

Margaret Wadkin (nee Simpson) was born at Rose Cottage, Hickling in 1908 to a family of butchers and small holders.

Apart from a few years during the 1939/45 war she lived in Hickling all her life.

She loved the village and became involved in as many activities as she had time for and was a stalwart of the Methodist Chapel and Women's Institute.

As a country woman through and through she had a keen eye for everything that happened around her.

Becoming housebound in her later years she began to write her memoirs.

This book is a compilation of her writing and reproduced exactly as originally written.

Margaret Wadkin died in 1987 aged 79 years.

All profits from the sale of this book will be shared between
Long Clawson Surgery and Nottingham City Hospital Breast Unit

ROSE COTTAGE

My earliest recollections would be at four years old. I was standing on Old Dalby railway station platform with Uncle Rowly Simpson (now aged 85 yrs. and living in New Zealand). We had gone with horse and cart to fetch either a load of coal or cow cake, when a spark from the engine flew on my leg and burned me, and I howled. Still only four I was riding on the cross bar of Uncle Rowly's cycle and caught my foot in the spokes and of course I howled again.

I remember so clearly the farewell service at our Methodist Chapel before Uncle Rowly left for N.Z. everyone seemed to be weeping.

CHRISTMAS at Rose Cottage as I remember when a girl. Uncle Alf and Aunt Lily and Cousin Rowly Pepper always came to stay over Christmas, they lived at Melton Mowbray. For Christmas dinner roast beef was a must. And one of the vegetables, salted kidney beans, home made plum pudding and brandy sauce. Boxing Day dinner was cockerals (which Uncle Alf brought as a present) and all the family came for tea and supper. Tea consisted of tinned fruit, jelly, blancmange and custard, bread and butter, cakes and Christmas cake. For supper home cured ham and home made pork pie, Stilton cheese, mincepies and lemon curd tarts baked in individual patty tins (and these were quite large against todays pastry tins which are in sets of twelve or six) and of course trifle with always tea, and tea only to drink. The best dinner and tea service were brought out and washed so carefully and always used at Christmas. Huge fires would be burning in both front rooms from early morning and always during Boxing Day evening. There would be a family sing-song around either the piano in one room or the American organ in the other and Donny would play either his violin or cornet with Emmie or myself on piano or organ. After a good sing-song the older ones would settle down for a game of cards and the younger ones with the usual festivity games. CHRISTMAS MORNING. My cousin Rowly and myself always placed a pillow case at the bottom of our beds on Christmas Eve ready for Santa Claus, also another cousin, Ivy, who lived with her parents Uncle Albert Simpson and Auntie Venie at 'White Cottage' in Chapel Lane (now Bridegate Lane) she too hung up a pillow case, and the strange thing "Santa" brought several identical presents to each of us which we thought was so kind of dear old Santa. (White Cottage in Bridegate Lane has been pulled down a number of years ago.)

Traditional Christmas morning breakfast in this part of the rural country was pork pie, mostly home made, dry toast and mustard, and still is to the real Hickling people, and what indeed could be tastier. At 10 a.m. on Christmas Day Rowly and myself went hand in hand to the prize giving at the Methodist Sunday School, I carried a small brown paper parcel and handed it to the Sunday School Superintendent, Mr. Alwyn Shelton. The parcel contained a book and Mr. Shelton wrote inside the name of Rowland Pepper and put it among the other prizes and in due course Rowly's name was called and up he went to collect his prize, little knowing his parents had sent it and Rowly never knew of this little escapade until he was married with a family and he and myself were talking of our childhood.



Butchers's Shop

Circa 1895. The Simpson family (& employees) outside the butcher's shop at 'Rose Cottage'

Charlie & Albert Simpson	Bert Woolley	George Simpson	Fred Parr	Mrs. Sarah Ann Simpson	Lettie Dickman	Ida Simpson
			Cecil Simpson	Emmie & Lily Simpson		

Donnie & Rowley
Simpson.

Granny Simpson was left a widow in 1900 with five sons, Charlie, Albert, Cecil, Donnie, Rowly and three daughters, Ida, Lily and Emmie, at the present time only one is living, that one being Rowly in New Zealand. In the 1914-18 war four of the Simpson boys joined up, two were killed on active service, Charlie and Cecil, Donny was taken prisoner in Germany, Rowly on service in New Zealand and Albert volunteered but was not accepted due to him suffering from asthma. Granny Simpson was forced to give up her land and sell her beast etc. there was no-one left to do the work so she decided to take in paying guests at Rose Cottage and cater for teas and parties, outside the old butcher's shop at Rose Cottage (now pulled down) was a board which read 'S.A.Simpson, Cyclists and parties catered for'. I remember helping lay the tables and carrying trays, and one room at Rose Cottage was always called the Tea Room, which at one time was fitted with small tables for the passers by so as not interfering with the other rooms let to visiting guests. In the summer time when the weather was really warm, trestle tables were put in the garden under the apple trees and laid with beautiful white damask cloths (I still have one or two of those cloths, but they have been cut to make two cloths, and I use them when all the family are visiting). Teas consisted of brown and white bread and butter, two boiled eggs for the gentleman, one for the ladies (eggs from Rose Cottage hens), home made jam and cake and a pot of tea, the cost ONE SHILLING per head. I was always fascinated by the individual cream jugs and sugar basins, some just large enough for two cups and the larger the party the larger the cream jug. As many as fourteen paying guests could be catered for at Rose Cottage but sometimes one or two had to sleep out, in those days, so many town people spent their holidays in the country and Hickling was no exception, the canal was an attraction with the Basin and fishing facilities, many fishermen stayed at Rose Cottage. I remember two Methodist Ministers, Rev. Hoad and Rev. W.O.Barratt both from Oakham and in the Melton Circuit, also the Manchester family from Melton (one of the butchers), Mr. Leader (with an artificial arm) owned a shoe shop in Melton, also a Miss Berry from Melton, she had a milliners shop. Granny Simpson was a staunch Methodist and would on no account provide teas for cyclists or parties on Sundays and on several occasions was ridiculed but she stood firm she would not have beer in the house either. When the first Sunday newspaper was delivered in Hickling, Granny Simpson ordered a copy thinking it was a religious paper, imagine her disgust on reading the contents, and she cancelled her order straight away. In Winter when I was a child there was not any central heating and not many people had carpets, it was mostly hand made pegged rungs on the floors and the bedrooms were like ice boxes, plaster floors

covered with cold lino or scattered mats. At Rose Cottage it was like travelling through the icy mountains going to bed, we left a lovely warm kitchen to walk through what we called the shed and then upstairs and into the so cold bedrooms. We each had either a candle or tiny Kelly lamp to light us on our way, and took a boulder which was kept in the oven and became really hot and wrapped in a piece of old blanket, or one of the oven shelves wrapped in blanket, these to warm the beds. No-one ever complained of the cold and my goodness some Winters were very cold and heating in bedrooms was absolutely nil, two bedrooms at Rose cottage had a fireplace, so, in case of illness the patient could be kept warm.

Monday was always washday at Rose cottage and my first recollection of the washhouse was at the back of the kitchen under a lean-to roof, with a brick copper, then the lean-to was demolished and the washhouse transferred to what was to the 'fother or fodder' room in fact it still was at the bottom of the place, and the copper built just inside the door, the copper had to be filled from the pump beside the kitchen door, we used dolly tub and dolly pegs, the clothes line fixed each week across the yard. I remember the line breaking and a line full of clean washing blown straight on to the manure heap. Dinner on washdays when I came in from school was almost always cold meat, roast potatoes, or what is known these days as jacket potatoes, and hastey pudding and looked jolly good, this was a winter dinner.

We children received a Saturday halfpenny which did rise over the years to one penny. I used to take my penny to the shop in Hickling and I could buy a liquorice stick, or kali-packet, suckers etc, we never saw any ice cream at all. There were special jobs on Saturday mornings, mine was to clean knives and forks and spoons, swill the yard and toilet, clean boots and shoes and get in coal and sticks. On Saturday night a hot bath for me in a tin bath in front of a roaring fire in Rose Cottage kitchen, no one had such a thing as a bathroom, and it didn't matter what tradesmen called the children were bathed, there was no privacy at all.

The pump at Rose Cottage, never as long as I lived there, went dry, it was soft water and used for everything. Donnie watered the beast during winter, we used it for washing, it was wonderful clear water, and in a dry time during the summer several farmers fetched six or more churns of water in carts for their beast. At the canal end of Hickling the well water at the houses was not good and eight or more families fetched water most days from Rose Cottage pump. The men used buckets and yokes, the houses near, like 'The Elms', 'Yew Tree House' and 'Water Lane' the women folk would nip over with a bucket perhaps twice daily.

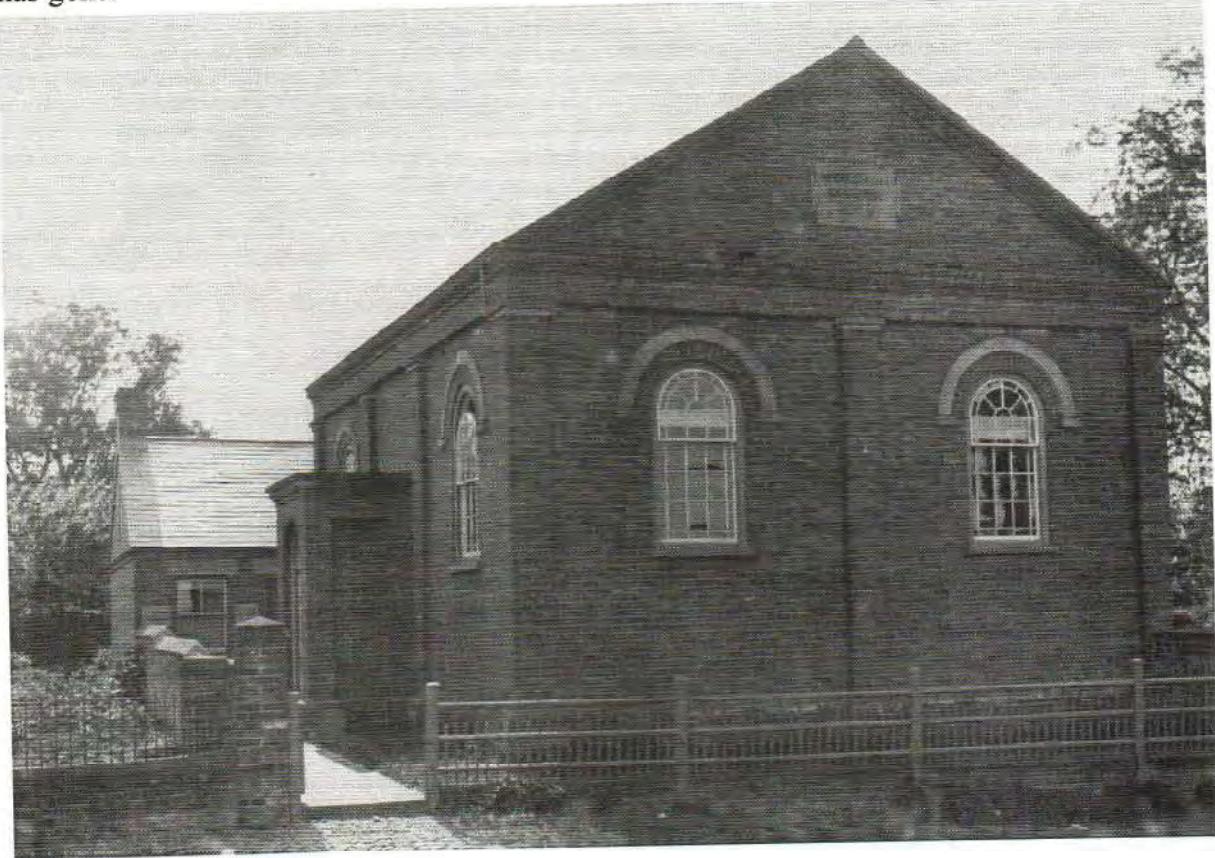
I spent many happy hours playing the organ and piano at Rose Cottage, each evening having

a change. In the winter when it was perishing cold I put on my thick coat, took a candle and was as happy as a King, and I was never cold, was wonderful.

Lucy Collishaw lived next door to Rose Cottage at 'Waterlane Farm' so called because of flooding. We were close friends (we still correspond, Lucy is now a widow living at Ashby Folville). We taught ourselves to ride a bicycle in Waterlane orchard at the back of the house. The cycle was without tyres or brakes, we sat on the seat and just let ourselves go, often into the ditch, but we made it. We also went 'Tenting' together (minding cows on the roadside). Lucy and I had Chapel Lane (now Bridegate Lane) we had a den in a hedge on 'Thumbr'a and took everything but the kitchen sink, books and writing material of every description in two bags on our old bicycle. Mid-day we were brought a hot meal by Lucy's sister May, sometimes in hot weather it was hectic especially when the cows began to gad, we took the cows home for milking time, we were never paid and never expected anything, we just loved the job. When Donnie had his beast, Margaret Walker (Richardson) went with me tenting on Kinoulton Lane, wonder if she remembers. In the winter when it was too cold for us to play outside, Lucy and I were allowed to go into the warm cheese room at Water Lane, where we could sit and read and write, we also roasted apples on the top of a round black stove which stood in the centre of the room, a lovely sight it would be these days to see the cheese rooms of every farm house filled with dozens of home made Stilton like when I was a girl.

There was orchard at the front and back at 'Water Lane' with lots of fruit trees and Lucy and I picked up stones of fruit from the ground and helped take the 'pulled' apples up the back stairs to a small room and lay them out on paper. The Collishaw family moved later to Upper Broughton and Lucy and I used to then cycle to see one another. In the front of 'Water Lane' there were walnut and horse chestnut trees (near the paddock by the Church) and Lucy and I played for hours when we were only small under these large trees with empty cotton reels, we were always playing at farming, we had no real toys at all. Another happy memory with Lucy was fishing in the brook which runs through Water Lane home field, we would find a stick from the hedgerow, tie on a piece of thread and on the end, fasten a bent pin, take a jam jar and sit on an old willow tree which had fallen across the brook and we always caught lots of sticklebacks with bread or worms for bait, when we went home we always put the little sticklebacks back in the brook, and we used to love collecting frog spawn in the Springtime and watch them grow into tadpoles and then frogs and hop away, what a shame they are getting so few these days.

It was with Lucy I made my first visit to Nottingham without a grown up present, Lucy was older than I was and attended a Nottingham school so was used to the town. I can't remember why we were sent, but it was something important and was a Saturday morning. Granny Simpson gave me a ten shilling note and I thought I was a millionaire, the very first 10/- note to call my own and spend as I liked. I wish I could remember what I bought. In the front garden of Rose Cottage was a beautiful drooping elm tree, also along the garden by the road two pink hawthorn's, white chestnut, laburnum and at the top of the garden a drooping ash and two square box bushes, it was a lovely garden with archways of rambler roses, the old fashioned sweet smelling single rose everywhere, hence the name 'Rose Cottage'. In the home field by the roadside were more pink hawthorns and a small shrubbery (where now stands two council houses) was full of white and pink hawthorn and purple lilacs. The whole garden has now gone (there was also a large vegetable garden and lawn and fruit trees) Keith's and Mrs. J. Collishaw's houses built on the piece of ground. In those days with all the blossom in bloom right through the village, Hickling was such a pretty place, but not any more. There are too many houses and the friendly rural atmosphere has gone.



Hickling Chapel

Methodist Sunday School Anniversary Day at Rose Cottage was an occasion, afternoon service then home for tea where fourteen or more would sit down to tea using Granny Simpson's best tea service, the hand painted wild roses, then evening service and back home to supper, often bringing one or two other visitors from the surrounding villages for supper, the best dinner service was used, everything was home made and it was tradition to have home cured ham, Stilton cheese and curd cheese cake for supper. The Anniversary always took place on the last Sunday in June (Hickling Feast) they were happy days. I remember so vividly at one S.S.A. Norah Shelton (now Norah Woolley) and myself singing a duet. I took the alto part, it was by special request of Mr. Warner of Sheffield, whose wife (Nellie Grundy) had passed away and he wished it sung in her memory, she was a Hickling girl and been through the Chapel Sunday School. Mr. Warner promised 10/- (ten shillings) to the collection if this duet was sung, and 10/- in those days was a lot of money. It was a difficult piece and neither Norah or myself can remember the exact title, but it was something about a garden. Mrs. Harold Burnett organist for the Anniversary had tutored us, and put us through our paces in her front room with the piano, and we also practised with the Chapel organ, we were both terribly nervous, and I could not eat any tea and we knew the Chapel would be packed. Mr. Alwyn Shelton our conductor tapped his music stand, we stood up and sang this sacred duet, one could have heard a pin drop and we were congratulated over and over again and poor Mr. Warner sat with tears running down his face and Mr. Fred Doubleday of Long Clawson (Butcher) he couldn't help but cry, but Norah and I felt so much better when it was over.

I spent many happy holidays at 12 Stafford Avenue, Melton Mowbray where Uncle Alf Pepper and family lived. My first seaside holiday was when they took me with them to Great Yarmouth. I remember wheeling Rowly out in Melton in his pushchair, they would be fashionable but so ugly, had high handles, with a hood, big and heavy. I loved going down the town at Melton and spend my few holiday shillings, and one favourite shop was the 'Penny Bazaar' now gone, of course. I always bought a Post Office set, just a small cardboard box with tiny envelopes and paper and stamps etc. I was fascinated. Ivy and I went to stay at No. 12 once for a holiday, we slept in the back bedroom and the first night Ivy started to cry and she just cried and cried and then I started, nothing Auntie Lily did would pacify her, so next morning Ivy was taken home to Hickling and I wouldn't go with them for if I wasn't allowed to go back to No. 12. When Rowly was a little older he had piano lessons and we two played duets together.

Uncle Alf Pepper (Rowly's father) was a Taylor and his shop was in the yard at No. 12. I first remember a small room up some stairs then he came downstairs to the large room with big glass windows, his sewing bench was under the window and it was customary to see him sitting cross legged busy sewing. Aunty Lily was also a dressmaker or tailoress and they worked together, always busy, more people had tailor made clothes in those days, with each man's suit Uncle Alf made, he gave a pair of braces and with a ladies costume (now called a suit) a silk handkerchief for the breast pocket. Another thing fascinated me at No. 12 was the gas light. I was only a youngster and it puzzled me where the light came from after lighting the match and holding it to the gas bracket. An extra treat while staying at No. 12 was being allowed to go to the Pictures with Rowly's cousin Mary Robinson. The Picture House was on King's Road, Melton and I thought it was marvellous being the first time visiting the Pictures. The building has not been used as a Picture House for many years. They were such very happy days and such a shame.

Auntie Lily, then Uncle Alf died so young. When Granny Simpson was unable to get about much due to arthritis she had a wheelchair and the first time she went out in it she cried and cried. I remember we took her along Chapel Lane. I should be sixteen or seventeen I think when a Methodist Choir from Sheffield (relations of Mr. John Dickman of Beech House and Jessie Dickman too) came on a choir outing to Hickling and asked if Jessie and some of the Chapel would prepare a high tea in the Sunday School. The helpers included Mrs. Harry Parr, Emmie, Sally Parkes, Jessie Dickman, Polly Shelton and myself. After tea the Choir sang outside the Chapel then went to Rose Cottage and sang to Granny Simpson her favourite hymns as she sat in her wheel chair, sheo was so overcome she sat and cried. Another happening when I was very small at 'Rose Cottage', apples were stored upstairs 'behind the curtain'. One night we were all in bed, the two front bedrooms were large and there were three beds in our room, during the night Granny Simpson awakened by a 'pitter patter' on the lino and a rat appeared and then jumped on my bed. Granny Simpson screamed, the rat jumped down and disappeared. They told me afterwards I did not waken. Next day someone fetched Mr. Fred March's terrier and he soon made an end of rats after apples. F. March lived at Chestnut House.

Granny Simpson was a staunch Liberal and one of the front rooms at Rose Cottage was used as the Liberal Committee Room at a General Election, she was a great admirer of Lloyd George and his picture hung in a prominent position. Once when the house was full of paying guests two young men hid the picture, and my goodness was she angry, they soon

produced it and put it back in its place. There was also a large picture of W. Gladstone, Prime Minister on the staircase and Queen Victoria, a family group (which I still have) when all eight were grown up, but of course no Father, he died at the age of 48.

Mr. Joseph Keyworth, Farmer lived at Kinoulton Grange (now Sherwood Farm) with his family of seven, he was a Methodist Local Preacher and drove down to afternoon and evening service each Sunday in his pony and trap, he put his pony in one of the stables at Rose Cottage, each Christmas Granny Simpson would receive a couple of rabbits in payment.

We choir girls at Chapel never liked Mr. Keyworth as a preacher, he was long winded, serious and not the slightest sense of humour, whatever the weather some of the Keyworth's had to attend Sunday service. Also Mr. Joseph Ward and family of eight or nine, who lived on the Turnpike, Hickling Pastures, he was a farmer. They attended morning service at the Parish Church most Sundays and rode down in their horse and trap and his horse was stabled at Rose Cottage, the same thing happened at Christmas, Granny Simpson presented with a couple of rabbits, no wonder cold rabbit pie was always on the Rose Cottage menu at Christmas

Opposite Rose Cottage at 'The Elms' lived Mr. & Mrs. James Collishaw, Percy and Dora and were very good neighbours to Granny Simpson. Mrs. Collishaw with her sister Miss Harriett Woolley would often cycle over to Cotgrave in the summer to visit friends and if Percy and Dora were out, Mr. Collishaw would stand leaning over the front gate swinging it to and fro and if I was in our garden he would call me across to talk to him to pass away the time. I wouldn't be very old. Percy and I were always good friends although being much older and when I was very small he gave me a wooden home made doll which I called Percy, it had neither arms or legs but I loved it. Dora was in the Parish Church Choir and often sang the solos. One day she was cleaning their front windows outside and I was upstairs in my bedroom at Rose Cottage and Dora started singing the Easter Anthem. I heard her and it was the same anthem as ours at Chapel, so I opened my window as wide as I could and began to sing with her, poor Dora she stopped singing and was just flabbergasted.

Something else I remember when I was a schoolgirl, a 'Mission' was held in the home field at Rose Cottage. The one I remember most clearly was held by a man called "Ambrose Wrates" (I may not have spelt the surname correctly), I don't know what religion he belonged but he was a wonderful man and the village children idolised him. He had a large marque in the field and lived in a small caravan. Their were wooden forms to sit on and had a small

American organ which he played himself, there was services every evening, early for the children and we loved the action songs and competitions all to do with the Bible and he gave small prizes to the winners. I think Mr. Wrate's Mission lasted a month. Another I remember in my teens and when Donny was butchering, it was a married couple but I don't remember their name, they had a caravan which each evening they used as a Church, with seats and again the little organ, they were very reserved and both looked as though a real hot meal would do them good. The wife always wore black, even her stockings. They attended both Parish and Methodist Church on Sundays and held their service later in the evening. These Missions were attended very well indeed.

I must mention another associate with Rose Cottage. Mr. Sam. Eggleston, he and his wife came to Hickling on retirement and lived at 'Fern Bank' over the canal bridge, the house facing the canal on the right hand side. Mr. Eggleston kept a grey pony called "Dolly" and a tub which was stabled at Rose Cottage and in the home field, he also fetched their drinking water from our pump with buckets and yokes and he would always step inside the kitchen, take off his hat and have a natter, Mr. Eggleston was in great demand to take and fetch people from Widmerpool Railway Station, passengers going or coming from Nottingham or Melton, he also took families and friends for an evening ride around the countryside during the summer-time and this was most enjoyable, Mr. Eggleston did this until illness intervened. Vince Walker. Granny Simpson thought as much of him as if he was her own son. Mr. & Mrs. Walker lived in a cottage near the canal next door to the Eggleston's, and Margaret Richardson (nee Walker) lives there today. He was a good friend to Granny Simpson in many ways, he too fetched water from our pump and Mrs. Walker would come along with him in the evenings and stay for an hour or so. I remember so well the day Donnie and Vince returned to Hickling from a Prison of War Camp in Germany. The Church bells rang, people stood outside Rose Cottage waiting for their arrival from Widmerpool Station and there was such a cheer when the horse and cart drew up and the ex-prisoners were home again. I can't remember who fetched them, Vince went on home to his wife and family. A meal was laid out on the kitchen table at Rose Cottage and there was tears as well as smiles. Mr. & Mrs. Walker were born at Cropwell Bishop and came to live at Hickling on their marriage. He worked on the canal keeping everything trim and tidy, the canal belonged to the railway. There was a small hut between Hickling canal basin and the Grange with a fireplace. In the winter time it was most useful, also a boat for using on the canal was fastened near this black hut. What a contrast these days, the canal is filthy and everything

going, derelict, the owners are British Waterways. The field hedges were a pride in the days of Vince Walker, it was a pleasure walking along the canal bank in those days. Their was two sons and one daughter, the youngest son, John, died of a long illness in his twenties, Shelton and his family now live at 'The Elms' opposite Rose Cottage. I cycled with Mrs. Walker on several occasions to Cropwell Bishop when she visited her family, leaving Shelton and Margaret in bed. John was not yet born and Mr. Walker was away in Germany in the 1914-18 war. I remember the evening the Walker family and the three children were in bed, the youngest son starting tormenting his sister and their was such a commotion. In the end Mr. Walker took off his slippers and his belt, crept upstairs and 'Whack Whack' not another sound was heard. Vince Walker also was the local barber, many men going for short back and sides, goodness knows what he would say in these days of long flowing locks and beards.

Sunday School Anniversary's were so popular in those days and Whitsuntide was the S.S.A. at Colston Bassett. The tiny Chapel would hold no more than fifty (I think that is correct). The children sat on a platform and their was an American organ, the choir sat on seats facing the congregation. Mr. Walker, bass, Mr. A. Barnett, tenor and myself came from Hickling to help with the singing. We always attended a practise, sometimes we cycled and sometimes went in Mr. Barnett's motorcycle and sidecar with Mr. Walker riding on the back. Albert Barnett only went occasionally, we always went to tea at Mr. & Mrs. Tommy Barnett in Colston Bassett (no relation of A. Barnett). He was a fellow canal worker of Mr. Walker, They were very nice people indeed. I also went once or twice with Mr. Walker to help at Barnstone S.S.A. was so worthwhile.

Another time I went with the Walker family on a day trip to Mablethorpe. Mr. Eggleston took all of us (excepting Mr. Walker who cycled) in his pony and tub to Harby and Stathern station to catch the special train – wonder if Shelton or Margaret remember. Going back to Mr. Walker working on the canal, one day each year the canal and bank was closed to the public, and Mr. Walker would stand by the gate letting only farmers with land by the canal to go through, their would be times when some of the public would try to be awkward, but Mr. Walker stood his ground until they saw sense.

Music Lessons I was taught piano lessons by Miss Fanny Spencer of Bridge Farm, Long Clawson, she was one of seven sisters and married Mr. W. Edlin, organist and choirmaster at Clawson Methodist Church, she is still living at Clawson, a widow now. Miss Spencer cycled to Rose Cottage each week for my lesson and once or twice I went to Bridge Farm. I

loved music and so enjoyed practising every day. Miss Spencer gave up music teaching when she married and I then went to Miss Warren on Hickling Pastures (she is now one of our closest friends and married to a fellow school mate, Wilfred Crump). She also cycled to give music lessons, and after a while Miriam Squires and myself walked every Saturday to The Pastures for our lesson. Miss Warren lived in a bungalow with her parents, in the sitting room was a piano, American organ and she also taught the violin.. I had violin lessons but have forgotten now everything I learned. Miriam and I really enjoyed our weekly walks it would be a two mile trek, the bungalow was across a field. Was so sorry when Miriam passed away in 1972, she was younger than me.

Hay Making Time It was the custom when I was a schoolgirl for the farmers to start mowing for haymaking on Sunday School Anniversary Monday or as it was known Hickling Feast weekend and was always the last weekend in June. (I can never remember any Feast celebrations, but in my cuttings of old Grantham Journals it speaks of them). We would hear the mowing machine pulled by horses going by at 4 a.m. to get the work done before the sun was too hot, the mower would return by 9 a.m. in time for a good solid country breakfast. Their wasn't any Tractors at all, the work done by horses and machines. The women worked in the hay field, they would hand turn the hay with a long handled fork, then it would probably rain and the following day the hay would need turning again. Granny Simpson had two fields on Kinoulton Lane (opposite what is now Sherwood Farms). Grandfather Simpson rented them and they belonged to the Kinoulton Estate which was sold on July 8th 1919 and Granny Simpson bought them, costing £700. The fields were called 'Moor Closc' and 'Wilson Reigate'. The tithe for this land was an annual £8. 10s. 11d. When haymaking time came round, one of these fields was mown, sometimes the hay stack would be in the field and sometimes the hay brought home and the stack built in the yard at Rose Cottage. A lovely memorable sight to see a horse pulling a load of hay. I took tea down to the hay field each day and rode in an empty cart if one was available, otherwise would walk carrying a gallon can of hot tea and a large basket of food. Their would be seven or eight men working, tea in those day would generally be bread and butter, tomato, lettuce and spring onions, home made jam and home made cakes, after the men had finished I carried the dirty pots home and drove the cows and tied them up for milking. All the men would go back in the hayfield in the evening and I should be sent with a can of lemonade, ginger beer and even cold tea, which I understand is most refreshing, then anytime after 9-30 p.m. the last load of hay would be safely on the cart and the men would make their way for supper in Rose Cottage

kitchen. In preparation for the haymaking supper or rather suppers, the women folk were kept busy and everything was home made, one would not even think of buying cake or a pot of jam, all the food was good, wholesome and country fare.

In the yard at Rose Cottage we made a fireplace of bricks and it was used always in the summer time instead of lighting a fire in the kitchen excepting if the oven was needed. We fixed the bricks placed an iron bar over the top and lit a fire underneath, I would collect the driest wood from the stick heap, (coal was never used) and when the fire was going well, we would get a long branch and put into the fire and as it burned would keep pushing the branch until it was all burned. We used a large black kettle for making tea, a black iron saucepan for potatoes etc. and an oval shaped iron pot for boiling ham etc. there was always plenty of hot water. Of course if it rained then the fire was put out. I must mention the supper, a typical country haymaking meal. Home cured ham with plenty of fat running through, a large dish of hot new potatoes, salad, but not like the todays salad, this was a lettuce cut into small shreds, sliced onion, chopped mint, sugar, put altogether in a large vegetable dish until serving time. Tomatoes and cucumber were served on individual dishes, Beetroot was always baked in the oven, never boiled, it was then sliced and covered in vinegar. Stilton cheese and not a skinny half pound as we buy today, but either a whole or half cheese, and sometimes it would pong to high heaven, but my goodness it was good. Also Colwick cheese, plates of bread and I don't think the bread was spread with butter, just good wholesome fresh bread, then of course curd cheesecakes on plates, fruit pies, lemon curd tarts and jam tarts and plenty of tea. During the latter part of Granny Simpson's life, she actually relented and allowed the men to have a bottle of beer with their supper if they wished. These are the names of the men who came in for supper, Mr. George Wiles, Mr. T.G. Wiles, and young Tom Wiles, three generations, and Fred Wiles. Tom Wiles now lives at Long Clawson and won the M.B.E. in 1974 (since writing these notes in 1973/74 Fred Wiles who lived here at Hickling has died aged 63yrs.) Mr. S. Eggleston, Mr. V. Walker, Mr. T. Starbuck, John Wadkin (who I later married) and Donnie Simpson. It would often be 10-30 p.m. or more when supper ended and these men would be up next morning 5.30 - 6 a.m. milking the cows and another gruelling day in the hayfield. Now everything is different and so easy, no one carries meals to the hayfield, modern machines used, less labour, each farmer gets his own hay and that is that. The season starts so much earlier too, even the hay stacks are different.

After the 1914-18 war Granny Simpson started again as a small holder, with Donny at home

to take charge. All the cow hovels were cleaned ready for new beast, also the calf sheds. I remember a large cart shed, a loose box, another large cow shed with a dovecote, five small sheds for either calves or pigs, room to fasten up twelve cows for milking, a double stable, a loft with three large rooms, a fodder room plus the butcher's shop, slaughter house and fasting pen. Many times it was my job to fasten up the cows, give them their hay, mangold, cow cake, water etc., the mangold I put through the chopping machine into a skep, the cake was broken into small pieces, this cow cake was about an inch thick, a yard long and 12 inches wide, its correct name was linseed cake and I almost forgot. Some town visitors staying at Rose Cottage heard the expression "giving the cows their cake" and asked if they preferred fruit or plain. I have mentioned wash days at Rose Cottage and the white sheets etc. falling into the manure heap, anyone knows what a job it is trying to get cow muck stain from linen, but what happened in farm yards occasionally, after the washing, the ironing, no electric iron, first, all clothes folded neatly and put through the mangle, that was no easy job turning the heavy iron handle, the starched articles were damped (dry them and then wet them, where was the sense), and the flat iron meanwhile getting hot on a red coal fire, in the Summer when it was hot. There would be a roaring fire in the kitchen for the irons to heat and the perspiration would just roll down ones face while ironing. It would be quite a two hours job and sometimes longer. It really seems very sad, but we know these things happen, but there isn't one building left at Rose Cottage and Donnies son, Donald and family live in a house built on part of the ground. I have one blue slate from the buildings of rose Cottage, just a keepsake, sentimental I expect. I shall always remember Rose Cottage as it was when I was a child. I lived there until I married in 1932, they were wonderful days and hold many happy memories, memories worth putting down on paper for any of the family, or real Hickling friends to read if interested.

Lemonade Bottles When Granny Simpson had paying guests she also had wooden crates of mineral water. The lemonade bottles were those with a glass marble in the neck of the bottle and are now 'collectors pieces' and also the stone ginger, in stone coloured bottles, this was a lovely fizzy drink, all fizz up ones nose, these crates were kept in the empty butcher's shop.

Spring Cleaning And it really was Spring cleaning, started at the top of the house, each room being emptied, everything from each bed taken outside and put on a table or several chairs put together, there would be either a feather or flock bed, the straw mattress, blankets, pillows, bolster, sheets, the bed 'valance' which was a frill fastened with tapes to the iron parts of the bed and fixed right round the bed hiding anything kept under the bed, these

valances were mostly white with crochet work and were always starched, which meant more ironing, and in those days the things which were kept under the bed, hat boxes and the womenfolk would not even go up the village without a hat and this meant each female had several hat boxes, also under the bed shoe and boot boxes, carpet bags, so called because they were made of a carpet material. These were before the weekend cases came about, what a time clearing all these out at Spring cleaning time. Curtains were all washed, the plaster floors scrubbed with hot water and soap, also all the paint work, it was downright hard work and always took several weeks. The dairy at Rose Cottage was large with wooden shelves on all the walls, stone benches and a large meat safe, what was always called the 'lead' was fixed on a pair of trestles and at pig killing time was used for salting. The dairy shelves were filled with the best dinner service, the second best and those in daily use, all cooking utensils, saucepans etc, each article had to be carried to the kitchen and carefully washed. When the dairy was empty the ceiling and walls were white washed, was a dirty job and the front of the benches were red or brown 'ocker or ochre', it was a powder mixed with water, each room took a whole day to clear, that is the way everyone Spring cleaned in those days. Dust caps were the order of the day, just a round cap with elastic and a frill to cover the whole head, always the oldest clothes imaginable and a 'course apron' worn on top of everything. Generally these aprons were made from sack bags and washed, the women made them. The aprons were made a couple of sizes too big so they would wrap around the waist twice. These course aprons were worn every day to clean and black lead the fireplace and for kneeling to scrub floors which were scrubbed every day. Every house used a mop, not a dust mop, but for washing outhouse floors such as wash house and shed and always part of the slabs at Rose Cottage which led to the road. These were mopped every day excepting Sunday, and on Saturday mornings. The yard was swilled using a hard yard brush, that was my job and I used buckets and buckets of water. The mop nail was made by the blacksmith (if there are any still around, they will be antiques). This nail would be several inches long with a point at the end and a flat head a couple or so inches wide, we would stand the nail on to its flat head, cut pieces of old material into squares and push over the sharp end of the nail and when enough fix a piece of leather, then push the sharp point into the mop stale or handle. There was a knack of twisting these mops over the wrist to swish away surplus water, every woman could use one of these useful mops. I have a feeling mop heads or nails could be bought at an iron mongers.

Aprons Mentioning aprons has reminded me that every female wore an apron whether

working or not. Granny Simpson always wore a large white linen apron with bib and two large pockets, with straps across the back when she was baking (starched and ironed on washday). A large black apron for general morning duties, with a pocket, the coarse apron for dirty jobs, and in the afternoon a 'Tea Apron' this was a small, dainty, white apron sometimes edged with lace or a frill or open work, and on Sunday and very special occasions a white lace or fine material apron or black satin embroidered with sequins, no one in their own home would ever sit down to a meal without wearing an apron and every apron had a pocket, the afternoon ones just large enough to hold a dainty white handkerchief.

Curtains Fashion changed even in curtains. I remember at Rose Cottage, the first I recall were heavy curtains and pulled back hardly covering any window at all until used when the lamp was lit. These curtains were fastened at each side of the window with either a fancy chain and hook or a cord and tassells. Then came the casement curtain, these were mostly cream in colour, sometimes with a lace insertion and only a couple of inches longer than the window frame, they hung straight and half way over the window with a frill at the top, and all windows in those days had curtains to match so could be an expensive business.

Rubbish We had no dustbins, there were not any dustmen, most people had an 'ashpit' behind the toilet and ashes from fires, vegetable peelings and that type of rubbish was thrown into the pit. Their were bonfires regularly in peoples yards. The toilet and ashpit which was of course one large pit, was emptied once in twelve months by horse and cart and taken to put on the land as manure, this was the usual way and the toilet at Rose Cottage had two seats, some peoples had a third small seat for the children. In every yard their was a stick heap made up over the years, field hedges were cut oftener than today, trees were lopped, every one burned wood on the fires and a load of wood given to anyone at Christmas was a lovely present. Many trees during the war 1914-18 were sawn down and W. Burnett of Hickling would buy them, but the "tree tops" would be sold to anyone for 10/- or even less, no one in those days need ever be short of wood for their fire.

Pegged Rugs I should think every house in Hickling when I was a child had pegged rugs on the floor, and in most rooms. All old clothing was saved, the good parts saved, washed and put away in a box until needed, bright colours and black and especially red were always in demand. The pegged rugs were made on either a sack bag cut and washed or a piece of hessian and a 'pegger' used to make the rugs, was wonderful how quickly the rugs grew, sometimes a pattern would be pegged or a black border and red centre, the rugs if large were

so heavy to shake, but were lovely and warm and so bright on a red brick floor. During the Winter months there would always be a pegged rug in the making. There was always a pegged rug in front of the kitchen range at Rose Cottage and a Black Range it was, with a boiler on one side and the oven on the other. A large steel fender with the matching fire irons, a dust preventor, it was marvellous how many saucepans etc. would be used on the 'hob' but what a job on 'flue' cleaning day was quite an hours work and a filthy one and when one finished the flue and polished and black leaded everything on the range one looked as black as a chimney sweep and that reminds me of the performance in those days of having the chimney swept.

Chimney Sweep Tommy Jeff was a well known character in all the surrounding villages, he was the local chimney sweep. He and his wife lived in one of the row of cottages down The Green (back of the now Village Hall). He would arrive bright and early between 5 a.m. and 6 a.m. and everything had to be prepared the night before, as much as possible of furniture etc. taken out of the room and what was left covered with dust sheets, someone was sent outside to watch the 'brush' come out of the chimney then when the sweep had finished his clearing up it was time for the housewife to start. It was dreadful there would be soot everywhere in every nook and cranny, but when everthing was back in place and polished and shining it seemed to be worth all the trouble. These days there is a 'Clean Sweep' with his vacuum and all the soot picked up, but he certainly does not sweep the chimney a well. We use the old fashioned sweeps brush to this day.

Antimacassars. How many youngsters of today know what an antimacassar is and indeed perhaps some of the younger married ones don't know either. They were very fashionable when I was a girl, they were what we today call 'chair backs'. They were knitted in a variety of colours, crochet, pegged like a rug or machined in strips of material, some were embroidered in cross stitch, one would always find an antimacassar on Grandfather's or Father's high backed wooden chair in every kitchen. At Rose Cottage we had them, and on the back of the 'sofa' never called a settee in those days, and the kitchen sofa would be covered and a frill round the bottom and underneath that frill was mostly in every kitchen the home of boots and shoes, and that was another mucky job every week scrubbing under the sofa. Another fashion in many country parlours was a fancy pelmet hanging from the mantelpiece, (we never had these at R.C.). They would be made either of velvet, heavy silk or a plain thick material, in green, red or brown, with fringe or pom-poms to match. Everyone had the heavy coloured tablecloths for afternoon with a best one for Sunday, they

had fringe, tassels and pom-poms and would cover the table and reach over to the floor and that was a typical hiding place for children when playing hide and seek, 'under the table' pots would be washed on the kitchen table, the table scrubbed daily, then when finished out would come the coloured cloth and the scene completely changed'

Tithes – I have mentioned the land Granny Simpson bought on the Kinoulton Estate and the tithe she paid, she would grumble and complain and so did everyone else who owned land in Kinoulton Parish. An old man called Mr. Spencer (I hope I am correct with his name) collected the money and Granny Simpson hated to see him coming, but she always gave him a drink all the same. Some years ago the Tithe was done away with, and not before time.

Rates – There was a Rate Collector in my young days, Mr. Ezra Frisby who lived at Tythby near Bingham. I first remember him riding around on his bicycle with his leather bag securely fastened, then he had a 'Singer' car and it always looked so spick and span. Mr. Frisby was very good in helping people to fill in their rate papers. Granny Simpson like most people was never really pleased to see the poor man.

Brigate Gardens Rent Collector – He was a Mr. Snewshall (don't know how it was spelt) and always ordered a meal at Rose Cottage and occasionally in the winter time a bed as well. I remember I didn't like him in fact I was afraid of him. I believe the Garden Rent was collected quarterly, the Brigate Gardens was up Chapel Lane (now Bridegate Lane) and now is an ordinary field. These allotments were always in demand if at any time one or even half one became vacant.

Wholesale Grocer – Mr. Smedley, traveller for 'Roberts and Roberts' of Melton would call monthly at Rose Cottage and Granny Simpson bought such things as sugar in 14 lbs. in brown paper bags, brown sugar in 7 lbs, lump sugar in 7 lbs., tea, large coffee essence etc. Would be interesting to know the price these days.

Milk Recorder – A monthly visit of a milk recorder to the farmers, including Rose Cottage, and the first recorder I remember was Miss Winifred Olga Barratt, a Methodist Minister's daughter from Oakham. She stayed at Rose Cottage for two or three days each month, she kept in touch with me from these times until she died. She became Mrs. Forster and lived with her family near London.

Butchering. When in my early twenties and after Granny Simpson died and also Rose Cottage had been put up for sale, which Donnie bought, he started up the butchers business again using the same shop etc. at Rose Cottage as his father had so many years ago. I was living at home and Emmie and her family were living in part of Rose Cottage and so we

were all able to help, it was hard work. We had a horse and butchers cart and the round was Hickling, Kinoulton, The Pastures and Long Clawson. Monday was killing day, a senior citizen helped Donnie in the slaughter house on Mondays and Emmie helped to hold the rope for the pigs being killed, if she wasn't free it was my job. Sheep and bullocks were all slaughtered there but by humane killer. It was my job to make potted meat twice a week, had a huge stew pot in the coal oven for the best stewing meat and it would be cooking slowly for hours. I made the potted meat in the evenings on the kitchen table and the beef tea was delicious. If anyone in the village was very ill we always took them a jug of beef tea. On top of the coal fire oven iron bars I had a huge black oval iron pot and it was full of odds and ends from the pig, face, ears, tail, bones, trotters and any other spare scraps from the pig, this was for brawn and I made that also twice weekly, the brawn was made through the winter months only and we could never make enough. I think we charged 9d. or 10p. per lb. And it sold like wild fire. Donny made the sausages in the butcher's shop and they again were always popular, we at Rose Cottage always cooked sausages by boiling them, we never had them fried and people would say they must taste horrible, but boiled sausages with toast are delicious. Thursday was Pork Pie day, and we used the 'Tea Room' at Rose Cottage. Donnie weighed up the ingredients, flour, fat etc. and put in front of the kitchen fire to warm, this was for the pie crust. Emmie was chief pie maker, my job was to fill the pies with meat, again Donnie cut and seasoned all the pork for the pies putting on the pie lids, the gravy and

pinning grease proof paper around every pie, then put on the bakers trays all ready for Sid Whittaker to take them to bake in their bakers oven at Long Clawson. The pies would be returned ready for the meat round on Friday morning. Every Tuesday I went with Donnie with the butchers cart round Hickling and Kinoulton, and in the winter I was almost frozen, there wasn't any hood to the cart, we sat high up and didn't matter if it hailed, snowed or poured in torrents, we just had to put up with it.

On Friday afternoons I cycled up Bridegate Lane (was then Chapel Lane) walked or pushed my cycle up the 'Big Hill' on to the Turnpike to the road gate leading to Mr. Albert Salts farmhouse. I left my cycle inside the



Butchers's cart

first field and walked over two or three more fields to the farm. I remember the first time I went I walked right round the house to find a door, and learned later that it was the front door and always kept locked and bolted, and the other door was through either a cowshed or similar. I know how relieved I was when Mrs. Salt emptied the butchers basket, her order was mostly the same, sausages, pork pie, potted meat, brawn and st. meat, and I had to carry that lot, and ride my bycycle with one hand. Mrs. Salt always made me a cup of tea with a slice of cake and wanted to know all the news from the village (she was originally an Oxby from Kinoulton). Mr. & Mrs. Salt died a long while ago, but their only child, John lives at the farm with his family.

Scratchings - were another treat in those days, we would cut up all the spare pieces of pork fat and put in a hot oven cut them into small pieces, strain the fat which was delicious and eat the 'scratchings' cold with dry toast and plenty of salt and pepper, melted in ones mouth. They always sold like wildfire and we never hear of them now.

Christmas was a busy time for the butcher, we had so many orders for pork pies, some family size would be four or more lbs, we needed a large pie block for those. I remember we used large stone jars in emergency and they raised a lovely large pie, the 1 lb. and 2 lb. blocks were used each week, we always had extra help for the pies made at Christmas and the house work had to have a lick and a promise, but when customers said afterwards how delicious the pies were all the hard work everyone had put into that week before Christmas was worthwhile.

SCHOOL DAYS

The first Headmaster I remember when I started going to the Hickling Council School when I was five, was Mr. Tayborn and soon after he introduced a new Headmaster, Mr. John William Pepper of Sutton in Ashfield. I don't remember much of the first year or so but I have a School photograph in one of my scrap books showing we 'babies' as we were called, on the front row, and the older children at the back (where the rest of the school was I don't know), also on the photo is Infant Teacher, Miss Brooks and Pupil Teacher Miss Elsie Copley, several on the photograph are no longer living, and it is sad to think of them, but we must remember the happy days when attending school altogether.

We infants had one of the small class rooms, and in winter there was a coal fire, and oil lamps for lighting (central heating was unheard of). The Teacher sat in a high chair with a high wooden desk and lid, a blackboard and easil, one large window and a small sky window. A fireguard was always used. We had small desks for about four children, and along the wall was a grooved shelf to hold pencils etc. The piano was kept in the 'Big Room' and we infants joined the older children each morning for prayers and to sing hymns. The infants and girls used one of the porches and the boys the other one, the boys also had their own playground. The porch had rows of pegs for coats etc. and in the centre of the porch was a wooden cross bar. If it was raining at playtime we stayed in the porch and would swing on the bar. Miss Brooks (from Ilkeston) was the first infant teacher I remember (she married Mr. Harold Burnett of Hickling and died several years ago). The next infant teacher was Miss Maud Camm of Widmerpool and she cycled to school. In the winter when the weather was bad, roads snow bound, Miss Camm never missed school, she has walked from Widmerpool on occasions. The 'big' girls as we infants called the top class children, wore white open worked pinafores in school and some boys velvet suites with lace collars, knicker-bockers with breeches that buttoned below the knee, thick woollen stockings and boots, in fact all the children wore boots. When we moved into the big room we sat in long desks with seats attached and shelves (no lids) for books, and what we young ones thought wonderful was the inkwell. There wern't any backs to the seats so we were forced to sit up straight, there was just the one fireplace in the centre of one wall, with fireguard and children who sat at the back of the room always felt so cold in the wintertime. Bible texts were painted around the walls, there was 'Waste not and Want not', 'Thou shalt not steal' 'Honour thy Father and thy Mother' and could have been others which I do not remember. Also hanging on the walls were large pictures of King George V and Queen Mary, a coloured

picture of 'The Light of the World' and the monthly programme of lessons etc. was in a frame on the wall. The Head Teachers desk was a knee hole, flat top with drawers on the one side and in this room the blackboard was strung to turn round, not an easel and pegs to secure the board which was used in the Infant room. Thick heavy beams hung from the ceiling and painted brown or drab (the beams are still in the now Village Hall and painted white) when concerts were held the stage curtains were attached to a rail or cord on one of the beams, and in those days oil lamps were used for lighting. The school bell had a wooden belfry with a weather vane on to (and is still intact). The bell rope coming through a hole in the ceiling, there were five large windows around the room, the three on the roadside still in place, but the windows at either end, North and South have gone, the two bottom rows of panes of glass on the front of the school windows were frosted to keep the children from seeing what was happening outside. There was a small garden in front and the boys were responsible for keeping it in order. During the war small plants for salad were grown and sold to parents. A flag pole was erected in the garden and the school had their own 'Union Jack', (Keith presented a new flag pole for the Village Hall in 1975). The flag was flown at all National events and during the 1914 – 18 war at half-mast when a soldier from Hickling was killed, and there were seven, and on the anniversary of these seven lads dying on Active Service the Flag was again flown at half-mast. On Empire Day 24th May the whole school marched outside in the yard, we sang Empire Songs, saluted the flag and sang the National Anthem, then it was a half day holiday. On Shrove Tuesday at 11 a.m. the school bell rang, this was to remind 'mother's to start preparing batter for the traditional pancakes and Miss Hopkinson who lived at 'Malt House' sent a basket of oranges to school to be distributed among the children, then a half days holiday and this was the day when 'whips and tops' came out, both boys and girls played, it was a grand game. One days holiday was always given on 'Goose Fair' Friday when I went to school at Hickling, the Fair began at midday on the first Thursday in October, continued on Friday and ended at Midnight on Saturday, was then held in the Market Square (now on the Forest), special buses were put on and Friday was always acclaimed Children's Day, most people brought a 'Fairing' from Goose Fair, some small trinket and always a bag of Grantham Ginger Bread and one of Brandy Snap (was Nottingham Goose Fair). We would have a weeks 'holiday' from school to go potato picking in the Autumn, some children never saw a potato.

I loved every minute of my schooldays, although I was a duffer at arithmetic and knitting, but never had any trouble with reading, spelling, composition or dictation. I remember

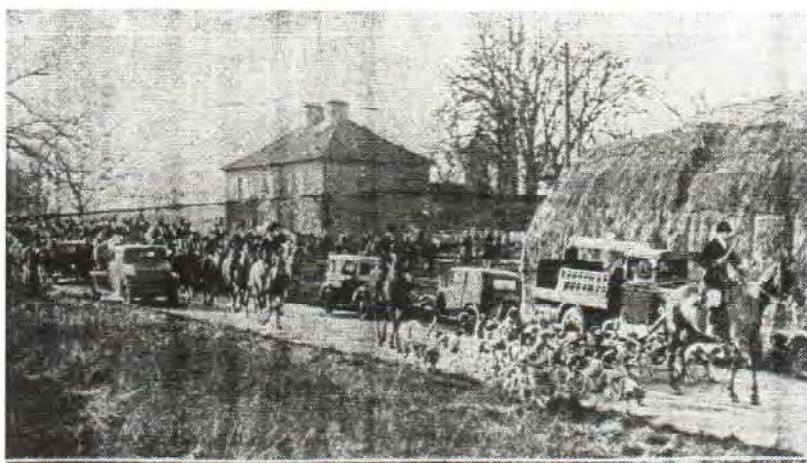
Owen Shelton and I were often called out in reading lesson to stand in front of the class and read to them, I even won a prize, was a special prize for the 'most useful girl and boy in the school' mine was a book "Terry the Girl Guide" and Donald Luker won a book for the boys prize, and Miss F.J. Hinge was Head Mistress. Hickling School was a council School when I first attended, then it became the County School and was finally closed in December 1966 after trying twice by written petition to keep the school open. It is now a Village Hall after spending thousands of pounds to modernise etc. There were School Managers in my young days with the Rector, Canon Ashmall Chairman and every few weeks he would attend school to sign the register, and when he or any other visitor entered the school, we children stood up and said "Good Morning" or "Good Afternoon Sir" and if we met Canon Ashmall or the Head Master in the village we spoke in the same manner. Headmaster Mr. Pepper was called up on active service and the Infant Teacher Miss Brooks deputised, we also had Mrs. Scott who was Head Mistress then until War ended, she was a middle aged person with white hair. Mrs. Scott had a peculiar way of punishment, we were made to stand inside the fire guard (no fire in the grate) our backs to the other children with hands on our heads, we did wonder if this was a way to make us feel prisoners.

During the War many knitted garments were sent to the Red Cross from schools throughout the country and Hickling was no exception, all I produced was one khaki scarf, I was hopeless with knitting, and still am. During Mr. Peers headship this incident remains so clear, he had one son called Billy who had red hair (was older than I was) anyway we all called him 'Carrots' and tormented him, to such an extent he told his father, that meant trouble, we were each in turn made to stand in front of the class, hold out our hand and were caned, but we still called young Billy Pepper 'Carrots' if we had half a chance. Mr. Pepper would walk round the class with his cane pushed up his coat sleeve and woe betide any child who misbehaved for the cane would be used, he also would play games out in the play ground, but we girls thought him rather rough when there was a fall of snow we were not allowed to stay inside at playtime and Mr. Pepper would snowball us all, and he loved pushing snow down our necks and we hated it. Mr. Pepper was very musical and organised excellent school concerts.

After the War and when Mr. Pepper moved away Miss Violet Lydia Hilliard came in 1918 as Head Mistress and after a few years her friend Miss Frances Jane Hinge 1921, became Head, and was so at the time I left school. We gave some wonderful concerts during my schooldays, and around Christmas we gave two alternate evenings and the school was packed

each time, even sitting in the windows, the scenery was made by the senior boys, the curtains attached to a beam on the ceiling, the piano stood on the floor with the pianist sitting on the edge of the platform and behind a curtain, every child in the school helped in some way and most of us loved every minute of rehearsing and the actual concert, and parents and friends enjoyed the evening. I remember so well, Fred Wiles (now gone) saying a recitation about a clock, he had a cardboard clock face hanging from his neck, he was a very small boy and rather short tongued, and of course the rest of us made fun of him (we were unkind). We did The Cratchets Christmas Dinner from 'A Christmas Carol' by Charles Dickens. I was Mrs. Crachet, Frank Crump (now gone) Bob Cratchet, Kathleen Parr our daughter and Shelton Walker, tiny Tim. One of the boys made a turkey using sawdust and plastercine but we had a real hot Christmas pudding (can't remember if we ate it). Another time we did 'The Waterbabies' I was the little girl in bed where Tom the boy chimney sweep came down the wrong chimney and Tom was played by Walter Risley (never heard of him since he left school). Another was 'A Midsummer Nights Dream' Frank Crump was King Oberon, I was Queen Tittania, Katie Spencer was 'Puck' and Ted Parnham 'Bottom' and nearly all the children took part. These concerts were worth all the worry, hard work and sleepless nights by Teachers and Scholars, and I cannot remember one being a flop either. It is encouraging to know that Kinoulton Primary School, where the Hickling children now attend, think the same and put on an excellent concert each Christmas.

Nature Walk was one of my favourite lessons, we would set off from School, walking two by two on the pavement, we would go up the Hills, on Green Lane, Broughton Lane, etc. and the next day had to write a composition on what Nature wise we saw. Monday was the day



Quorn Hunt at The New Inn

the Quorn Hunt were hunting in this area, and during the Hunting Season if, during the school dinner hour the Huntsman's Horn or hounds were heard it was fatal, off we would go boys and girls galloping over fields and through hedges, needless of the time, consequently arriving back at school late, and filthy, we all filed in front of the teacher and out came the cane. The 'Good' children sitting back in their desks tittering but we didn't mind, we felt it was all worthwhile and followed the hounds the next time we heard them. Every child walked to school and I can't ever remember a parent taking a child either, the hours were 9 a.m. to 12 midday, then 1.15 p.m. until 3.30 p.m. going home for dinner with the exception of the 'lodge' children who brought sandwiches, these children set an example to the rest of us, they were never late and turned up whatever the weather, they would have to walk one mile or more and some a good two miles, they came from Hickling Pastures, The Ward family would be the furthest away, the Crump family, Woolley, Keyworth, Cross, Harrison, Paget, all lived at lodges, and I may have missed some of them. Another school memory, when the Parish Church roof needed re-leading the Teachers took our class to watch the workmen. I remember a workshop was erected in the Churchyard, and after our visit we had to write down everything we remembered. Canon Ashmall was always present when we made our visit and several of we older ones would go again at night to watch, it was fascinating. We girls wore boots in the winter and sometimes in the summer as well and we wore 'bloomers' that was were our handkerchief was kept and an apple or pear, ones bloomer leg made a jolly good pocket. In those days one never saw a car on the roads, there would be an occasional horse and cart so we children played games on the road as we went to and from school, games such as whip and top, marbles, hoops, which were mostly made by the local blacksmith, the wooden ones were bought from a hardware shop. 'Staggie, Staggie Roany' was fun, we all held hands across the road and chased 'My Blue Pony' this was a quick way of getting to school. Another game we loved was 'Lurky' we put an empty treacle tin outside the 'Beer Off' hedge next to Mr. Parkes gate and every one hid excepting one standing with his foot on the tin, and after counting out loud up to twenty he would try and find everyone and if anyone could run out and kick the tin shouting 'Lurky' 1.2.3. he won, and the game started all over again. Lots of games we played in the school playground and I loved 'Hopscotch' we played two kinds. Another ball game 'Sunday, Monday'. The boys played cricket and football in their yard and for 'Drill' lessons in the Summer we often all played rounders in one yard. Many times when playing in our yard with a ball it would get thrown into Mr. Edgson's garden (Mr. Barnes garden now) over the school wall and over

the Big Green into the garden and it was very seldom we were allowed our ball back again, you can imagine the names Mr. Edgson was called.

During the 1914-18 War men who were not on active service did some kind of drilling (don't know if it was similar to the Home Guard in the 1939 war) a notice board was fixed on the old tailor's shop shutters, now demolished, with instructions of times to meet etc. written in white chalk, for devilment a number of we schoolchildren would rub the instructions off the board and eventually were found out and reported to the deputy Head, Miss Brooks, she made each one of us stand before her and 'Whack' a stroke of the cane, when she had caned the last child she went into the small class room and burst into tears and the caning didn't do us any harm, would do some of the hooligans good today. Hickling School never had any more Head Masters after Mr. Pepper left. During the time Miss Hilliard was Head, the older children spent a days outing going to her sisters school at Kimberly, where she too was Head Mistress. We walked to Widmerpool Station and caught a train to Nottingham then by either Tram or Trolley Bus to Kimberly when we arrived at the school we were each paired off with a girl or boy from Kimberly School and taken to look round and we from Hickling thought it such a huge place compared to our school, everyone took sandwiches for dinner which we shared with our companion, we were given a tea before travelling home by train and then walking from Widmerpool Station, (how many would do it today).

Another memory of Miss Hilliard we never once heard her sing, not even when taking our singing lesson, and she played the piano for our lesson too. Miss Hilliard had a brother in the Navy, and one year when we were rehearsing on the platform or stage, it was for the Christmas concert, the school door opened and in walked a Sailor in uniform, Miss Hilliard gave one scream raced across the room and they were in one anothers arms, the rehearsal ended, and afterwards he brought a huge tin of toffees and shared with the whole school.

During the 1914-18 War a family of Belgium refugees came to live at Hickling, they lived in one of the cottages behind the Penson's House, a mother and three children. Josef, Gustave and Jan the baby girl and their mother, their Sir name was Dennis. The two boys came to school and learnt to speak quite good English. Josef was around my age, the two brothers gave a little sketch at our Christmas concert and recited, and many 'Mums' in the audience were in tears.

The Health Nurse called periodically at School to examine our 'heads' and a tooth comb was used every week at home, and also a steel comb for general combing. I think every child at some time had those horrible head lice. A school medical examination wasn't very often, we

were weighed, height measured, eyes and ears tested in the class room (mothers expected to attend) it was one of these eye examinations which decided my eyes needed further tests and off the Shire Hall I went. I was put into a tiny room with no lighting and a lady examined my eyes and decided I should wear glasses which I have done ever since. I was 12 at the time and the education sent me to the optician "Rowley" which was then on Wheeler Gate, Nottingham.

May 29th was a day we tried to remember, it was 'Oak Day' the day King Charles hid in an Oak Tree. We school children just dare not leave home in the morning without a sprig of Oak leaves pinned on our clothes, if by chance anyone did forget they would be stung with a nettle on bare legs, and it wasn't only the boys with stinging nettles, the girls were just as bad, after midday one was safe.

Children collected rats tails and took them to Mr. William Hill, we were paid 1d (one penny) per tail. Mr. Hill lived in the old empty house down The Green belonging to Mr. Stacey. This was one way of keeping the rat menace down. We also collected horse chestnuts for the war effort. I think they were ground down for something.

The same caretaker was employed at School the whole of the time I attended, from five to fourteen years old. She was Nellie Carrington, the work was hard and badly paid. As I have mentioned before there were coal fires in school one in each of the three rooms and in the Wintertime all three would need lighting every school day, that meant the caretaker would be cleaning up the ashes (if she had not done it the previous night) around 6.30 a.m. there would be three great buckets of coal to carry from the back of the boys playground, the school itself to sweep and dust, the pan toilets to clean, and windows extra, and she never grumbled. There is more to write about Nellie in 'Hickling'.

There was hardly any part of the year when children did not take something to school to put in the windows. Frogs spawn in the Spring and we were fascinated to see the spawn develop into tiny frogs. Sticklebacks in jam jars. Sticky Buds. The first wild rose. Violets.

Celandines. Buttercups. Mayblobs. Cowslips. Lords & Ladies. The first blackberry.

Sometimes the windows would be full to overflowing, but what a lovely thought.

Dinner Hour at School. Often the boys would be missing during dinner time and sometimes late back for lessons, they would be either brook jumping or sheep wash jumping and would return to school absolutely spattered with muck, if we girls had half a chance we would be there as well. We always went with the boys when playing 'Fox & Hounds' but a boy always played at being the fox, he would set off first and after several minutes we would all

follow, but naturally their was always one or two boys and girls who refused to play, said it was too rough.

Navy Blue Linen Blinds were fixed at each window and lasted before I went to school and until after I left, since becoming a Village Hall the windows are fitted with curtains.

The stage I have mentioned we used at Concerts was stored at the 'Parish Room' the Rectory as it was Parish property, and was collected when needed by horse and cart. Later years the stage was stored on Norman Marriots property, but what has happened to it now goodness only knows.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND METHODIST CHURCH

Dressed in our Sunday best clothes, Hair washed and put in curlers on Saturday night, then all frizzed up Sunday morning, we set off for Sunday School at the Methodist Church to commence at 10 A.M. Mr. Alwyn Shelton was Superintendent and also played the Harmonium, wooden forms were arranged in the four corners of the school room for separate classes, and the younger children went into the Class Room after singing and prayers. Mr. Shelton had a wooden unit, the seat being a chest where bibles and hymn books were kept, the whole affair, pulpit and base was moveable and it was only a few years ago it was used for lighting the boiler. The original clothes pegs or hooks are still in use and one or two forms are left, but most of the forms were sold about 1971, we bought one for 10/- or rather 50p and it stands out in our back at 8, Main Street. Several dozen stacker chairs (second hand) were obtained hence the sale of the long, heavy and so solid, well made forms, and the chairs take up so much less space and with so few children attending Sunday School these days the Class room is large enough for them, and during the winter months our Sunday service is held in the schoolroom.

The Highlight of the Sunday School was most certainly the Sunday School Anniversary and always held on the last Sunday in June (which traditionally was Hickling Feast weekend) I don't know officially how old the anniversary platform is, but was in use before I went to school and is still used and in as good condition, the platform was made by the local joiner at the firm of Burnett & Son, and sadly no longer in existence, it is stored in the loft over the Classroom. The platform was always filled with children, the young ones sitting on the bottom row and my goodness how proud we felt when at last we reached the top row, we never had recitations in those days, just special anniversary hymns, and we each had to open our mouths and sing. Mr. Shelton was our conductor and Mrs. Burnett nee Brooks organist, the girls each had a new dress and white socks with a wide hair ribbon tied in a large bow on our hair, the boys had new suits, and always there would be solos and duets by some of the boys and girls. I am told the very first year myself and Katie Spencer sat on the platform, we fidgeted around until we both fell off. As we grew older we went into the Choir and what a proud day that was the choir was full to capacity and the overflow sat on the front pews of the congregation. It was traditional that our choir sang 'Worthy is the Lamb, from Messiah' at the evening S.S.A. service also the evening hymn 'The Day Thou Gavest Lord is Ended' which is still sung each year. The chapel would be packed both afternoon and evening, with forms down both aisles and in the porch and on the steps, and I remember once or twice

people in the Schoolroom too (what wonderful times). The following day, Monday (I think we had a half days holiday from School) their would be games in what was then Mr. Dickman's field (now Bogue Estate) then a childrens tea in the schoolroom and any children from the village could attend, with a public tea at 5 p.m. The tea consisted of brown and white bread and butter, plain, currant and seed cake, all baked by the village Baker Mr. Harriman, bread and cakes baked in the long tins, and the same bakers oven is still in the original bake house, which is now an outhouse where Mr. Penson lives and is called 'Cobblestones'. Mr. & Mrs. Harriman also kept the Post Office and Grocery shop.

Now back to the Anniversary. After tea and of course during the afternoon before tea, children with some adults would meet in Mr. Dickman's field and play cricket then an evening service. We children on the platform again singing our anniversary hymns, our own Methodist Minister was the preacher and their was always a Chairman, but the service was never long and afterwards everyone went back to the field for more games, and during this period Mr. Dickman would come along from his house with a seven pound brown paper bag of nuts, he would throw a couple of handfuls on the grass and we children would 'Scramble' for them, sometimes we were lucky and sometimes not, we would also have sweets to scramble for, we did love and enjoy our S. School Anniversary. It is sad now to see such poor congregations at the S.S.A, and so few children, in 1973 only five belonging the Sunday School sat on the platform, the five others were children from the village or relatives, there is not any choir at the anniversary and children somehow don't know how to sing, they say their recitations much better than they sing, and it is so sad, the children do enjoy their day but it is hard work for the teachers, the Monday tea and service ended quite a number of years ago and a day at the sea-side is their treat instead.

We always had a party in the schoolroom around Christmas, we had tea first sitting at the long trestle tables with pure white damask cloths, not a fancy tea, good wholesome food the same as at the S.S.A. I think the choir came too, after tea the tables were taken down and everyone enjoyed games, we played 'Shy Widow' 'Come and sit on my Knee' 'Musical Chairs' 'Stations' 'Trencher' 'Pass the Ring' they are just some games I remember, it is doubtful if any of these are played at the parties of today. They were lovely party's.

Chapel Anniversary Time, this took place in May and September with afternoon service (and always a special visiting preacher mostly a Minister) followed by a public tea, and always the same kind of teas, an evening meeting when the visiting preacher would give an address (now a sermon) and their would be a Chairman, (someone it was hoped would dip deep

down in his pocket and put paper money on the collection plate) and in these days every one applauded, the choir always sang an anthem and the congregation would clap their hands (Like the Bible says 'Make a Joyful Noise') but no one claps any more, and it is a shame. Their would often be a soloist as well as the Anthem by the Choir, the Chapel would be well filled and Methodists would come from all the surrounding villages.

During the Winter months it would be the 'Foreign Missions' and again, afternoon service, Tea, Evening Meeting, with the speaker mostly a Missionary, for many years we had the same Chairman, Mr. John Thurman (Senior) of Knossington he was a rather serious man, we youngsters not liking him very much, almost every family going to Chapel had a Missionary Box and after the tea was over a red baize table would be placed over a couple of pews in Chapel and Mr. Fred Shelton (Tailor) the F.M. Secretary with other help would empty all the boxes, we children would stand around and watch intently while our own box was emptied and the money counted, and if we were 'UP' on last year we were delighted, and during the evening meeting a list of those with missionary boxes and the amount of money would be read out, our eyes would sparkle when our names were read and we had collected more money than the previous year. The Harvest Festival was another occasion we so looked



Hickling Chapel Harvest Festival

forward to, the date again was fixed, it was always held the first Sunday in October which coincided with Nottingham Goose Fair Saturday which in the evening we always decorated the Chapel, we had a trestle table inside the communion rail covered with a white damask

cloth, another table fixed over the side for vegetables etc. their was always a bunch of grapes hanging from the pulpit (years ago Mr. Cart fixed two small nails for the grapes, and they are still used). We children could only watch the decorating being done, and then as we grew older were allowed to help. Their were two services on Sunday and always a Harvest Anthem by the choir in the evening, the Harvest Sale was held on Tuesday evening with a short service previous to the sale, our own Minister who lived at The Manse, Long Clawson, officiating. The auction took place in the Sunday School, the auctioner standing in the pulpit. I remember Mr. Fred Shelton and Mr. Arthur Shelton and Shelton Walker at the present time being auctioner, everything given for the Harvest Festival was sold, and the proceeds went to Trust Funds. Both the Parish Church and our Methodist had good Choirs, and anthems sung every Sunday evening during the winter months. Choir Practice for both Churches was on Friday evenings. We also gave Sacred Cantatas and Service of songs, our choir helped with Long Clawson Choir and others to render Handels Messiah in Clawson Chapel also the Elijah, and we also sang with the Circuit Choir in Melton Sage Cross Methodist Church.

The first Choir outing I remember going on, was a day trip by train to Mablethorpe. I am not quite sure but I think we travelled from Hickling to Bingham Railway Station by Malcolm Kings small bus, with seats around. Mr. King was from Long Clawson, I remember it was dark when the train arrived at Bingham coming home, other outings were to Hunstanton and Skegness. I am told that years ago the Choir Outing and the Sunday School would be to Holwell Mouth or Belvoir Castle, and would travel by horse and trap or wagonette, and everyone had a lovely time. When I was only three or four I remember being taken with Granny Simpson to the Sewing Meeting in the Sunday School. The ladies would sit at the long trestle tables sewing, their would be a prayer and Bible reading and a cup of tea, but I don't remember if the sewing was for a bazaar or for themselves. It was also in Granny Simpsons time the present china was bought, they are white with a delicate blue pattern, their are quite a number broken, and this very thin china does crack easily in hot water. I have a cracked cup and saucer in my china cabinet for a keepsake, each piece had 'Hickling Wesleyan Chapel' engraved, and it was composed of cups, saucers, plates, cream jugs, sugar and slop basins, bread and butter plates, and four large hot water jugs, we always use them at anything for Chapel, but when the Sunday School is hired the china cannot be used, our china had been admired by so many people over the years.

When we were working for a New Organ, Granny Simpson worked to do her bit, and she

was then confined to a wheel chair with arthritis, so she decided to sell boxes of matches, every tradesman coming to Rose Cottage was asked to buy and any other visitor, and she handed in several pounds for the organ fund. Granny Simpson erected a Memorial Tablet in the Chapel in memory of her two sons Charlie and Cecil who died on active service in 1914 – 18 War, it is in Black and White, and each Remembrance Day Granny Simpson made a laurel wreath with a few poppies attached, which was hung below the tablet and since she passed away I have carried out this duty. There is also an Oak Panel Memorial at the back of the pulpit with names of the 'seven brave lads' who were killed in action. Doctor Windley who lived at Colston Bassett unveiled this memorial, he was very upset as he remarked he knew each one of these lads. In the porch there is a 'Roll of Honour' hanging on the wall with the names of every man in the Parish who was called up.

During the War years we had to have 'Black Out' blinds to all the windows and afterwards cream spring roller blinds, with a cord and tassel attached, one had only to touch these tassels so lightly and the blind would fly up with a bang, and have known it to happen during a service.

The first Garden Party I think ever to be held for the Chapel was in 'Barland Fields' garden and field where Mr. Herbert Woolley lived, lots of people attended, and most of them walked from the village to B. Fields which is about one mile along Bridegate Lane (would they walk these days). Their would be skittling for a live pig for the men, and a sack of flour for the ladies.

Slashing the Ham was another competition. Sometimes either a whole or half Stilton cheese was another prize and every prize given, since these days we have held a number of garden parties in different gardens and fields.

Prayer Meetings. After almost every Sunday evening service their would be a prayer meeting, anyone could go out at the end of the usual service if they wished, but I had to stay like most of we younger ones, and while one member was praying, one or two in the congregation would speak out 'Amen' 'Praise the Lord' or 'Hallilujah' and then someone would start singing a 'Sankey' chorus, we loved it when these choruses were sung. One incident comes to mind, I should be in my teens, we were all in our seats in the Choir, the preacher was Mr. Broxholme (Senior) from Melton, and during his sermon had remarked on visiting a village Chapel recently and to his astonishment and distress their wasn't one person in the congregation who stood up to pray during the prayer meeting, well, we girls all looked round our congregation as we sat in the choir, we nudged one another whispering 'you'll be

lucky to get anyone to pray tonight', and of course he didn't, and he was upset, he waited awhile their was dead silence, then he stood up pronounced the benediction and rushed into the schoolroom without a Good night or anything.

The general number attending each Sunday evening Service at this time would be quite seventy or more, a congregation of sixty was poor, their was afternoon service as well, and Sunday School in the morning, and no child ever said 'I don't want' it was a case of do as you are told, and off you went. We all loved our Sunday School and our Church. After evening service in the summer time several of us would go for long walks, for example to Upper Broughton through the Gates, to Kinoulton by the road and back along the Canal Bank, up the Standards and down a different way. Down Clawson Lane across the fields called "The Cottages" and on by the Canal to the village, and reaching home a lovely Sunday night supper, and this was pretty general in every home. The supper would be the cold joint, huge slices of juicy meat, cold vegetables etc. and what joints of meat in those days, great H. bone, Sirloin, Leg of Lamb, Leg of Pork, in this day one needs a magnifying glass to see ones joint after it has been cooked.

Wesley Guild. We had a successful Wesley guild through the Winter months, was started in the time of Rev. F.J.Bell our local Minister, we had excellent attendances. I should be in my teens. One musical evening we tried to get as many to entertain in some way as possible, and among those taking part were Frank Crump, Wilfred Crump, John Wadkin who sang well known choruses. Pianoforte Solo by Owen Shelton, Recitation by Olive Squires, and poor Olive was terrified, and she recited the poem so well, it was About Ben Aden, Katie Spencer recited. Ida and Dorothy Shelton and myself sang solos and once I whistled 'Danny Boy' I was petrified. Norman Marriott and Harry Robinson would read a talk on a given subject, often extremely interesting, and mostly one of them took the Chair. One year we decided to have a 'Tramps Supper', and the fun it caused, we decorated the Schoolroom with branches of trees, mostly evergreens, hung stable lanterns around, we all dressed up as tramps and sat on the floor, we ate roast potatoes in their jackets, bread and cheese, raw onion, and we sang songs, it was a great success. Another time we had an 'American Supper) each lady provided a supper for two in a basket (not in those days to exceed 10/-) it was always a well kept secret what each of us packed, the baskets were placed down the centre of the table, ladies sitting on one side and the men folk on the opposite side, after grace, and the men had paid 10/-, the man would open up the basket and share with the lady opposite, it certainly was fun opening the supper, and what surprises and giggles.

Ministers. One Minister living at the Manse, Long Clawson was a firm favourite with both old and young, we young ones loved him to come to Hickling, he was Rev. C.T. Lander, (Christopher Trevarrow?) a Cornishman, he was a brilliant preacher, a good singer, liked a bit of fun, and enjoyed his pipe of tobacco, he had two sons, one Derek Lander an Actor who we see in T.V. days. There is not space to mention all the Ministers. I remember best one a bachelor Rev. A.R. Thomas I must mention, we girls used to make fun of him and giggle like mad, and I don't think the poor man ever realised what we were doing. We were little beasts. Parsons didn't have cars in those days, and by the way as I have said our Minister lived at Clawson, and his villages then were Clawson, Harby, Hickling, Kinoulton, Nether Broughton, Old Dalby, Hollwell, most of the Ministers had a bycycle, sometimes would borrow a horse and trap, and some of them just walked on their own two feet. Many of the local preachers walked to their services on Sundays, we had one preacher who always walked from Loughborough, and he walked back to Loughborough afterwards. They were happy days, and we would never think of making an excuse not to be in our place in the choir every Sunday.

Cleaning the Chapel each week was done by a caretaker until recent years, when a rota was formed by the ladies who sweep and dust and arrange the flowers on the communion table in turn, they are Miss Woolley, Mrs. S. Walker, Mrs. M. Richardson, Mrs. T. Scanes, Mrs. J. Wortley, Mrs. A. Sulley, Mrs. J. Wadkin. Once a year the whole church is scrubbed out by the above with one or two more helpers, the seats polished and the brass cleaned, and is always worth the effort. I was caretaker at Chapel for a while before getting married and one day I was cleaning the high window in the Sunday School looking into Bridegate Lane, I stood on a ladder and after I finished Miss Mary White (a past Chapel caretaker) who lived in 'White Cottage' which has now been demolished in Bridegate Lane, came over with two mince pies, she said she had been watching me perched high on the ladder and I deserved them.

Christenings It was a great occasion when I was a girl, if a Christening took place at Chapel, and we children would watch intently as the Minister held the baby in his arms. Christenings are few at our Chapel, most parents even if they have attended will often go to the Parish Church on these occasions. That is something I do not understand. Both my sons were Christened at Hickling Methodist Church.

Sacrament I remember the first time I stayed for the Sacrament or Communion Service. Several of we teenagers stayed one Sunday evening just to watch, then we were allowed to

take part at the next Sacrament, and we were all terribly nervous, we knew the grown ups were watching us. Some years ago just the one silver cup was used by each individual and the wine was in a beautiful silver Communion Jug (which is now used for flowers in the Chapel) in those days it was not hygenic at all, at the time we took Communion their was a very nice 'Communion Set' should say two dozen small glasses in a wooden stand with handle for the minister to carry around, at the present time I am what is known as the 'Poor' Steward at our Chapel, and I think it is quite time the word 'poor' was finished, if Communion' was used would be so much better. My duty is to prepare the communion table for the Sacrament Service, spread white cloth on the table, fill the glasses with wine (this can be bought from the Chemists) but we have used 'Ribena' which tastes nicer, cut tiny cubes of bread and put on a silver plate, cover them with another white cloth, and at one time I handed round special Communion books but since having some new Hymn Books the service is printed at the back, which is better. When the service is over, clear everything away and wash the glasses.

Class Meetings Have heard Granny Simpson talk about the Class Meetings, certain of the community would be a Leader and they and their Class would meet in the 'Class' room each week, expect they would discuss Church matters. Only in the time of Rev. A.R. Thomas have we teenagers attended a Class Meeting, we used to meet fortnightly an hour before the weeknight service and now there is neither Class Meetings or Weeknight Service.

Weeknight Service The Minister in our area who lived at Long Clawson would come to Hickling fortnightly on a Tuesday afternoon visiting the Methodists, and where he stayed tea was always arranged so that each in turn had that pleasure, we children were thrilled to bits next day at school telling everyone 'We had the Minister for tea and used the front room and the best tea service'. In these so called modern times we only occasionally see our Minister on a week day.

Weddings The loyal and real Methodists use their own Church for weddings, I wouldn't have liked to be married in another, their has been quite a number of weddings as I remember. I know I could never understand a girl going through our Sunday School, singing in the Choir, then going to the Parish Church for her wedding, and that has happened at Hickling several times, and of course the same applys to FUNERALS, but of recent years I do think more Methodists have had a service in our Chapel on these occasions, and why not, one thing whether Wedding or Funeral their would not be as good singing as in a Methodist Church.

Cradle Roll at Sage Cross Methodist Church, Melton Mowbray. I went with Granny Simpson to stay at 12 Stafford Avenue to see Rowly Pepper enrolled at the Cradle Roll Service, it was held downstairs in the Sunday School, and to me seemed such a huge room. A Mrs. Manchester was the head of the Cradle Roll, and this special service was held annually in the Spring, parents and friends were invited. Mrs. Manchester was the ideal person for this job, she stood each child (they were only tiny tots) on a chair talking to them all the time, gave them their Cradle Roll Card and a bunch of snowdrops their was a collection and I remember the hymn that was sung 'Hear the pennies dropping'. I wonder if this service is still held, the Church is no longer called 'Sage Cross' it is Melton Central and a few years ago the 'Primitive Methodist Church' or the Prim's' or 'Ranters' was demolished at Melton and a Super Market stands in its place 'Sally Morland' some of the old members of that Church were so upset to see their own lifelong Church pulled down, it is a great pity these things happen, anyway most of the congregation, the choir etc. joined the 'Central'. Class Meetings are still held at Melton Central, both the ladies and the men folk have their own class and Leader.

Heating in our church over the years was a horrible coke boiler out at the back door in Chapel Lane, with a water tank fixed high near the ceiling in the Sunday School, pipes were fixed around the outside walls, but anyone sitting in the centre pews were perished in the winter time, we managed with these until a few years ago, and our boiler gave up, our congregation had become so few we decided to have the Sunday School heated and only use the Chapel itself in the summer. So electric overhead heaters were installed the work being done by young men whose families belonged to the Church, these heaters are a great success and as our congregation is seldom more than six is warm, comfortable and plenty large enough. We have the piano for accompanying the hymns, we have a pulpit which was made and given us during Rev. Harry Breakspear's term with us about four or five years ago. We also have electric points in the Chapel and a couple of heaters if needed during the winter, and we can always borrow heaters in emergency. The Sunday School meet in the Class room which is heated with an electric convector heater. There is no need for anyone to be cold and miserable, or to make that as an excuse for not attending.

Hiring of the Methodist Schoolroom never was heard of when I was a girl, but times change. The Welfare Clinic has been held in the Sunday School since it first started (and still is) and that is forty one years this year of 1976, and why I know, it was the year when Keith was born and he was only a few weeks old when the opening clinic took place, and I always say

the Clinic, Cow & Gate Food, and Dr. Burnett (lady Dr. from Colston B.) saved his life, he was a poor little mite.

The Parish Council hold their meetings in the Class Room with the exception of the Parish Meeting which is held in the Village Hall.

The Cricket Club hold their Annual Meeting in the School Room.

The Adult Education have used the Schoolroom for Art Classes for the last three years. All these activities bring a little into the Trust Fund of our Church.

This year of 1976 The 'MANSE' at Long Clawson was sold, it was built during Queen Victoria's Reign and called 'Jubilee House' and has been the home of the Methodist Minister until now, again is very sad and the old Clawson Methodists take a dim view of the change, also one of the Melton Ministers houses at Melton was sold, due to inflation the Circuit can't afford as many Ministers, the Rev. Harry Sutton our Minister has moved house from Clawson to Melton but still is in charge of our district, to me we seem to be going backwards not forwards.

Pew Rent was collected quarterly at Chapel, but I do not remember how much it was. Each pew was numbered in brass and they still exist, and one or two pews in the front without numbers were free, for the poor, if only one attended service, the rent would be for one 'seat'. Most of the side pews to seat four would be 'let' to one family. The six seat pews in the centre were often shared. Unpleasantness has occurred in Churches if visitors have sat in a pew which some 'Hoity, Toity' has rented and the visitors been asked to sit elsewhere, (Christians, I wonder).

Primitive Chapel. Was up steps into a large room in the yard where Mrs. Morse lives. Been demolished several years. Could never find any particulars of this building.

THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. LUKE'S

The Parish Church is a large and beautiful building in the diocese of Southwell. The first Rector I remember was Mr. Ashmall who later was made a Canon, he was a pleasant man with white hair, Mrs. Ashmall always wore a very large hat with ostrich feather trimmings and a black veil which covered her face and always carried a long handled umbrella, we children at school were rather afraid of her. Uncle Albert Simpson was at one time Coachman at the Rectory, and I remember the four wheeled carriage with the horses, we children thought it so grand. Both Canon Ashmall and his wife would stop and say a few words to we children if we met them in the village. St. Luke's, like the Methodists had a good choir, with a mans and boys surplice choir, apart from the ladies.

The Sunday School was held in the 'Institute' now derelict mores the pity, also their Christmas party, and the Missionary Meeting which was always a 'Magic Lantern' and we children from Chapel would all attend to see the pictures, we thought it was wonderful.

The Institute which belonged to the Rectory was very active during the winter months when used by the men folk in the village, their was a billiard table, and matches played with the surrounding villages, also darts, dominoes, draughts, cards, etc. and was extremely well supported by both the older and younger men. Of course we girls had our bit of fun, we would creep up to the Institute windows tap with our finger, then run away like mad.

The Parish Church always had a strong good team of bell ringers, there are five bells and would be rung every Sunday, and one evening during the week which was practise and now their aren't any bell ringers, (only if a visiting team comes during a week day, which is very seldom) their isn't a choir, and hasn't been for years.

The Parish Church held their Harvest Festival the previous week to the Methodists and started with an evening service on Friday, when we from Chapel would attend, services continued on Sunday and all the gifts taken to Nottingham General Hospital, the Friday service is no more and I believe only one service is held on the Sunday, and I do not know what happens to the gifts.

During Lent their would be a service in St. Lukes every Thursday evening with a visiting Clergy man and several of us from Chapel attended, we girls were always dissapointed with the singing, everyone seemed frightened to 'make a joyful noise'. Also during Lent their would not be any Weddings solemnised in Church, or any Whist Drives organised for the Church, but that does not happen now.

Something the St. Luke's Sunday School the Methodists and any other children looked forward to was the 'Egg and Flower Service' at St. Lukes, it was held in the summer time on a Sunday Afternoon, each child would carry a small basket of eggs and a bunch of flowers and would walk in procession from the Church Door to the Chancel, where, the Rector, Verger, and other helpers would receive the gifts, and the following day would be taken to a Nottingham Hospital, the children I remember looked so pretty walking two, by two and wearing their Sunday best dresses and suits. Even this popular service now never takes place.

St. Luke's had a strong Mother's Union for many years, in fact celebrated the 'Golden Anniversary of Fifty Years' in June 1951, during the time of Rev. L. Foster. Meetings at first were held in the Institute, then after I married and the Methodists were invited to join we went in the Rectory Drawing Room. The Golden Jubilee Service was held in St. Luke's Church, M.U. members from the district attending, Tea was taken on the Rectory Lawn with a special iced cake cut by enrolling member the Rectors wife Mrs. Foster, and when Mr. & Mrs. Foster left for Yorkshire, the M.U. just dwindled away, how sad, after no many years. A Gymkhana was organised for the Parish Church most years, and the first I recall was held in what used to be the Cricket Field beside the Canal, in Canon Ashmalls time, to get to the Cricket Field we went through the Rectory Stack Yard and down what we called 'The New Road' which was really a cart track, over the brook and into the Cricket Field.

The Garden Party's became popular or rather Garden Fetes, and these were held on the Rectory Lawn, with a large Marquee with Long Clawson Brass Band in attendance, and they also played for Dancing in the Marquee at night and their was always a Fancy Dress Parade which was so well supported.

Confirmation Service. I recall one confirmation Service at St. Luke's when my school friend Lucy Collishaw was confirmed, the Bishop of Southwell officiated, as St. Lukes is in the diocese of Southwell.

Bell Ringing It always was wonderful lying bed on New Years Eve listening to the bells of St. Lukes, ringing out the old and ringing in the New. The Church bells also were rung at Weddings. It would be so wonderful to hear the bells of St. Lukes ringing out each week. I don't suppose it is generally known that a Sunday School was started on Hickling Pastures, when Canon Ashmall was the incumbent. I remember, because my music teacher at that time, Miss Warren and her mother started this Sunday School. All the children living on the Pastures were invited, and every Sunday the children met in the front room of Mrs. Warren's

bungalow over a field on the Pastures, it was hoped one day to build a small school on the Pastures but sadly it has not materialised. Around Christmas Miss Warren organised a concert by her music pupils and the Sunday School children, it was given in her front room, those helping in the concert were invited to tea in the "Warren" Kitchen, including Canon Ashmall, after tea we took forms, chairs and stools into the front room and soon the room was filled with Dad's, Mums, big brothers and sisters, and any one from the Pastures all ready for the concert to begin. The School children sang songs and hymns and recited, the music pupils played pianoforte solos and duetts, organ solos, violin solos, I always accompanied Miss Warren on the piano when she played the violin. I sang two solos with Miss Warren accompanied on the piano. Miriam Squires always played an organ solo. At the end of the concert Miriam and I walked home in the dark, Mr. Warren walked part of the way carrying his stable lantern, and he never spoke one word to us. Now Miss Warren, 'Nancy' is one of our oldest friends. I often wonder if the present Rector Rev. L.P. Harwood has ever heard of the Sunday School which was started by Mother and Daughter in their bungalow on Hickling Pastures.

Tennis at Rectory I remember when a well supported Tennis Club used the Rectory Tennis Court, it was very popular in the Rev. L. Fosters time but the present Rector let it grow wild and would not allow anyone to play at all, it was a shame when the court was in such good condition.

Canon and Mrs. Ashmall I have mentioned them previously. But I want to recall how each of them visited their parishioners, whether attending the Parish Church or not, most days at some time, they would be out in the village, but seldom together, and if anyone was ill, a lovely piece of fresh white fish would be sent from the Rectory. After Canon Ashmall retired the Rev. & Mrs. W. Dannett came and they were good visitors and well liked. Rev. & Mrs. Lancelot Foster followed and they too joined in village activities, and visited well and then we come to the present Rector Rev. L.. Harwood who is just the opposite, why oh why, one cannot understand. I omitted to say the M.U. had a beautiful Standard of a lovely blue, with white arum Lilies, this was presented to the Hickling Branch by a M.U. member, Mrs. T. Starbuck in memory of her son who was killed on the second War, wonder if anyone cares for it now.

HICKLING VILLAGE

These are memories of Hickling from when I was a child. I was born in 1908 and it is now 1976.

Every housewife made their own Christmas Puddings and Mincemeat six to eight weeks before Christmas, and in many dairies could be seen several Christmas puddings hanging from the ceiling by their Pudding Cloths, the ingredients always used at this time were potato, apple and Pigs Pluck, that was a must, plus the usual dried fruit etc. Many in the village fed and killed a pig being sure of home cured bacon for breakfast. It was the custom when killing a pig to send a 'Fry' to ones neighbours, hence the old saying 'He that Killeth a pig shall give his neighbour a 'fry' and every one did just that. A fry is made up of one or two slices of liver, heart, kidney, pork and pork fat, nicely arranged on a plate and covered with some of the pigs 'veil', it was considered extremely unlucky to wash the plate after receiving a fry, one just emptied the plate and handed it back unwashed. A pigs fry dinner at Rose Cottage was delicious and this is how it was cooked, put the slices of liver, pork etc. in a flat meat tin, slice onions and put in with meat, cover with water and cook in oven, season with salt and pepper, add thickening and serve with mashed potatoes, brussel sprouts and yorkshire pudding, a meal fit for a Queen.

The same superstition applied to 'Beastlings', when a cow calved the milk was very rich and not mixed with other milk at first, and again it was customary to give friends and neighbours a jug of beastlings and the jug returned unwashed. Beastlings make delicious custard, no eggs needed, just add sugar, the milk is so rich it sets perfectly, put short crust pastry in dish the same as an egg custard, add nutmeg and bake, and is wonderful. Housewives made all Lemon Curd, doubt if one could buy any in a shop at that time, and the lemon curd tarts made in the individual patty pans, also jam tarts and the jam home made, and these patty pans were quite large, all pickles, chutney were made in the kitchens, and blackberry vinegar was a must, bottles and bottles would be stored away on dairy shelves, and would be brought out to pour on Yorkshire pudding (often have it these days, is delicious) and in the winter if one has a bad cold, blackberry vinegar in a glass diluted with hot water is a cure, Many wives made wine, from cowslips, parsnips etc and herb beer from nettles etc. and tasted so good. Then we had 'Furmity or Frummerty' made from creed wheat, (fresh wheat) we put the wheat in a large brown stew pot covered with water and let it cook slowly in the oven, sometimes for a couple of days, when finished should be quite thick, pour in basin hot, with milk, currants and brown sugar, that was often our supper on a winters night, and my

goodness I could eat a bowl of it tonight.

Our village was always noted for its 'mucky streets' (and still is) and jolly good stilton cheese which almost every farmers wife made, and the village was full of farmers or small-holders, and each had a cheese room, the women also made butter and colic Cheese, every day, seven days a week one would see a line of cheese cloths hanging out to dry (no three day week in those days). The 'colic' or 'Colwick' or Soft cheese were delicious, would cover a large dinner plate, and compared with todays small white and leathery so called colic cheese, doesn't seem to be any taste, in fact chives are now added for flavour. Every country kitchen cook made curd cheesecakes, they too would be cooked on large plates, the real, down to earth curd fetched from any farmer who made cheese. I remember taking a large yellow basin and it would be full to the brim with curd, and cost one shilling, the country way of making curd cheesecake is to line plate with short pastry, mix curd with fork, add egg, sugar, butter or marg, and currants mix well together but the mixture should not be too soft, fill pastry with mixture and bake, this was, and still is a favourite with Rowly Pepper and Cecil Rose.

When I was a girl Hickling had almost all their own tradesmen,

W. Burnett & Son, I also remember W. Burnetts father a devoted Methodist and attended service until a great age, the Firm of Burnett were Joiners, Builders, Painters and Decorators, Wheelright, Blacksmith, Woodmen, and Undertakers, and has been folded up a number of years, a great pity.

BAKER Mr. Harriman, then Mr. Frederick Copley, lived at what is now known as 'Cobblestones' Bakehouse in outhouse, oven still in existence, was also Post Office and Grocery Shop.

BUTCHER My Grandfather Mr. George Simpson, then many years later his son Donald Simpson. I seem to recollect Mr. F. Parr and his shop too.

SADDLER Mr. Richard Copley and Son.

CHIMNEY SWEEP Mr. Tommy Jeffries.

COBBLER Mr. Tom Watchorn.

BLACKSMITH (apart from Burnett) Mr. Alwyn Shelton.

TAILOR Mr. Fred Shelton

BRICKLAYER Mr. Jack Squires

DRESSMAKER'S Miss Brewin, Mrs Daft, Mrs A. Rose, Mrs A. Herrick. These all lived in Hickling and others coming into the village during my life, were the following,

BUTCHERS F. Bailey from Upper Broughton (still going strong).

Fred Doubleday from Long Clawson (business ended).

After the 1914-18 war a firm from Melton sold imported meat. (Ended).

E.A. Pears, Long Clawson (gave Hickling up).

Lumb & Co. Long Clawson (my present Butcher).

BAKERS Whittaker & Sons Long Clawson. Business ended.

H. Gray Kinoulton Business ended.

H. Simpson Cropwell Bishop. Gave up Hickling.

Co-Op. Nottingham – is now SPILLERS.

L. Jesson. Hose sold business to Frears, Leicester.

1976. Mark – is present Baker from Frears, Leicester.

1976. Lander's. Mansfield. Deliver bread to Post Office.

BLACKSMITH A Mobile Farrier From Hose.

All other Tradesmen out of the village.

In these times 1920 & 30's some farmers sold milk at the door (it is not allowed now) housewives would take a jug and measure milk from the churn. There was no delivery of milk until I was grown up, Mr. H. Barnes of Kinoulton took churn in car and measured into jugs etc. at the door. Co-op I think were the first to deliver bottled milk they transferred business to Clawson Dairy who now has the monopoly, one can also buy cream and stilton cheese from the milkman.

THE SADDLERS SHOP Mr. R. Copley sat working hours and hours in that small shop, and I understand he was an excellent saddler too. The shop still is there and never been used since those saddlering days, the house too known as 'The Homestead' has stood empty must be in the teens of years, is disgraceful. Mr Copley moved his business when he bought the house (now known as 'Duisdale' where Miss G. Woolley lives) and used what is now the garage, for his Saddlers Shop, farmers would bring work from most of the surrounding villages.

BLACKSMITHS The first blacksmiths shop I recall was Mr. Alwyn Sheltons and situated on the Main St. with the W. Burnett Firm, until recently was used as garage by Mr. Norman Marriott.

Mr. Shelton after awhile built a new Shop in an orchard still on the main street and worked there until ill health forced him to retire. We school children were fascinated seeing something new being built and would stop to watch for just a short time whenever we

passed. We also loved watching the horses being shod, and two Hickling boys were taught this trade but did not continue, they were Harold Marson or Cox, he did not work as a blacksmith until after he married, and the other Wilfred Parr, they have both now passed away. After Mr. Shelton died the Forge was sold and made into such a lovely Bungalow and called 'The Old Forge'. Before my time their was yet another Forge and the Blacksmiths shop and that is now used as a garage it is now called 'Forge Cottage' and is opposite the Village Hall. Another fascinating craft of long ago was THE WHEELRIGHT, the shop was next to the Burnett forge and is still to be seen but so delapidated, lets hope one day someone will build something decent to look at, we kids would crowd round the window until we were a nuisance. Mr. Harry Trayford of Nether Broughton was the one wheelright I remember working in this shop, and Mr. Bert East was a joiner their, he was from Cropwell Bishop. We children used to love watching when the men were 'Hooping' that was fixing hoops on cart wheels, the fire for hooping would be lit outside the blacksmiths shop and it was a fascinating process, no doubt this craft has gone mores the pity. Mr. Trayford now over 80 still cycles from Nether Broughton in the summer, as he remarkd "To see what Hickling has been up to"

WOODMEN Often early in the mornings one would hear the heavy horses pulling the long "trugg" (from W. Burnetts wood yard) going to collect the felled trees all around Hickling, the tree trunks would be piled on to the trug and the horses would pull the heavy load back to the wood yard, when needed they would be sawn by a steam driven engine and saw, the noise could be heard over the whole village. We kids loved to watch, if we had the chance, the men working the saw always seeing we stood well back. One of the trug men was Mr. Willie Nixon (Nicko) every one called him) he lived in a cottage in Clawson Lane, in fact their were two cottages and have now been modernised and made into one house, (Mr. & Mrs. Wilcox living last their). Mr. Nixon loved his horses and although being fond of drink he never missed last thing at night to 'Supper Up' he talked to his horses as though they were children. On Christmas Eve he always requested the Carol Singers to sing the tune 'Sovereignty' to the words 'Would Jesus have the sinner die' and he would put one shilling 1/- (5p in this money), and from his wages was a good contribution. Another man with the trugg was Mr. Charlie Munks (his Grandson still lives in Hickling), we children dare not say much to him, but he was a good skater, when the canal was frozen it was always Charlie Munks who made the figure eight 8 on the basin, and it always looked so easy to we kids watching. The strength of the horses when pulling sometimes a double trugg over the Canal

bridge was marvelous, now the bridge has gone and the horses, and all we see are lorries piled high.

BAKERS SHOP Have mentioned the original bakehouse and over at what is now 'Cobblestones'. Mr. Harriman being the first baker I remember and he baked all the cakes for public functions. The village bakers in those days would be up all Thursday night previous to good Friday to ensure everyone in the village would have Hot Cross Buns for breakfast, and they were hot, and a larger bun and much tastier than the present ones, they didn't go dry either. Mr. Harriman like all the tradesmen had a horse and cart, the bakers cart having a black Tilt or Hood. After Mr. Harriman, Mr. Fred Copley took over the business along with the grocery shop and Post Office which Mrs. Copley organised, after a few years Mr. Copley died although only a young man, and the bakehouse here at Hickling has not been used since.

SWEETS AND GROCERY SHOPS I recall faintly a small sweet shop at what is now 'Wheel House' I think it was just one room separate from the house and owned by a lady, but I do not remember her name, I was only a small child but used to fetch sweets from this shop. One could never forget or fail to mention Mrs. Charlie Dickman she was left a widow with a large family to bring up, she and one daughter Jessie kept a small shop at the house by the Church Gates, called 'Sulney House' the actual shop has now gone, it had one small window with either six or eight tiny panes of glass and a few jars of sweets filled the two shelves, the shop was across the yard and one would knock on the house door and then go over to the two 'Stable' doors of the shop. After awhile the property was sold and Granny Dickman as nearly everyone called her moved into the cottage next door (which at the present time stands empty and in a bad state) called 'Jessamine Cottage' here she and Jessie set up their small grocery and sweet shop, outside the washhouse a tank of paraffin for selling was kept, they also took in washing which Jessie did, and they were the caretakers at Chapel, and in the time when oil lamps were used, it was all very hard work. Granny Dickman was called out at any time day or night to a confinement or if a death had taken place, she was a staunch Methodist and never missed a Sunday service, sitting in her pew with her long black dress and silk or satin cape trimmed with beads, and a bonnet on her pure white hair, tied with a ribbon and a bow under her chin, she was a tiny thin person, emaculate in every way, and everybody liked her.



Post Office

POST OFFICE There has been a Post Office at Hickling all my life, but in three different places, the first I remember was at 'Cobblestones' then at the 'Off Licence' now called 'Forge Cottage' and for the second time at its present home, opposite where I spent my school days and now is the Village Hall. Before the public Telephone Kiosk was erected the public used the Post Office telephone which was in a Box or Kiosk in the Post Office itself. There was always a shop with the P.O. and at the present time run by Mr. & Mrs. Ian Woolley or rather T. Timms Ltd. Ian is the Postmaster, almost everything is sold in the shop it is very cramped for space, hardly any counter room. They have a morning newspaper round as well as the letters, but will only deliver a newspaper if one takes at least three papers weekly, otherwise it is a case of 'Fetch it yourself from the shop'.

OFF LICENCE has been closed no more than six or seven years in this year of 1976. Is now modernised into a country house and garden. As I previously wrote the Post Office was at one time here. The grocery shop and Beer etc. were in one room with the Post Office in the other, the last Licensed owners were Mr. & Mrs. Kirkham who moved to Cotgrave. Mr Ian Woolley was then granted a licence to sell all kinds of drinks at the Post Office, and does that still.

TAILORS SHOP When I was a girl we had a tailor and shop and continued until I was in my teens. Mr Fred Shelton was the tailor and his shop was at the present Post Office, the door to the tailors shop was where the P.O. door is, but there was no entrance from inside to the house. Their was a counter and a small fitting room and the workroom, with the tailors bench at the end by the window, their was I think two assistants. Eventually Mr. Shelton sold the property and took a Tailors Business on Drummond Road, Skegness he kept his customers here and one assistant Mr.Ted Willett lived at Hickling, his small cottage has now gone but it stood on 'Holly House' ground, and by the gate on the roadside was a small brick shop, just one room with a fireplace and two windows with wooden shutters, Mr. Willett used this as the tailors shop for Mr. Shelton's customers. Teddy Willett as we called him was physically handicapped and very lame, he also wore very strong lensed glasses, and as we passed his shop windows he would ask us to do little errands, but we kids were always rather afraid of him.

PUBLIC HOUSES The Plough Inn been a pub as long as I remember and long while before, can remember a number of Land Lords, one Violet Booth daughter of the Landlord, was a school girl along with myself and always at concerts she was given the leading parts, we other children didn't think much to it at all, we were sure we were as good at acting as she was (typical children being catty). Situated near the Canal, handy in fishing season, more so when their was Wharf Yards or horses needed stabling. Mr. F. Hill is the present Land lord.

THE WHEEL Now a private house called 'Wheel House' but was a pub before my time, the landlord at one time Mr. C. Munks who I do recollect. A hundred or so yards from Canal.

THE NAVAGATION INN Is also a private house known as 'Bridge View' it is rather misguiding now as the canal Bridge was taken down a number of years ago. This pub stood by the side of the Canal, the yard used as a Wharf Yard, their was stables also for the barge horses. Since the bridge has gone there is a beautiful view of the Canal, with swans and cygnets swimming along all through from Spring to Autumn, and often the swans stay through the winter.

THE BOWLING GREEN We are told that many years ago their was a public house on The Green, behind the present Village Hall, it is now the oldest house in the village and owned by Mr. Stacey who lives next door, the house has been empty for a number of years, the last family living their was Mr. & Mrs. William Hill, the house then being called 'The Rosary'. The village school was built on 'The Green' I understand, hence the name of the pub 'Bowling Green' unless it is just a fairy story.