that he wore for Wednesdays, but Saturdays he'd get dressed up - white breeches.

• A lot of farmers were involved with the hunt. They hunted on foot most of them. When they first found the Saltersgate Farmers' Hunt various farmers joined it and they'd keep a couple of hounds each. I remember Frank Greenheld had Dainty and Dashwood. They used to wear a badge, 'Saltersgate Foxhounds' with a fox on it.

• There was two foxes, moorland fox and lowland fox. The moorland fox was a bigger fox, a leggier, redder fox, a lot faster, and he didn't go to ground as much as these lowland foxes do. I think that's why they got killed off. The last old red fox around here, we ran it to ground just before Newgate Foot House, it weighed only about 3¼4 lb off world record weight for a fox.

• In them days more o't'village followed them than they do today. Younger generation used to follow them more, follow them on foot, on Saturday afternoons. It was a real sport of them.

Beagles

• The Ampleforth Beagles started coming to Saltersgate about 1931. They used to bring a coachload of boys from the college, then they went to the pub for a meal afterwards. I've had some marvellous days beagling on that moor up there. A lot of villagers used to go as well. They always met on a Saturday, and always fixed their day when the Saltersgate hunt was at the far end of

Stape. Mi grandfather, Tom Warriner, walked beagles for Ampleforth, so did Stan and George Mackley. Walked them - reared the pups. We've walked five or six - keep them for about nine months, then they'd go back into kennels. Then there was like a puppy walk in May, all the beagles were judged, best dog, best bitch and that. That was at Ampleforth, at Gilling Castle. We used to go to it every year. As more and more traffic cem on the road at Saltersgate it got on the dangerous side, then they started hunting at Levisham. Now they've stopped altogether.

Cricket

• In them days the Cricket Field was all riggs and furrows, only the pitch was level. At first we played t'other way on, on top of a rigg. It wasn't improved til after Parish Council bought it, in the 1970s.

• It was a wet spring the year we levelled it, all earth moving equipment got bogged, for weeks, 'cos its on clay. There used to be a pond where the football posts are now. Before that the outfield wasn't even cut. Smiths used to graze it wi'sheep and when it got towards July there was just the seedheads left standing, and on a damp night you were wet through to t'knees running among the buttercups. At first they had to go to matches on their bikes, to Kirby Misperton, Stape and Newton, carry their equipment, although they'd only have one pad initially. Even into the 1950s half of them wouldn't wear whites. They couldn't afford them.

• There were very rarely high scores because of the nature of the ground, a bit topsy turvy. There was just one eleven, all local. On one occasion I was batting, chap at t'other end missed the ball, got him on the pad. "Huzzat". "Oot". "I'z not oot". "Oot". "I was nivver oot". "You look in Malton Gazette on Friday and you'll see whether thou was oot or not".

• We had a ladies cricket team, Mrs Ward, the school teacher, and Miss Baldwin *(from Levisham),* they'd been college trained, they just turned their bat and placed the ball where there was a gap in the fielders. Thorntondale, Newton, all the villages had ladies cricket teams. Every week we were going

25. West Troutsdale versus Lockton and District in 1904.
Probably taken outside the Durham Ox.
At a similar match in 1890 Lockton scored 23 and Troutsdale 30.

somewhere to play, or they were coming to us.

Football

• There was a football team too, mi dad, Edgar Dowson, George Sanderson, Harold Burdon used to play. They had that field up Westfield Lane with the gate at an angle. We still call it Football Field.

HOME AND HEARTH

At Home

• Lea Cottage, that was mi Granny's cottage. There was a massive fireplace in the room on the left, and a big table in the middle of the room, with a chenille cloth, and windsor chairs, all antimacassared up. On the other side was the parlour, that's where the Post Office used to be. There was a little window you could open and shut for the Post Office.

• At High House we had the big, black range, and a side oven with its own fire underneath. We used sticks for the oven. There was a really high mantlepiece, you kept everything on there you didn't want the children to have. Then there was a reckon, and at each side a place where you put your kettle. You tipped your water from a bucket into the boiler, then got the hot water out with one of these metal boiler tins. The floor was flag stone. When you got corn *(for the poultry)* it was always in strong sacks, and we'd have some of those down. And a pricked rug in front of the fireplace. Then we had a chaise longue settee and four chairs, horse hair, the table under the window, and a windsor armchair. And we had shutters. We had a best room, with a small metal fireplace. We didn't often go in there, no, not a lot. You see dad was always in his mucky working clothes, he never got out of them. But we did at Christmas.

The chimney from the oven sloped up to join the fire chimney and it used to get really blocked with soot. Then mi mother used to get one of mi dad's cartridges, empty out about as much gunpowder as she could get on a sixpence, put it in the middle of a tissue she used to save off oranges, wrap it up, wrap it up. Then she'd get a coal rake and it had to go right to the back. Then shut the oven door quickly before it fired. And mi mother was chuffed to bits when all the soot cem down.

• The old folks used to sweep chimneys and that with live chickens. They fell out at bottom and all soot came w' em.

• *At the present Argyle Cottage* we had ordinary paraffin lamps with single burners. People who were a bit better off, they had mantles, Aladdins. With all those tables, with all those lamps standing in the middle, and the cloth on - but kids never used to pull the cloth. And we always went to bed with a candle.

• I can see now railway sacks on the floor *at High Pasture* - London North Eastern Railway sacks on the stone-flagged floor. Stone flags all through. With a peg rug by the fire. Mother made those in winter. I can remember her selling them.

• At Low Horcum the house was twice the size it is now, with a double roof. The present square outer wall is the outer wall of the old buildings. The barns were below the house - a wagon shed on the bottom of the yard, a barn and stable in the corner, then a cowhouse, then the turf shed. Dad put a tin barn up outside for hay. The floor in the living room and sitting room was red brick squares, but

the dairy was flags, and the back kitchen was cement. Then coconut matting and clip rugs. There was always a clip rug on the frame in t'winter. Then there was the far sitting room. We didn't often sit in there. It was too cold for sitting in.

We used to scrub back kitchen floor, always had a white stone to finish it off with. These stones we used to watch for them when we were out. There was a spot in Blackdale where we used to pull 'em out, a nice piece of flat, white stone. There was the table under the window, grandad's chair in that corner with the cupboard above, with his playing cards. Anything and everything m'dad did. He had to. There was an iron ladder up to t'chimney and if wind was wrong he used to go up and set t'bricks t'other way round.

Mi grandad had a bit of corn behind t' house, and mi Granny had a few hens. And the hens, they used to get in the corn and there used to be war. They didn't have a thrashing, they just used to bang t'corn agen t'wall. What shot out was for hens, the rest went to t'cows.

• At the old Glebe Farm you went into this dark passage, and on the left was the living room with a turf fire. There was an old settee, that stopped there til it dropped to bits, horse brasses on the wall, and mi grandad's windsor chair in the corner. You didn't change things for the sake of changing, nothing altered unless it wore out. It was only for weddings and funerals that you used the front parlour. There was an old-fashioned settee, horsehair, with just one end up, and horsehair chairs, a nice sideboard and a drop leafed table and it would be a chenille cloth. In the back kitchen was the copper and a sink. The water came from that hillside, piped across the field, then you'd go out with a bucket, it was running all the time.

• To do a rag rug probably, to make it last, you put a lot of small clips in, it put a pile on it so it wouldn't drop. But of course it made it very, very heavy. Granny always had a rug 'on the go'. It was usually just a diamond in the middle made from a bit of red from a flannel petticoat, and maybe a

26. Ward Mackley and family probably taken just before 1900 at Newgate Foot where he farmed.
Back Row: 'Aunt Hannah', William, Charles Edward, Charlotte Ann.
Middle Row: Mary Ann, Mary Ann (nee Harrison), Ward Mackley, Mary Ann (nee Thompson) with Lily on her knee. *Front:* George and Fred

border round the edge. But mostly they were black and grey, men's clothes. Grandma made massive quilts. They used to have what were called quilting patterns. They were like pieces of glass and they were all shapes. The old people, they made a lot of quilts.

• My mother used a frame for making clip rugs, it made them tighter. I had a quilting frame an' all, like a rug frame only bigger. A quilt, it was like a sandwich, pieces of cotton with an old blanket in the middle. First you made your pattern on it, maybe made it with plates, then you did little stitches round.

• There wasn't much time for quilting at our house, *at Low Horcum*. It was all work. Everybody was outside working.

'Next to Godliness'

• On wash-day at Glebe Farm the water was all to carry, fill your copper, then you had to carry all your fuel. It was a day's job was washing. You washed on a Monday, bedrooms on a Tuesday, Wednesday you did all your bits and pieces, mending (all your socks and shirts were to mend, collars to turn), then Thursday you had to bake, (but old folks had two baking days, they did bread and teacakes one day, then cakes and pastry another). Then Friday you cleaned up. There was all matting to take up, coconut matting, that was to take outside, shake it and drag it across the grass to clean it. Then you'd wash the floor, polish all t'furniture and wash windows. And you couldn't alter it. If there was an emergency and you couldn't wash on a Monday people would be frantic.

• Washday was a day's work. You put your copper on at t'morning, then boiled up the water in the copper. You washed in a peggy tub. And we starched men's shirts and collars, tableclothes and pillow cases. Men wore union shirts with neckbands. If they wanted a new collar they just studded them on. Just put a white collar on for Sundays.

• We put all t' towels and sheets through t' mangle. We were born ower soon!

• Most families kept linen specially to put on the bed when they had babies. Well, they were in bed for ten days as a start. And they were being viewed by all and sundry. I remember going with Granny to see this young woman sitting up in bed with all her embroidered pillow-cases and lace-edged sheets, and this baby.

Granny never had anything else but white, white apron, white table cloth. And she was always boiling. If it wasn't in a copper it was in a huge bucket thing and put on the fire.

• We used to go to Blackdale for rubbing stone, for the verges of the steps. The Blackdale sandstone was creamy stuff, Granny said it was far superior to that other stuff you could get at Saltersgate that was darker, a bit more iron in it probably - it was quite ginger. Granny used to say "don't want any of that ginger stuff".

• Rudstone, rubbing stone, you'd get it on Saltersgate hill, just on the corner. And you could get it down Levisham Bank as well, down Station Hill, and in Station Wood. It were sandstone, you used to try to get it more sandy, a deep colour. All t'ladies used to take pride, who could do best step in t'village like, doorholes and that. Mary Johnson of Mount Cottage, she was t'last one to do it, all them steps, front and back, every Friday, never missed.

• They used to wash the flags with milk, and it polished them, didn't it. When it dried it made a lovely polish.

• There used to be Girl Guides at Levisham on a Friday night. My mother wouldn't let me go because it was floor

washing night. So I had to walk home to High House from school, wash all these floors, scrub them, the kitchen, back kitchen, dairy and the passage floors. Then I could go. We used to 'stone' down the side of the passage, and put a mat down the middle. For baths, at first we had the scrubbing tub, what we scrubbed our clothes in. It was a wooden one, Mr Hoggard made it at the shop. I can remember squeezing into it. As you go bigger it got quite tight. We had it in front of the fire and when you got in the water nearly ran over. Later we had a big tin one in the spare bedroom. We carried the water up, then threw it out of the window when you'd finished.

• Spring cleaning was horrendous. Throw everything out on a fine day, beat everything and scrub everything. Those rag rugs, they would weigh a ton. They used to heave them into the yard, shake them up and down, clouds of dust.

• Septic tanks - when they built t' Council houses (*in 1948*) that was start. Before that we had earth closets. You cleaned them out yourself.

• We had a thunder box in a building at the back, just a one holer. At school we had a two holer, you could sit and talk. You'd empty it yourself, it grew marvellous rhubarb. Or a farmer would come and shift it for you for his fields. Old Dr Kirk used to say there was nothing as healthy as the earth closet if it was used correctly, with a box of earth to do it out like a rich compost. But when people began to use coal instead of peat the ashes in the closets were sterile and the contents became foul.

Keeping Well

• Brimstone and treacle, that cooled your blood. Camphorated oil was used a lot, for your chest. And goosegrease to rub your chest.

• Goosegrease, we put that on for any aches or pains.

• If you had a sore throat it was a sweaty sock and camphorated oil. Mrs Hardwick did a cinder tea, got a cinder out of fire. And I'll tell you summat else they used to do for whooping cough, suck a beaten egg - raw. I remember sucking raw egg. And brimstone and treacle, ivvery Friday neet.

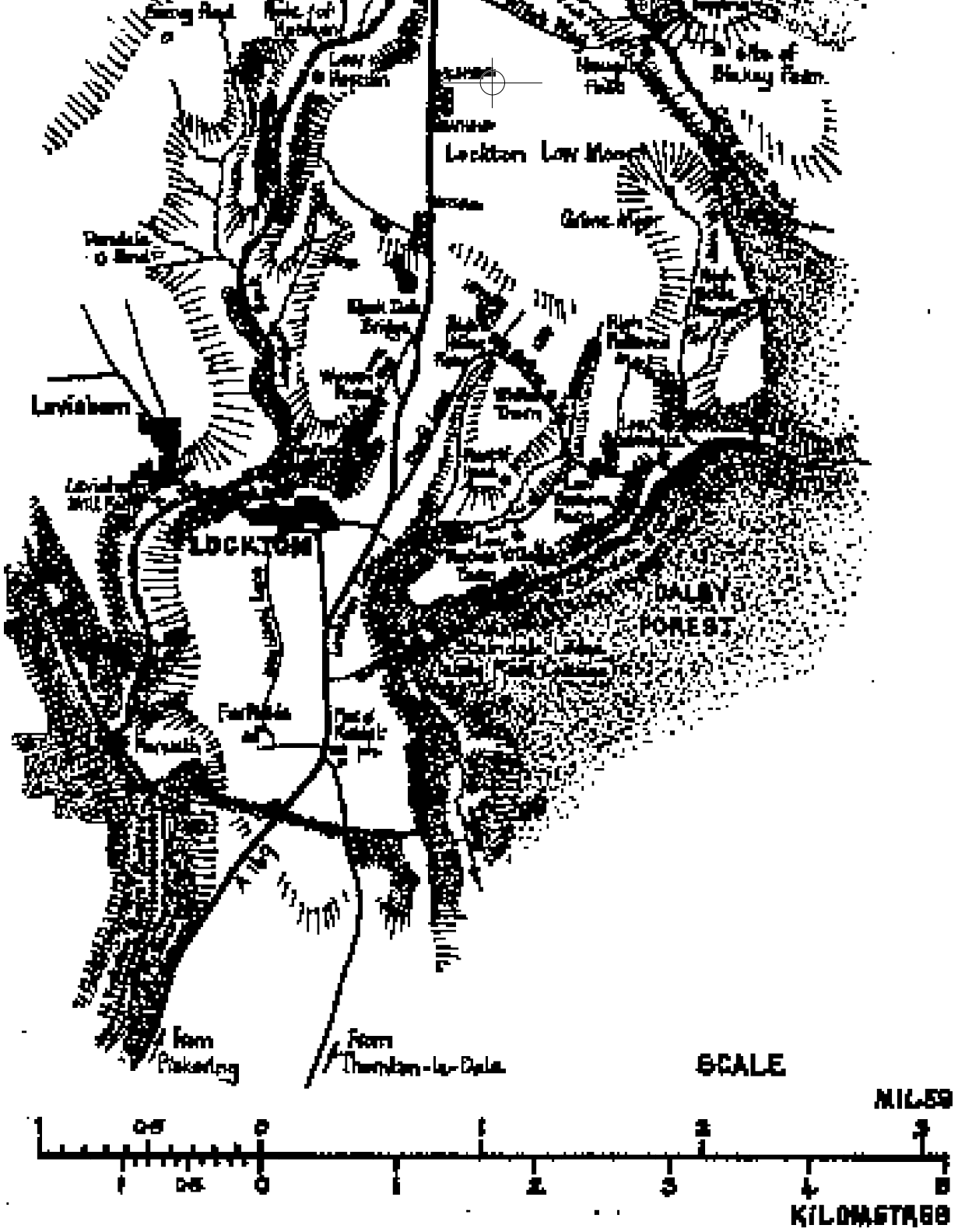
• If older people had a bad chest they'd put on goose grease, and a piece of red flannel. When Granny got a cold she'd go to bed and put on all the bedclothes she'd got, a shawl round her head, put a blanket up over the window to stop draught getting in and burn a paraffin lamp to keep the chill off.

• There was a typhoid epidemic at Saltersgate school. Mother made us have a lump of sugar with a drop of turps on - so we didn't get it.

• Granny Sedman used to rub aching limbs with neat's foot oil and turpentine. Now neats were deer, so just what it was I've no idea. And you got a basin of gruel if you'd been sick, made with pearl wheat or pearl barley, like a porridge, but it was grey and lumpy.

• You never had doctors much, you couldn't afford. They was lame people. Walt Greenheld was lame, he was right lame - but he could ride a bicycle. I nivver knew mi mother not lame, I can't remember her not going with a stick.

• I've a bill from Dr Heap for 5s. Sometimes people would pay in kind, a chicken and that. We had babies at home. There used to be a woman in the village looked after that. And she would lay 'em out. It was all done out of neighbourliness. When you were poorly you always had good neighbours.



MAP OF LOCKTON TOWNSHIP

• Granny and I were great friends. She used to take me with her when she went to baby cases and many a baby she's brought to me sitting on a stool, in a towel, whilst she attended to the mother. I remember going to Scarborough with her to collect seaweed to make salve. She used it for varicose ulcers. She was supposed to be retired, but she went to anyone who wanted her, it was just a neighbourly thing. (*Mrs Miller had been trained at St Thomas's in London and been a nurse for the miners in Lingdale before retiring to Lockton. She lived at the Blacksmith's House, her son, Tot, being the blacksmith*)

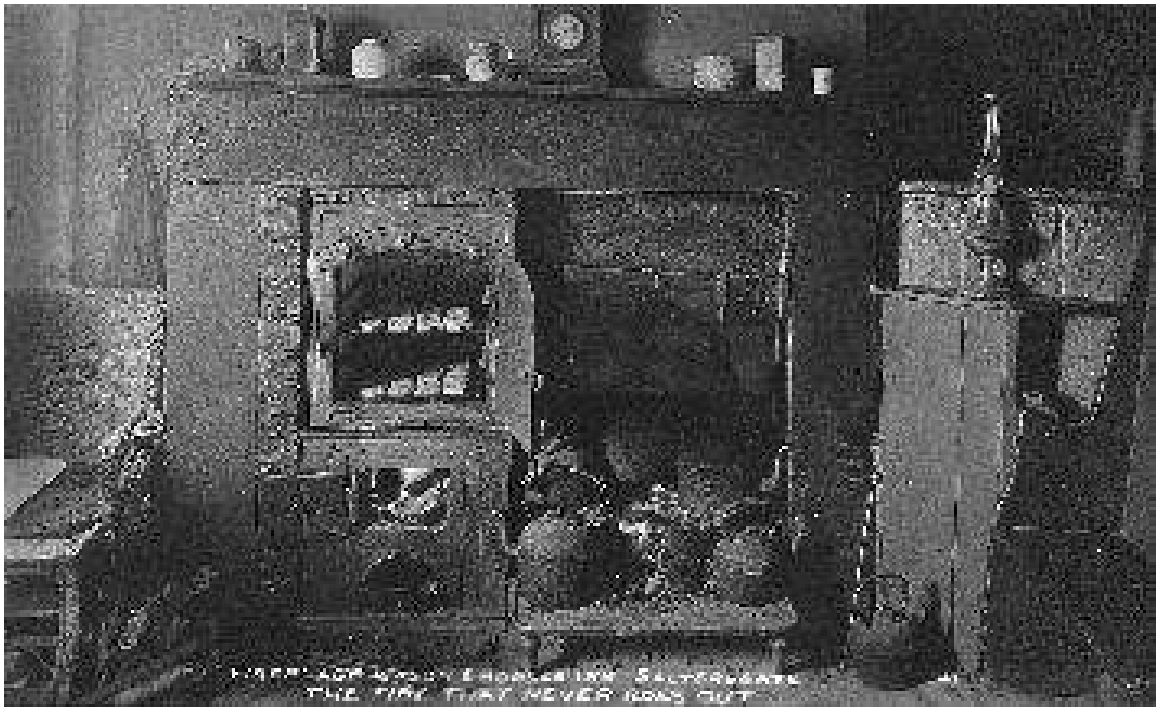
Cooking

• Mi mother cooked in an oven at side of the range, you pushed coals underneath to heat it up. Sleepers was good, bye, they used to warm her up.

• Mother used to bake on Tuesdays and Thursdays. She made bread, rice cheesecakes that you cut in quarters, curd tarts, little jam tarts and sweet cakes. We never bought anything, it was cheaper to make your own. At the bakery a small white loaf was 2½d (about a ½d in today's money). She baked in a separate oven wi' a fire underneath. They all had to be blackleaded. There was a lot of pride in how they got their ovens done, they liked them nice and shiny.

Sheephead broth. Half a sheep head would last us a week. You used to fight over t'brains.

• My mother made an ovenfull of bread, six or seven big loaves of bread - beautiful. The oven was just lit for baking day, you put a fire under, like heating a copper. And your dinner was done over the fire in a great long pan, on a reckon, with maybe a rabbit in, and a dumpling and various onions and things. Mother made a lot of rabbit pies. I remember when we only had suet dumplings on a Sunday, with some gravy. I suppose you see dumplings was cheaper. You used to get a piece of suet and only had the flour



27. The fireplace at Saltersgate inn, The Wagon and Horses. Two kettles hang from the reckon over the peat, or turf, fire. The baking oven alongside is heated separately.

to add. Some used to steam dumplings, and some used to boil them in a cloth.

• At Low Horcum, when Granny was there it was mostly rabbit stew on t' fire. A big pan on t' reckon. But she had a big oven in t'back place and now-and-again there was a family gathering and then there was Yorkshire puddings and things like that. But that was rare. The oven had to have sticks.

• Granny used to do things like roast beasts' hearts, it was delicious, they used to call it poor man's turkey. For her dinners she used to make suet puddings, and dumplings. She was very fond of her rag puddings y' know. These pudding cloths, they were always on the line. And I was brought up on a diet of rabbit. Uncle Tot used to shoot them.

• At High Pasture it was great when you killed a pig. Mother made brawn, she always put a rabbit, a hare or pheasant or something in with it. The lard was rendered down and put into a bladder thing. There was a weekly ritual. Baking day was Wednesday. Mi mother got ten stone of flour at a time, baked bread, curd cheesecakes, rice cheesecakes

• At Saltersgate we baked on a Thursday, and it was just laid on plates in the pantry til it was gone. And your meat was cooked on a Sunday, and on a Thursday if you were lucky. Mi dad used to kill lambs and hang 'em in t' barn til they were eaten. Granny used to make sad cakes - that's what's left of the pastry when you're sick of rolling out. I made scones, they were better then 'cos you made them with buttermilk.

• We had a frying pan with a handle on, to make sad cakes. You just turned it over when it got cooked on one side - be lovely - bit of butter and treacle on.

• Bannocks we had, turf cakes. She had a big frying pan hung over t'fire, it was a flour mixture with a bit of suet in it. Then turned it over, and put a bit of milk on. Aye, they were lovely. That's what they lived on. And suet puddings. Dumplings of any description: floaters on stews, roly polys in a bag, roast dumplings. When I was going to marry m' Uncle George said: "You'll be alright Sam, bye, she'll be able to make you some good suet dumplings". He was postman, and he would call in at dinner time.

Home Brew

• Gale beer, it was a refreshing drink, for haytime mainly. Gale, it grows in boggy places, there's plenty at Ellerbeck Bridge, and some up at Raindale. Cut the leaves in July and hang a bunch in the house, then keep taking a piece off and making another brew of gale beer. It heads up like lemonade, and it's a taste of its own. Keeps about a fortnight or three weeks. You put a lemon in, some sugar, and a gallon of boiling water over your sprig of herb. Put a slither of toast on top and its ready to drink in three days. After a week or so you have to keep easing the corks otherwise it will burst the bottles. You could dry the leaves and keep having it up to harvest.

• Ginger wine, that was made for Christmas mainly.

Pigs

• Most cottages had a pig - eat all your waste food and give them a bit of corn as well. Walter Sedman, he was pig killer in t'village. It was generally Saturday afternoon when he killed. Then he'd hang it up til Monday or Tuesday, then come back and cut it up. Then it was salted and hung up - put a net on to keep t'flies off. There was a bit of trade for t' hams, hustlers used to come for t' hams.

Made black puddings out of the blood, and 'fries' were trated round, nothing was wasted, only t'squeal.

• We used to kill pigs - cured our own bacon. I used to stand and watch them. A person used to come with a punch and a mell, like a mallet.

• We ollus had a pig at Saltersgate. That was another big day, pig-killing day. That's how you kept going. They were sociable days as much as anything. "Come down tomorrow, were killing t' pig". Mi grandad did it, but latterly Tom Warriner used to come. You had to scald it, then scrape all the hair off. And they were to carry, they were heavy because it was who could have the biggest pig. They weren't worried about fat. I've known them when they were hanging up and you could about have got inside them. They were big pigs. You cut all the small bits up to share out with your neighbours, all those that wouldn't keep. You used to go round, "I've brought you some pig cuttings". Then everyone had a fry-up. Then at their pig killings they brought it you back.

• At Mount Pleasant we always had two pigs. We'd kill them at the back end, then salt them in the dairy. You could never get the salt out of the walls. At first we had to walk them down to Lockton to the boar - not easy.

• Mi father at Nab used to buy a couple of weaners, two months old, every year - probably kill one round about Christmas time, it would weight about thirty stone, then kill its mate about February time, before weather started to get warmer, it would weigh about thirty-four stone. Stan Mackley's father of Saltersgate killed them, then Bill Mackley out of Hole of Horcum. They just used to fell them with the mell and punch, then just cut their throats like. Kill it one day, then let you have about three days, then you'd start to cut it up. You cut the ham and bacon, then there was the liver, and the leaves of fat that used to come off the inside. That you used to render down for scraps and for your lard. You used to get two pankins of lard out, that would keep you a year. (A pankin would hold about one and a half gallons). For curing you used to get salt in blocks, weighed about two stone, about 4 foot long. You had the baking board on t'table, crush it w' t' rolling pin.

• At High House we killed two pigs a year, one before Christmas and one after. It had to be cold weather else it wouldn't cure. Charlie Mercer was a butcher, so Charlie Mercer killed the pig. You used to have to have the copper on - you always had an outside copper in an outside shed, with its own fire. We used it for boiling potatoes and things for the pigs, and for washing. Then he stuns the pig, and cuts its throat. Then you waited til it had died. Then you put it in this tumril (a square, wooden feeding trough) and poured this boiling water over the pig. Then Mr Mercer would have a knife or two and scrape all the hairs off. Then we had to clean this shed out and they used to hoist it up onto beams and it used to hang down. Then he would cut it and take its inside out, the liver, the heart and the kidneys, and he used to cut all this fat off, and 'veiling', real thin fat used to wrap round your meat to cook it. And you gave your neighbours what you called a 'fry' (from the offal). If they didn't send you a very good fry you didn't send them a very good fry back.

Then maybe in two or three days Mr Mercer used to come again, lay it on this creel, cut it up. There wasn't anything wasted. They used to salt the chines (*the bit that ran down the side of the backbone*), the feet and the head, and the hams and

shoulders, and belly. We used to do it in the dairy. Mi dad used to buy a great big thing of salt, about a yard square, put this salt on, then if it was soaking it in he put more salt on. Then round the bone he put salt petre. It had to stay about three weeks. Then he'd take it and wash it with cold water, on a bench outside, then hang it in the kitchen with a bowl under until it dried out. Then it went into the bedroom.

The leaves of fat was the best. That mother used for pastry. It was cut into long strips, then into little pieces. Then mi mother put it on the fire, stir it til the fat started rendering, 'cos it had to go slowly. If it went too fast it would burn and would taste. The rest was rendered down in a dripping pan in the oven, but you didn't eat those scraps, just give them to the chickens. Mi mam used to put the lard in buckets, white, enamel buckets. Scald them out, then put this best lard in the first bucket, then the second best and so on. She had it all worked out. Used to cover with them greaseproof paper, then fine muslin, tie it on. Then it would keep for a year.

Mi dad used to like the chaps, the bottom part of the head. Used to like it for his breakfast. Then the actual head, with the brains, eyes and ears off and the teeth out, and all the hair off, it would be boiled up with the feet and tail and other bits that couldn't be put to a better use, with a couple of old hens, and mi mother used to make brawn. Oh, this horrible brawny smell. And everyone said "What beautiful brawn your mother makes". Dad would have it for his tea, or his supper.

We had a sow eventually and bred little pigs, to sell to these hucksters who would come.

• Uncle Walter Sedman used to kill the pigs, and Charlie Mercer, and George Smith. George Beedom did. All the cuttings (the offal) you had to give them away, there were no freezers in them days. We helped one another. When we killed a pig we trate one another. But you didn't trate ham about. You cured that. The offal was lovely. Turned the skins to make the sausages and the black puddings. Filled the bladder with lard. We cured the bacon, they were three weeks in salt, we did them in salt, not brine, with salt petre down the bone shank so they wouldn't scale, and sugar - push 'em right tight in. We used to put them on racks, and lift them every day. Just rubbed the salt in. You wanted three blocks of salt before you got your pig finished. We used to hang them up in the room to dry them out, and then take them up into attic. There used to be fat bacon all t'winter. With a bit of Bovril on, it was like butter. My grandad wouldn't take lean bacon, it was always fat he used to eat. He used to eat fat bacon and apple pie together.

• We had hens and a pig under the house at Moor View (*Docks Cottage*). Mi grandad and Uncle Bert Wilson would come down when the pig had to be killed. It was great when you got your scraps and such-like and when you made the lard. You made buckets of lard, then that was used for pastry. When the bacon was cured it was hung from beams in the living room.

and Poultry

• Our main income at High House the first few years would be the Christmas poultry. In the living-kitchen we had this big fireplace, and we used to take all the furniture out except the table. We used to take all the cushions off the chairs, take the pictures down and the mats up. Then we used to pluck in there. Oh, the smell of

28. Dock Cottages, built on the steep slope at the top of the Howl. At one time hens and pigs were kept under the house

burning feathers, it used to get in everywhere. There was Mr and Mrs Humble from High Pasture, a man from Staindale, Alf Smallwood, and mi mother and dad. Alf Smallwood and Mr Humble used to pluck and Mrs Humble and mi mother used to draw them. We used to maybe have two or three days, all day. All the feathers went in this big round tub. You saved the good feathers for the feather beds, and you always needed more pillows. And we always kept a goose wing agen the fireplace, they were good for getting in corners and up the chimney. We had a great big dairy with shelves all round for the dressed birds.

• We had geese and a gander. And that was another occasion you had - dressing them all for Christmas. Twenty or thirty to dress. Then we kept all the feathers, kept them for the beds.

• At Nab Farm we had between thirty and fifty hens, and a dozen ducks - ducks used to feed the'selves down at bogs, lived on slugs and suchlike.

• Uncle Robert Mercer, he was a huckster, dealing in eggs and poultry, and rabbits - used to gather all round t'farms and had a stall in Scarborough market.

• At High Pasture mother made butter and she sold eggs. Dad specialised in poultry, I would think we had between five and six hundred. Dad sold them when they'd stopped laying - we didn't dress them.

Dairying

• My mother used to reckon that she made the rent from selling her produce, butter and eggs and curd.

• Aye, they'd all have a churn apiece. Why, there was a huckster came round and gathered all eggs and butter. Why, I believe Barfs made cheese.

• Mi dad went huckstering, went round Lockton and Levisham and t' outside farms, collect all their eggs up, and butter, w' pony and cart. Then it went to Middlesborough.

• W J Robinson (*later of High Kingthorpe*) used to collect butter and suchlike. He started off in Lockton at Fern Cottage. Just went round the village with a couple of baskets. I know we used to fetch him rabbits and that. He used to go to Hartlepool with a lot.

• At High House at first we had to skim the cream off the top of the milk with a shallow spoon with holes in, then as we were building up more cows we got this separator. It was the most marvellous invention. It clamped onto the dairy shelf. You put your milk in while it was warm, and skimmed milk came out of one spout, and cream out of the other. Only mi dad was allowed to turn the separator because it was an art to get it right. We always used to get all done before father had finished milking, the table set so we hadn't to open any doors - to keep the room warm. Then dad would come in with his buckets of milk and put it in the separator. And he had a beautiful voice had mi dad. And every

night when he turned that separator, because it had to be turned a certain speed, he used to sing "The Day Thou Gavest Lord is Ended". It was just the right speed. Then there was all to wash after he'd done.

We had one of those right big churns, like a barrel, on a stand. Mother would bring this churn out of the pantry into the kitchen, clamped the lid on. You had to turn it the same speed. And our evacuees would say: "Auntie Maggie, can I turn, can I do it". When it was "slap, slap" from one end to the other mi mother used to hoick it out. The Laughtons at Cherry Tree (see page 65) used to take the butter milk, to wash their faces in I think, these old biddies. Maybe used to take it to Scarborough. Otherwise it went to the pigs.

The butter had to be kneaded until every bit of buttermilk was out, else it wouldn't keep. Mother scalded her hands before she ever touched this butter. Then it was to weigh and wrap in greaseproof paper. Then she would get her butter pats and tap it, everyone had their own way, so folk's knew which was yours - folk's would know which was mi mothers. Some people put colouring in, but mi mother never did. That would be to buy.

• Aunt Lil at High Horcum used to walk up to t'top to catch a bus to Pickering. She went with her butter and eggs on a Monday, then she'd buy groceries with what she'd made.

• Just after the 1939-1945 war the Milk Marketing Board started collecting milk. That was a far easier way to sell milk than making it into butter, it was a monthly income. Milk stand is still there under them trees at top of t'Howl. They always used to take their milk churns there, it were a real kalling spot when they brought t'milk cans down in a morning, five or six stood talking. Barnes at Hope Farm, he used to have a little cart, put his two churns in and bring it down wi' his bike. They used to bring milk across from Levisham there too. At first milk wagon didn't go across to Levisham, they brought milk across with horse and cart, with a horse in t'cart and a trace horse as I remember.

Clothes

• Great Grandma Dowson, she had those lace caps. She was ninety-one when she died.

• I never saw Granny in anything else but a white apron. While she was about the house in the morning, doing the grates and that, she wore yesterday's apron. Then she got washed and changed. It was always a big thing when you got washed and changed - going upstairs with a jug of hot water to a bowl on the wash stand and having a good wash down, then re-appearing for tea with a clean blouse and apron on. There was always rows of aprons out on the line. And Granny wore a shawl, a very heavy shawl with a fringe on for going outside, never a coat on.

She wore combinations that came below the knee, with sleeves, and bloomers and a waist petticoat. And camisoles in the summertime when she didn't have the combinations on, they were white, lace edgings with runners in them. Then she had these very high corsets. In the morning when she put them on she used to tie the corset laces onto the bedpost and pull away from it to make it tight and trim.

• Women wore pinnys all day, put a clean one on in the afternoon. They came practically down to the bottom of your skirt, buttoned at the back of the waist

and went right round so the whole of your skirt was covered. A bit like a pinafore dress, with quite a big armhole, a round neck, but no sleeves. Then for dirty jobs they'd have a 'coasapron', (*pronounced as one word, with a short 'a'*).

• Tommy Alan used to go round the farms once a year to make clothes for the lads. He made a cord jacket for my brother.

• Farm lads had their clothes made out of this fustian (*coarse cotton twill*). A bloke came round from Whitby. The farmers sometimes wore knee breeches, probably when they got dressed up they'd have a pair of riding breeches for Sunday. They used to have a black cap with panels and a button on top, a Sunday cap, used to bring it out every funeral.

• There weren't wellingtons til I was going to school (*in the early 1920s*). They wore breeches, leather leggings and boots.

• Shirts, wives made 'em really, but there wasn't much to meking a shirt. They used to come straight over t'shoulder, and arms were put in straight. Then just three buttons and a shirt band. Made of - like flannelette - union shirts. Then men would wear a tweed jacket and waistcoat. They didn't wear pullovers then.

• Granny Sedman, she was a shirt maker. Went from farm to farm and stayed overnight. Made those shirts with loose collars.

• At Low Horcum grandad had the sewing machine upstairs. He could make a shirt, and he made a hat one time, a lovely cap of black and white check. He lived to be ninety.

Turf and Peat

• They used to get turf off t'moor. There used to be common rights - to get turfs off. They'd burn it off then take the turf, about two inches thick. Sedmans, Isaac and John Henry, they used to have a great turf stack agen Primitive chapel, it would be stacked up nearly as far as t' spouting.

• Quite a few led turfs, they went onto Saltersgate hilltop.

• At <u>High Pastures</u> it was a turf fire. We never had any coal. The oven was fired separately, by turf. We had a turf stack and cut the turfs out. An old Scotsman came every year, he did Levisham then walked across. He slept in our granary and he stayed a week, cutting the turfs. When they were cut, and turned over, they were rooked, in a round stack, then led back to the farm and put into a turf stack. You put a top on, a turf with a bit of green, to keep it water tight. It was built the shape of a house. We led ours with an old wagon thing, it was better than a sledge cos you could bring more.

• At <u>Blakey Farm</u> we burnt turfs which were stacked in the yard, stacked like a haycock. My brother dug the turfs with a special turfing spade.

• At <u>Whinney Nab</u> we had a range with a fireside oven. We used turf, no coal, I didn't know what coal was. This is the time of year (*April*) when you used to go and sort out a little bit of heather that you wanted to ling burn. You used to burn a patch which you wanted for turf. Then in summertime you used to go graving. You used to have a

29. Cutting turfs

long spade with a long handle and a pointed blade, and a piece that came up something like a plough share. You wore a big leather pad in front, it hung round your neck, and you pushed this long spade. When you got to the length of turf you wanted you turned it over. It would be about three inches thick. Then you'd leave it to dry on the moor. Later you would turf rook them, make them into round stacks on the moor, then lead them back to the farm and stack them. We could only stack within a mile or so of the farm. To light the fire we used to look for a little bit that was really dry, or had a little bit of heather on. And I'll tell you what we used to gather, we used to call 'em "Ling Garlands", after you'd burnt heather off they was like heather stalks, and you used to gather them.

• At Low Staindale we used peat for the fires. There was a big peat bog by the Bridestones, just for Low Staindale, we dug into the pit. We brought the peat down from the moor with the ponies with a flat cart. There was a proper track up onto the moors.

• At Low Horcum (*in the 1920s*) at night we used to get a piece of peat, size of a couple of bricks, and put it into a bucket of water and give it a right good soaking. Then stick

30. A neatly made turf stack. In front is a mule, sometimes used in preference to a horse.

it on t'fire, put your guard on, go to bed. The ashes underneath are still red hot next morning .

• At Low Horcum (*in the 1950s*) we cut turfs, but there wasn't much left on top of our moor, it had been cut for years and years. Dad had a long handled spade, with a side up, sharp like that. And he had an apron with wood things over - nappers. He just pushed and pushed as hard as he could, turning it ovver like a plough share, give about two shooves then tip 'em ovver. You can imagine, with roots and that, it was hard to cut. You stood 'em up to dry, two together, then you made your turf rook - you rooked them. You went round and round in a circle with one overlapping other so your middle went up automatically. Chocolate buns we called them. You had to have a stack of turf to last through t' winter. That's what we used to burn. Coal cost money.

WATER

There are no springs in the village and the only well, dated 1697, a private well, fell into disrepair in the 19th century. Pickering Rural District Council tried in vain to trace the current owners with a view to them agreeing to the well becoming public property. So the well was never repaired and the village continued to be virtually dependent on rain water until 1931. In fact Lockton was one of the last villages in the district to get piped water, thirty-five years after Levisham. Lockton's defective supply had periodically been brought to the notice of the Pickering Rural District Council from as early as the 1880s. But each time the overall good health of the village, and the villagers' reluctance to indulge in apparently unnecessary expense, allowed the matter to be shelved.

Lockton Well

• The old well is as deep as from the flagpole by the chestnut tree on the green, to Bluebell Cottage (about 150 yards) - measured it with a ball of binder band. I remember mi dad saying that when it was in its heyday the water fed into a sort of sump inside, and youngsters used to collect there on a night to get the water, and they used to have to wait because it wasn't filling up as fast as they were getting it out.

• At the old well we used to drop a stone down, and listen to it bumping down. At the very last you could hear a plop. They say its as deep as the valley.

Strays and a Spring

• There used to be right of way down by t'Howl down to t'stream where they took stock down - belonged to t'Council, on t' left below Dock Houses. And there was a stray down by the Wedlands too, down to t'beck. And Bert remembered a little land gate behind Chestnut Cottage where people went down wi' this yoke over their shoulders wi' a bucket on either side, to get water from the beck.

• At the bottom of the Howl the stream bubbled up out of the ground, with crystal clear water - just to the right of the stepping stones, there was this pool, quite deep. That's where people went for their drinking water. They carried it up in buckets, a lot of them had a yoke.

• St Robert's Well, was it a petrifying well? We used to take socks and such as that down to see if they turned to stone - then we'd forget all about them, so we never knew. *St Roberts Well is shown on large scale Ordnance Survey maps as a Petrifying Well. It is in the valley just to the left of the bottom of Lockton Howl A relatively recent wooden sign marks it as one of a number of springs gushing out of the hillside.*

'Wells' or Cisterns

• All the houses had a well apiece. Water ran off house tops and into these wells. They were underground. There were round ones and square ones, and they used to have a big stone ower top. It was nice soft water was that. Aye, when a dry time came I've known them have to go to beck and lead it. You could go down from Clay Pit, down the stray they called it, you could walk your stock down there to get to the beck.

• At High Pastures we got water from a cistern, there was no spring. It was a big bricked out affair. All the rain ran from the roof-top, that's why dad wouldn't have pigeons or aught like that. In a very dry summer we used to have to go with a barrel down to the beck, bring it up on a sledge.

• At Low Pastures we had a well. The wells were as big as this room, probably lined with clay. When you wanted water you chucked your bucket down and then pulled it back up. When it rained we'd make a pipe off the barn and get the barn water as well. Most summers the well dried up. Then we had to fetch up the water from Dalby valley in barrels, on a sledge, with horses to start with, then we got a tractor.

• We had cisterns. Now then, the water you were getting comes from your rooftop. All the droppings from birds, dead mice, it was all going down into there. In the summer when the cisterns dried up they would go all the way down to the beck, they had wooden yokes and two buckets - and you'd be carrying that back up again.

• Well watter was terrible watter to sup, why, it had cum off top of t'houses. We used to have to clean moss off t'tiles so

that watter what came down into t'well was clean. I always used to bring a bottle of watter back when I went ower home to Levisham cos that was spring watter.

• George Sanderson, lived at Oak Cragg, he was a roadman, worked a bit in t'forestry too, and kept pigs in the buildings at Box Tree Cottage. There's a well down that yard, a big concrete tank, and he must have had top off for something and one o't' sows dropped down t'well. He got it out, got a rope round it and three or four men pulling.

• There was a lead pipe that went down into the cistern, with a pump, but most of the pumps weren't working so they had to get it out with a bucket and a rope. They just gathered the water from the spoutings - there'd be a bit of muck and slugs and things like that. Once we did work at an outlaying farm and they brought out this pint mug with this green smelly water in. I think they got immune to it all. Some people had water filters, a sort-of earthenware pot, start off with a layer of charcoal, a layer of fine sand and finish up with a layer of course gravel on top - put the water through that to filter it. But you wouldn't get the germs out, just the solids.

• We always drank well (*cistern*) water, and mi mother used to be proud that we never had spots. In the drought of 1947 when the well was empty it was cleaned out. We found buckets and allsorts.

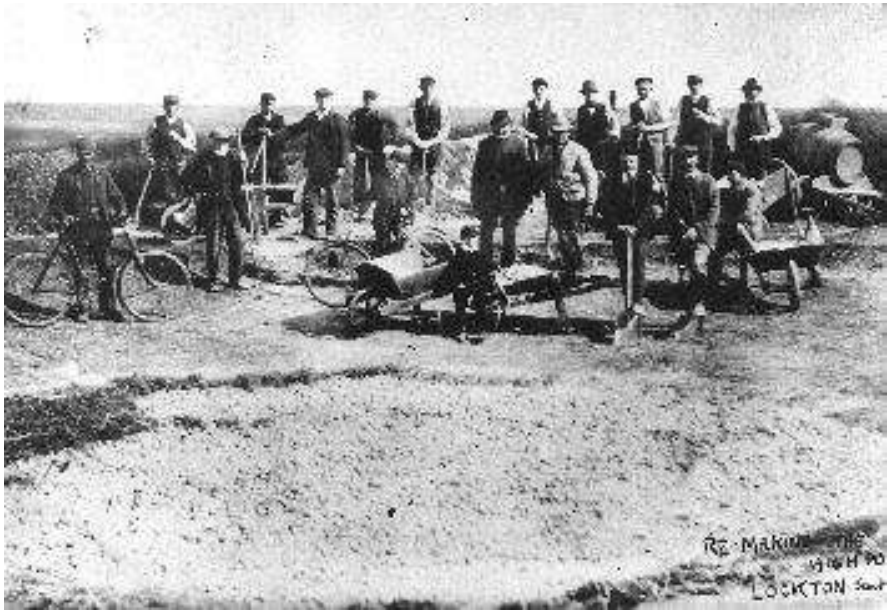
Ponds

• Farmers would keep five or six horses and they would allus drink at t'ponds. There was a pond by Pond Farm, one by t'cricket field, *Clay Pond*, and one in t'next field. Then there was High Pond up Westfield Lane, and Overscar Pond. They made you block up all t'ponds on account of TB (*in the 1930s*).

• At Pond Farm when it was coming a lot of rain mi dad would stop it running into drains and let it go into t'pond. In summer we would be turning out on t'brow and bottom where they could drink. We had a field on South Moor and we used to turn young 'uns out there. Young 'uns could live without water - maybe towards backend when its coming a wetter time. They would get dew off t'grass in the morning.

Piped Water

• When piped water first came to the village in 1931 there were just three taps, people called them pumps. At first the water came from Levisham, pumped up to Levisham from the beck by a hydraulic ram, then from the reservoir in Levisham it



31. Remaking the 'High Pond' in Westfield Lane on the early 20th century.

32. George Hardcastle with the horses from Box Tree Farm at the Village Pond.

ran back to Lockton. But farms on the outskirts couldn't have it because they were too high up. And old people didn't use that water for washing, they still got it out of the cistern. They had to have soft water, you got more lather. Piped water was very hard, a lot of lime in it.

• I remember them putting water in at Lockton. What a going on they had. All rock. No mechanical diggers then, all pick and shovel. (*It took about twenty men four months to bring piped water to Lockton.*)

• We lived at the Fox and Rabbit from 1937 to 1947. We had no running water and no electric. We used to come to a standpipe at Howltop with a port wine cask on wheels, like a big water barrel. The standpipe was specially for carts, it was a straight pipe that carts could get underneath. Then there were taps, one outside Square Farm, one by chestnut tree and one at top end of t'village.

• From Mount Pleasant we had a dolly tub on a cart to fetch water from the stand pipe at Lockton. Later we had a water cart which held two hundred gallons.

• When I went to school and lived in the village there was an old lady lived in t'Docks and I used to go after school to run her errands and I always had to fetch her some water from that tap. It was on the wall and had a knob which you turned. I remember coming down from Farfields to Lockton with a water cart.

• You used to turn a knob, about as big as my fist, and the water used to fair gush out. That were a step up from 'wells'.

• When I came to live in Lockton in the 1950s there was water laid on, out in the street, but not many people had it in their houses.

MAKING ENDS MEET

• It was hard in the recession before the Second World War. I remember being with my mother this particular day, she went to Pickering with two butter baskets, those big baskets you could carry on your hip, and in one she had eggs, and in the other butter. And she brought it all back, nobody could afford to buy it.

• The thirties were the worst. When the war came everything started to get better.

Life at Rose Cottage

• We went to Rose Cottage (now Staindale Lodge) during the First World War. It belonged a fella called Robinson from Lockton. There was two fields and a little wood. Mi dad was a tailor b'trade. He was in t'Boer War and lost some fingers, but he still used to tailor. I don't know how he did it, threading needles

and that. Then we had a cow, a pony, three pigs and hens. And mi mother made butter, and in summer she took in visitors. There were just two rooms, side by side, with a long, narrow kitchen at the back, then two bedrooms and a back bedroom, in the eaves, over the kitchen. We three lads had to be into there when we had visitors in. We had bacon and egg every morning before going to school, lovely, all home fed bacon.

The Club

The Club which Lockton veterans remember being spoken of was probably the Rising Spring Lodge of the Ancient Order of Shepherds. This was a branch of one of the many Friendly Societies, benefit clubs, which preceeded National Insurance. Established in c1840 this Lodge was based in Levisham but included many Lockton members. At the annual Club Feast in July, after the annual meeting, church service and dinner at Levisham, the celebrations usually moved over to Lockton, members crossing the valley in procession. However, Lockton did have its own Free Gift Society and United Society, both mentioned in the 1880s, but these seem to have been unable to compete with the Ancient Shepherds. In 1912, in the wake of Lloyd George's National Insurance Act, the Club, still with nearly two hundred members, narrowly voted to be affiliated with the North Riding Friendly Society. Then the annual Feasts ceased.

• The Ancient Order of Shepherds, mi grandad was Chief Shepherd, and he was a joiner. There was a Club Room at the Durham Ox, and they had a Hare Supper for Club Feast day, and they used to parade round the village in their robes. There used to be a book in mi dad's cupboard, what mi grandad, the Chief Shepherd, used to read over the graves of members. You had a job to claim from Club - you had to be more or less bedfast. There used to be various shepherd's crooks throwing about in Lockton, ceremonial things. One of the crooks was a bit bigger than the rest, that was the Chief Shepherd's, an ornamental thing, with a brass crook on a wooden staff.

• The Club - they used to have sticks, like a shepherd's hook - they used to walk from Levisham to Lockton in procession.

• The Ancient Shepherds Friendly Society. They used to get drunk I bet. At Aunt Laura's sale about twenty years ago there was a lot of like copes and things like you see the parson wear in church. They were for the Ancient 0rder of Shepherds. The cloaks were real long, and they had fringes on them. They had crooks as well, brass crooks. They'd be a lot of members in them days because all the farms had ever so many men working for them.

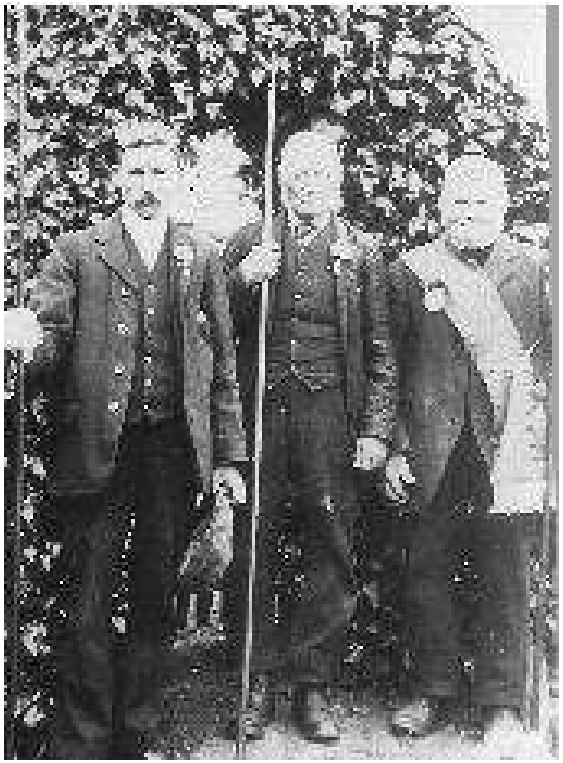
• I've heard mi dad talk about some Club. It faded out when they started with insurance.

Rabbits, Squirrels and Hares

• Rabbits, they used to feed them in winter-time, used to take them turnips and hay when snow was on t'ground.

33. The Ancient Shepherds Friendly Society Club Feast. Perhaps the photograph was taken to commemorate the Club's final Feast before its closure in 1912.

• When we lived at Nab Farm (*in the 1930s and 40s*) we used to pay the biggest part of the rent by feeding rabbits. If you got a really hard winter we used to go and fell hazel from Hazelgill and scatter them on the moor for rabbits to take the bark off for their feed. We mainly got rabbits wi' ferriting and shooting. You could trace a lot of them in winter on the snow. If it snowed say from six to seven in the morning mi father before he took the milk on a morning to Saltersgate pub used to go up on the moor, used to take the spade wi' 'im. The rabbits used to go out on the moor for the day to sit on the heather, and you could follow their footprints. And where they was sat they nearly always clipped a bit of heather off and tipped it on the top of them, so they had a little hood over them, just sat under there. So mi father he just used to plonk on top of it wi' 'is spade. I've known mi father many a time go out on a morning and get into teens of rabbits before ten o'clock.



34. Officers of The Ancient Shepherds.

Jack Pearson, the local butcher, used to take them on a Friday. You used to get half a crown (2s.6d or 12½p) a couple for snared rabbits, or ones just been knocked with the spade. If you got some that was badly shot you'd get just two shillings a couple for them.

• Rabbiting! When you got down by Staindale Lodge them fields down there, you could see 'em moving. We used to take rabbit skins and get tuppence for them when we were kids. There was a notice 'Rabbit skins, old rags, horse hair and mole skins' near where Eastgate House is now in Pickering.

• After school we used to go rabbiting. I learnt to set rabbit traps, wire snares. And we had some tipes, they were in a wall, with a square hole int' ground with a lid on top. Rabbits dropped in. Then you lifted the lid and rabbits was underneath. We used let 'em off if they were ower little, but t'others we took to mi mother. She took 'em up what we called Overscar to t'main road and catched Marshells, huckster, what were in Pickering - they used to come round. And they took any poultry what you'd dressed.

• Dalby Riggs, they used to farm rabbits there, catch them in rabbit tipes. Tipes, big as that fireside, walled round with stones inside. There was a bolt for the rabbits to run through, then you took this bolt out when you wanted to catch 'em. At Dalby Riggs they'd let 'em run in and out of the field until price was right then they'd tek this bolt out. Then you had to go round at bedtime because tipe was full, then lead them away wi' t'horse and cart. They made fur hats of rabbit fur, that was biggest thing wi' rabbits. *Rabbit skin hats were blocked and felted,*

finished like a bowler. When hat trade went out that trade was finished.

• There used to be tipes on Lockton Brow top. When it got past Christmas they used to mark the doe rabbits they caught in the tipes, used to slit their ears, then let the does out agen to breed. Rabbits, they wouldn't take a lot of looking after, running about on the hillsides - and there were the tipes to catch them when they went into the fields. Fasten them out of the corn fields in summer, then when they'd taken the corn off they'd open them out for the rabbits to go in.

• At Warren Farm the place was thick with rabbits. We'd go and catch a rabbit with a shot gun, or sniggle 'em. For a sniggle the wire were brass which were more or less springy. The wire would be fastened to a bit of string and there would be a wooden peg, about a foot down on a rabbit track. Now a rabbit hops - don't put it where his feet goes, you put it between. Then when he gets his head through that's that - its fast. We'd set 'em at night then go in the morning. We'd sell them for maybe 6d a piece.

• You could sell rabbits. Sixpence each. Dad didn't do much shooting, he sniggled them. Hares a shilling. I remember dad saying: "the hares have started on that ten acre of swedes, you can have a go". And I had eleven hares next morning - put them on the bicycle and went off. And first person I should see was the game-keeper. We were allowed the rabbits on that farm, but hares were ground game.

• We used to almost live on rabbit. We used to use snickles, they get them round the neck, catch them on the run. During the 1939-45 war the War Department sent their own rabbit catcher because they were just swarming. It was terrible for rabbits at the Warren. The rabbit catcher, Sid Longhorn, he lodged with us at High House. And I used to go day in, day out, with Sid, round his sniggles. I could still set a sniggle today. Rag and bone man used to come and take the skins, maybe give you a penny a piece.

• Mi dad had a ferret, Algenan, for rabbiting and rat catching. For rabbiting you held the net down wi' wooden pegs, then you'd turn ferret in the hole and hoped rabbit would run into t'net. You'd sharp have a lot of ferrets an' all if you didn't look on.

• At Glebe Farm at Saltersgate mi dad used to go rabbiting, that's how he kept himself in wartime. He was mainly ferreting and terriers, rather than shooting. He put the ferret down the hole, and you could hear where it was shuffling about and you would dig down. Or the ferret would shoot the rabbit out. Sometimes you'd put nets over the hole to catch it as it came out. Sometimes terrier would chase it, or it would just run off and he would shoot it.

• At Mount Pleasant there were rabbits all over. And we'd sniggle them. Then we'd have rabbit pies, and roast rabbit stuffed with onions. Mother would mince up cooked rabbit meat, flavour it with sage and marjoram, then put it in jars with melted butter on top. We took that to school in our sandwiches.

• They used to put rabbit in brawn. Make brawn out of a pig's head and rabbit. Some of these outside farms virtually lived on rabbit.

• At Low Horcum rabbiting was a winter occupation. We used to track 'em in t'snow, then dig 'em out with ferrets. Folks would come and have a ferreting day. And we used to get so much for squirrel tails, from the Government. There were Squirrel Clubs, they'd let you

have cartridges and things like that maybe a bit cheaper. Mi dad and them at weekends had poles like draining rods and pushed them into squirrel nests, then shot 'em.

I can remember going home from school and walking down that wood to Low Horcum, an oak wood, we always used to watch out for squirrels, and chase and catch them. You just saved the tail, took it to somewhere in Pickering.

• Years ago people lived on rabbit. You had rabbit pies, roasted rabbit, rabbit stew. My uncle used to snare them. And hares, they used to snare the hares. They made a good meal Then you killed your own fowl as well. When they had finished their laying period you used to boil them for a while, then roast them in the oven. And the flavour, there's no comparison to today.

• In the 1950s hares did a lot of damage to corn, a couple of full grown hares would eat as much corn as a sheep. It was nothing to shoot six or seven in a night. You could shoot them on a 10s license providing you didn't sell them.

Tramps

• Mi dad used to say tramps had to break so many stones like, break them ready for the roads, before they went to Pickering workhouse. They used to lead stones and put 'em in heaps at the roadside.

• Old Tweet Humble, he was a tramp, he used to sell matches, shoe laces, buttons. He used to live at Fen Bog and he had a wood hut at Pickering. He often used to come to my mothers for summut to eat. He always used to be shouting "t'eat, t'eat". He would come for a cup of tea wi' 'is old can. Very big made, with a full face. There used to be a lot of them about in them days. Bye we had a lot up here. When they were coming into the village they were that lame they couldn't walk. But if you saw them getting out onto main road again they didn't half hop on.

Mi dad let them sleep in t'barn but he made them empty their pockets to make sure they had no matches. When one left he gave mi dad his walking stick, cherry wood. They used to get a lot in at Saltersgate, in them buildings opposite the pub. My father used to call them 'milestone inspectors'. And there were Irish came when they wanted a bit of digging doing.

• Tramps, O yes, old Tweet, Tweety Humble. He used to come round on a Sunday morning down the middle of the street singing "Rock of Ages" - "Thank you missis", "Cleft for Me" - "Thank you missis". And then there was one whose wife or whoever she was used to have to push him in a pram. And if she didn't go

35. A tramp at Glebe Farm asking Mrs Charlie Mackley (?) to fill his billycan

fast enough he used to get out and clout her. Tramps always made for Ted King's bakehouse where they used to get cakes, and a can of tea, and warm up by the ovens at the back.

• There was Old Joe Crow and his missis. They used to have a handcart, just a little wooden cart with two wheels, and a long piece of wood at the front. They went on to Levisham, rags, and horse hair, they collected. As children we were terrified of them. Then there were foreigners came with cases full of stuff, all foreign. You had to keep battering them down, its surprising what you could get, you could get a blouse for half the price they told you.

• Tramps! They used to knock in at Mount Pleasant and he used to tek tobacco and pipes and matches off em, so they couldn't set a fire on it. Slept in a barn. It was safer than to turn them away because they might come back. Farmers was frightened of fire. And in the morning he used to give 'em a can of tea, and a lump of pie, apple pie or aught like that, and away they went. Once I poked one with a fork. I was doing t' hosses. There was a loft above t'hosses and we kept caff up there (thats sluffs of thrashing we fed t'hosses wi', it gets wasted now). One day I put a font full of hay up there to give t'hosses when I cem in at bedtime. Then at night I got a fork, ne' a lamp, it was moonlight, and I goes up these steps into this loft and I sticks fork in this tramp's blooming hair!

• Itchy Jim, he used to go with a limp. These tramps, they'd knock at door, "can you spare a bit o'cake", "can I 'ave some boiling water". They'd sleep in anybody's barn.

IN THE VILLAGE

• There used to be geese running in the street, most people would have one or two for Christmas.

• There were two butchers, two shops, two joiners, two blacksmiths and a policeman. The policeman had Newton as well. And there was a bakehouse, King and Ward, at Rock House. They made bread and cakes and had a round with a van - why they had two or three vans. Then at Fern Cottage used to be Metcalf's Tearooms.

• Burdens, *at Fern Cottage after Metcalf's,* they used to make teas. United Bus used to drop parties off at Saltersgate, then they'd walk down the valley to Lockton and land at Burdens for their teas, and United Bus would be waiting for them at bottom o' t'street. Burdens was a little shop as well, closing in the mid 1970s

• Matthew Mercer, he was a cobbler, lived at Harebell Cottage. He was like Father Christmas with a big white bushy beard. Upstairs he always had bee stuff, the floor was always sticky. Him and Mr Dowson, at the Square, had bees.

Jack Metcalf's wife, Sarah, she used to do evening papers. She'd walk to Levisham station then deliver them in Levisham and Lockton every day. Jack was dry. A visitor once said to him: "Why, you're a queer lot up here", and quick as a flash Jack replied: "Aye, and nought n' better seems t' cum". Another time, when a visitor said to him: "My word, its healthy up here, people wont often die". "Only yance" he replied. And to another's: "Have you lived here all your life?" came the response: "Not yet". Ee, 'e was sharp.

At the joiner's shop (*at Mistling Croft*) we used to sharpen saws. It was 6d. It didn't matter what size saw it was it was

36. Mrs Metcalf's Tea Rooms with Lockton's last thatched cottage next door.

6d, no argument. So this lady brought a saw for sharpening and it had a piece broken off the end. When she came to pick it up: "How much is it?" "Its 6d". "Well it shouldn't be 6d because its got some broken off the end". "Well, its 6d whatever size saw". "How much would it have been if it hadn't some broken off the end?" "Well it would have been 6d just the same - and if you bring bit you've broken off I'll sharpen it for you for nothing".

• Alf Robinson, he was a tailor, at Little Croft, in a little hut at the back. And there was old Tim, Tim Taylor they used to call him. Walked with a limp. He could make a very good quality suit for £5. Wilf Sleighthome worked for him. Mr Head was a tailor too, at St Giles Cottage. They made suits, and them box cloth leggings, corduroy britches and Bedford cords. And leather leggings. He did a lot of work for somebody in Kirby Moorside, making riding breeches, went through on the bus to Kirby with a parcel under his arm.

• Breeches and jackets, all tailor-made in Lockton, by Alf Robinson. £4 for a suit, I've a bill somewhere.

• We used to get men coming round selling baskets of fresh herrings, twenty-five for a shilling. They would throw you one or two more in, beautiful herrings. You used to hear "Fresh Herrings, Fresh Herrings". Then there was a man used to come with household items, he had a flat cap and always carried the basket on his head. And a butcher came from Sleights. In the snow he had a sledge and people helped him to pull it up to Levisham.

• Bert Wilson, when he lived at Harwood-dale he used to walk over to Lockton wi' a scythe to mow church yard. Then walk back again.

• People used to put sheep in pinfold if they brought them in for dipping or whatever, just overnight.

Shops

• In the early 1900s there were two shops in Lockton, but all vans came in from

37. The thatched cottage rebuilt as Mrs Burden's grocers shop.

Pickering so you hadn't much trade. There was Monkman, Robinson, Dimock, Strickland, all came in.

• In the 1930s there was McNeils next to the Reading Room, *St Giles Cottage*, he always used to put a little bag of sweets in with the groceries, and Mr Robinson at Fern Cottage, then Mrs Burdon, *his sister*, would take over. At first the Post Office was in that little low cottage, *Lea Cottage*, opposite the forge.

• Mr Robinson at Fern Cottage, he had a big egg round, bought a van and would go to Hull with this van then buy things much cheaper, probably from the docks. He later had a big shop in Pickering and bought Kingthorpe Farm.

• Later the shop at St Giles Cottage was kept by Mr Close, he took it down to t'Post Office (*at The Haven*). You see Mrs Close had t'Post Office. Reg Close was also the walking postman. He used to walk as far as High Staindale (*near the new lake on the Forest Drive*). Mary Johnson, and Mr Patrick and Ruth Humble, of High Pastures, did too when they helped him out.

Butchers

• Butcher Smith, he used to go round with his meat in a basket. And Amos Windross, he lived at Rock House in the 1920s, he would buy little jock (*moor*) lambs, skin 'em and sell 'em, round t'village.

• Charlie Mercer, he had a shop in the

38. The postman, J. W. Malton, always had his camera with him. Many of his photographs were made ito postcards.

39. On the left is the old Post Office, the present Lea Cottage. As always there is a pile of stones for mending the road!

Square. He used to go over to Levisham wi' pony wi' meat in a butter basket. Then he was one o' t'first to have a butcher van round here. Later his shop in the Square became a Fish and Chip shop for a few years.

• During wartime a butcher used to come from Sleights. He used to stop talking to various farmers 'til about midnight, and you don't know what was in that van when it was going back over the moors.

The Policeman

• There was a Police House in Lockton, *the present Tarn Hole*. He would have Levisham too, and maybe Dalby. Used to go to Newton as well, on 'is bike. Police always had to be there to watch folks dipping sheep in them days, to make sure they were properly dipped, supposed to be for two minutes, a long time. And they had to check and sign your farm records.

• The policeman. He had to see to sheep dipping and dog licensing. And when tramps came he'd march them outside village and send them on their way. At first the policeman had a bicycle, then a motor bike. PC Dowey had a motor bike and side car and he used to lend it to Tot Miller and m' dad. They'd be out on t'razzle most of t'night, and summer time it would be breaking day coming back. And they used to take gun wi' 'em and knock a grouse or two off coming over t'moor. Dowey used to say: "I don't mind you tekking motor bike and side car, but clean it out when you've finished".

Blacksmiths

• Early this century mi dad, *William Russell Thompson*, used to hoop in the opening by the forge, *now the car port of 'The Forge'*. Grandad had a little turf house agen the blacksmith's shop. I used to pull the bellows for the fire.

• At the blacksmith's shop (*the present The Forge*) they did the shoeing, and hooping (*for the cart wheels*). When they were hooping they hadn't a furnace for the hoops so they used to do it with peat. They built the hoop all up with peat and lit it all round and it burnt in a ring, got it hot, then onto the wheel, bashed it on and run round with a watering can and cramp it on. A cart wheel was made with certain gaps because when the hoop was heated up it expanded, but then put on the wheel, bashed down and cooled it contracted. If you didn't have the correct gaps the wheel would be smashed. Outside the blacksmith's shop was a thing for bending the hoops, a half round piece of iron with a loop on the end.

The blacksmith used to pull teeth as well, he was the one with the strong wrists. He had two or three pairs of pliers in a cigar box, get your backside on the anvil, then pull. And he cut your hair as well. It was 6d. So did the postman, Reg Close. He used to come on a night and cut your hair. At the outlaying farms the wife would cut a bit off - they wasn't bothered a lot really as long as they could see.

• We went to Tot Miller *at the present The Forge* for a set of shoes, 6s a set. All them what hadn't a job used to go to the forge, and children, and pump the bellows.

40. The blacksmith's shop (the present 'The Forge'). The blacksmith is probably William Russell Thompson

• Tot Miller was a friendly chap, he didn't mind us going in to watch. Sometimes he let us pump the bellows. He had Wilf McNeil working for him. There was a big turnover with horses, before tractors.

• Blacksmith's shop, it used to be a bit of a kalling (gossiping) place in there. It would be nice and warm in winter-time, and blacksmith would be glad of help to work his bellows.

• Jack Eddon followed Tot Miller. But chap that worked wi' Tot, (*Wilf McNeil*) he started on his own in Pickering. Then we walked our horses down to Pickering to be shod.

King and Ward, the Bakers

• King and Wards, the bakers, that was quite a thing in our village in the war. In the 1947 snow they used to sledge the bread in big cabins trunks.

• The bakery started using the back room of Rock House. At first Frank (Ward) delivered to Goathland on a motorbike, later they got a van and delivered to the hotels in Goathland and to Egton, Grosmont, Cropton and Lastingham. There were also two shops in Pickering. They extended into an outbuilding at Rock House and finished up joining all the outbuildings into the bakery. They did bread, teacakes, scones, cakes, strawberry tarts. Ted King served his apprenticeship in Whitby, he didn't go to college, and the stuff he turned out was marvellous. Mi dad made him a massive table, a bin really, about 4½ feet long, and he tipped bags of flour in then kneaded by hand. Imagine kneading a tub full of dough, the strength! Got up at 3.30 in the morning. It was wonderful when they got this bread mixer, it went round by itself!

They were coke ovens, fired through the back. They were fired at night then held their heat during the day and never went out. There were two ovens. He had a metal peel, about six inches long and thin like a palette knife, to reach to the back of the oven for the bread tins, and had a wooden one for trays. They employed up to a dozen, Claude and Jim came from Whitby, they lodged in the village.

If you went into the bakery after dark the blackclocks were all over the place,

not dead ones, big red cockroaches with eyes and feelers. The houses were infested with them. We used to sell beetle traps, like a tin bowl about 9" wide upsidedown, then in the top was a disk with like four little tin butterflies, and inside was a few drops of beer. They used to smell this beer and then tip into the tin. Then you'd pull the lid out and drop them into a bucket of boiling water. But you could never win. I never went into the bakehouse at night without putting my coat collar up, never, they were everywhere.

Undertaking and Funerals

• In the old days coffins were always made of pitch pine. But in my day they were made of oak or elm. We seldom had a car for village funerals, we had the bier and people used to walk. The bier was bought in 1919 with money left over from the Reading Room War Memorial. At Levisham it was a horse and cart as far as the road end (*to the Valley Church*) and then we used to carry from there. We had a laying out board at Lockton, used to take it round with us. They hadn't one at Levisham and they used the leaf from Doris Smith's dining room table. We used to say: "Go up to Mr Smith's and get table leaf".

One of the last things you had to do before a funeral, you had to get a white hanky to show in your pocket, and stick a lump of rag in another pocket to polish the coffin - usually a piece of shirt, one with stripes on because it was fluff free. The hearse we used to hire if the funeral was outside the village was a beautiful machine, an antique then, but in beautiful condition with a wooden steering wheel, a Daimler Silent Night engine with sleeve valves. It had headlamps on about a foot in diameter. There was no dipping element, you just had a lever with a cable and you used to lift the whole light up.

• So they said, they used to sing as they went to cemetery, but it was dying out. One old man said if they didn't sing for him he wouldn't go! The bier, we had it at Kirk Brow when we lived there, I used to clean the brass, it had nice brass rails at the side. You pulled it, like a handcart. It had solid tyres. Then it was up at shed in cemetery.

• Poor Ella when Reg died. She said, "Come on, I have him in t'best room and you garn to see him".

The Laughtons at Cherry Tree

During the 1930s and 40s the actor Charles Laughton's family had Cherry Tree Farm.

• My father was gardener for Laughtons in the 1930s. *The gardens in the field above the Wedlands* used to supply the Laughton's hotels in Scarborough with a good part of their fruit and vegetables, the Pavilion, the Holbeck Hall and the Royal. Then they had strawberries in what they called The Orchard, on the slope behind the farm buildings. There was Tom, Charles and Frank Laughton, all brothers. When they came they used to go riding. George Blakey, *licensee of the Fox and Rabbit*, was the groom. They had a gamekeeper too. They had land all round Waites, at the bottom of Old Field Wood, and they owned Low Pasture Villa, that's where they used to shoot.

• The Laughtons bred blood horses, had them in them boxes at top side of Cherry Tree yard.

• Mrs Johnson looked after Cherry Tree when the Laughtons were there. Mrs Laughton used to come in the summer with a chauffeur and sit out on the lawn. Once Ernie Bevin came to stay with them. And every Friday Mrs Johnson

would take butter milk for Mrs Laughton to wash in.

• We used to fill these three gill bottles with butter milk for Mrs Laughton. Some of it she drank, sometimes she put it on her face.

• Mrs Laughton liked bread cooked in Mrs Johnson's side oven. So every Thursday Mrs Johnson went with a basket of bread to the Laughton's hotel in Scarbro.

The Carrier

• Mr Johnson (*of Mount Cottage*), he was the village carrier. He provided coal at 2s a bag, a little dearer than from the main supplier, but more convenient.

• Edgar Johnson, he took the carrier's business over from his dad. I remember him with this old Ford. Mary, his daughter, worked with him and their wage used to be all threp'ny bits. If you wanted anything you asked them to get it at Pickering and they used to get it and deliver it. Chemist or anything, sometimes bags of coal. And it was 3d.

• Edgar Johnson, he used to come round in a morning with a notebook, used to go to Levisham as well, book down what you wanted and away he went down to Pickering. Then back in afternoon, with a load of stuff. He used to sell coal as well, Thursday or Friday was coal day. And he used to take stock to Pickering market. He had a little motor wagon and he had some boards he put up so they couldn't jump out. Johnson's father used to be carrier before, wi' horse and rulley. They used to say in wintertime he had icicles on his beard when he came back from Pickering - he'd be sat on t'front of cart, no shelter like.

Getting About

• To go to Pickering you had to walk, else go by carrier cart. Mother used to go with the carrier cart, we didn't. Took all day to go to Pickering.

• If you wanted to go somewhere bad enough you walked. You couldn't wheel a pram - you carried 'em. Our Elsie was six months old, I carried her from Kingthorpe down to Farwath and up t'other side and to Stape. It was for chapel anniversary.

• We used to walk from Saltersgate to Newton Hunt Balls, and Stape Hunt Balls and such as them. Walk back at two o'clock in the morning. And we didn't have torches. Mi dad used to say: "Now watch were you're walking, don't get ower far that way 'cos you'll be in t'hole. And don't get down there or you'll slip backards". He knew every footstep across the moor. And I'd say: "Are we nearly home", and he'd say: "Just round this corner". And we'd get round that corner and there'd be another corner and he'd say: "Dash, got wrong corner, it must be t'next one". And he always kept you laughing and joking, mi dad was like that. There was nothing got

41. Johnson's cart all set for Pickering.

him down, he always had an answer.

We walked all over. When Gran got married she walked from Saltersgate all the way down the valley to the valley church. Mi dad, *Stan*, didn't get a car til around 1947, so when he went for fallen stock, for the hounds, it was horse and cart. And if it was just a sheep he would put a little trailor on his bike.

• They cracked stones at roadside, then put them on the road and chucked soil on and watered them in with a water cart.

• In the early 1920s part of our entertainment on a Sunday was to go to Saltersgate and watch cars get stuck on that corner. It was much worse in those days, more steep, just flint stone. Later in the 1920s the width was nearly doubled and it was tarmaced.

• Until the 1930s Whitby Road was a single track road, with passing places. Steam wagons built that road, they washed (the boilers) out every second Saturday down at Levisham mill.

• There was very few cars in the 1930s. If we saw a car come through the village we used to run to the hilltop to see if it got up the Levisham side. And very few did. It was a nightmare taking thrashing machine to Levisham.

• Charlie Mackley *at Saltersgate*, my grandad, was first one to have a car, a Florrie Ford, without a top on. He could put top on in winter. He used it sort of like a taxi.

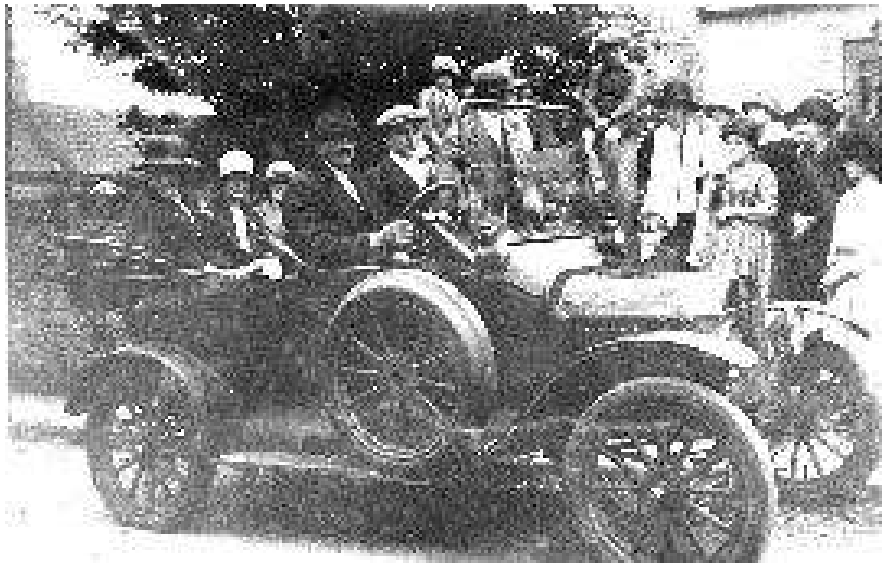
• Charabancs used to go on David Lane, to the Bridestones. Got them as far as Staindale, then they walked. We used to get a penny or tuppence for opening gates for them. There was a gate at High House, then seven more before you got to Low Pastures.

In the village Thwaites started some solid tyred buses, old Albions and Carriers. And you sat in at Pickering and you never know if they were going to set off. But if it started you had a good chance that you would get to Lockton.

When they started with the United Bus service in summer you were fortunate if you could get on. There were two buses, one used to go on the top road, full. The other used to come into the village, and there was only standing room. A shilling (5p) return to Pickering.

CHURCH AND CHAPEL

• One thing that stands out in my memory is sitting in Granny Sedman's (see the final section) and seeing the people streaming up the village on a



42. Charlie Mackley with his car at a Lockton wedding.

Sunday evening, going to church and the two chapels. As a child I went to church and both chapels. But I don't ever remember feeling very religious, but it was all, sociable, I suppose.

• At Harvest Festival the Methodists used to come to the Church, the Wesleyans went to the Prims and the Prims went to the Wesleyans. Then the rest of the year they weren't talking.

The best singing I can remember was at Lockton. We used to go to Band of Hope on a Friday night, Christian Endeavour on a Monday night, Choir Practice at Church on a Thursday night, and summat or other on a Wednesday night.

43. Lockton Church, with the little 1849 Primitive Methodist Chapel behind. The painting must have been made before 1898 when the chapel was enlarged.

The Church

The origins of Lockton Church are uncertain but it is thought to date from the 13th century. From the Reformation until recent times Lockton was a chapelry within the huge parish of Middleton. Later it was combined with Levisham. The dedication to St Giles was used as early as 1553 but was later replaced by St Andrews. Recently the ancient dedication has been restored.

• The Rev Armstrong, he was like a semi-squire. He had quite a bit of property and he expected tenants, and people working for him, to go to Church. If they didn't he sacked them. Hammond, he was a Methodist, he went for a job as gardener, so he had to change. There was always a bit of aggro because it used to be the parish of Levisham with Lockton, then it gradually changed to Lockton with Levisham.

• Lockton was very very low church, under the floor boards, until Father Couse came and started wearing vestments and all these practices and worried them all to death. I remember the first Christmas, we had Midnight Mass. Oh, this was terrible - never heard

of such a thing. Anyway, they had the Midnight Mass and quite a few seemed to go for curiosity. And right at the consecration the Methodists were singing outside 'O Come Let Us Adore Him', just at the right time. It was a marvellous atmosphere.

Father Couse, *at Lockton in the 1940s and early 50s,* dressed like a priest. He always wore black, and a hat with a big brim. He did have some flannels, but you never saw him without his collar. He was a priest twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. He worked on the railway in Thorntondale, then he went and got ordained. So he was a village bloke you see, and knew village people.

• Father Couse, he was a good chap in t'village. At Father's funeral he helped to take it - stood in the chapel pulpit.

• When Buffy was here (*the Revd Buffy 1925-1932*) they used to have Sunday services at the top of Saltersgate, opposite to where car park is now. There used to be a right big hollow and it was sheltered from the wind. It was a united service, maybe once a month. We used to walk up, thought nothing about it. A lot of people gathered.

• Mr King, best vicar that's ever been round here. He had an old Sunbeam Talbot motorbike and you could guarantee once a fortnight he went round all these outlaying farms. Leave his motor bike at Saltersgate pub, then come across to Nab and have a chat wi' mi mother, then back over t'field to grandma and grandad, then down to Glebe Farm, then back to t'pub. I remember him playing cricket for Lockton.

In the 1940s we used to go to the valley church from Saltersgate. There used to be mi self and mi father from Nab Farm, mi grandfather from Bar Farm, there'd be someone joined us from Saltersgate pub, there'd be Stan Mackley and George from Glebe Farm, then we'd come down the Hole of Horcum and there'd be well over a dozen of us by we arrive at the valley church. We used to do that about once a fortnight, on a nice fine Sunday night. Then walk back again, - call at the pub for one of them turf cakes!

Wesleyan and Primitive Chapels

There have been Wesleyan Methodists in Lockton since 1797 although the first chapel, on the site of the present Crossways, was not built until 1822. This was replaced in 1877 by a larger, Wesleyan, chapel opposite the church. Meanwhile the Primitive Methodists built their first chapel in 1849. This was enlarged and re-aligned in 1899 and became Lockton's sole Methodist chapel after the closure of the Wesleyan chapel in 1948.

• *In the first two decades of this century,* when we had a tea at the chapel mi dad, *the blacksmith,* took an ordinary cart hoop and put turfs like that to boil your kettles. You all took your own pots. Once we had a big tea for our chapel because we had to have all new. All that white plaster had to come down, and we had to get it all out I can tell you. We had an evangelist and his daughter was a girl preacher, and Miss Brackenbury was the organist. And then we had this tea. In that day we made £100. Of course there'd be a whole ham. Mi dad would have his white apron on and cutting the ham. He always cut hams did mi dad.

• Sunday School used to be a 10 o'clock, half an hour Sunday School - they used to walk from Levisham to Lockton Sunday School.

• On an ordinary Sunday night at Primitives there could be forty at chapel. In 1947 them sisters came. They had a caravan, they came from Ilkley and we had chapel full every night for a week. They

cooked us chips on a primus stove last night they were here. Then we followed them round to all the villages.

• At the Primitives the choir was on the opposite side to the organ. There used to be into teens in t'choir. Mrs Sedman was organist, kept us in order. The choir used to go to sing at other chapels. In them days we had two chapels and a church, open twice on a Sunday weren't they. It was a matter of filling time in.

• Both Wesleyans and Primitives had Sunday Schools, although later on we went to one one week and one t'other.

• In the summer there was the Sunday School outing for all the children that had taken part in the Anniversary. They gave us children a few shillings and you went free on the bus, and the parents went with you. It was the only time in the year that you got an icecream. We usually went to Scarborough.

44. The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel is towards the top of the street on the right.

Chapel Anniversaries

• For the Anniversary at the Primitives Isaac Sedman used to put the platform up for them to say their pieces. It used to come over Communion rails, and what was called Choir Corner. Then you'd put a rail round, and a cloth round to stop kids dropping out. They'd be twenty and more. When the Wesleyans had their anniversary they used to put chairs down the middle of the aisles to get everyone in. Wesleyans was a cold chapel.

• We all had new clothes for the Anniversary. Mother used to make our dresses, there were three of us and we were all dressed alike. They used to put a platform up with a red curtain round it and we were up there. There'd be about twenty I should think, we were sat in two rows. And all round the platform where it was done up there was little bunches of forgetmenots. You had a book of hymns specially written for these chapel anniversaries, and you had to go twice a week to the chapel to practice. Then there were quartets and duets and solos. It was the event of the year.

• At the Anniversary we were all supposed to say a 'piece'. We were all on a platform, put up like it was on trestles.

The platform tended to cover the whole of the front of the chapel and come down in steps. The big ones used to sit at the back, and the little ones at the front. It was a great occasion and I always had a new dress. The Anniversary was always in the spring so it fitted in very nicely.

• At the Chapel Anniversary the chapel used to be full. The children all had to say a piece, "I'm only a little boy and I've never stood up before" was always first piece wasn't it. We all got new clothes, new shoes and socks, for the Anniversary. It was an event. On the Monday night after the Anniversary we had a tea - then into Grange Farm paddock for games. McDonald had a real big cart and he used to give us a rides.

• At Chapel Anniversary we Church children used to go, but we couldn't take part. There was a platform went up in front of the pulpit and they all used to sing at you, and say pieces and that.

• We went to chapel anniversaries at Newton and Stape and Kirby Misperton and Thornton and Levisham. It was lovely.

• It was a big event was anniversary. Your mum would have been heart-broken if she couldn't have got to Stape Anniversary, and Newton. They were real family gatherings.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

• Christmas, that was the beginning of blooming boozing. "All home-made lad, it wont hurt you"!

• At Christmas at Blakey mi dad must have frumitty, made of wheat and spices. And Mother had a jar behind the dairy door where she secreted odd eggs for the Christmas cake, as father was very close.

• Granny Sedman made frumitty at Christmas. It was really like porridge, with pearl wheat, with spice in it - all spice, nutmeg or whatever you had in. It took about two days to make because she used to put it in water in the bottom of the warm oven to cree, so the grain soaked all the liquid up. Then she put milk in and cooked it like a rice pudding. I seem to remember liking it.

• We had a Christmas tree, and holly, and ginger wine, you used to make it with a bottle of ginger essence. We couldn't afford ought else. And we had a goose, we never had turkeys.

• My mother used to say it was unlucky to bring holly into t' house til Christmas Day.

• When we got older we used to walk down from Saltersgate to Lockton to Midnight Mass. When you'd been to Midnight Mass I remember you had to let them into t' house wi' a lump of holly.

• At Whinny Nab, *in the 1920s*, we had a Christmas tree in the sitting room. Mi dad used to walk right away down to Newtondale for it and carry it back. It was always put up on Christmas Eve and we used to sit and polish all t' apples and oranges to go on.

• At Glebe Farm at Saltersgate there was never any signs of Christmas when you went to bed on Christmas Eve, but it was always magic when you got up next morning. Christmas tree would be there, and dad would be busy plucking a chicken to cook for dinner. Then you had to go round every farm, it was supposed to be the boys on Christmas Day and the girls on New Years Day. And you'd say

We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year
Good luck to all who live here
And please will you give me a
Christmas Box.

• On Christmas morning boys used to go Lucky Birding, girls went on New Years morning. Boys used to say

I wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year
Good luck to you
And all you have here
And please could I be
The Lucky Bird here.

If you were first you were Lucky Bird, and you'd get more money, some silver, t' others might get copper.

• People would give you an apple or an orange, or a piece out of the Christmas cake, and you got ginger wine. If you was the first to go round shouting, the lucky bird, the first one, you got the silver.

• I think I'd be last one to keep old tradition up (*in the late 1940s*), they liked me to go like. Set off from Nab Farm at quarter past 7 and back at quarter to twelve. You had to be finished by twelve. It went summat like this

I wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year
I've a hole in m'stocking
And a hole in m'shoe.
If you haven't a penny
A hapenny will do,
If you haven't a hapenny,
God bless you.

• At Christmas we went carol singing, all round the village and round the outskirts we went. Everybody went, the Methodists, the Church, the Reading room, all separate. Tot Miller used to played his cornet wi' the Reading Room lot. We went round by Staindale and all round there. Someone would have a lantern, a stable lamp, and everybody followed. At each stop they used to ask us in and you had to have a piece of Christmas cake, a piece of ginger bread and cheese, and that real hot ginger wine. Everybody was bloated. They were all 'No Drink' and Band of Hope. If you had a drink you were going straight to the devil!

• Why, chapel singers used to walk right round Newgate Foot and Saltersgate and right round there, singing for Christmas. And the Reading Room used to go round Christmas singing. That was a male voice choir. Bye, I'll never forget first Saturday night we went round, there was snow on t'ground. We started from our house, West View, then went to Warren, down into Hole of Horcum, then to Saltersgate pub and Bar Farm. Another time we went up to Brisbys at Whitethorn, and to Bob Humble further up, at High Pastures, now demolished, and then back round by Willoughbys at Low Pastures. First time we went Brisbys asked us in and we stopped there for wi suppers. I doant know what time we landed to Willoughbys. Then next year we went at midnight. Chapel used to go at midnight and then they gev ower. Then Reading Room started it. People did appreciate it. And then we used to go wi' Wesleyans. And we used to go wi' church - so we used to get a fair Christmas singing.

• At Christmas we got the harmonium out of the parlour, lifted it up onto the rully, with a horse in the front, and away we went, with the small children like myself riding on the rully and the others all wandering along behind. They used to have the shepherds' crooks, with a lantern on the crook, like a stable lamp, but a candle lamp. Then we'd stop and sing carols, and my mother played the harmonium on the rully. They used to sing "While shepherds" to the tune with the descant - I remember the men's voices particularly. Then when we'd brought the harmonium back to Granny's (Mrs Sedman's) they were all regaled with whatever was on the table,

and ginger beer if they were very lucky. The living room used to be full of all these people in big coats.

• On New Years Day lasses went round New Year gifting. They'd say

It's very seldom I come here
To wish you good luck
And a Happy New year
I mustn't stay long,
But quickly move on
Please will you give me
A New Years gift.

• When it got to New Year we girls used to go round to all t'farms, New Year gifting. You always got a little bit of Christmas cake, a slice of cheese, and some ginger cake, and probably 3d or maybe 6d, and a drink of ginger wine. It was always ginger wine. From Whinny Nab our first call would be Warriners at Bar Farm, then to Mackleys at Saltersgate, then we'd walk on to Harrisons at High Horcum and Mackleys at Low Horcum. From there we'd walk over to Newgate Foot and I suppose we'd go up to Blakey. And then walk back up the moor to our place. We used to say

It isn't very often
That we come here
To wish you good luck
And a Happy New Year
Please can I be
The Lucky Bird here
And please will you give me
A New Years gift.

• In Pickering in olden days you used to take a carrier bag and go round all the shops, New Year Gifting. They used to be very kind to you an' all.

CHILDHOOD

Lockton School

Lockton's first purpose built school, erected in 1860, was financed by private subscription of local landowners although there had been private schools in the village before that. The Lockton School Board was formed in 1878 and the following year a Board School was built. This school was enlarged in 1892 and continued in use until 1969. The building is now a Youth Hostel.

• *In the 1920s* there were two teachers, Miss Pernie and, her sister, Miss Agnes. There were fifty or sixty children. You stayed til you were fourteen, but you'd start work a lot younger than that, milking and suchlike. In the school yard lads had the lower side and lasses had higher side, and we got in trouble if one on 'em went either way. It wasn't fancied in them days.

• Miss Pernie taught the older ones, she was a kindly person - she could wield the cane when she needed to, but she didn't very often. A combination of slates and books were used. Often in maths you'd do it on the slate, then when it was ticked you'd rub it out and start again. Paper was expensive. The little ones would have chalk, on a bigger slate. You can still see the marks on the brickwork, on the outside wall, where slate pencils were sharpened. We had a strip of tonic-sol-fa (*for learning the music scale*) and we had to go up and down this wretched scale. On the walls were pictures of Indian tea growers, and something in Australia, they were there as long as I went.

• There was one room for the Infants, then the other room was for everyone else, up to fourteen years old. There was about fifteen different teachers when I was there, we were on reliefs a lot of the time. We had quite a few when Mrs Ward was teacher. Sometimes we had school concerts, with recitation and singing. It

45. Lockton School in 1932 with Miss Agnes Pernie on the right and Mrs Ward on the left

was a big occasion, the village hall, it was packed.

• There was the Infants Room and the Big Room. The Infant teacher I remember (in the 1930s) was Miss Hyde, sister of Austin Hyde, headmaster of Lady Lumleys. And Miss Hartley. She was a little fat lass who came from Whitby to Levisham station on the train, then walk across to Lockton school. Then back again at night. She did it for years and was as fat when she'd finished as when she started. Before that were the two Miss Pernies and they were very strict. They had a cane. Two sisters, wool stockings, tweed skirts, flat shoes, big hats, walking sticks and gloves. It didn't matter about girls, you got your knuckles well rapt with a ruler, and your hand with a cane. Once a supply teacher came, she was a strict one and she had this cane. I remember DM, he used to talk funny, and she used to ask us what he said and we daren't tell her.

• During the (*1939-45*) war Mrs Ward was the teacher. There were about forty of us, ranging from five to fourteen. There was a little classroom where the youngsters sat, but some lessons, like music, we would all be in together. The older ones used to have to help the younger ones quite often, sit and listen to them read and that sort of thing and when Mrs Ward went through to the younger ones we were set some work. There was a great need for woollies for the troops and most of the older girls knitted socks, sailors' white socks, and jumpers. We were allowed to knit during lessons.

• Headteacher, you'd get stick for looking at her. Aye, she was a bad un. Some lads used to get the stick every day. Sometimes we pulled our hand away and we missed it. The girls learnt knitting and sewing, and a lot of this raffia work. One teacher, Miss Hartley, she walked from Levisham station in a morning. And Captain Taylor from Robinhoods Bay came for PE, he had a motor bike, a real military man weren't he? Kid-catcher used to walk to Lockton, then to Levisham, then to Newton and then to Saltersgate to see if any children had been missing.

• When Saltersgate school closed in 1932

then we came to Lockton to school. By then they'd gotten the road made and there was a bus - United. We took our own grub with us and a pot of tea. We used to put them down agen fire to keep warm. At dinner time we played Foxoff, we used to go right round by Warren there. One or two went off as a fox and the others had to find out where they were. Down griffs or anywhere. Girls as well, there were some lady foxes. I remember coming back when kid-catcher was there.

• Then we cem to Rose Cottage, *now Staindale Lodge,* and I started at Lockton School when I was five, walking up what we called Haggs, it was a cart road. The teachers were ladies, but they could use stick. Teacher used to get young 'un to give stick. Oh my God, I was a rum lad, I got the stick ivvery day, m'dad was in t' 1914-18 war y'see. I used to play truant, play about in t'woods, and watch for t'others coming off school. Then kid-catcher used to cum. "Why wasn't I at school?"

• It was nearly three miles from High Pastures to the school. I remember being off school a month when the snow was very deep. But I had one year of full attendance. The Miss Pernies were schoolteachers, with a third, Doris Hewlet, she married Frank Ward, the baker. We were caned severely. You had to bend over the desk with your trousers down and she administered six of the best. The canes were kept by Tot Miller in the blacksmith's shop. Tot was a great friend of the Miss Pernies, and the canes hardened off up his chimney - hazel rod - they really hurt. But I have no regrets.

• In about 1931 and 1932 we won the North of England Sports Competition. We trained in that field up Haustus Lane, then went to Kirby Moorside and whoever won there went to Redcar. Lockton School was at Redcar two years running. And we gave concerts from school at Levisham and Newton. We walked across with lamps, in winter, about Christmastime.

• We played Foxoff a lot at dinner-time. I've been as far as the top end of Levisham, hiding. I used to go down to Kingthorpe woods. There were wild cats there, we got one down a drain, drove it out into a sack and put it in Miss Pernie's desk. She opened it at Assembly and the wild cat flew out. So we had to bend over the desk!

• And on thrashing days children would catch the mice and take them to school.

At one time they had that garden around the school, and the teacher sent the boys out to do the garden. Paul Wilks used to come along with his football and the next thing we were all down by the pond playing football, and she had to leave us to go and gather them up. It was my job to stand on the back row and shout, "Look out, she's coming".

• At Low Horcum, if it was a busy day at home you just didn't go to school. Dad didn't think educating girls was important I don't think. One day kid-catcher came to see why we weren't at school, he came down that cart track from High Horcum - and got stuck in 'is car.

• Then the older children started going to Secondary School. If you take eleven out of forty that's it, and the school had to close.

Out of School

• At dinner time you had an hour and a half so we would wander far away playing hide and seek, and a game we called Free-0. For this you had boundaries, about 100 yards in each

direction, marked by buildings, trees etc. You'd have a base, possibly a big stone, a pile of coats. The finder then stays at the base, counting to a hundred while the others hide. Then the rest have to get back to the base without being seen. Any boy seen is 'imprisoned' at the base where he remains until touched by another who shouts 'Free-O'.

• We played another game, Ducky, in the pinfold. In the bottom quarter (the target area) was a big flat stone on which the 'minder' places his stone. The 'throwers' are in the top quarter of the pinfold (the base). Each thrower in turn would then throw his stone and try to knock the 'minders' stone off. The 'thrower' would try to retrieve his stone without being tagged by the 'minder'. He was only safe when he got back to 'base'. If the 'minders' stone was knocked off the minder had to replace it before tagging the others. If he tagged one of the throwers he could grab his stone off the flat stone and return to base. The tagged boy had then to place his stone on the big stone and try to tag the minder before the minder reached base. If he failed then he was the minder.

• We played shinty and hockey quite a lot. And Foxoff, one went off and left signs behind and the rest had to find you. Then there was 'Three Sticks', we invented it ourselves. You went into two teams and had three sticks set agen a wall, one across the top and you tossed for who went first. You threw a tennis ball at the sticks, if you didn't knock the stick down the next person went, until one knocked the stick down. As soon as the stick was knocked down that team had to scatter and the opposing team picked up the ball and threw the ball to each other and tried to hit one of the opponents. As soon as you were hit you were out, and had to stand by the wall. But meanwhile someone had to get the sticks back up, without being hit. We played it in the Square, agen Warriners' wall. And the sticks were shaped so they weren't easy to put up as well.

• We used to play in Grange Farm paddock, come down that little path, used to play cricket in there at dinner time. If you hit ball out of t'field you were out.

• We used to go newting at Clay Pond, *opposite the cemetery*. One day we caught about eighty, took them home in a bucket and the next day there were newts all over the house. In winter we used to toboggan down the Levisham road, the object being to get over the bridge at the bottom and see how far we could go up the Levisham side. The only car in those days, the 1920s, was the Baldwin's at Levisham. And the village pond regularly got frozen over, sometimes so thick I've seen a horse and cart driven over.

• In winter we'd go sledging down Levisham Road. They used to bring snow plough across wi' t'osses, Billie Key used to grit down the outside for vehicles but leave the middle. It used to leave a hard pad of snow a few inches thick.

• After school we'd go to Tot Millers, the blacksmiths. He used to say: "Will you tek t'osses and watter 'em". Cart horses waiting to be shod. And we'd ride them down to the pond, by Pond Farm. You had to be careful, if you were too high up his back when he put his head down to drink you were over his head.

• There was always aggro between Lockton and Levisham. They said if Levisham kids cem up to Lockton they would chase 'em back wi' sticks and stones, they wouldn't have them in the village. At school they never mixed.

It was same for anybody from outside 'cos we were from Horcum and we weren't the same as the village kids because you didn't play at night. We were very much on our own at Horcum. We used to make houses in them buildings (*old farm buildings*), wi' telephone set-ups and old firesides and bits and pieces. We had some fair houses made up. But in summer we played in breckons. Made dens, played hours in breckons. Occasionally we got hikers round, there was bus-loads used to come through, set off from Saltersgate and walk down Hole of Horcum and go and have tea at Mrs Burden's at Lockton. Then some would want to find that Dwarf Cornel, and Wintergreen. And they'd give you money, maybe half a crown, to show them where these flowers grew.

• We used to get 3d for climbing that mushroom thing at the Bridestones. We waited for people coming, then we'd say: "I can get up there". Then you'd get your 3d.

• When someone brought their booler hoop out, everyone else brought theirs out. Then when someone had a whip and top, everyone else had a whip and top. And shuttlecock and battledore, that was on Shrove Tuesday. Skipping, we used to start that about Shrove Tuesday - Pitch, Patch, Pepper. And we played hopscotch.

• We had boolers, metal ones, an old pram wheel or a bicycle wheel would do if they were thin uns. With a hook to run them on. Then you just pulled it round when you wanted to stop 'em. They were handed down, you didn't buy much new then y' know.

• Tot Miller (*the blacksmith*) would make boolers. I could never afford one. I think they were 2s. If you could you'd get a car tyre, but they were few and far between.

• One year Miss Bowman, she used to teach at Levisham school before it closed, took country dancing classes. They were straight after school, and some of us from Lockton used to go straight from school to Levisham. We used to run down the hill, then up through the wood.

• We used to go down what we called The 'owl (*the Howl below the pinfold*) where there were some rocks. Well we used to play hours there, making play houses in the rocks. Then someone would come and upset it all.

• In July and August when you came home from school on a night you used to go up the bankside pulling bilberries, probably pull three pound a night. At the beginning of the season we used to get 3s a pound for them, then as the season went on they dropped back to half a crown. After a good season I always had between £10 and £12 to put in the bank - the Post Office Savings Bank at Lockton.

• We had paste eggs at Easter. Granny used to get gorse, the yellow flowers, and use them to dye the eggs. And there were green and blue eggs. I always had a big bowl of hard boiled eggs and was encouraged to paint pictures on them. Then there was a great deal of ceremony on Easter Monday going to a hill and rolling these eggs down until they broke.

• I started to wash and bake when I was eleven years old. By the time I was fourteen I was qualified to run a house I should think.

• There wasn't a lot of time for play cos you were always busy. Whatever the grownups were doing you were sort of taken along and expected to help. Like when they went down to shut the chickens up I had to gather the eggs.

• As children we all had our jobs. We had sticks to fetch. And the bane of my life was ducks. Ducks. At High House we had a beck went by, and I couldn't go nowhere until the ducks were fastened

up, and I never knew whether they'd gone up the beck, or down the beck.

Tar Barrel and Bonfire Night

There is an account of the 'Lockton Tar Barrel' , by F. W .Dowson, in ***Transactions of the Yorkshire Dialect Society, part XXXVIII vol VI (1937)*** *. Dowson believed the tradition to be virtually peculiar to Lockton. He explains that it was originally traditional for the boys to 'burst into a cottage without formal knock or announcement'. He continues, 'owing to the risk of terrifying young children by such entry the policeman has of recent years forbidden this and the mummers must always announce themselves by a knock'. The extracts below in bold type are not included in Dowson's article.*

• My dad told me that old Miss Pernies, school teachers, when they first came to Lockton, these tar barrel lads used to go round with all sorts of funny clothes on and their faces black and they knocked, then went straight into the house and frightened these old dears to death. Barged straight in and started reciting their various pieces. Then the money went to buy an empty tar barrel for the bonfire. We used to black our faces, there were about six on us. I had to learn my bit. And we said

Here we cumd, we nivver cumed yet
We mi greaat 'eard and me little wit.
Mi heard so big and me wit so small
I've brought a comp'ny to please y' all.

and we finished off:

Please will you give us summat
For t' tar barril?

Maybe you'd get three or four gallons of tar given, and you'd maybe get a wood tar barril in them days.

• Tar Barrel? We used to get our faces blacked. There was a fancy story but I can't remember it all. We went round with tar barrel and knocked on people's doors, and then used the money to buy fireworks. They used to have the bonfire in Haustus field. Many went with torches, like sacking dipped in tar on a stick, to put into t'bonfire.

• There 's a knock at the door. "Will you have tar barrel this evening?" "'0h, yes, come in".

I opened the door and I enter in
And I hope the battle will soon begin
So if you don't believe these words I say
Step in King George and clear the way.

then in comes King George:

King George is my name
A sword and pistol by my side
I mean to win the game.

The game sir, the game sir
Lies in my power.
I'll slash you into mincemeat
In less than half an hour.

How became you to slash me into mincemeat
My head is made of iron
And my body is made of steel
My hands and feet are made
Of the best metal bone
No man can make me feel.

I'll challenge to make you feel.
This bone that I strike,
Strike down,
Will be renowned.

Then they have a bit of a scuffle and fighting, then they say:

Oh, my back
What's up wi' thi back?
Why, me and m' wife can't agree
Oh, rise up Jack and fight agen.

then they sing:

Remember, remember fifth of November
Gunpowder, ????
Blood ????
So long as old England stands on a rock.
All the boys, all the boys, all the boys sing
All the boys, all the boys, God Save the King.

- We began and finished with:

Remember, remember the 5th of November
When gunpowder plot shall never be forgot
As long as old England stands on a rock.

I wish I could remember the rest. I know there was a doctor who had something to do with glasses, and supports for broken backed spiders. Three went in first, the doctor waited outside, and the narrator began. Then the doctor was sent for and he went in with his case.

Below is the Tar Barrel Rhyme as remembered by the late Mrs Wray. It is very similar to that quoted by F.W. Dowson)

1st boy
Remember, Remember the fifth of November
When Gunpowder plot should never be forgot
As long as Old England stands on a rock.
My Head is made of iron
My Body's made of steel,
And mi legs is made of best coulter brass
That ever thou did see.

2nd boy
I'm the man to mak thee feel

1st boy
You Sir

2nd boy
I Sir

1st boy
Tak a sword and try Sir

3rd boy
I rammed a rifle through his head
And left 'im dying there.
Alas, alas for what I've done
I've slain my brother, sister, son
Five pund for a Doctor. Nay, ten pund.

2nd boy
Mr Brown's the best doctor in this town

1st boy
Fetch 'im then

4th boy
I'm Mr Brown, the best doctor in this town.

1st boy
How became you to be the best in the town

4th boy
By my travels

1st boy
Where hast thee travelled

4th boy
England, Scotland, Ireland and Spain,
And I've come here to cure this man
That you have slain.

1st boy
Can you?

4th boy
Aye. I've spectacles for blind Bumble Bees,
Cart saddles for brocken backed spiders,
And also a little bottle in my pocket
Called inky pinky pokey.
Take a smell Jack and rise and fight

2nd boy
Oh! me back

3rd boy
What's amiss wi' thy back.

2nd boy
Oh, me an' t' ord wife can't agree

3rd boy
Oh, nivver mind that

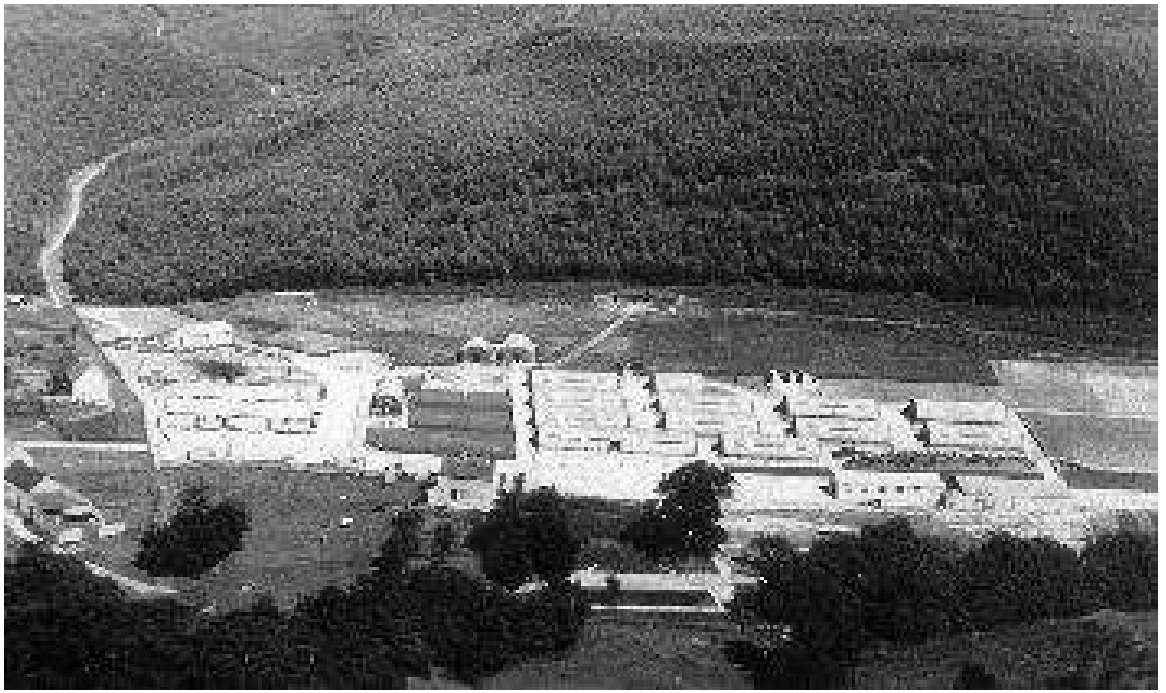
All
Please will you give owt for Tar Barrel

DALBY CAMP IN THE 1930s DEPRESSION

This Camp was just over Dalby beck in Allerston township but has been included because it was essentially associated with Lockton, the nearest village. The Fox and Rabbit particularly benefited from its custom! The Allerston Instructional Centre was run by the Ministry of Labour for the unemployed.

• When you went to the Fox and Rabbit and looked down over the hill it was like a town, all lit up. They came from Leeds and the West Riding, and lived in these Nissen huts. They were all fitted up with a pair of corduroy trousers and boots, and they made the forest roads. There was a big recreation hut and they used to give concerts.

• The Dalby Camp went on 'til the war. They came for three months training. It never closed, them at came October to December would stay there over Christmas. Some used to come over and over again. They built the road from Ellerburn to Low Staindale. They were all in corduroys, about three hundred of them, mostly from the West Riding. They got 4s a week, but they could get drunk on it. Their families were 'kept' at home whilst they were away. We were very busy at the Fox and Rabbit. Quite a lot of them came as ladies, there was Marlene, and Paraffin Annie, and Robbo.



46. Dalby Camp in the 1930's

THE WAR

• The (*1939-45*) war improved farming because of the shortage of food. Most of what was ploughed up then has stayed ploughed. We went and watched them clear the Whinny Fields up at t'Fox and Rabbit. Before the fields were just left to

help themselves, there was barely an eating in them. Farming was very bad then. There were quite a few called Whinny Fields. (*Whin is another name for gorse*).

• At Rustif Head there was a barn and foldyard, you can still see the ruins. My father had just got the land there nicely laid down, seeding t'sides that runs down into the valley, then we had them all to plough out during war.

• The Army used to come training up on the moor and in Mount Pleasant wood. They'd camp on our land, towards Whitedale, and in Coopers Cover. We had lovely tins of corned beef, and jam, and tins of rice, off the soldiers.

• We had two or three lots of soldiers came during the war, they came and practiced on the moor. Tank regiments. They stayed in the farm buildings. We put a concert on for them once, I know cos I sang "The White Cliffs of Dover". You were always sorry to see them go cos they were going to The Front.

• During the war the artillery training stretched from Blackdale, just north of Lockton, to Blue Bank top. They had the artillery guns all lined up and targets where Fylingdales is now, and there were bigger guns for targets over Brocker Beck.

• There were search lights at Scalla Moor, Whitedale, Saltersgate, Ellerbeck and Blue Bank top. The soldiers who manned them, about two dozen, lived in wooden huts in that three cornered field at back of Saltersgate pub. And there was a sentry box outside the pub, and at night no vehicle went through without being stopped.

• All t'visitors used to come because they couldn't go to t'seaside, it was all barbed wired off, so they used to stay in t'villages. Mrs Brown at Pond Farm, Mrs Stead on at Farfield, mi Aunt Betsy at Box Tree Farm, Welburns at West View, they all used to take visitors in, from West Riding and Hull mostly. A good bit of money for them.

Eden Prisoner-of-War Camp

• It was the Italians from Eden Camp, prisoners of war, who came to clear the whins, and they'd get a lot of rabbits. In the dinner hour they used to go to fields to get willows to make baskets. They made our Elsie some clogs, and they made a chess set all in carved wood, and rings out of threp'ny bits. They worked on most of the local farms.

• It was Italians first at Eden Camp. I was looking after a batch of 'em on the forestry. You see trees was planted in 1920s and 30s and they were getting fit for working among then. They cem in lorries wi' canvas tops, they lifted the tops off and made them for a shelter for the men during t'day. Then they went off wi' t'wagons leading stuff away. They were proper dodgers. Then Italians left and they filled it up wi' Germans. They were a lot better workers, they were alright. I've still got a painting a German did for me.

• The only thing I saw of the Germans from Eden Camp was digging the snow out. Mi uncle Jack, he worked on the roads. He said when they were digging this snow, there were these two jerries, Germans, and they used to disappear, they didn't know where they went to. They'd dug into the snow and dug out this room and carved a beautiful fireplace and piano in it, all in snow, a real work of art.

• At West View we had two from Eden Camp for hoeing turnips, and harvest time perhaps. There were German and

Italian prisoners. When they were digging snow up by the Fox and Rabbit they had to keep them apart because they would fight. They were fetched in the morning, and gathered up at night.

• At High House we had German prisoners come. They used to bike from Eden camp. The German we had most was 'Harrowin'. He used to come with half a loaf of bread and a chunk of margarine. And mi dad used to say: "sling that to dog lad and come on in and have your dinner". They were supposed to go back by four o'clock. But when it was haytime and harvest mi dad used to say: "your bike's got a puncture tonight", so he had an excuse to stay longer. Mother used to get an extra 3lb bag of flour for Harrowin to send home to Germany. He was a brilliant worker. I always regret we never kept in contact.

Evacuees

• Evacuees. The first we had was from Hull docks, they were real rough uns. A few families came, the women, they were looking for the pub the first night so they went home the next day. Some evacuees stayed right to the end of the war, but most drifted back. Then we got another batch from Middlesborough. And they were all in our little village school, and teachers as well, you could hardly walk between the desks.

• Mother got two girls from Middlesborough and they stayed practically til the end of the war. They were brought up like family and their mothers used to come sometimes and stay for a few days. We still keep in touch with them. Then the ones we had at The Square, they were from Hull, fisherfolk. I put them into our best room. Well, you couldn't keep up with putting clean tables cloths on. I finished up with using newspapers. There were quite a few came like that, but they didn't stay long. They couldn't settle - but weren't we glad.

• These evacuees - the first night - saw them upstairs - then left them to go to bed. Later they were nowhere to be seen. Then they were found, asleep under the bed. "Mam and Dad always sleep on the bed at home" they explained.

• We had evacuees, but we only had one stranger, the others were all half cousins. We had a houseful, five in a bed us lasses.

• We had two batches of evacuees in the war. If you had a space you were more or less obliged to take them. Expectant mothers, we had a batch of them came. They didn't stop, they landed up at Fox and Rabbit, thumbed a lift and disappeared. They didn't settle in the country at all. They were from Hull. But some of the children stayed a long time, some come back even now. Them lads at Willoughby Brown's, they stayed, and they cem back for Willoughby's funeral.

The Home Guard and others

• It was generally Sunday afternoons when Lockton Home Guard met. They used to go up and down the main road, marching. Sometimes they met at Whitedale quarry and such as that. Sergeant, he had them marching once wi' gas masks on. They had some very good times in the Home Guard. Some good dinners, and socials. Most members would be farm workers so they had to get back to go to the sheep folds and feed livestock and that.

• Lockton Home Guard, at first it was just like Dad's Army. They used to drill wi' brush shafts, some had a hat, some had a battle dress and some had a pair of leggings, corduroys. Parry, he worked for Lloyd Graeme at Kingthorpe, he'd been

47. Lockton Home Guard in 1943
Back Row: Walter Barnes, Ted Smith, John Stothard, Stan Mackley, Billy Stead.
2nd Row: Edgar Stead, Ralph Stothard, Mr Parry (Sgt), Arthur Gibbs, Walter Hornby.
Front Row: Jim Stothard, John Brisby, George Smith, Henry Pearson

in the army, he was the Sergeant. And Ralph Stothard, he even got married in Home Guard uniform. And there was an SS job out of Home Guard. They had secret dug-outs. When there was an invasion they'd be hidden away behind the lines. They hadn't to divulged to their parents or anyone, cos if they were tortured they might say.

• They just picked about five of us out of Home Guard, Les Coultas, he was sergeant. It was called The Secret Army. We were just in Home Guard uniform, but we had a revolver and such as that. If the Germans had overrun this country we would be behind the lines. It was supposed to be secret. But I was at Fox and some army lads cem up and said, "Aye, we're digging a hole in Kingthorpe woods to bury Home Guard". It was bad to find - well camouflaged. There was another at Ebberston, and another at Wrelton. We used to go to chapel at Wrelton on a Sunday morning when we had to go there for meetings. We were always trained by "The Army". I always remember first time we went out, to Guisborough. We hadn't got no khaki top coats. Bye, they cem for us in one of those army trucks, and it hadn't a top on. And it rained from here to Guisborough. Then we were supposed to go at night laying hand-grenades and such as that.

• We three brothers were in the Home Guard We had mock battles against Pickering Home Guard, sometimes in Kingthorpe woods, or at Scalla Moor. And we'd take it in turns to go up Westfield Lane with a rifle to defend the Observer Post. We all had rifles, and we

had one Lewis gun. The sergeant had a sten gun, and the Captain, Parry, he had a revolver.

• And there were the Air Raid wardens, they made sure there was no blackout showing. And Special Constables.

• Two, like Fire Watchers, used to come every night to man the phone at The Square. There was a little room where we had the telephone, and we put a bed in. Then different people manned the Observer Post up Westfield Lane. They were paid.

• Observer Corp, they used to have a uniform wi' a black beret. They had a place up Westfield Lane, the building's still there, underground, they had beds there. It was manned twenty-four hours a day.

GRANNY SEDMAN (1867 - 1957)

Granny Sedman was born as Annie Allanson at Keld House, now the Fox and Rabbit. She married John Henry Sedman, known as Nav. They lived all their married life in the little cottage, now pulled down, between Bell Cottage and the street. Although she died over forty years ago Granny Sedman is still vividly remembered in Lockton and undoubtedly warrents a section of her own.

• Old Granny Sedman, and Nav Sedman, lived all their married life in the little cottage next to Bell Cottage. It was all wood inside, all the partitions were wood. But she did look after it wonderfully well. She had a table for Sundays, and a table for weekdays, the round type that would tip up. The Sunday table was kept in the parlour during the week. They were cocklety - wobbly. They had three feet and she had them specially designed because of the uneven floor - you had to be careful where you put 'em. There were those red brick things on the floor, very uneven, and clip rugs.

• As the mood took me I used to go and sit and talk to Granny Sedman. And that little cottage, it was as bright as a new pin. And to think that washing and everything had to be done in that one room. There was a table in the corner of the room that had the bowl and tray on for washing up.

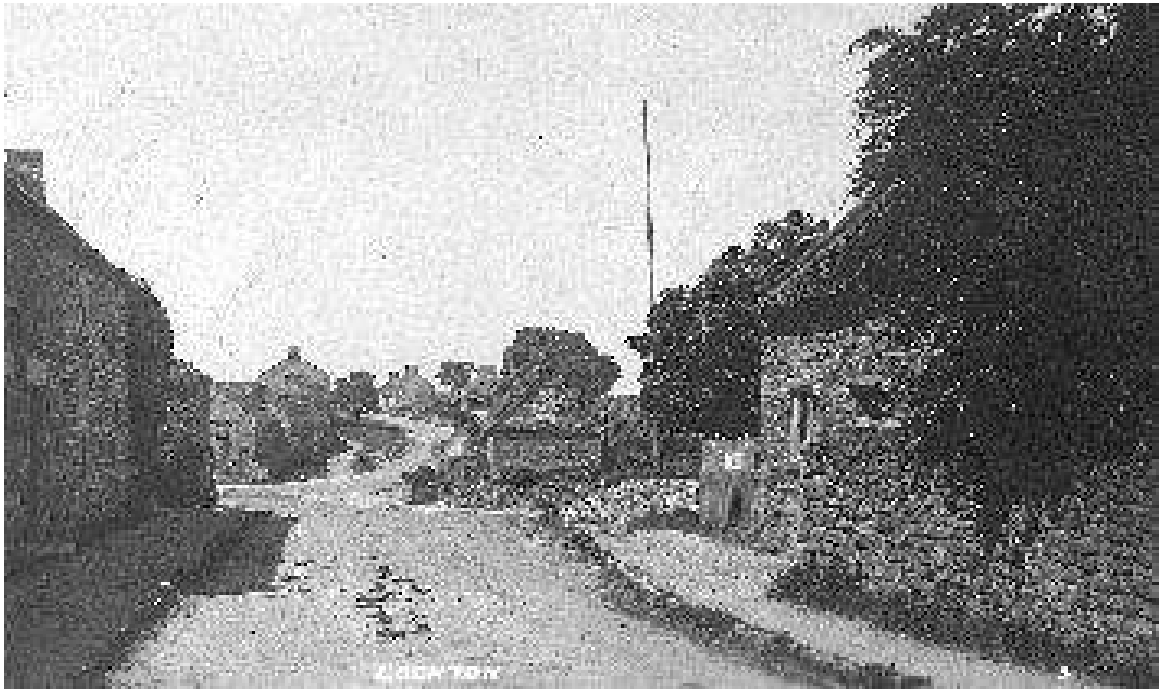
• Old Granny Sedman, if you ever broke any pots she wanted them to make grit for her hens. She never bought grit. She had her hens in Box Tree cottage yard. And her toilet were down there too, so you had to have plenty of warning.

• Mi dad used to go and sit with old Nav after church on a Sunday morning. He would chew tobacco, then spit straight into the fire, straight between the pan handles, never known to knock a pan. After old Nav died mi dad would go across and talk to the old girl. One day he said: "O Missis, there's some mice here, and some cheese as well". "Aye" she said, "I'm feeding them, there're all young uns and I've had some traps set and there ower light to strike 'em so I'm fattening them up". When she went toddling off to chapel she used to carefully lock up, then hang the great big key on a nail by the door.

• I can remember old Granny Sedman going to glean after harvest.

• Old Granny Sedman, she'd get on top of her roof to put the tiles right, into her eighties.

• Granny Sedman, she was a little person and as I remember she always used to have this pixie hood on. She used to have a little garden next to Box Tree Cottage, where the bungalow is now. It



48. Granny Sedman's cottage, now demolished, is on the right.

was a lovely garden, she spent a lot of time in that garden. And she used to watch us, thinking we might go over t'wall to get gooseberries. We used to be frightened of her cos she used to be watching us. I don't remember she ever said aught, she just had to look at us. And she had this plum tree down t' back, it joined up to Box Tree stack yard, and at harvest time she'd be watching we didn't get any of them plums.

• Granny's cottage was a cruck cottage, and open to the top. Where the cruck came down and had a big piece of wood across, you put things up on there. Between the joists was papered, and whitewashed over. There was just one large bedroom but it had been divided with a partition. Upstairs it was all whitewash, but she had wallpaper downstairs. Underneath the wooden staircase was the coalhouse, and the pantry at the end. The tiny little parlour was only about seven or eight feet square. It was used if anyone important came. Granny's fireplace was very old. The oven was an extension of the firegrate underneath, the same fire did both. You sort of poked a bit of the hot coal and sticks underneath the oven. Then when you weren't cooking there was a piece of metal fitted in. A lot of the big ovens in the farmhouses were a separate thing altogether.

As a child Granny Sedman went to school at Lockton for a year then she went to what she called a Finishing School, at Grove House at Levisham Station. One of the things they taught her there was to sew. Her uncle, Robert Merry Owston who was quite well off, a dealer in cattle and horses, he travelled to various places down the coast. He bought Annie a sewing machine and would take her and the little sewing machine with him and leave her with one of the families where she would stay for a few weeks and make anything that they needed, shirts for the boys, breeches for smaller boys, dresses and pinnies. Eventually she married Uncle Robert Merry's shepherd who worked at

Warren, John Henry Sedman.

Granny wore a fine serge skirt, black skirt, down to about nine inches off the ground, made with a waistband with a placket and a pocket. Then she wore a black top which she called her blouse. It was like a very tight jacket, 'cos it was made of the serge, and it had a long, fair slim sleeve, and fitted very tight. It had a V neck which always had a little piece in, a little white bodice effect, as though there was a blouse underneath, but in actual fact what it was was a little bit of lawn, or nice soft cotton with maybe a bit of lace or a frill. What it would do would keep the back of the blouse clean. That was the only relief. She may have had a jet button or two. But very, very severe. Underneath she wore what she called a chemise which was made of cotton, with a short sleeve and round neck, and didn't have a lot of shape. And corsets, the old fashioned ones with whalebone, once you got them on and tightened with the laces, you could just fasten them with hooks down the front. And she always wore a flannel petticoat, red in winter, cream in summer. And bloomers, the ones that were just like two legs, with cuffs round the knee and a cuff round the waist. And black, knitted stockings, just above the knee, with a garter round. Then she wore high buttoned boots for chapel on Sunday, and other important occasions. In summer she did have one or two summer dresses, but still on the same principle as the serge ones.

Granny was a good all-round manager. She made her own bread. There was King and Wards, the bakers, and the shop would sell bread, but that wasn't for the likes of us, that was for lazy people. Granny had a pig down in the yard (*now Box Tree Cottage yard, her garden was on the site of the new bungalow*). There was a barn for storage, a stable where the goats were kept, with a hayloft over the top, then the hen house, then the pig sty. Then the other side was the toilet, (a bin with a wooden seat), and the duck house, and a pen so the ducks could be let out. Then there was the 'woozle' where grandad used to grow a few turnips or mangel worzels for the animals. I remember making butter from the goats' milk during the war. It was a terrible job, they took the cream off the milk and put it into like a big glass sweet jar, and you had to sit and rock it until the butter formed. It wasn't a great success.

Until Grandad died Granny burnt turfs. He would be able to borrow a horse and cart and we would go up onto the moor, up Blackdale way, beyond Warren Farm, and cut turfs. And we went sticking. That was an occasion for the 'coarsapron' (*pronounced as single word with a short 'a'*). It was a piece of hessian, hemmed it round and put a tape on it to make a belt. You didn't buy hessian by the yard of course, just used a sack, you got it either off the farm or from the shop. Granny took the two corners of the 'coarsapron' in her hands and put these sticks, and anything else she wanted to carry, into the apron. Down Hallfield Wood was a favourite walk, see the bluebells or primroses, and come back with an apron full of sticks. The sticks were for kindling, and to sharpen the oven.

Granny and Grandad were great chapel people, seriously so. They were Methodist (*Primitive Methodists, attending the Primitive Methodist chapel, the present Methodist chapel*). We were not Wesleyans, and like the church and the pub, the Wesleyans didn't exist. Sundays were very much 'sit still and behave yourself'. We might be allowed to

go for a walk. Then there was the Christian Herald, or a suitable book to read. I was never allowed to play cards, ever, playing cards were not allowed in the house. And most certainly not alcohol, it was not discussed at all, didn't exist. And Granny couldn't do with the radio because you had to stop work and go and sit down and listen to it. She couldn't get naught done.

It was chapel on a Sunday morning, Sunday School, then as you got a bit older, the chapel service at night as well. I never questioned it 'til I was well into my teens. Going to chapel was the only time Granny and Grandad ever got dressed up to go anywhere. Grandad had his Sunday suit which was of navy blue serge, and a dicky front, which was like a stiff collar with a sort of bib arrangement which went under his waistcoat. But he still had his Union shirt on underneath. And his black boots, they were polished. And he had a Homburg hat (*a soft felt hat with a narrow curled brim and lengthwise dent in the crown*), the pork pie type. That came out of the box on a Saturday ready for Sunday morning. It was left 'til Monday when it was all put away again until the next week. Granny had her Sunday frock which was just a new edition of the blue serge, and a navy blue hat and coat. She used to put her false teeth in to go to chapel, the only time she wore them. She was a totally different person on a Sunday.